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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE SCIENTIFIC HOUSEWIFE.

She was learned in all the lore
Of science, and her store
Of attainments was bewildering and grand;
She could tell you what to eat,
From cereals to meat,
And analyze eatables off-hand.

She loved a learned man
On the scientific plan,
And the couple formed a partnership for life.
She cooks the family fare
In a way that makes him swear,
And very often leads to vulgar strife.

The meat is burned and tough,
The pastry is vile stuff,
The vegetables are always underdone.
But in baking wretched bread
That is heavier than lead,
This scientific woman takes the bun.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity, I believe, is one of the grandest or one of the meanest qualities of the human mind, according to the direction it takes. Noble, where it covets real knowledge for that knowledge's sake; instructive, when it leads to legitimate investigation; commendable, when it interests us in the needs and deprivations of others; when misapplied and misdirected it becomes one of the most despicable of vices. "Curiosity, inquisitive, importunate of secrets, then with like infirmity to publish them" must be both educated and controlled or it becomes a dwarfing, evil, lowering influence in our lives and those of others; for so surely as night follows day does gossip attend curiosity unless restrained within right limits.

The longer I live the more respect I have for people who can distinguish clearly where their own business leaves off and their neighbor's begins. It needs great discrimination, certainly, since so few are able to find the dividing line. To a certain extent we are all observing, copying, criticizing, condemning or approving our neighbors, swayed by their opinions, influenced by their probable judgments, but such conditions are, or ought to be, far removed from the vulgar curiosity which takes note of the frequency of the ice-man's calls or is inquisitive as to what a neighbor has for dinner. And, when we think of it, how small it seems to be so solicitous to find out these trivial matters, so entirely outside our own concerns! To give up to this phase of curiosity will inevitably dwarf the mind so that it loses interest in things of greater moment. Yet how many do yield to just such idle curiosity! Have you never known an otherwise sensible individual alternate be-

tween kitchen and parlor with the regularity of a pendulum, because a carriage was standing at a neighbor's door? I heard a young woman excuse herself for neglect to keep an engagement by admitting that she was noting the duration of a call made at the house "over the way" by a gentleman whom she did not know. "I watched through the hall blind till I was nearly frozen, but I was bound to know how long he stayed." As if it made any earthly difference whether he stayed five minutes or fifteen!

Yet that curiosity is a trait inherent in poor humanity we must perforce admit. Witness the tiresome details concerning the movements of any public personage. We have not forgotten how the papers chronicled even the minutest detail of President Cleveland's wedding, and later of his trip westward with his wife. If either individual turned around during either journey without the action being reported, it is yet to be known. And though everybody laughed at the persistence of the newspapers, and deprecated such inquisitorial espionage, nearly everybody read it. The daily newspaper strikes the popular level; it prints what it knows will sell; and it points with sure index the fact that as a nation we are altogether too curious in small, unimportant matters. The searching eagerness with which the typical Yankee pursues the information he seeks, has passed into a proverb, but it often seems as if his mantle had fallen on many who can out-yank a Yankee in asking questions.

Some people seem to have been born with a mania for asking questions. They want to know all about you, where you were born, your connections, your business, your income and expenses, and resent the withholding of such information as a personal affront; seeming to think if you evade their inquiries it must be because you have something to conceal. Such people are utterly wanting in delicacy; there is no subject too sacred, no relationship too holy for them to approach; and if they showed one-half the zeal in the pursuit of legitimate information that they evince in wresting reluctant replies from unwilling lips, there might be a hope that they would grow beyond this vice at some distant period. But appetite grows by what it feeds upon; till it finds no restraints in good manners or etiquette, and will resort to any means for its gratification. An actual fact which came under my observation, illustrates this: An elderly woman, long resident of a neighborhood whose little world of events

she had personally superintended for many years, called on a family who had moved in about two months previous, her ring being answered by the lady of the house, who knew her only by sight. The visitor seemed in a breathless hurry, and declining the invitation into the drawing-room, sank in a chair in the hall, saying, "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. —; I'm in a great hurry; I just happened to be passing and I remembered that I've never heard *what your husband's business is*—and I—and I thought I'd just stop and ask you, you know. I'm in a great hurry!" The lady was too greatly astonished at the assurance of her caller to do otherwise than reply to the query thus peculiarly propounded, and the latter, reiterating her statement that she was "in a great hurry," made her exit in keeping with the manner of her entrance.

