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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

What's the hurry, what's the flurry
All throughout the house to-day?
Everywhere a merry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play.
Something, too, I know's the matter
Out of doors as well as in,
For the bell, it just goes clatter,
Every minute—such a din.

Everybody's winking, blinking,
In a queer, mysterious way;
What on earth can they be thinking,
What on earth can be to pay.
Bobby peeping o'er the stairway
Bursts into a little shout;
Kitty, too, is in a fair way
Where she hides to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ling
Every minute more and more;
And swift feet go springing, springing,
Thro' the hall-way to the door,
What a glimpse of box and packet,
And a little rustle, rustle
Makes such a sight and sound and racket
Such a jolly bustle, bustle,
That the youngsters in their places
Hiding slyly out of sight,
All at once show shining faces.
All at once scream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and in,
What the meaning of the clatter
What the bustle and the din,
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout, then
All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about then
Not to know it's Christmas Day."

HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

The holiday season is again at hand, bringing its train of gifts and good wishes, its family reunions, its feasting and mirth. In some homes there is nothing to mar the accustomed pleasures, and happiness will be full and unrestrained; in others, somebody will turn with tear-filled eyes from a vacant chair with sad memories of "last Christmas." Grateful hearts will make merry over few blessings, while discontented ones will forget to count up their many mercies. Some new resolves for a New Year will be forgotten in a fortnight, while here and there some resolution for future guidance, born of bitter experience, will influence a human life unto all eternity. It is a season for thought as well as gayety; for a review of the past as well as anticipations for the future. And the little HOUSEHOLD goes flying east and west, far and near, bearing with it the "Compliments of the Season," and its Editor's best wishes for the health and prosperity of its many readers.

SEEN ON THE STREET.

Of all places to beguile money from the unwary, to tempt the extravagant to excess and the economical to lavishness, commend me to the bazars at Christmas. One's only safety lies in solemnly locking up her pocket-book before leaving home, and even then she will probably need all her resolution to keep from saying to the quite too obliging salesman, "You may lay this aside for me." The woman who starts out to buy Christmas things without a well-defined idea in her head of what she means to buy, and a list in her pocket to keep her mind on the subject, is pretty sure, humanly speaking, to return laden with everything she did not mean to buy and nothing that she did; result, viewed reflectively, dissatisfaction and a wish she had adhered to her first plans.

Our principal bazar, always bright and pretty, is fairly radiant at Christmas. Ablaze day and night with electricity, the light is reflected from scores of colored globes and prism-decked lamps; the walls are covered with gay fans of all the hues of the rainbow; Japanese umbrellas and Chinese lanterns are suspended everywhere, while trails of ivy and autumn foliage are festooned from all available points. To the stranger unaccustomed to such sights, it must seem like a fairy palace, a realization of one of the gorgeous descriptions of the Arabian nights. The plate glass show cases are loaded with everything conceivable in the way of bric-a-brac and fancy goods, in value from a few cents to many dollars. Here are fans almost like frostwork, so dainty and delicate are they; you could see to read through the crepe tissue on which is faintly traced pale-hued blossoms and foliage. Here is one of white ostrich feathers with mother-of-pearl sticks mounted in gold; here one for a dowager with full black feathers. This tray is for cards, the bunch of carnations upon it is of china, but you would never think it, so faithfully are the tints reproduced, so fragile the texture of the petals: this one looks as if that glowing Jacqueminot rose had been carelessly dropped upon it. Here are vases, shading from a soft pearly white into the deep bloom of the peach blossom; "fairy lamps," with rose-tinted shades, designed for night use, giving a glow-worm light not sufficient to disturb the lightest sleeper. Brass candlesticks furnished with wax candles in all colors look antiquated enough; then there are fancy easels to hold photographs, three cat-tails on bronze stalks, three calla lilies in silver gilt, or three

crossed spear-heads, at from 50 cents to a dollar each.

