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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE HOUSEKEEPER'S IF.

It would all be very well,  
If your jelly'd always jell,  
If your cake was always nice and white,  
If your bread would only be  
"Just like mother's (which you see  
With the eye of memory), *always* light.

If each bit of glass and delf  
Had its place upon the shelf,  
And was always clean, in order standing there,  
If no particle of dust,  
Blot of ink or speck of rust,  
Ever marred your household goods and chattels  
anywhere.

If when you feel inclined  
To cultivate your mind,  
And sit down with a paper or a book,  
Your husband wouldn't come  
Tired and hungry to his home,  
And say "Is supper ready?" with a most aston-  
ished look.

If when you've learned a stitch  
In artistic beauty rich,  
And are crazy just to try it on the quilt you have  
begun,  
Dirty-Face would not come in,  
With a most cherubic grin,  
And with holes in his small trousers—more than  
one.

Or if it seems to you  
The proper thing to do,  
To go and paint a pansy, or perhaps a four-leaved  
clover,  
Or a stork and clump of reeds,  
Where your room adornment needs,  
The soup would simmer gently, and not think of  
boiling over.

If the city cousins wouldn't  
Visit you just when they shouldn't,  
Nor the minister come calling washing-day,  
If vacation ever came,  
And your life held not the same  
Weary, ceaseless, round of labor, till your hair  
turns gray.

But since these things are so,  
And the household wheels won't go  
If they miss but for an hour your guiding hand;  
If a work that you must do,  
In the great world waits for you,  
You must choose between the two—home and  
work—you understand.

Give me back my books again,  
And my ruler and my pen;  
Open wide for me the school-room door,  
Call the children round me there;  
And despite its toil and care,  
Let a teacher's life be mine for evermore.

—Margaret Husted.

'Tis the old, old story; one man will read  
His lesson of toil in the sky,  
While another is blind to the present need,  
But sees with the spirit's eye.  
You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,  
You may bind them, heart and brow;  
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,  
And his brother will follow the plow.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### SEVEN BREAKFASTS.

It was Dr. Wm. Hammond, I think, who  
his novel of "Lal," tells us the standard of  
health is the ability to eat a hearty break-  
fast. I am not prepared to take issue with  
the doctor on this point; perhaps he is  
right, so far as one man may average the  
various conditions of humanity and for-  
mulate an axiom on that average. Break-  
fast is not, I frankly admit, my best meal;  
in the summer months particularly I could  
omit it altogether with little or no incon-  
venience; and at all times and seasons, I  
find myself with clearer faculties and better  
able to perform my work when my first  
meal is fruit, oatmeal, eggs, rolls or muf-  
fins, with a cup of good coffee, than when I  
eat more hearty food, as meats or potatoes.  
Were I employed in a business requiring  
greater muscular exertion, more might be  
necessary to supply the waste of tissue; yet  
I venture the assertion that so far as exer-  
cise in the open air is concerned, I get more  
of it than nine-tenths of our housekeepers,  
for home and business are nearly a mile  
asunder, and the street-car is a democratic  
conveyance I am not fond of patronizing.  
It is in the hope of aiding some one on  
whom the thought of "the next meal"  
presses with undue weight, that I give a  
synopsis of our boarding-house breakfasts  
for a week, beginning with

SUNDAY.—Catawba grapes; oatmeal and  
cream; calves' liver and bacon; fried pota-  
toes, fried mush, with maple syrup; apples  
and quinces, stewed.

Fruit has come to be an almost indispen-  
sable adjunct to the breakfast table. As  
we whet the edge of our appetite for dinner  
with a dainty dish of soup, so we stimulate  
the nerves of taste, or coax a capricious ap-  
petite with delicious fruits. Oranges till  
strawberries come, then raspberries and  
currants and blackberries bridge over the  
space till the canteloupe or nutmeg melons  
are in market, and these are succeeded by  
grapes, which last well along toward No-  
vember, when we fall back on stewed and  
baked apples. There are few city tables,  
among the middle and more wealthy  
classes especially, where fruit is not regu-  
larly provided at the opening meal. "Fruit  
is gold in the morning, silver at noon and  
lead at night," says the old proverb, yet if  
ripe and not over-ripe, we may venture to  
eat it at any meal.

