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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TO-MORROW.

CLARA B. SOUTHWELL.

Beware of earthly happiness,  
And what the earth calls praise.  
They're fleeting as the mists of morn  
Before the sun's bright rays.  
We seek and seek and find them not  
But find care, tears, and sorrow;  
We ne'er despair but still seek on  
And think we'll find to-morrow.

Some others strive and work for gold,  
Their one desire is wealth;  
They labor long and patiently  
And barter even health,  
But do not reach the wished-for goal;  
'Twixt it and them lies sorrow,  
At which they faint, and faint, and droop,  
And think we'll win to-morrow.

Others wish and long for rest,  
But 'twill not do to shirk,  
So bear the trials and the care  
For life is full of work.  
Each morning brings them much to do,  
And evening brings them sorrow,  
They labor on, tired, weak and worn,  
And think we'll rest to-morrow.

There is a happiness that's true,  
A praise that rings for aye;  
A crown of gold that never falls  
And "fadeth not away."  
If we will welcome care and tears,  
And smile at deepest sorrow,  
Our happiness and praise and wealth  
And rest we'll find to-morrow.

### OUR SLEEPING ROOMS.

I think there is, generally speaking, a great change in people's ideas with reference to our sleeping rooms. I judge this principally from observation of the published plans for farm residences which not infrequently come in my way; from inspection of newly erected houses; from the fact that in many instances I have known partition walls to be taken down, throwing two small bedrooms into one of good size, and still further, because I have actually heard of several cases in real life where sensible women have abandoned the little seven-by-nine room, and appropriated the big, well-lighted, pleasant apartment sacred to the infrequent guest, with all its bravery of counterpane and starched shams, to their own every day use.

I have so many times expressed my opinions on the subject of ventilation, especially of bedrooms, that I feel I need not reiterate them here, again. I remember that once, criticising the plan of a house because the one bedroom on the lower floor was in size more suited to a linen closet than its proposed use, and further had but one small, narrow window, I was reminded that a "recess" off the one room

of the log house was almost invariably the family sleeping room in pioneer days, and that from those primitive homes came the giants of those days, physically and intellectually. Yet the cunning of our architects cannot secure such excellent ventilation as "the recess" received through its rude construction, which gave the air a thousand tiny inlets through chinks and cracks, quite different from the impervious mortar coat which nowadays excludes both cold and air.

Having secured as many of the requisites of a healthy sleeping apartment as possible—and these requisites are size, sunshine, light, windows and fresh air, we may consider how to furnish. I confess my preference for a carpeted room, notwithstanding all the arguments against the dust, moths, etc., and the labor of sweeping. To set one's bare, warm feet on an uncarpeted floor in the chilly gloom of a cold winter morning sends a shiver the whole length of the spinal marrow. I do not see, either, that the labor of caring for a painted floor, and the rugs with which fashion decrees it must be liberally sprinkled, is less than to sweep the carpet. For summer, nothing is so pretty and neat, and at the same time so inexpensive, as straw matting, which comes in pretty patterns, and only needs wiping with salt and water to keep it clean. If you can afford a pretty bedroom suite, you are relieved of a good deal of trouble at the outset. You can buy very pretty, substantially made three-piece suits at from \$17.50 to \$35, and upward to any limit suggested by your pocketbook. I would not select a very cheap set, because it is apt to be carelessly finished, and since the purchase will last a long time, it is wisest economy to buy a good article. See to it especially that the mirror is a good one, "straight;" it inclines one to misanthropy to dress by a glass which exaggerates the features like a new tin pan. Better a small mirror of best French plate than a larger one of poorer quality. Those with heavy beveled edges are sold almost exclusively now. Marble is no longer an indispensable requisite to a handsome suite; and the white is quite "out;" the pretty colored stone having entirely replaced it. As the top of the dressing bureau is almost invariably covered by a spread of some sort, even if only an embroidered towel, the material matters little.