There is an endless variety of plush goods. Toilet sets in plush covered satin lined boxes begin as low as one dollar and stop at twenty-five. The dollar sets are too cheap, the bristles in the brush betray a horsehair origin, the comb teeth are so far apart they look lonesome, but for \$3 or \$4 you can buy a pretty set not too good for use. Plush covered handkerchief boxes, satin lined, are \$1 to \$1.50; work boxes are filled with scissors and other appurtenances of toil at the same price. Pincushions are almost big enough for pillows, and the scent bottles to match are large and low and have large silver or cut glass stopples. But life is too short to tell half the beautiful things spread out to tempt us to unclasp our purses.

In the bookstores, I find fewer of the ornate gift books of other days, made to adorn the center table, but never opened, and more books meant to be read. The pretty ivorine bindings seen last year are found again, embellished with clusters of wild flowers or a bit of landscape. Many favorite poems and hymns are shown in such holiday guise. These sell at a dollar each, except a few specialties for which \$1.50 are asked. One little volume, in ivorine dress, quaintly lettered in gold "Beacon Lights for God's Mariners," was a collection of extracts from religious writers. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "The Saone," and Howell's "Tuscan Cities" are handsome gift books. The illustrations in the first are a picture gallery in themselves, while Howells is charming as a descriptive writer however prosy as a novelist. Irene Jerome's books are the newest gift books of this season; they are three in number, and profusely illustrated, which with the fancy type and heavy paper makes them marvels of the book-makers' art. The sketches illustrate poems by such writers as Louise Chandler Moulton, Susan Coolidge, N. P. Willis, who have chosen the shy firstlings of the year for the theme of their verse. The following extract is from "A Bunch of Violets:"

"I have found violets; April has come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning and at eve;
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
Its beautiful bright neck; and from the hills
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature with her delicate ear hath heard
The droppings of the velvet foot of Spring."

Plush-covered albums, holding two cabinet pictures on a page, sold "like hot

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akes" at \$3 75 each; the photograph screen, which opens in panels and holds almost as many pictures as an album, is the newest thing out; the plainest was \$10, and a silver-mounted Russia leather one marked \$15.

Great bales of ground pine from the forests of northern Michigan, yards upon yards of evergreen wreaths, and big boxes of ruby-berried holly from Virginia, are ready for use in decorating churches and parlors, while Christmas trees of assorted sizes and varying degrees of symmetry crowd the market. And the streets are thronged with ger buyers, jostling, pushing, restless, tall bright and beaming with the spirit Christmas.

BEATRIX.

SORROWS, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

In reading Evangeline's Home Talks No. 3, my eyes met this sentence, "Half our troubles are imaginary ones." I have thought of this, wondered if it were so, and at last come to the conclusion that it was. Every one has his own burdens to bear, and of these may be made two classifications—real and imaginary. Some real sorrows may be secret and I often think that these are the hardest to bear. We may censure a man for not appearing gay and joyful, as we can not see any cause why he should be otherwise, but "Believe me, every man has his own secret sorrows, and we often call a man cold when he is only sad."

The highest, noblest manhood
Is never reached 'till we
Have drunk the cup of sorrow
And borne it patiently.

We're taking footsteps backward
When sinking nenth the sway
Of sorrow, never thinking
There'll be a brighter day.

Even this one might be darker,
To-morrow must be fair,
And when we reach our resting
There'll be no sorrow there.

We cannot have true sympathy for others until we know by experience what they have to bear. I do not mean experience in the same kind of sorrow. I believe the happiest people are those who shut up in their breast the tale of their own woe, and spend their own lives in helping others to bear burdens. And there are always those who endure their sorrows the very hardest way, not allowing the spirit of God to walk abroad on the "free pinions of their trials."

But as to our imaginary troubles. The most of these are worrying about the future. It is so easy to say, and how often we hear it, "I am so afraid it will happen." Why don't we let "it" alone, I wonder, until it does happen, and not make ourselves and every one else miserable worrying about it? Sorrow comes soon enough at the latest, and to be ready to bear these God-given trials we will need all the strength of our hearts. We should gather the roses that bloom in our path to-day, and not think about the thorns that may be hidden farther on. It is a part of God's plan that we bear present sorrow and know not future troubles, and in His plans there are no errors.