To any but those of like tastes and inclinations the curious woman is "full of the wadding of stupidity." A mind not narrowed to the smallest trivialities of life cannot listen patiently to their recital at second hand. One is liable to the imputation of being unsocial if she don't seem to care how many white skirts Mrs. — had the temerity to display on a Monday's washing; nor furnish a bulletin of information about the new dress which must include not only its cost, quantity, etc., but also its probable destination when worn out.

"What did you have for supper?" "Where did you eat?" "What kind of forks did you have?" were the questions I heard asked an eight-year-old boy who had been invited out to tea with a little playmate. I wonder if mothers ever reflect that by thus "quizzing" their children, they encourage tale-bearing, tattling and gossip, and also cultivate a critical, censorious disposition, a habit of spying upon others, which is an evil to be corrected, not fostered, in the training of children. How many quarrels start from a story carried by a child encouraged in such ways?

Were we not so anxious to find out about our neighbor's business, how much more time we would have to attend to our own! If we made no comments on matters which do not concern us how many unkind and malicious words would be unsaid, not to speak of the foolish and uncalled-for ones! How much wiser we would be were we to direct our curiosity into legitimate channels and strive to acquire the knowledge that leads to true wisdom. Let's all turn over a new leaf on New Year's and strive to be curious in the right way.

BEATRIX.

HOME TALKS.

NO. IX.

Well, Hetty, we have quite a busy day before us. The morning's work is done, and while you commence the cake I will dress the chickens and set them away to cool for tomorrow. Make the watermelon cake first. The recipe is so large you had best divide it, and make half. For the white part take one teacup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and three-fourths of flour, whites of four eggs, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder; the red part, one-half cup red sugar, one-fourth cup butter, three tablespoons sweet milk, whites of two eggs, one cup of flour, teaspoonful of baking powder, half a cup of English currants; flavor the white cake with rose, the red with lemon; butter your pan and dust it with flour, which does away with fitting paper in cake tins; cake will never stick when you butter and flour the pan. I do not mean butter either, for I always use leaf lard for such purpose; butter will leave a salty taste around the edge of the cake and too cake will mold quicker than when lard is used. Pour in the white batter an inch thick, then the red. Keep it in the center and keep filling up the sides with the white and then cover an inch or more over the red, with a little cone, there will be a real centre, and the pieces when cut look like slices of watermelon, this makes a handsome cake when frosted to fill cake baskets, have the oven good heat and keep it steady, bake forty minutes, try with a splint. It will require the whites of two eggs to frost it, put them into a glass and add the same quantity of cold water, then mix and add as much triple X sugar as will make it smooth to spread, flavor with rose and when the cake is just warm frost it. Banana cake next; one and one-half cups sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, half a cup cornstarch, two teaspoons baking powder, whites six eggs, measure in coffee cups; bake in four cakes, using two for each cake; unless different directions are given always soften the butter, not melt it, rub butter and sugar to a cream, then beat the whites stiff and add next, where only the whites are used; if the yolks are used use them before the whites are added, then the milk, then the flavoring and flour and baking powder, the last named articles to be sifted together, then beat the batter slowly until light and white. I was once making a lady's cake for an old lady who did not understand the "new fangled cakes," she said, and after I had added the flour and baking powder I proceeded to beat it leisurely. She was amazed that I did not place it immediately into the oven, she said she supposed the cake would not be light if it was not baked the minute the baking powder was stirred in. "Well" said I, "does not your cake always have large holes in it? It isn't light and feathery is it?" She said no, it wasn't light and fine, it was coarse, and she liked the common soda and sour milk the best. When my cake was baked, it was all right, it rose an even height all over the top. All those recipes I am having you use will bake in that manner; they never