If one is fortunate enough to live near a furniture factory and can buy an unfinished set—by which I mean one ready for but not yet varnished—and has a little skill in the use of paints, it is possible to achieve very

pretty results, either by painting in two colors, or in monotone embellished by floral designs. Apple and cherry blossoms, wild rose, dogwood, ivy vine, poppies suggestive of slumber, are all appropriate designs; on which the artist can exercise her genius. If economy must be studied, buy a pretty low bedstead in some light wood, and use your ingenuity to devise the other furniture. I am no great believer in what has come to have a generic name as "packing-box furniture," because I do not see its economy. The instructions to dress up a pine box in pink or blue muslin, with tarleton draperies and ribbons galore read very nicely; when you come to execute them in fact you find tarleton and ribbon have an appreciable value which mounts up to dollars; and oh how soon the dampness and dust makes the tarleton look like a rag, and the sun takes the color out of the ribbon and muslin! When you've renewed it a couple of times, you count up the expense and find you have spent almost if not quite enough to have bought something more satisfactory and substantial. If a temporary substitute is necessary use for draping some of the cheap serims or light cretonnes, something you can freshen with soap and water; for the only beauty such decorations possess is their fresh neatness and dainty cleanliness.

When it comes to bedding, aim to secure the utmost lightness compatible with warmth. Wool blankets are perhaps the best adapted to this purpose, but the finest, lightest and warmest are so expensive as to be beyond the reach of those who grew the wool of which they are made. One bitter cold night last winter I was assigned to the spare room of a cosy home for the night. When I opened the bed, I was dismayed at the lightness of the coverings, and thought "I shall certainly freeze to death." There were two cheese cloth "comforts," neither very thick, and a "dozer" across the foot of the bed. But I never slept better in my life, and woke so refreshed, I fancied because of the light weight of the bed covering, which seemed so much lighter than my own blankets and comfort. That bed was "a poem," too, so dainty was it. The creamy comforts were tied with the palest pink worsted in tufts, with a narrow edge crocheted around them; the "dozer" in pale blue; there was no sign of a "sham," and the round bolster case was fastened with a pink satin bow.

The pillows are no longer stood up on end against the head board, on a well made bed of the latest fashion. The pillow, in fact, is obsolete; style decrees bolsters. The pillows, if any are used, are laid flat,



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and the cover spread over them, and the bolster—which should not be stuffed like a sausage, but lightly, so the head can rest easily on it—is laid on them. When the bed is to be used, cover and bolster are removed. Fashion no longer insists upon white spreads for the bed; those in colors are preferred. Lace lined with a color, a light, dainty cretonne edged with lace; linen embroidered in colors, silk, lined and also lace edged, are all used. In a room much used for other purposes, a cretonne spread, or one of striped scrim with lining of pink or blue satteen, with a lace edge, and bolster cover to match, to be spread over the bed during the day, answers a very good purpose in keeping the room always presentable. Of course the spread is not tucked in, the lace frill being too ornamental to be thus ill-treated.

One of Queen Victoria's jubilee gifts was a white satin couvrette, as these spreads are called, embroidered in gold thread in a solid design, the center filled with a crown and monogram, and the dates 1837-1887. One quite fine enough for any of our American nobility could be made of white Bolton cloth, embroidered in filosele and with a border of blue plush.

What are called "cover towels" are now conspicuous on towel-racks. They are very handsomely embroidered or ornamented affairs, the design often occupying all but a small part of the centre; and the purpose of their being is not use, as might be guessed, but to lay over the plainer towels on the rack, especially those which have been mussed by use.

For the window draperies in a bedroom there is nothing, I think, so pretty as the lace striped scrim, with an edging of antique lace, which can now be bought at 15 to 18 cents per yard. But do not make the mistake of starching them stiffly when they need doing up; half their beauty comes from the graceful folds in which they fall. The plain linen scrim may be very prettily embellished by drawing two or three overlapping circles in groups at intervals over it, and then outlining them in Kensington stitch with embroidery silk or marking cotton. If silk is used, it ought to be dipped in boiling water before using, to prevent the color from "running" when the curtains are washed.

BEATRIX.

### SUGGESTIONS.

If you will sprinkle your carpets with barrel salt before sweeping you will not have half as much dust, and it will make a carpet look as bright as though just cleaned.