"If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings
see,
We could interpret all this care and strife
And for each mystery could find a key,
It not to-day, then be content, poor heart;

God's plans like lilies, pure and white
unfold,
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

This is not such a very hard life after all, if we will make the best of everything, ourselves included. Man in his natural state is selfish and discontented, but "unless above himself man can erect himself, how poor a thing is man," and to make the best of ourselves, we must seek to grow in kindness and sympathy, and "To grow means often to suffer." After we have attained our growth in this respect, if we ever do, it will be only the sorrows of others that will pain us. Let us not strive to know our future and cease to worry about it. Let us not wait for a crowd of ills, that as yet have no existence, but make to-day our all, with to-morrow but a dream.

Then when trouble does come, let us remember that the darkest day is a prelude to an evening of peace and deepest joy, which only those can know who have drunk deepest of the cup of sorrow.

"What tho' our sun for a short time may set,
It will rise on a morning more glorious yet,
What tho' darkly gather the clouds of despair,
They will break and the sunshine will be the
more fair.
'Tis God's plan, the darkness preceding the
light,
The day by the contrast appearing more
bright;
A brief time of sorrow we all needs must see,
To know the full glory of God's victory."
MARSHALL. CLARA BELLE.

INCIDENTS OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

On April 4th, 1854, I went on board an American sailing ship at the docks of Liverpool, bound for New Orleans, having engaged my passage previously, not knowing until one day out that the vessel had been chartered by the Mormons, and little caring for the next three days whether I was going to Salt Lake or the bottom of the ocean; indeed that sickness made me feel afraid that I would not die. For ten long weeks I was housed up with two hundred Mormons for company. I had never interested myself about the Mormons before, but had once heard a prophet speak in the county of Sussex. A lad then of twenty years of age, with no chance to get out the back door, and no general occupation, I made it a point to learn some of their longings. Strangely enough, when one is traveling he will often meet those who have lived in his own neighborhood. Among the Mormons was a man and wife and two nearly grown daughters who had lived not far from me in London, who appeared good looking, well learned and well brought up, and yet their paradise was Salt Lake city. They interested themselves very much in my brother and myself, and fain would have had us go there too; they lent us their book of Mormon, about the size of our own Bible and divided in chapters much the same, and I read what I wanted to without being converted, "because my own lassie was left behind me and desired to be faithful." There was a leading prophet and commander, and I learned their mode of getting ship-loads of Mormons. They will send one or more "Elders" out from Salt Lake city to England and other countries, who hold outdoor gatherings in the country or in byplaces, and preach the glories of the

Saints and the Salt Lake country generally. They offer to poor boys and girls who cannot half pay their passage to pay their fare and have them work it out when they land at St. Louis, in drawing their hand carts, etc, across the Rocky Mountains, and they are just full of the splendor of the trip—I am speaking now of course of things as they were along in the 50's. There was one, an old Chelsea pensioner, who wore his Chelsea clothes and his medals, who had a sword-cut on the calf of his leg, a slice cut entirely off, and who claimed that it was wholly the faith and healing art of the saints that saved his leg from amputation. He claimed it was sound and all right, yet when we got to a tropical climate he would limp so bad it was painful to see him, yet would not complain; he would describe Salt Lake as though he lived there many years, and defied the United States army or any other from ever driving them from their stronghold. Of the married women we would sometimes ask "Are you not afraid your husband will take another wife when you get there?" "Oh no! not in the least," with a confidence I feared might be misplaced, considering "how false and fickle is the heart of man," especially when he has the book of Mormon to back him up.