MONDAY.—Grapes; oatmeal; broiled ham;  
fried potatoes; graham gems.

TUESDAY.—Oatmeal; pork chops; cream-  
ed potatoes; cerealine pancakes; fried cakes.

WEDNESDAY.—Rolled oats, baked ap-

ples; baked mackerel; potato puffs; wheat  
pancakes.

Rolled oats do not seem to differ much  
from the ordinary oatmeal except in being  
perhaps more coarsely ground. Nearly  
every one has a little different method of  
cooking these preparations of oats, some of  
which are eminently adapted to disgust one  
with that article of food. For instance, I  
have tried to eat that which had been soaked  
over night and boiled in the morning; thus  
treated oatmeal becomes a glutinous paste,  
soggy and it seems to me indigestible; at  
least I don't like it at all. The best way to  
make oatmeal palatable, is to buy good  
fresh meal, stir it gradually into salted  
boiling water, and cook twenty minutes, or  
half an hour. Then eat with cream and  
sugar—no milk; no skimmed milk, but nice  
sweet cream. Doctors have advocated oat-  
meal as an excellent, easily digested food  
for a long time; now however, one of the  
fraternity has discovered it has no particu-  
lar value in that line, and is not even more  
digestible than other foods. Probably he  
has no individual liking for an oatmeal diet  
and so concludes it cannot be good for  
others. But the preponderance of testi-  
mony goes to show that it is healthful,  
strengthening and digestible, and we shall  
not banish it from our tables until we find  
something better.

THURSDAY.—Grapes; oatmeal; beefsteak;  
ham omelet; fried potatoes; fried cakes.

The potatoes were cut in slices one-  
quarter of an inch thick and each slice fried  
brown in butter. The ham omelet was  
simply an ordinary omelet with the addition  
of chopped ham; it came to the table smok-  
ing hot, light and spongy, and brown as a  
ripe hazelnut.

FRIDAY.—Oatmeal; stewed quinces; cod-  
fish; baked potatoes; wheat pancakes with  
maple syrup.

The codfish, prepared in the customary  
manner, was poured over pieces of toasted  
baker's bread; these were cut in two-inch  
squares and toasted dark brown. I wonder  
how many readers of the HOUSEHOLD ever  
cooked codfish in this manner: Take the  
thick part of the fish, breaking it as little as  
possible, soak over night, changing the  
water twice at least; wrap a piece of cheese-  
cloth or a napkin around it to prevent it  
from boiling to pieces and cook half an hour;  
arrange on a platter and turn drawn butter  
over it; serve with mashed potatoes. I used  
to relish codfish thus cooked more than that  
prepared with cream and eggs in the days  
when I got up warm meals.

SATURDAY.—Grapes and apples; cerea-



line; mutton chops; creamed potatoes; baked hash; muffins.

I desire to bear witness that baked hash is much better than the "demmed moist, unpleasant body" of chopped meat and potatoes dignified by the name of "hash," which, with mince pie, I never eat unless I feel that I am justified in reposing a great deal of confidence in my landlady. The usual ingredients of hash are seasoned as usual, and baked instead of being warmed in the frying-pan or spider.

I contrast these breakfasts—which are about a fair sample of our ordinary city morning meals—with some that I have eaten in my experience as school-ma'am. Summoned at 5:30 to a breakfast of fried pork, boiled potatoes, bread and butter, and pie, what wonder "the teacher" won a reputation for being a light eater? It seemed a sign of a poor housekeeper to have warm bread of any kind for the morning meal. I used to think some lethargic intellects at school were due to the heavy character of the food which went to nourish the body and brain. Somebody will rise up to say that a woman who has little children to dress, milk to skim and strain, and a husband to hurry her, cannot take time to prepare an elaborate breakfast. Perhaps not; but if one plans and prepares over night, it is not so difficult. The potatoes can be sliced, or washed ready for the oven; the bread cut ready for toast and folded in a napkin; the baking-powder sifted into the flour in anticipation of muffins, and the gempans buttered, and, if practicable, the table partly set. The woman who does her work with her brains as well as her hands can attend to these things, while her sister who has less executive ability, gets up in the morning and decides what she'll get for breakfast as she surveys the empty pantry.