peak up in the centre or crack and run over, they seem just right if the directions are all followed exactly. When these cakes are done turn them on a towel and let them partly cool before putting them together. Put twelve tablespoons of granulated sugar in a basin and add six tablespoons of hot water, let it boil gently while you beat the whites of two eggs stiff; when the syrup will throw a long hair turn it slowly into the beaten whites and beat with the egg beater until it is nearly cold, then flavor with a little vanilla and add two bananas mashed fine; this is for the filling; for the top use plain white frosting, and when you put it on the tea table lay some bananas sliced lengthwise on the top, this is really splendid.

For the Boston cream puffs, set one teacup—which is one-half pint—of boiling water in small pan and set over the cooker of hot water, add two-thirds of a cup of butter, not melted, and when it reaches a boiling heat stir in two and one-half cups of sifted flour; do not be alarmed, it looks like a moral impossibility, but keep stirring; now it is a smooth mass and cleaves away from the pan it is done, set it off and beat five eggs very light, and add slowly, now beat it until it is thoroughly mixed; grease those large round tins and drop in a teaspoonful full of the batter, do not allow them to touch each other—nine in each—this should make twenty-seven. Have the oven real hot and bake them fifteen minutes anyway, just rap lightly, and if they are firm and hard and a beautiful golden brown they are done, handle them carefully and set them away on a platter. Put two teacups of milk in the two-quart pail and set in the cooker, that same water will answer for use, and into half a coffee cup of sugar stir the yolk of three eggs and two tablespoons of flour, thin with a little milk, and stir slowly into the hot milk, when it is smooth and thoroughly cooked, flavor with vanilla and turn into a large bowl, this is to fill the puffs with, but do not fill them until you are ready to eat them. For the jelly roll make the Danbury sponge cake and spread the dough in the dripping pan to bake, when done turn bottom side up on a towel, over which you have strewn powdered sugar, spread the cake with grape jelly and roll up, lay on a large platter.

Now our cakes are all made for to-morrow and our home is in order, so we can rest up a little this afternoon. We haven't quite finished "Mother's Recompense," you might read it aloud. I do think Grace Aguilar is such a lovely writer, she seems to understand the heart so well and enters into a mother's feelings so naturally. She was a Jewess you know, and having delicate health never married; she died young and had written many novels; we must try and read "Vale of Cedars" and "Days of Bruce" together. I read them years ago but shall love to review them. A book that I really like is one that can be picked up and read time and time again and never be tired of, but you see if we were slack and left this and that duty undone, we never should have found time, with our sewing and cooking, to have kept up our reading. Some books are better understood if read aloud. Dickens, now, is enjoyed so much when read aloud, and well read; I never hear about little Paul, but I am

tempted to cry, such a mixture of tears and laughter. I have read that Dickens went to the Directory for all his names. You can rest assured, Hetty, that what you slight to-day you will have to do to-morrow, and supposing that company comes in unawares, what a confusion is enacted in setting things to rights. The general baking never wants to be neglected. I never like to be like Dame Hubbard, for there is nothing satisfying about an empty cupboard; I want a few bones and bits of meat.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

NINETY-NINE CENT PARLORS.

The following from a correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*, expresses our opinion of cheap decorations so nicely that we gladly make room for it:

The advocates of the "cheap and pretty" system of furnishing houses are becoming tired of the unsubstantial things which cost little and the prettiness which has turned out to be not really pretty after all, but only novel for a short time and afterwards tiresome for a long time. There is either coarseness of texture or lack of stamina in the very inexpensive teaspoon, for example, and the same is true of every other necessity of a house. Now, as coarseness of texture is something that the good housewife of the present day "can't abide," it follows that the countless "things of beauty," falsely so-called, the directions for making which abound in every household magazine, are marked by constitutional fragility, which quickly transforms them into things of ugliness.