There were two or three peculiar incidents on our sea voyage. Early one calm bright morning we came in sight of the Peak of Teneriffe, which seemed to stand in the middle of the sea; as the sun shone on it its top was silver and its sides were gold. The sea was so calm that we lay in view nearly two days. It was a beautiful sight. Again, as we were nearing the Caribbean sea, with sails all set, royals and jibs all out, not a breath of air, the pitch and tar bubbling in the seams of the deck, the surface of the sea as smooth as glass, suddenly all hands were ordered aloft to take in sail, and before nearly half was done, quick as lightning we lurched over three times almost on our beam's end, and then for three days the sea ran mountains high. We learned afterward it was called "a white squall." I have heard and read of many of such squalls, and that it is only the experienced and practiced, watchful eye that can tell of their coming. Then, while drifting on the coral reefs near the Dry Tortugas—that place where Jeff Davis spent his holiday—what a time we had with the different actions of the passengers! While bumping on the reef I wrote a letter to "the girl I left behind me," thinking that Salt Lake city was a great way off, just then. We righted up, got some biscuits and water, and in a few days one of those ugly bulldog steamers towed us up to New Orleans. In ten days we reached St. Louis, and then I forever parted with those who had been my Mormon friends, and made my way to the wild wide prairies of Iowa, a contrast you can imagine after living seven years in the heart of London.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

THE cellar is not a good place for milk except in warm weather. To ventilate it properly the temperature is rendered so low that the cream rises no better than elsewhere, while if warm enough the air gets stale and a fungoid growth is germinated on all moist surfaces.

HOME TALKS.

NO. XI.

Well, our quilting was a success, Hetty; we had a lovely visit, our work was all accomplished, and your dinner and supper were well cooked and served. Your table was set in good order, and the different dishes served without confusion; there is nothing that will disturb one's equanimity so suddenly as to have a bowl of soup or gravy or water spilled over the cloth, or in one's lap. I remember being at a bazar that the church was holding in our town, directly opposite me was a young man dressed in the height of fashion, and he was spending his money royally, I tell you; he had invited three young ladies to eat supper and as everything served was paid for by the dish, his bill was amounting to quite a sum. A very pretty young lady brought him a dish of hot oyster soup, and instead of handing it to him at his left hand she reached it over his head, and the result was it came down in a shower all over the back and shoulders of his coat, and instead of saying she was sorry and assisting him a little she ran out of the room, the picture of embarrassment; his coat was ruined forever and his temper soured for that evening certainly.

In setting a table, first and foremost, the tablecloth and napkins, whether red or white, should be ironed smoothly, so that when they are opened the folds are distinctly marked, and seem stiff without a starchy stiffness; good heavy linen needs no starch; dampen it evenly and press it instead of rubbing it over with a flatiron so hot it scorches it; have the silver shining and the dishes clean, and have a place for everything and everything in its place. No two set their table exactly alike; to have it in shape is the main thing.

There is a nice lot of cucumber pickles on the vines, and as I have nearly half a barrel in salt we will make them as we pick them. Be particular in washing them, and pack them in a four gallon jar, then make a brine of half a teacupful of salt to a quart of water, bring it to a boil, and skim, then turn hot over the cucumbers heat the brine each time you add pickles, and when you have a sufficient quantity take them out of the brine and turn boiling water on them, adding a lump of alum; let stand twelve hours, then drain and pack them in the jars you wish to keep them in. Heat the vinegar, add cinnamon, cloves and cassia buds, turn hot over the cucumbers. When cold lay grape or horseradish leaves on top, cover close; these will always be brittle and nice. Never put back pickles into the jar that have been left from a meal, it will always make the whole mass work and spoil. A great many green their pickles in a brass kettle, or use sulphate of copper, which amounts to the same thing; others boil them or scald them in the vinegar to make them soft. I like them crisp and brittle. The best good cider vinegar that is strong and thoroughly made will always keep pickles without becoming white or ropy if care is exercised in taking out the pickles, the vinegar should come just to the boiling point, for boiling it hard deadens it. Pickles, while not considered the healthiest eating

in the world, spice up a meal. String beans are excellent pickled, select those of an even size, the wax bean is the best; do not break off the ends, cook them in salted water until they pierce easily with a fork; drain in a colander, then lay in a jar, add a little cayenne pepper, then turn on a hot vinegar slightly sweetened. They look nice mixed with cucumbers when served.