Have directions been given in the HOUSEHOLD for making daisy tidies? If so in what paper will I find them?

A pretty rug is made by taking old silk, velvet and worsted pieces, cut about two inches long and one wide. Take a pair of wooden needles, and brown carpet warp, or any color you prefer; cast on stitches enough to make it as wide as you wish and knit across, then draw one of the rags which you have cut in every second stitch. Knit across again and this time draw the rags on each side of the ones already in. Knit as long as desired and finish the edge by drawing the rags through every other stitch.

Do any of our HOUSEHOLD readers knit

their own stockings? If so they will find them much warmer and more durable if they will knit one and seam one through the leg and foot and knit a double heel; it takes a little more time, but they are enough warmer to pay.

Will Mrs. Fuller or some one who knows all about house plants, tell me how to manage or prepare my plants for the cellar?  
IONIA. AZALIA.

### HOME TALKS.

#### NO. VIII.

Our dinner to-day will be baked white fish, green peas, plain boiled potatoes, sliced cucumbers, red raspberry pie and fresh molasses cake. The fish is dressed ready for a washing, which must be thorough; if one should be especially particular about anything it is preparing fish for cooking, and in cleansing dishes and pans that have been used about it. Crumb up one single loaf of bread; beat one egg light, lump of butter size of a lemon, sage, salt, pepper, and a little boiling water turned over slowly; this dressing should be considerably drier than for poultry. Rub the fish thoroughly with salt inside and out, and fill with the dressing; tie the fish by passing a cord around it in three places instead of sewing it together, stick bits of butter around on it, lay some thin slats of wood in the dripping pan so it will not stick, put in some melted butter but no water. Now bake it one hour and forty minutes, that is allowing twenty minutes to the pound; do not turn it at all. The drawn butter which we will serve with it is made as follows: Rub a cup of butter and one tablespoonful of flour smooth, then turn in slowly one pint of boiling water; do not allow this to boil, as that makes it oily, then add two chopped hard boiled eggs.

You will need two teacupfuls of flour for your pie; add one level teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt and one-third of a teacupful of lard; rub this until it is in little fine granules, then add cold water slowly until it is in a mass suitable for rolling. Line the pie tin and sprinkle in one tablespoonful of flour and half a teacupful of sugar, fill with berries, then sprinkle in the other half of a cup of sugar; wet the crust around the edge with water, cover the pie, press the crust together and bake rather quick. No, it will not leak unless it boils up; in that case the oven is too hot. The peas season with sweet cream and butter.

For supper have some baking powder biscuit, dried beef, raspberries, pickled peaches, quince jelly, and jelly roll, which you can make with a recipe of sponge cake and grape jelly. We shall soon have muskmelons, and the Lawton berries are turning red.

You can invite the ladies for the quilting for Saturday. Those foot quilts we can tie on our laps, but the rest must be on frames. We will ask ten, for we can have a real social time as well as work. We will prepare for the day, so as to have as little bustle as possible. We will have a pair of baked chickens, beef's tongue and tomato sauce, macaroni with cheese, squash, boiled potatoes, sliced beets, rice pudding, coffee

For tea, warm biscuits, berries, jelly, pickles, waffles, cream puffs, watermelon cake and banana cake. We will have a little help I guess, that day, so we can devote our time to the company and quilt. I went to a quilting once where there were twenty ladies. We quilted an album quilt for a friend who was about to move to Kansas each one pieced a block from one of her dresses and wrote her name in the center with indelible ink. We had a lovely time but after all there was lots of news retailed. I tell you there is lots of gossiping, there is not enough of charity in our make-up, Hetty. I cannot see why it is that we expect so much more from others than we can do ourselves. Oh, how much we need to pray "Deliver us from evil!" I certainly think that men stick by each other better than women do; they will hide each other's little indiscretions and failures; but let a woman hear something about her sister woman and she is just burning with the desire to tell it to some one else. We judge too hastily.

"What looks to our dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light, may only be  
A scar, brought from some well won field  
Where we would only faint and yield."