A man who had the misfortune not to be born of Scotch parents, could never open a book and let his eyes fall at random upon such a phrase as "Hoot, mon!" without at once closing the volume and finding himself unable to read it thereafter. The innocent sounding sentence, "First take an old barrel," has a precisely similar effect upon a young girl of my acquaintance, who can never encounter this beginning of the stereotyped description of the way to transform an old barrel into a chair, without wishing to thrust the periodical containing it out of her sight forever.

Because an old barrel made over into the semblance of a chair, no matter how comfortably cushioned and delightfully draped, always begets a fear in the breast of the wary that may collapse, and that its downfall will include that of its occupant. How can the much-talked-of repose of domestic life be found in a chair of this description?

There is something deceitful about common wood that is painted to resemble ivory, or ebony, or coral, and about pine that is "grained to resemble oak. One might as well have a cat "grained" to resemble a dog. It is true that cats are sometimes cross-grained, but this is not natural to them; it is the result of injudicious treatment. There is also something deceitful about chromos given away by tea and life insurance companies, which "cannot be distinguished from real oil paintings." Talk about the deceitfulness of riches! It cannot be more obnoxious than the deceitfulness of poverty.

There is no solid satisfaction in flimsiness and sham, no matter how pretty they

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may at first appear to be. Gilt paper pasted on wood to make window cornices soon grows shabby and mildewed; the bedroom carpet made of varnished wall paper, pasted upon several lengths of wrapping paper, is a palpable fraud. We can have no respect for the things that pretend to be what they are not, nor for the people who give themselves up to the creation of such things.

Is there any real beauty in red and blue elephants and rabbits cut out of flannel and sewed upon Turkish towelling? or in canvas overlaid with gold and scarlet thread, and used for the protection of chairs far less gorgeous in tint than itself? or in lamp mats, that cannot endure the touch of a burnt match or a drop of kerosene oil? or in a footstool that is defaced by the touch of a foot? or in a sofa pillow on which no man dare lay his head? What kinship has beauty with tawdriness? "What is excellent," says Emerson, "is permanent." This is as true of the things which are the soul of the house as of the human soul.

If the furniture of a room is strong as well as shapely; if its walls, and windows, and floor are covered with colors that rest and please the eye, instead of infuriating it; if the pictures suspended before our gaze are good photographs of the best works of art; if there is sunshine, and a trailing ivy, and piles of books, we can do without sham gilding and all the host of fragile and meaningless things which threaten to turn the best room of so many homes into a ninety-nine cent parlor.

HOME EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES.

It "goes without saying" that the children of parents who realize the high value of educational privileges find in their early home training a powerful impetus in that direction. Wherever you find children whose mothers can spare time to read to them, to tell them stories, to talk with them about what they read or observe, you find also the most thoughtful and observant youth. The home where books and papers are not only read but also discussed and commented upon, sends more intelligent and earnest pupils to our schools than that in which work, or money-making, or neighborhood gossip, engross the thoughts of its heads. The home influence is very marked in this regard; if there be truth in the old saying "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," we find it here. Many a man sends his children to school because of what the neighbors will say; or through a pride which leads him to say he can afford to educate his children as well as some richer neighbor. He has little idea of what education really is; and is vaguely disappointed if the result is not seen in showy accomplishments. The best students do not usually come from such early tuition; but rather from homes where education is felt to be a means to an end, and that end the harmonious development of the powers of the mind.

In my own experience as teacher I found this invariable truth: Where the home was furnished with plenty of books and papers, and the children encouraged to read and talk as they gathered in the sitting-room at evening, were my best pupils; where the

father snored an *adagio* accompaniment to his wife's gossip with some neighbor or the hired man, and the little ones were bundled off to bed or allowed to run in the streets till nine o'clock, it was hard work to enthrust them with study. The home training ran counter to educational influences.