To-morrow we want pork and beans for dinner, so pick the beans over to-day, and at night put them in water to soak. Add plenty of water for they absorb a good deal; by this method parboiling is avoided. One quart of beans will be sufficient, and find a lean thin piece of pork to cook with them. When you put them over to boil, have the water warm, not hot, and have just enough water to cook them; you can add more as you wish, they ought to be juicy when done. Taste and if not salt enough, add some salt; add a heaping tablespoon of sugar; this helps them to brown nicely. Gash the pork and lay in the center of the dish with just the rind above the beans. With these have mashed potatoes, creamed cabbage, string beans, huckleberry pie and a loaf of Topaz bread. The string beans will be cut in pieces an inch or so long; boil them three hours or more, then season with cream, butter, salt and a trifle of thickening, the cabbage is cut fine and boiled in salted water one hour, then drain and into two-thirds of a cup of thick sweet cream stir one tablespoonful of vinegar, turn over the cabbage. Make the pie like the raspberry pie, adding a few bits of butter.

You can put three mackerel a-soak in skim milk, clean them nicely and lay them skin side up in the milk, in this way the salt can be soaked out better than if laid with the skin side down, these must soak two days and are delicious cooked in a variety of ways—tied in a cloth and boiled, served with drawn butter, or broiled, or fried, or baked in cream. To-night prepare some fish balls for breakfast, pick up a coffee cup of codfish and set over the fire to freshen; boil some potatoes, you will want two coffee cups heaping full after they are mashed; season them as you would for the table. Change the water once on the fish, then let it come to a boil, drain and when cool pick fine with your fingers. Yes, you will be obliged to put your hands right in; now mix potatoes and fish thoroughly, adding one well beaten egg; make them in flat balls like biscuit and fry on the griddle in the morning. You can roll them in egg which gives them a more golden brown when done; if you like serve fried potatoes, muffins, poached eggs, coffee. As the muffins are raised with yeast they will be stirred up the night before: one pint new milk, two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar; two of butter; half a teacupful of yeast and flour to make a batter that will pour easily. In the morning when your oven is hot set the dripping pan on the stove to get hot. Butter the pan and muffin rings, set them in the pan and pour in the batter; do not stir it at all; bake about twenty minutes. They can be made of graham flour, using molasses instead of sugar, and are very nice. Corn muffins are excellent. One quart milk, tablespoonful butter, salt, half a cup

of yeast, two tablespoons molasses, thicken with corn meal. These are all easily made and add so much to the morning meal.

The melons will soon be ready to eat, and I see they are considered healthy for breakfast, they are delicious in whatever place they are introduced. I never mention melons but I think how Joe and I used to plug melons, and if they were green throw them into the asparagus bed; that was before we knew how to tell when they were ripe. To poach the eggs have the frying-pan nearly full of hot water, salt it and break in the eggs, one at a time; lay the iron cover on the stove and when hot set over the eggs, do not allow them to boil, when they just blush pink through the white, take them up on a platter, and lay over bits of butter and a dust of pepper on the top of each one. Topaz bread is made of one pint of sweet milk; one half teacup molasses; one level tablespoon soda; one half teaspoon salt; two teacups corn meal; one teacup flour; this makes one loaf. Steam three hours, set in the oven a few minutes to dry off; to be eaten warm.

We will prepare the fruit for your fruit cake this week and try and make it, too, for it should be made at least six weeks before it is cut. The raisins are to be seeded, and the currants washed and picked over. What dirty things they are! They are called English currants, but I have read that many come from Spain, and that they are dried on the hillsides right on the sand, and are shoveled over when being dried, that accounts for the grit and sand in them. Seems to me they might be preserved with as much cleanliness as raisins. This recipe is the best I ever saw. I know a lady who kept one loaf from her wedding and used it after her first child was a year old, making the cake two years and five months old. One and one-half pounds butter; sugar, two and one-fourth pounds, one half granulated, one-half Orleans sugar; twenty eggs; four pounds raisins seeded, one half cut fine; five pounds English currants; two pounds citron cut fine; sifted flour two pounds; two nutmegs and as much mace in bulk; deodorized alcohol one-half pint; one tablespoon cloves; one of cinnamon, one of allspice. This requires mixing with the hands; you can do that and I will attend to the weighing. I should hardly know how to get along if I had not these scales, they are so handy in weighing butter; these were four dollars, and they have more than paid for themselves. When the butter is softened work that and the sugar to a cream in the large bread pan, then work in the yolks of the eggs and spice, I will whip the whites; those are added next. I will take half of the flour to dredge the fruit which will be added next, then the alcohol and the remainder of the flour. Now mix it for half an hour or more and I will grease the tins, four large square ones. I like that size better than round ones for fruit cake. I shall flour the tins instead of papering them. The oven must be a medium heat and remain so. This cake will need three hours' baking and should be browned top, bottom and sides alike. If cake burns remember it is through carelessness; it is a sheer waste of time and material to allow it to burn. I like a good rich brown, but dislike a black crust.