I think sometimes that those who profess to be the nicest and most exemplary in their behavior, are not one whit better than those who do not cover up their tracks. It is a poor rule for "pot to call kettle black." Always be careful about expressing your opinion about others. The great trouble is we cannot see ourselves as others see us. Instead of placing ourselves on the tip-top of the ladder, we had much better begin at the bottom round and work up.

We will take a look at the closets to-day, they need a renovating often, especially as those black millers are around so. What pests they are! The gentleman from the city who tuned the piano says that they get into the beautiful upholstered furniture, and people are obliged to rip it up and destroy moths; they got into your cloth riding habit last winter despite all my precautions, and ate through each fold, near the bottom too. There is a constant warfare with the dust, dirt, mold and moths. A housewife needs a great deal of observation in a small house as well as in a large one, for housekeeping has the same details the world over. Last summer I spent a week with a friend, her family consisted of herself and husband, no children, she used a gasoline stove and her floors were carpeted. You would naturally suppose she could do her work and play two-thirds of the time. Not so; she has no calculation whatever, her dishes are never all picked up and washed, her cupboards look as if some one pitched the dishes in with a fork, and her food was poorly cooked and so much wasted, because she cooked twice as much each meal as was needed or eaten. The coffee pot was filled full for us three, and then set away to be warmed over the next morning. Dear me, such wastefulness I never saw! Instead of buying a loaf of bread she will bake three loaves at a time, and it is poor, so it is impossible to eat it, so it is crumbed up and thrown out. Everything depends upon managing, and I want to impress it indelibly upon your mind there are times, say through hot weather



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that I should advise you to buy your bread; you can make hot biscuits, sally lunn, muffins, waffles, various things to fill in with. It certainly needs more calculation to cook for a small family than for a large one. Much food will mold and dry up. Skill in cooking can be shown in the plainest dishes, as well as the most elaborate; bread and butter and potato will taste good if the tablecloth is clean, the silver shining and the table set orderly. It is not so much what is placed before us as the way it is served. Perfect cleanliness should be faithfully observed about our house and food.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

### JENNY LIND.

The news of the death of the once world famous cantatrice which was flashed under the sea to the land in which she won not a little of her renown, on the 2d inst., revived old recollections in the minds of those who heard her sing in the fifties, and who are yet apt to say when some songstress of later days is praised: "Yes; but you ought to have heard Jenny Lind." She was the "Swedish nightingale," the "silver voiced singer," alone and unapproachable in the purity and sweetness of her voice. Her early years were full of study and honest work; then she sang in most of the principal European cities, and in 1850 came to this country, under the management of P. T. Barnum, who, living up to his belief in the value of advertising, managed by skillful scheming to fill the country with her name and awakened a perfect furore in her behalf. Jenny came to America to make money, and Barnum knew he could fill her pockets as well as his own by his shrewd business management, for Barnum was the man who discovered the weakness of the American people and turned it to his own account. She was about thirty years old when she came here, and in the full prime of her voice. She was not beautiful, either in face or figure, but of pleasing manners and address, and it is not on record that the newspapers of the period ever made mention of her gowns. But she had a wonderful voice, strong, sweet, sympathetic, of very unusual scope, having a compass of two and a half octaves. But it was a voice which she knew could not last, and it was her ambition to make money enough in her hey-day to secure the rest of her life in luxury. She was not particularly liberal, and had perhaps a little contempt for those who spent money so lavishly upon her. Under Barnum's management she sang in ninety-two concerts; then, believing she could make more money in other hands, she paid a forfeit of \$20,000 to Barnum, and continued her tour to the western cities, singing in Detroit in 1852. The price Barnum paid Jenny Lind was so large that few believed it possible he could recoup himself for the outlay. But the "great blower" worked public excitement to the wildest pitch, and three thousand people attended the opening sale of tickets for the first concert on the 11th of September, 1850, at Castle Garden, New York city. Genin, then a popular hatter, and Dr. Brandeth, of patent pill fame, had been "approached"

by Barnum, made to see the advertising advantage of having their names appear before the public in connection with so notable a personage as Jenny Lind, and an agent of each attended to secure the choice of seats. Genin paid \$225 for the first choice, and ascribed considerable of his success in business to the wide notoriety thus gained. It is told that when the news spread that Genin had paid such an extravagant figure for the best seat, a group of men in a little interior town began to examine their hats to ascertain the maker's name. One, whose silk hat had long passed its newness and the zenith of fashion, found Genin's name in it, and immediately was besought to put it up at auction; he did so, and the battered tile brought seven dollars, a striking instance of the feeling which is expressed in poetic phrase: "Though not the rose, it had been near that flower."