Then if you would have bright, intelligent children, fond of books and study, you must show them that these things are important in your eyes; that you appreciate their efforts, that the way leads into pleasant paths of self-improvement which shall make them better fitted to live noble lives. Companionship means much to them; study with them and encourage them, making, so far as possible, their tasks pleasant ones.

BRUNEFILLE.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

I often think there would be more and better books found in farmers' homes, were it not that the village bookstore rarely furnishes more than a limited stock of school text books, with perhaps a few odd volumes of no particular merit, in general literature; and that it seems like investing in a lottery to send to a publishing house on the strength of press notices, too often paid for as advertisements, or at best, written by those who judge from their own standpoint of literary culture, with no knowledge of our acquirements or tastes. That is the great difficulty in recommending books. We cannot so put ourselves in another's place as to realize the benefit he may derive from what may be distasteful to us. We may condemn a book because it is below the level of our minds, yet it may be above the plane of other minds, which may be made stronger and better by it. Some author, whose name has escaped me, has said: "It is the fashion to talk of the baneful effects of reading trash. But trash is a relative word. What is trash to me, may not be trash to another. In the intellectual world a man looks for assistance to one just a little higher in mental stature than himself. Therefore what is trash to you and me may not be trash to our neighbor less intellectually endowed." But it seems to me as if one might about as well have no liking for books at all, as to read, as so many do, merely for the story, and with so little attention that they cannot keep the place without a book-mark.

"Unknown to History," by Charlotte M. Yonge, is a book I think most young people will read with pleasure, unless a long course of "The Duchess" and Bertha M. Clay has rendered them impatient of anything less lurid of love and murder. It is a romance founded upon history; the story of a daughter born of the ill-considered marriage of Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Bothwell, and authenticated by Burton's History of Scotland and Miss Strickland's life of the unhappy Scottish queen. The babe, born during Mary's captivity at Lochleven, and her very existence unknown and unsuspected by Elizabeth of England, or indeed any but Mary's personal attendants, was embarked on a Scottish vessel, the intention being to put her in the secure seclusion of a French nunnery. But the vessel was wrecked and the babe picked up by Richard Talbot,

master of an English cruiser watching the intercourse between France and Scotland, adopted by his good wife and brought up as their own, the only daughter in a household of sturdy Talbot lads. How the secret of her birth was revealed, how she came at last to be the companion and comfort of the captive queen, though never losing the Protestant principles and directness of purpose trained into her by good Mistress Susan, her supposed mother, how she dared much to save her mother's life and was prevented more by the machinations of courtiers than the implacability of Elizabeth, together with much other matter of moment to the story, is it not written in No. 263 of Harper's Franklin Square Series, which you may buy for the small sum of twenty cents?

"Homo Sum," by Georg Ebers, is a tale of the early Christian era, after the Romans had attempted to blot out the new religion by persecution. Some of the ascetics of the early church fled to the mountains beyond Alexandria, where they dwelt in caves, and subsisted on roots and herbs, mortifying the flesh with scourges and spending both day and night in prayer and meditation. Yet even this rigid discipline was not sufficient to eliminate human passions or make the hermit in sheepskin other than a man, subject to human infirmities. The moral of the book is to show how much more noble it is to meet temptations, in an active life among men, conquering them as part of life's struggle, than it is to flee from trials, and remain without sin simply because never tempted to transgress. That sacrifice for another's sake, even though actuated by the highest motives, may yet be more than an error, an actual wrong to that other, is shown by the trouble that comes because Paulus, the most rigorous of the ascetics, hastily inferring that Hermas must be guilty of the wrong with which he is charged, falsely accuses himself to save the youth, thereby doing a great wrong to him and to the beautiful but unhappy Sirona. Barring a superabundance of adjective and some prolix descriptions, the book is an interesting one.