In baking griddle cakes, one can regulate

the fire so every cake is done alike, instead of having a black patch on either side of some.

Stir up the graham bread to-night; one quart of warm water, a teacup of brown sugar and molasses equally divided, lump of lard size of an egg, use two-thirds graham and one-third roller flour and one teacup yeast; mix as usual in the morning, using graham flour, and mould into the tins, as once rising is sufficient; mix it soft as you can handle. I sometimes stir it stiff as I can and put it right in the tins, letting it rise only once. But your father likes it best made the other way. It makes delicious toast when it becomes stale.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

THE LAST INSTALLMENT.

This issue of the *HOUSEHOLD* will reach its readers just as the last gifts of the season are being finished. These then are afterthoughts, and mostly directions for gifts which are easily prepared.

First, however, a few directions for dressing the Christmas tree. There are very pretty fancy ornaments expressly for this purpose to be bought at the stores, but if money is scarce, one feels as if it ought to be spent more wisely than in the purchase of purely ornamental things. A good deal can be done at home. Cornucopias of fancy paper and lace bags to be filled with candies are easily and cheaply made. Strings of popcorn and cranberries can be used for festoons; red apples and golden oranges make bright spots of color. Stars, circles and crescents cut in thin pasteboard, covered with gilt or silvered paper, and arranged behind the tapers so as to reflect the light, add much to the beauty of the tree. Clusters of autumn leaves, gilded, and others dusted with diamond powder, are very pretty; while gilded fir cones and acorns are both new and "too sweet for anything."

A mirror in a plush frame like those in the fancy shops may be made at home easily, and at very small expense. Procure a smooth board eighteen inches square, and cut an opening in the centre; get a carpenter to bevel both edges of the opening and of the board, then cover neatly with plush or velvet, which may be decorated or left plain. Behind the opening fasten a piece of mirror, pasting strong paper over the edges to hold it in place. Hang diamond-shape.

A pretty plaque is made by taking a common tin pieplate and painting in any way desired. Gild the edge of the plate. A light blue ground with spray of apple blossoms or daisies is very pretty. If you cannot paint you can make quite as pretty a one by painting the plate the color wished, and in the centre glue an embossed picture, a group of pansies or roses. A cream ground with pansies is pretty, and a cluster of fruit or blossoms cut from one of our seedsmen's catalogues might be used.

For a shaving-pad, get a sheet of blue or pink blotting paper. Cut out of it pieces about five inches square. Take two of these pieces and ornament each on one side with a pretty flower or picture pasted on. Pink the edges, or they may be left plain, and between the squares put a num-

ber of smaller squares of different shades of tissue paper. Do not be afraid of putting too many leaves of tissue, for it presses very close together and you can hardly have too many of them. Make a hole in one corner of the pad and run through a strong cord for a loop by which to hang it up. Have the loops quite short, and on the corner of the pad where the cord runs through, place a bow of satin ribbon sufficiently broad to conceal the cord. The pad must hang diamond-wise.

A very dressy apron may be made of seven-eighths of a yard of black silk. Choose silk having a gold colored selvedge, which should be left on. Fold over one end an inch deep and briar stitch with gold-colored silk, and on the same end at one corner, outline a cluster of buttercup; the blossoms in old gold, the leaves and buds in green. Turn this end up ten inches and overseam the edges together, this makes a pocket deep enough to hold the fancy work or sewing. Fold the top over an inch and a half and shir five times across, drawing up the right size for an apron, add a belt and loops of ribbon. If your silk has a different colored selvedge, make the floral design to correspond; daisies with a white selvedge, carnations with a red one, pansies with purple. A bow of ribbon can be added at the other corner of the turned-up portion, if preferred. This same method may be employed with other materials; the blue or red checked linen sold for glass toweling makes very serviceable aprons, the white checks being worked with polka dots in red working cotton, and the red with white, for a border across the top of the pocket.