I think there is nothing, unless it be bread, so often spoiled in the making as coffee. Yet every one acknowledges his dependence upon a good cup of coffee at breakfast, for a good start on a day's work. With men this is especially true. I think a man often gets in the habit of drinking beer because the coffee at breakfast was poor, or perhaps not ready for him in time. He misses the gentle stimulative "toning up" influence of the coffee, feels what he would call "a goneness," and takes the beer to supply the vacuum. Such a possibility ought to be a caution to those women who think it no great matter if the breakfast is not eatable. The man who is not made comfortable at home is very apt to go elsewhere for what he wants. Don't grind the coffee over night; let the music of the merry mill salute the rising morn, for I am fully of the opinion that to buy the raw berry and roast and grind it at home, gives a good housekeeper the best results. She knows chicory does not cost her much then. Put the quantity needed into a clean coffee pot, drop in the white of an egg, shake well, have the water fresh and boiling, turn on a sufficient quantity, set the coffee pot on the back of the stove, carefully closed to prevent the escape of the aroma, and whatever you do don't let it boil. Quite good coffee can be made by the above formula, omitting the egg, and clearing it by turning into the coffee pot a gill of cold water just before

wanted. It pays to learn how to make things good; one can live on very plain fare quite satisfactorily if it is only well-cooked; it pays in the satisfaction which always comes with the consciousness of tasks performed to the best of our ability, and it certainly pays in a pecuniary sense.

BEATRIX.

#### HOME TALKS.

##### NO. IV.

I was just going to call you, Hetty, but I see you are on time; your bread sponge is as light as a cork. Don't forget to salt it. Mix it a little stiff, so when you have kneaded it on the board it will cleave away in a kind of springy way, and not need any flour; leave it in the pantry. I never set the bread by the fire to rise unless the weather is very cold. Good yeast will not allow the bread to stay down, it will rise no matter what the temperature of the room is. As you are up you can make the coffee; take one and a half tablespoonfuls of coffee—heap the spoon—you will find some beaten egg in a cup in the refrigerator, one teaspoonful will be sufficient; stir it well so the coffee will all be moist, scald the coffee pot, now add two cups boiling water and set to the side of the range. There are four of us to drink coffee, when breakfast is ready add five cups of water; that is enough. I don't like warmed-over coffee and I never want to throw away any; enough is all we want. Now that breakfast is over your bread is ready for you. Grease the tins, make two loaves of bread—yes, double ones, they are easily broken apart and cut into small slices, set these back of the door on the shelf and cover them up. We want a few buns. Cut off one-third of that dough and leave it on the board; put the rest in a small pan and put in two-thirds of a cup of sugar, a lump of lard size of an egg, and two well beaten eggs, this is for rusks. Your father took off a section of honey yesterday and honey and rusks are not very bad for tea; this is mussy mixing but it will be smooth presently. Now mould it a little, even it up and set that by the bread; it has to rise twice to give it such a feathery lightness; they are just like a flake. Now for the buns: Add half a cup of sugar, a lump of lard and half a spoonful of cinnamon and a handful of currants; mix that thoroughly, now roll it out about an inch thick, cut out with the cookie-cutter. These large round tins will hold eight without crowding. Mix some sugar and cinnamon in a saucer and powder the tops thickly, set these to rise. Well, you have done amazingly well for the first time, I don't believe I could have done any better.

Now we'll both go at the dishes and get them out of the way. How the majority of girls dislike to wash dishes! It isn't very disagreeable work if one has plenty of hot water and soap and dish towels. What is more slack than dirty dish towels! Some will just pass the dishes through the water and wipe the dirt and grease on the towel. I knew an old lady once who had a rack that filled one half of the sink; all her dishes were thoroughly washed and turned on the sides in the rack, then boiling water