Jenny had not a few of the frailties of femininity. She was jealous of her rivals, and resorted to some ungenerous methods to keep them in the background. She had two acts of the opera of *Robert il Diavolo*, which Meyerbeer is said to have composed for her, containing the part of a rival soprano, cut out entirely, that there might be no comparison. This feeling seems to have outlived her professional career, for, at one of Lady Burdett-Couts' parties, when a gentleman spoke of Christine Nilsson as "the Swedish nightingale," a thin, yellow, wrinkled old woman, leaning upon a stick, jumped up in a passion, exclaiming, as she pointed her skinny finger at him: "You are wrong, sir; you are grossly wrong; I am the 'Swedish nightingale.' I am Jenny Lind." She was proud of her place as "queen of song," and once, when invited to sing at one of the Queen's soirees, refused to do so until a silken cord which marked the dividing line between the Queen and herself, had been removed. She seemed not to be of a particularly lovable nature; she had few suitors, and her marriage was a rather prosaic one, though Herr Goldschmidt had been awaiting her pleasure for a long time. When he got tired and was on the eve of sailing for Germany Jenny relented and married him; their marriage is said to have been very happy.

After her marriage she sang little, and settled down at last in a cosy home near London, where she lived very quietly, seeing little of gay society and not receiving many visits, although she was worth over a million of dollars, one-quarter of which was the profits of her two years' tour in this country. She had two children, and the daughter is said to have inherited in a marked degree the musical voice of her mother, but with none of the ambition for renown which would induce her to devote the necessary hard study and work essential to its cultivation.

About seven years ago Madame Goldschmidt sang in a charity concert at London, but it was to a generation that knew not Jenny Lind, and her appearance was almost a failure. New singers, new standards, new styles of music, had eclipsed her old-fashioned methods; she was "queen of song" no longer.

BRUNEFILLE.

### FARM BREAKFASTS.

I have watched anxiously for the HOUSEHOLD each week, hoping to see a list of breakfasts or dinners from some farmer's table, but I have seen none. Surely all of us do not live entirely upon pork and potatoes. We keep that much abused meat in the cellar for emergencies, but we do not think our bills of fare incomplete without it.

Beatrix contrasts her city breakfasts of to-day with her country breakfasts of years ago and finds the latter deficient. Time has wrought changes; people do not live as they did in years gone by, and if Beatrix could be spirited to almost any of the country dining rooms for a breakfast, she would find as much variety as at home. Thence far, no one has ventured to give farm bills of fare, so I—more presumptuous than the rest perhaps—write out a week's breakfasts prepared for two. They are not elaborate nor are they meager, but such as can be cooked in one-half hour from the time the fire is started.

Sunday: Grapes; beefsteak and fried potatoes; wheat cakes and syrup; ginger cake and marmalade; chocolate, coffee.

Monday: Grapes and pears; beef hash; French toast; cream cookies and coffee.

Tuesday: Lindley and Ionia grapes; pork steak; mashed potatoes; cream toast; ginger cookies and coffee.

Wednesday: Grapes and pears; fishballs; potatoes; wheat cakes and syrup; cake and coffee.

Thursday: Grapes; creamed potatoes; sausage; pork hash; cookies and coffee.

Friday: Grapes and apples; potato croquette; French toast and codfish; fried cakes and coffee.

Saturday: Apples and pears; beefsteak; fried potatoes; mashed potatoes; buckwheat cakes and syrup; cake and coffee.

That dish—oatmeal, cerealine, or hominy—so essential to breakfast is wanting in my bill of fare. We are not lovers of those dishes, so I seldom cook them.

PAW PAW.