Frank Stockton's "Rudder Grange" makes no pretense of having a moral or "a purpose in its being," aside from its amusing character. "Rudder Grange" is an old canal-boat, in which a couple in search of a place to spend the summer out of yet within easy reach of the city, set up housekeeping. They have manifold comical and exciting adventures, and are looked upon as a pair of amiable lunatics by the natives around. But the next year, when they make a home in a suburban village, they remember their canal-boat life so pleasantly that the name "Rudder Grange" is bestowed upon it also. They have a "hired girl," Pomona, whose solid common sense assists them out of some laughable perplexities. Their experience with tramps, tree agents, the dog "Lord Edward," the cow, the horse—not forgetting Pomona, keep you wondering as did their neighbors, "what on earth those lunatics will do next." It is a good book for a rainy day, or to drive away the blues.

"The Intellectual Life," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is a book that will greatly please the thoughtful reader. It is a collection of essays or letters, on various topics

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bearing upon mental growth. The author in his preface says: "The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of society or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and this habit may be the habit of a mind which has not any very considerable amount of information. * * It is not erudition which makes the intellectual man, but a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct. Intellectual life is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth. It is the exercise of a firmly noble choice between the larger truth and the lesser, between that which is perfectly just and that which falls a little short of justice." The way to read this book is to take one chapter at a time, think about it, study it, follow out its logic, and having thus mentally digested it, proceed to another. And having thus made its truths our own, we are ready to say, as did its author of the work of another which particularly pleased him: "Now the only Croesus I envy is he who is reading a better book than this." BEATRIX.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Serviettes, to place under the children's plates at the table, are made of squares of linen, fringed or hemstitched, and in each corner embroidered in etching silk an outline design of cup and saucer, spoon and fork, etc., or an initial letter.

A new style of "sewing companion" is made as follows: Make up a rosette of bright ribbon of any preferred color, with a safety pin attached at the back to fasten it to the waist. From this hang four pieces of ribbon of varying length, somewhat to suit the height of the person to wear it. One piece has a square end turned up and finished with a little pocket for the thimble and thread, a bit of elastic tape being run in for security's sake; a second end is folded over to a point and an emery ball attached; four flannel leaves for needles under a small pincushion finish a third end, while the fourth has a pasteboard-stiffened pocket for scissors.

One way to decorate a felt tablespread is to applique circles of silk or velvet in clusters of three in groups, securing the edges to the felt with buttonhole stitches in gay embroidery silks.

There has been nothing new as yet to replace the sofa pillow of last season's style, which was a bag of feathers in a silk or satin case, the end tied with a large bow of satin ribbon. Some now make long slips open at both ends, the ends faced down to where they are tied, and perhaps edged with lace. These are tied close to the feather filled bag placed in the center of the slip.

ONE of the simplest and yet prettiest table scarfs I have seen for some time, considering the expense and time required was a strip of old gold felt three-quarters of a yard wide and a yard and a half long, pinked on the sides, the ends bordered by a pattern outlined in narrow green soutache or braid, and this again edged with a fine tinsel cord. The ends were cut in fine strips for the fringe. It was neat, pretty, not expensive, and very suitable to the modestly furnished room in which it was seen.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

We have tried washing by the kerosene method, and have found it highly satisfactory so far as the saving of labor was concerned, and the clothing looked white and was free from smell provided hot water was used for the bluing or last rinsing water.

We have discontinued its use, however, as I am satisfied there is great danger of causing rheumatism, especially in cold weather. Kerosene is very penetrating alone, and when combined with hot water and soap and the whole body in a state of perspiration—the hands absolutely poulticed—with perhaps the necessity of hanging the clothes out while standing in the cold wind, I for one will not take the risk.

We have also tried the damp sponge as a duster and pronounce that a perfect success, more especially for the oilcloths and the stairs. We all know how difficult it is to keep that part of the steps each side of the carpet from appearing dusty, and I have never found anything equal to a damp sponge for wiping it up.