poured over them and they were then left to dry, they were real glossy and shiny. Old pillow slips make nice cloths to wipe glasses on, they never lint; and soft pieces of old tablecloth hemmed neatly are nice to wipe silver on. I have used the checkered red and white crash at ten cents a yard for dish towels, it keeps white and never lints. Dish washing as well as everything else wants system and order to make it successful. I always go through the cupboards and pantry and set them in order, getting all the dirty dishes together. I have seen so many tuck them behind the door, especially if they were hurrying to go away somewhere, putting the dripping pans and ironware out of sight. I tell you it does not pay, and another thing it is cultivating slack, careless habits that are seldom outgrown. And then too the old saying, "What's bred in the bone will come out in flesh" is true as the gospel. While we think that it is an easy thing to uproot a habit, I have known instances where the most faithful perseverance and help could not. Wash the glasses first, then the silver, then the cups and saucers, cup-plates, butter plates, the vegetable dishes and plates, and platters. Yes, I know, some pile them in the dishpan in a pyramid, but it is not a good plan, take each class as they come along; then the tinware. I think the kettles and frying-pans want a clean water and rinsing as much as dishes; then wash the dishpan out clean and hang the cloth up to dry, not leave it in a wet wad to sour; there is nothing more disgusting than sour, greasy dishes, and they will surely be so unless the cloths and towels used about them are kept sweet and clean. Now look to the bread, the oven will be just right. Yes, that is light enough, it begins to round up out of the tins, the rusks will do now to mould into the tins. Cut the dough off in little pieces, roll them under your hand so, they want to be long, put ten in these brick shaped tins, you will not get them so smooth the first time; practice makes perfect.

How much our work is lightened this summer, having an ice-house with milk-room, no cellar work or running up and down stairs, and a refrigerator. We can keep the cream cold and not churn but once a week, and the butter is so hard and nice. I tell your father I do not see how we ever got along without ice. So many people get along year after year without these little conveniences, because they think they are too expensive, and will make a little extra work. No, there is no particular time to leave the bread in; some say forty minutes, it will take as long as that; rap on the top a little, if it feels firm, shakes loose in the tins, is browned all around it is done; do not wet the crust, it is not necessary. Cover it over with a cloth and put the buns in to bake; fifteen minutes will bake these. The rusks will not be ready yet. You need not bake any cake; in strawberry time one wants to eat all they can, for they do not last long. You can try one of those strawberry puddings, steamed in cups, for dinner, you will find the recipe in the cook book. Next week we will can berries and make jam and jelly; fruit is coming along now, but there will be no cherries this year. You don't see such cherries nowadays as you



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grandfather used to have; the white Ox-hearts were perfectly delicious. Mother pickled them then, tied them in bunches of ten, left the stem on and poured hot spiced vinegar over them, they were sweet pickles for tea. Men are not paying enough attention to small fruits. Fruit and vegetables are two-thirds of our living. We eat too much meat and pastry; you cannot improve fruit in its natural state, nine-tenths of the people never think of eating it unless it is put between two crusts, or baked or stewed in puddings. I sometimes wonder how the stomach can digest so much grease; no wonder it rebels at times and gives one a bilious attack. If we conformed more closely to the laws of nature there would be less sickness. Sick headaches, chills, etc., are caused by over-eating. We should not expect the stomach to do more than its apportioned work. We feel hungry and sit down to a good meal; instead of interlarding the meal with pleasant conversation we cram down our food in silence and when our hunger is appeased, find we are awfully uncomfortable in the vicinity of the waistband. It won't do at all. Those buns are lovely, handle them carefully, they are delicious with coffee. Hetty, your baking is complete, how pleased father will be! Keep the fire up, and you may broil the steak to-day, try the new broiler that fits over the top of the stove. Foreigners coming here laugh so much about the Americans frying their meats. We are the only nation, you know, that does fry meat altogether; have lots of coals and it is easily accomplished.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

### BUSTLES AND BANGS.

So Mildred Ione thinks I'm too hard on the bustles? Well, I expected some one would think so. I admit Mildred is right in one respect, it is best and proper to follow the fashion enough so as not to appear odd; in other words "to strike the happy medium"—O! but wait; don't crow yet, I haven't finished that sentence—strike the happy medium of a fashion that has some sense and reason to it or in it. She says I probably follow some equally foolish fashion, such as bangs, frizzes, or shingled hair. Perhaps I do; I consider those as fashions having sense and reason. I'll explain, beginning at shingled hair. In the first place, it is healthier than long hair, in summer cooler, and always far less work to take care of it, consequently is apt to be cleaner. As for bangs and frizzes, it is well known, though not admitted by all, that there are a great many women and girls who look better and prettier—in the true sense of the word, and not because "it's the fashion," but are really prettier with their hair fixed in that way than if it were combed back from their faces. And I believe it to be the duty of all to dress in a becoming manner, and where the personal appearance is bettered by a bustle of course they're "in the fashion" but aside from that do they look better?