The prettiest sachet of the season is a bag of white satin on which is painted a sprig of red-berried, prickly-leaved holly; the bag is tied with a bit of ribbon matching the berries.

OUR correspondents are kind enough to tell us how much they prize the *HOUSEHOLD*, how welcome its weekly visits, how much of practical help and mental inspiration they get from it. It is always cheering to know that the work we are doing is enjoyed and appreciated by others, and the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor acknowledges, gratefully, the many kindly words from our readers vouchsafed her the past year, and acknowledges also with sincere gratitude the obligation the *HOUSEHOLD* is under to those who have helped make its pages so bright and helpful by their letters. We hope to make the little paper better than ever this new year. We ask our readers to help us, not only by their letters, but by saying a good word for the *FARMER* and its little annex, the *HOUSEHOLD*, and inducing a neighbor or a friend to subscribe. That is a practical way of helping that assists us in making the paper better. We have no chromos or jack-knives to distribute, we will not insure anybody's life, we do not insult the intelligence of our readers by offering to bribe them to read the *FARMER*, but it will visit you fifty-two times in 1888 for one hundred and fifty cents, less than three cents per visit, and we can safely promise three cents' worth of good reading and information in every issue. We invite a renewal of subscriptions, then, with confidence that every reader will get full "value received" every week of the year.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "I had a tin slop-pail, the bottom of which was so worn out that I could not use it. I cut two round pieces from strong manilla paper, just the size of the bottom on the inside. I then gave the bottom a good coat of paint, and while wet pressed in one of the rounds of paper, smoothing it well. After it had dried a little, I painted the paper and sides of the pail, then put in the second round, smoothing it in as I did the first. When it was dry I gave it another coat of paint all over the inside, and dried it in the sun for several days. Now I can use it as well as ever. I mended an ash pail in about the same manner, using instead of the paper, one round of thin tin."

A HOUSEKEEPER thus describes her home-made wood box, which she says is a great convenience and at the same time a decided improvement on the old fashion of papering or tacking oilcloth on a box. She procured a shoe box at the village store, turning it so that the broadest sides were perpendicular, the narrower forming top and bottom. She had a cover made, rather larger than the top, and secured by hinges, then painted it black, with a yellow stripe half an inch wide all round, about an inch from the edge. The wood is put in endwise and the box holds a good supply.

Useful Recipes.

CREAM CHEESE.—Three quarts of sweet cream and three quarts of warm milk just from the cow. Heat to 62 degs. Add to each quart of the mixture ten drops of liquid rennet and one teaspoonful of whey. Stir for ten minutes, let stand twenty-four hours, salt to taste, turn into a cheese cloth and let drain twenty-four hours, then change the cloth and press lightly. It will keep six days, in a dry, cool place.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two coffeecups of New Orleans molasses, stand it on top of the tea-kettle with the lid removed, or some good place that it may warm through. When the ingredients are all ready stir into it a teaspoonful of soda, same of ginger and salt, four tablespoonfuls boiling water, and the same of melted lard. Stir together until it is all afoam, and then put in flour enough to make a good firm dough, roll out and bake in a hot oven, hot enough that they will begin to bake pretty soon. Do not have them crowded in the pan.

USE FOR DRY BREAD.—Cut your bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, left from any kind of roast (though a piece of butter will do as well), thoroughly grease the bottom of the spider; put in the bread, with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning, then pour enough boiling water on it to moisten it, cover tightly, and in a moment it will steam through and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. It should be eaten with gravy over it, and is a good substitute for potatoes.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S BROWN BREAD.—One bowl Indian meal; one bowl rye flour; one bowl sour milk; one large cup molasses; one teaspoonful soda; one small tablespoonful salt. Steam two and one-half hours and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to heat of oven.