Will Evangeline—who seems to know everything about housekeeping—please tell us how to make a plain salad, the principal ingredients of which shall be salmon and cold potatoes? I have eaten such a salad which was very nice, and I have seen it just like hash; and, Evangeline, be sure to teach Hetty how to make a bed "well." So few young ladies can do this, and if there is anything I detest it is getting into a bed that goes all in a heap the first time I turn over. MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNA wants to know whether host and hostess should sit opposite each other at the ends of a long extension table or *vis-a-vis* at the middle of the sides. The first mentioned way of seating is preferable. Plates and tumblers are not turned upside down on a nicely set table nowadays. The best table salts are not the individual salt cellars as at first known, but those somewhat resembling a pepper-box, with a metal rod inside to stir the salt and prevent it from getting hard. These come now in various colors in glass, and are quite ornamental with their bright hues and shining silver-plated tops.

Another young lady compliments Beatrix upon her versatility, seeming to think it strange that she should know "all about pork-packing" and other farm matters while living in a city. Why, bless you! have I not confided to the HOUSEHOLD family that I had nine years of practical work as "domestic head centre" of a farm home, during which my own pair of hands performed all the duties of the situation, from painting and papering the interior to driving the team before the reaper "on occasion?" Haven't I had the minister and his wife drive up just as we were ready to sit down to dinner, and realized there was no Elisha at hand to work a miracle whereby what was just enough for two might be blessed to hold out for four! Don't

I know all about having the threshers drive up at nine o'clock at night, when there was not bread enough in the house for breakfast? Haven't I been caught in all the practical straits known to housekeepers who live "five miles from a lemon?" Oh yes; I encountered them, lived through them; and now I have become an "editor woman" through one of those strange combinations of circumstances which often seem, more than our own will, to guide the shifting current of our lives, I look back upon these housekeeping experiences, forgetting much that was distasteful, remembering much that was enjoyable. Most of us are able to bring a beautiful spirit of resignation to bear upon our neighbors' misfortunes; therefore when our readers tell of jelly that won't jell and bread that refuses to rise, I feel that kindred trials enable me to sympathise—not so deeply as to make me lie awake of nights, but enough so I would gladly help them in any of their perplexities.

ANY shortcomings in the HOUSEHOLD this week must be ascribed to the fact that the Editor is dividing her time between the accustomed Thanksgiving turkey and sitting up nights with neuralgia. "Between two stools, one comes to the ground," you know.

MRS. MOLLY BIGMAN, a newly-married lady, does not know anything about housekeeping, but she is anxious to have her husband believe that there is nothing in the housekeeping line that she does not know. He happened to be in the room when the cook came and said:

"Will you please gib me out de coffee? De water is been a-bilin' dis las' half-hour."

"Let the water boil, Matilda," replied Mrs. Bigman, calmly; "the longer it boils the stronger it will be."

Contributed Recipes.

BAKED BACON.—Cut in slices as if for frying, lay in a baking-pan and place in a hot oven.

SALT PORK.—Freshen the slices, fry till done, then dip them in a batter made of one egg, one cup sweet milk, and flour enough to make a thick batter, fry till a dark brown.

HAM TOAST.—Take the lean of cold ham, chop, put into a pan with a little pepper, a lump of butter and two well-beaten eggs. When well warmed through, spread on hot buttered toast.

CODFISH TOAST.—Pick up a bowl-ful of codfish, put over the fire in a basin with enough water to cover it, let come to a boil, turn in a colander to drain, return to the basin and add half a pint of sweet milk, butter and pepper, thicken slightly with flour, and turn over slices of hot buttered toast.

EGG PLANT.—Cut in slices about one-fourth of an inch thick, and lay in weak salt water over night. In the morning remove the purple rind, wipe dry; dip in beaten egg, then in fine bread crumbs or cracker dust; fry on the griddle or in the spider in hot butter and drippings until a nice brown. It must cook rather slowly until thoroughly soft, otherwise it is unpalatable. Or, boil the plant with the skin on until tender. Then cut in halves, scoop out the center, mash and mix with it moistened bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt, return to the crust or rind, and bake in the oven for half an hour or more. DETROIT. B.