Now it is possible that some of you, like myself, have heard more said against frizzes than bustles, but I think the reason is this: The greater majority of girls, I believe

I dare say ninety-nine out of a hundred, do their hair up in papers, or as I have seen it, in rags—I'm not civilized enough to call them pieces of cloth—and when they have it done up they leave it there sometimes two or three days, though most of them take it down when they dress up after dinner. Now isn't it enough to make any body dislike frizzes, to eat their breakfast and dinner with their eyes resting on those "things of beauty?" This can very easily be avoided; take your hair down before you leave your room in the morning. Of course it will not look quite as well in the evening as it would if it had been done up all day, but there would be less said against frizzes. A word still further, don't do it up and have it looking splendidly when you go abroad, and keep it dangling in your eyes or flying everywhere when you are at home. I guess I had better say no more or I will have a mob down here to tar and feather me, or something worse. But if you think the above plan is a theory on paper and not practical, I will say that I practice what I preach in the matter, and know it can be followed.

MARY B.

YPSILANTI.

### KEEPING WARM.

If Aunt Prudence will help me empty my mending basket, I will write a whole page for the HOUSEHOLD, but can only stop now to partly answer Azalia's question about keeping warm. Buy one suit of red knit flannel underwear and two of gauze. Wear the gauze next to the person and the red flannel over. If a long ride or unusual exposure to cold must be undertaken, put on a third pair of drawers of cotton, or cotton flannel.

Wash the gauze every week, and if the flannel is not slept in, it will not require washing all winter.

Several farmers wear gauze, flannel, and colored cotton shirts in winter, and find they need less coats and are more comfortable. The gauze and cotton are washed every week easily, and the heavy, hard-washing flannels may be worn a long time without changing.

By the way, all our wee babies are first dressed in long sleeved shirts, made from our worn out gauze underwear, with as few seams and hems as possible. Linen is so harsh I wonder that the custom ever prevailed of putting it next to the skin of babies. I believe that very few babies can wear flannel or knit skirts, even of Saxony, next to the tender flesh without irritation. To keep a baby sweating and broken out with the heat because some paper has said that flannel is the proper thing for it to wear, is very thoughtless indeed. In cold weather our babies wear flannel with gauze under it.

But Azalia is neither man or baby, and I want to advise her to wear woolen stockings and felt shoes. I have worn the low ones with felt soles three winters, and like them so well that I want every housekeeper to try them. They are light, easy for the feet and noiseless. Many nervous women find the noise of their own shoes very tiresome. If troubled with cold ankles buy higher shoes. Three years ago Mrs. J. was recovering from a long illness as the weather

grew cold. She found that in walking about the house, the bottom of her skirts became cold and made her lower limbs so cold that she was likely to be kept in her room all winter by rheumatism. Putting on a pair of men's felt boots one day for fun, she decided that they were just what she needed, bought a pair and wore them all winter and kept well. One needs rubbers handy to slip on if it is necessary to step out in the wet with felt shoes.

AUNT BESSIE.

### SHEEP PELT MATS.

Azalia asks how to prepare and color sheep pelts for floor mats. If the pelt is a dry one, wash clean, and when nearly dry place the wool side down on a flat surface. Then make a tan of one-fourth pound alum and one-fourth pound salt (common table salt); pulverize the alum, then mix thoroughly with the salt, and spread evenly over the damp pelt, let lie a week, then wash in soap suds and rinse in clear water several times. When nearly dry rub in the hands (as if rubbing starch out of calico); when this is done the pelt is tanned and ready for coloring.

If designs are desired, place the pattern on the flesh side and trace with a lead pencil, then with a sharp knife cut out the pieces you wish to color. Have the dye quite strong, but the dye should not be very hot, for a hot dye will spoil the pelt. While coloring be very careful not to get the pieces out of shape; when dry place back and sew them in with ball stitch, then line. Now take the coarse part of a comb and comb the wool; this gives it a finished look. Diamond dyes can be used with good results.

I have a mat made this way, that I have used about thirteen years, when it gets dirty I take a comb and comb it and clip the ends; this makes it look like new.

I have been greatly benefited by the many good things printed in the HOUSEHOLD.

JASPER.