E. R. S.

### THE PERFECT CONFIDENCE OF CHILDREN.

It seems to me of great importance that mothers should have the perfect confidence of their children. When I was a child my good mother taught me from my earliest recollections to confide to her every childish secret. She led me to believe (and I think rightly) that it was as wrong to conceal any act of naughtiness from her as to commit the act itself. And in this way my mother came to be my confidant, my confessor really, from my earliest childhood. The conversation of my playmates I was sure to repeat to her, and so she soon found who were fit associates for me. Any wrong advice given me she could speedily right; every evil seed sown in my childish mind she was quick to uproot. I have thanked God many, many times that my mother won my confidence in this way. He only knows the snares I have been saved from by telling mother everything. She was naturally cautious and prudent, with excellent judgment and a long experience in life; and as I grew up was not slow to hold in check my impulsive, confiding



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disposition, and teach me that all were not honest, as good and truthful as I imagined them to be, just because they seemed so. Most children will make a confidant of some one, and do they find the playmate, or what we call friend, or neighbor, true to the trust? But if mother is the confidant will the young lady or gentleman continue to keep bad company, or to follow bad habits—which stare them in the face at almost every turn? Ah; who can compare with a wise and loving mother, as the adviser and counselor of youth?

PAW PAW.

AURORA.

## THE LAMPS.

Says Mrs. A. E. Whitaker, in the *N. E. Farmer*: Cleaning the lamps is very apt to be put off until the latter part of the day, as they seem able to await attention better than some other things. In many households the dusk of early evening reminds the hurrying housewife that her lamps are still neglected, and she then fills them hastily and is obliged to light one at once. This is wrong, because the vapor of the oil about a freshly filled lamp is liable to explosion. A lamp should be filled at least two-thirds its depth, and one which has but a spoonful or two of oil in it should never be lighted, as the empty oil space is filled with explosive vapor.

Lamps filled to overflowing are very uncleanly, soiling everything brought in contact with them; and to most persons, the odor of kerosene is extremely unpleasant. A lamp-wick should fit exactly into its space and should be kept clean. When it becomes black from the sediment in the lamp, it must be thrown away, or washed and dried before using again. When nearly burned away, a wick may be lengthened by a fold of cotton flannel, which, reaching to the bottom of the lamp, will feed the wick as the oil burns out. It is not best to put strips of red flannel or yarn into a lamp, as the inside should be colorless, that any impurities may be seen. If such appear, wash the wick, empty and cleanse the oil reservoir.

A burner sometimes becomes so clogged that it does not allow perfect combustion of the oil. In such a case, remove it from the lamp, place in cold water to which a sliced potato has been added and boil an hour or two; rub with a dry cloth, when it will be entirely clean and bright as new. To keep the chimneys shining and clear, nothing is better than daily washing them in soap and water and rubbing them clear with a soft cloth free from lint; old print is good for this purpose. A small sponge attached to a stick is convenient for washing lamp chimneys.

Hanging lamps are best to use where there are small children to endanger upsetting. Common table lamps and small metal hand lamps on a broad saucer-like base are the most safe to carry about, as it is nearly impossible to overturn or break one.

CHRISTMAS is coming. If you have anything to tell us about Christmas gifts, now the time to "speak up."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In this issue, Azalia asks about directions for making a daisy tidy. One of the prettiest we ever saw under this name, was made in the following fashion: Cut circles the size of a silver dollar out of white cotton cloth, to these sew serpentine braid, beginning at the outer edge, and letting the points overlap, until the circle is covered. Finish the center with a few French knots in yellow embroidery silk, and you have a fair imitation of a daisy. They can be arranged in any way desired. A pretty fashion is to lay two strips of ribbon in the form of a cross and fill in the four angles with squares of nine daisies each.

"What shall I get for a stylish and pretty dress for small parties, such as one would attend in a small town?" queries a young lady much troubled about what to wear. Get a skirt of moire or watered silk, to be made perfectly plain, and basque and drapery of fine cashmere or Henrietta cloth, using the moire as vest or revers on the basque, but nowhere else. The moire, 20 inches wide, costs from \$1.37 to \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard. Henrietta cloth is a very stylish material this season, being no longer reserved for mourning wear as heretofore, and comes in all colors. Skirt and drapery should be of the same color, and our correspondent should be best able to judge what hue will suit her complexion.