A. L. W.

### WARMTH FOR WINTER.

Azalia wants to know how to keep warm without so many clothes, a question that used to puzzle my small wits. After wearing heavy skirts until I was simply exhausted carrying them around, I came to the conclusion that warmth and weight were not synonymous, and adopted the following method: First a union suit of flannel underwear, which consists of drawers and vest together; wool or fleece-lined stockings long enough to come up over the knee outside of the drawers, which are fastened up by elastic bands, buttoned to straps which pass over the shoulders; or, if you prefer it, face a piece of muslin around the waistband of the union suit and sew on buttons; you will need them for the next garment which is a second pair of drawers, to come to the knees. They are best made of silk, as it is a poor conductor of heat and will permit the dust to drop off, but you can use a cheaper material of smooth texture. Line these with red flannel and put buttonholes in the band to button them upon the union suit. This will bring the weight upon the shoulders, and the outer drawers do not need washing more than a flannel skirt, as they should be



made so as not to touch the person anywhere. A cotton skirt, which is made in one with your corset-cover, is worn over the corset, and is all you need beside your dress skirt. Suspend that by straps from your shoulders. If you do not think one skirt sufficient to throw out the outside one around the bottom, have a skirt made of cambric faced across the front and sides with haircloth, up the back put two or three broad box plaited flounces of the same stiff light material. Dressed in the manner described none can tell the difference from the usual style of woman's apparel, while you will be warm and able to walk with freedom and lightness. I claim no originality in this reform. It was suggested a few years ago by Emily Bouton. Since adopting it I think the change a desirable one.

HOWELL.

E. B.

## CHAT.

I feel like entering the HOUSEHOLD circle again, for my interest deepens in the little paper, there is so much of every day life in it. I enjoyed reading the boarding-house menu, and was glad to find some of the dishes with high-sounding names were within the reach of farmers' wives.

I think Hetty will have plenty of bedding, though there is little danger of getting too much. It does not pay to quilt much, for tied comfortables, some heavy, some light, are just as good for warmth and spreads are cheaper and prettier for outside use. Somewhere I have read the idea of tacking with fancy stitch a strip of cheese-cloth over the end of comfortables, which can be easily washed and replaced.

I was interested in Beatrix's remarks on the story in the FARMER of the 10th inst., but it seems to me she is asking the vine not only to stand the storm bravely itself, but keep the oak from tumbling over. I guess she thinks that in spite of theory woman's nature will endure the most.

Does Plymouth Rock keep thoroughbred stock? if so, how would she like to exchange a blooded calf for a grade? It would be just as good to eat, you know. Is she sure that neighbor used those high-priced eggs for cooking?

The fashion notes are a help to country women, for we see so little variety of style that we are sometimes puzzled how to make the children's dresses; but if I am sent to the waste-basket I want room left for company so will stop.

A VINE.

NORVELL.

## THE FASHIONS.

Whether our merchants are trying to work off last winter's stock of cloaks and wrappings upon a confiding public, or whether there are really only slight changes in the season's styles in cloaks, jackets and Newmarkets, I am not learned enough to say. Certain it is that there are as yet no distinctively new styles in fall or winter outer garments. The difference is more in the arrangement of the trimming than in shapes. Jackets and wraps are short, cloaks are long, so long that they conceal the dress entirely, save a very little at the bottom. These long cloaks are of cloth; indeed the most elegant street garment this season is made of fine, smooth-faced habit

cloth, trimmed with fur and passementerie.

They are cut to give the effect of a tailor-made dress and trimmed to simulate a short cape or wrap. They fit the figure closely at the back, with ample fullness in the skirt, and are partially fitted to the figure in front. The fur border extends down the fronts, but not across the bottom. The sleeves are in three styles; the most stylish being a coat sleeve widening from the elbow to the hand, though the dolman sleeves set in at the back forms are quite popular.

Wraps of velvet, plush, and brocade are to be reserved for reception and theatre wear, the cloth garments being best liked for street and church wear. These are lined with gay quilted satins and many are almost covered with passementerie. The new Newmarkets have capes, and are untrimmed, unless by cords. Fur is the most popular trimming, and black is used upon brown and other colors, a combination now called stylish, though a few years ago it was thought in wretched taste. The long-haired furs are most sought for, and the plebeian skunk, known as "martin," is one of the most popular; fox fur, in many shades, is more fashionable than ever, but in the better grades is expensive; black fox is one of the most beautiful furs we have.