"Please tell us what you have for supper," asks a lady who avows herself in search of a new culinary achievement. Well, sometimes we have creamed or fried potatoes with cold tongue, corned beef, or ham. Sometimes the bill of fare is frizzle beef—dried beef chopped fine, put into the spider with a piece of butter, and stirred well, dusted with flour, and a teaspoonful of cream turned in, the whole poured over squares of toasted bread. Sometimes a dish of escalloped oysters sends its grateful aroma around the dining-room; or a tender beefsteak, broiled to a turn and smoking from the gridiron, with baked potatoes. We all relish cream toast, and excuse ourselves for a second help of fishballs by pleading the absolute necessity of more brain food. But I am particularly fond of one especial supper dish, baked potatoes and Finnan haddie, a smoked fish which needs only to be spread with butter and browned a bit in the oven to prepare it for the table. There is always sauce, baked apples or honey cake, with bread and the nicest of butter.

BEATRIX.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHY is hard water better than soft for the final rinsing of clothes on washday? Because the lime more perfectly neutralizes the alkali of the soap.

THE coarse brown paper that comes round groceries, is handy to use in cleaning out the greasy kettles and frying-pans. It is a great absorber of grease. Made into a wad and used to rub out the grease it saves the dishcloth and the hands, and helps make an unpleasant task less disagreeable.

If you want to use the juice of a lemon as well as the grated peel, roll it till soft

under the hands. Take a coarse, sharp grater, and begin at one end of the lemon, rubbing the spot up and down the grater—on a small spot, so as not to waste the peel—about three times; this is usually enough to take off the yellow skin, which is all that is good for anything, the white part being tough and bitter.

THE feather duster has no legitimate place in household economy, unless for brushing dust from objects out of reach by ordinary methods. The dust-cloth, which takes up and permanently removes the dust from the room is the really efficient duster. Squares of cheesecloth make good dusters.

NEVER use soap on an oilcloth, it will remove grease and dust but it will also remove the paint. Never use ammonia, either, it will deaden the lustre. Use clean warm water, or better yet, milk and water. After cleaning it with a flannel rag, warm some linseed oil and apply with a flannel rag to the cloth, rubbing it well in, but using only a little of the oil, just enough to give it a gloss; if too much is used the oilcloth will be sticky and catch every atom of dust. Skim milk is a good thing to clean an oilcloth, but it must be thoroughly wiped and dried after its use.

BEATRIX would be glad if our correspondents would name their greatest "kitchen comfort;" that is the article, utensil or arrangement which seems the most of a benefit and help to them. Hearing a friend say the other day that her Dover egg-beater was the greatest blessing she had in her kitchen, suggested that a mutual interchange of opinions might be of value, especially to young housekeepers.

ANON answers X. Y. Z.'s inquiry about her kerosene stove as follows: "My stove is the Dietz. I have never ironed over it; I presume it would be slower, but it has a very good sad-iron heater, so called, which comes down close to the flame."

## Contributed Recipes.

POVERTY CAKES.—One pint sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; small teaspoonful salt; flour to roll soft. Cut in pieces three inches long and two inches wide, and divide three or four times through the centre; fry in hot lard. They are nice for breakfast or lunch, with coffee, and are often called coffee cakes.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup each of butter, sugar and water, one teaspoonful of soda and one of cream tartar. Mix stiff and roll thin.

BEEF LOAF.—One and a half pounds of lean steak, chopped; two eggs; one cup cracker crumbs, rolled fine; one small teaspoonful each of pepper and salt. Mix and mould into a loaf, place in a buttered pan, strew bits of butter on top and bake carefully about three-quarters of an hour. Some like this better when two pounds of beef and one-quarter pound of salt pork are used.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Take the sweet potatoes that were left from dinner, pare them, and slice carefully about one-fourth of an inch thick. Fry in butter and meat drippings and serve piping hot.

B.

DETROIT.