Muffs are to be small, and boas or stole caps comprise the sets.

In bonnets, the greatest variety prevails though there is little alteration in shapes, the changes being in trimmings; the milliner makes two bonnets of most dissimilar appearance on frames exactly alike. Soft plushes, shot with color, are much used with velvet for trimmings; and half a dozen tiny ostrich tips often adorn one bonnet. Ties are made bows of piece velvet, small and tightly strapped. Jet, iridescent beads, crystals, are extensively used for crowns of bonnets which have velvet or plush brims, or conversely, the embroidered velvet of the crown is finished by a fancy brim of beads. Trimmings are massed high, but not quite so altitudinous as last winter, and are not so narrow. Ribbons are combined with velvet and plumes, but must be of watered silk or have a fancy picot edge.

A very bright and pretty dress for a ten year old girl has a kilted skirt of gay Scotch plaid, with a dark blue waist made double breasted and buttoned with cut steel buttons; coat sleeves. A folded breadth of the plaid is worn as a sash, being tied in loops and ends which form the only drapery. A prettier way would be to put on the waist revers of the blue, crossing over a pleated vest of the plaid, or of silk of the brightest color of the plaid, which should also be used for narrow cuffs and folded band inside cuffs and collar of the blue. The color and trimming worn with the kilt can be varied to suit the hues of the plaid.

PARLOR GAMES for the Wise and Other wise, is a little volume by "H. E. H." whoever that may be, containing instructions for various games to help amuse the young people and pass away the long evenings, which seem well adapted to the purpose. The boys and girls will get considerable amusement out of it. Fifty cents. O. M. Hubbard & Co., Box 697, Rochester, N. Y.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TO THOROUGHLY clean articles of brass, make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also a pail of fresh water and a box of sawdust. The articles to be treated are dipped into the acid then, removed into the water and finally rubbed with sawdust. This immediately changes them to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease so that the acid has free power to act.

If you cannot send your white flannel or white cashmere dress to a professional scourer to be cleaned, you can make it presentable by the following method, if you are painstaking and careful: Make a very weak cold suds of nice white soap; let the garment soak in it about three hours, then squeeze and dip it through the water, but do not rub it at all. If spots remain, dip them in a very strong suds and squeeze out. Press the water out of the garment as much as possible with the hands, but do not wring it. Rinse in cold water, shake thoroughly and hang up to dry. Do not allow it to become quite dry before it is pressed. Use an iron only moderately hot and press on the wrong side. Open or close the seams as when the garment was new, and be sure that every portion is thoroughly dry before completing the ironing.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Horticultural Times* says: I wonder if housewives generally use fresh, green grape leaves to put on top of their pickles to keep them sharp and free from mould. I used to cover them with a flannel cloth, and rinse it out every other day. Two years ago a friend of mine told me that grape leaves were much nicer, so I tried them, and I shall never try cloth again. Grape leaves keep pickles the best of anything I have ever found. I change them once a week, and the vinegar keeps sharp and clear, and it imparts a nice flavor to the pickles. I rinse the leaves in pure water, and let them drain quite dry, then lay them over every place in the jar. They exclude the air perfectly, and are better, and cause less work than anything else.

## Contributed Recipes.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Three eggs, beaten one minute; one and a half cups sugar, beat five minutes; one cup sifted flour, beat one minute; half cup water; another cup flour, with two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted in, beat one minute; one teaspoonful lemon or vanilla; a pinch of salt. This is excellent. If you do not use baking powder, take soda and cream of tartar, using about twice as much cream of tartar as soda.

**BUTTERMILK CAKE.**—Three cups sugar; three cups buttermilk; one cup butter; two teaspoonfuls soda; a pinch of salt, and spices to taste. This makes three cakes, and the longer it is kept the better it is, so "they" say. I don't know, for I can't keep it for some reason or other; too many boys here, I guess.

**JOHNNY CAKE.**—Four cups sour milk; two teaspoonfuls soda; half cup shortening; two cups flour; a little salt; stir not too stiff with corn meal; steam three hours. To be eaten with syrup or molasses; good with butter.

YPSILANTI.

MARY B.