

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JANUARY 16, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"OUR ONE WEE LAMB."

Our little baby girl! our one wee lamb!
With outstretched dimpled hands and round-
ed cheek.
With eyes of Heaven's blue, with breath like
balm,
And laughing lips that had not learned to
speak!

Our one wee lamb! Why are we thus bereft?
Why cradle life, if it be but to die?
Our baby taken and so many left!

Healer of troubled hearts, lean from on high
And by Thy touch that sweet assurance send,
That we once more our baby's face will see,
That, though we weep and cannot comprehend,
She is our child through all eternity.

That fleck of sunlight on the carpet there,
This bit of crumpled paper in my hand,
Those little leaves stirred by the summer air:
Oh, childless mothers! you will understand
How small a thing our little ones will bring
Into these empty arms, day after day;
Though songs are left unsung we used to sing,
Though doors are locked and treasures hid
away.

Oh! mother, with your baby at your breast,
Pray for this other who to-night has none;
And clasp it closer, closer to you, lest
It slip from you as our first-born has done.

PUNISHMENTS.

Jannette asks "How shall we punish?"
Every mother will have her own convictions
on the subject. The object of punishment
should be reformation; we reprove that our
little ones may leave off evil ways and learn
good ones; the question is how can we best
secure the result we desire. The hasty,
quick-tempered woman gives a word and a
blow, the blow often falling first, the weak
one dreads to inflict pain, and lets grave
faults go unproved; the mother who has
correct ideas of what the welfare of the
children demands studies their disposition
and makes her penalties reformatory.

Punishment does not always imply physical pain. True, there are some children whose inheritance of "Old Adam" is so strong that extreme measures are necessary, but this I believe is rarely the case, and almost always the resultant of a previous fault in training. There is something of the savage in the nature of either man or woman who can persistently inflict physical pain on a child; to do so alienates the child's affection, and weakens passion and stubbornness. "You must break his spirit"—i. e., subdue his will—were words often on the lips of the old-fashioned parent whose parental persuader to obedience was a stout hickory withe; but a will cowed into abjectness by fear of a flogging is white ashes over red-hot coals. We may set it

down as an axiom that a whipping, except in those rare cases where "exceptions point the rule," is to be a last resort.

The trouble is, most mothers will not take time to punish as they ought; there is so much to do, so many things to attend to, that the little offender gets more or less than he deserves. It requires good judgment to "make the punishment fit the crime." It is a good thing, too, to know what to overlook, and it is a very bad thing to be always threatening. To say "I'll whip you if you do it again" and not make good the words, invites disobedience; the child knows he has escaped once, and calculates on further immunity, and has also learned that his mother says what she does not mean.

I think "punishment by deprivation," as I have heard it called, is the most judicious; it requires patience and careful oversight, but it seems richest in results. The little hands that has been in mischief are tied with a soft ribbon; the feet that strayed where they were bidden not to go are made to keep quiet in a corner. Or the bad boy is tucked up in bed for an hour, or deprived of some expected privilege. The ways in which such punishment is received are sometimes quite amusing. Little Robert had spent an hour in bed one day because he had slapped his little brother, whom he dearly loved but who was very exasperating sometimes. Released, the two played happily for a time, till again Robert's patience gave away, and he gave Charlie's cheek another resounding slap. He instantly looked up at his mother, saying "I duss I'll go to bed again," marched off up stairs and put himself into his crib with a very comical air of resignation to the inevitable.

This method of punishment makes the culprit connect his misdemeanors with their penalties; the pain of a blow is soon forgotten, though its influence upon the spirit remains; but the child who misses some anticipated pleasure because of naughtiness, does not soon forget. Some mothers think it shows a vindictive spirit to do this; others are too hurried or too soft-hearted to carry out a deliberate system; but since punishments are necessary, this method commends itself to me at least as being the best. My mother had very conscientious ideas about bringing up her children; I have been the very unwilling participant in many a solemn switching, where she prayed God to forgive us and make us better children. I cannot now recall a single offense for which I was punished by a whipping; but I do remember very distinctly, the one punishment by de-

privation. I went to my grandfather's after school one night, against orders, and was not allowed to go again for what seemed an eternity before it ended, one long, lonely week, and I am sure I never ran away again.

BEATRIX.

RAINY DAY OUTFITS.

It seems almost a waste of words to tell a mother she ought to clothe her children warmly, yet when I see the scores of little people who trip past to school, very warm as to cloak and hood and mittens, but very bare of legs and scant of skirts, I cannot help feeling there are quite too many mothers who care more for fashion than for good sense. There are more women suffering from the results of inadequate clothing while gaining an education, than the doctors wot of. A little girl's dresses are altogether too short to afford protection to her lower limbs; and the needful warmth must be secured not by more petticoats, but by warmer drawers, since these afford the real protection. There are some children whose skin is so delicate that the flannel undergarments which are an absolute necessity in this climate, irritate it beyond endurance. Make for such little ones garments of thin cotton cloth, to be worn next the skin, and under the warm, thick woolen ones, which come below the ankle and over which the stockings—also of wool, are drawn. There should be two skirts, both of flannel; and if the under one be divided or cut like a wide and short pair of drawers, greater warmth is secured. The knitted or crocheted skirts are nice for children; they are warm and cling to the person.

There is no leather thick enough to keep the feet perfectly dry during a long walk in rainy weather. Therefore provide rubbers, high but of light weight, and insist that they shall be worn. Wet feet are the beginning of coughs, colds and consumptions, a trio avoided by observance of a few simple laws of health. Girls of twelve and fourteen are usually most impatient of control in such matters; they care more for appearances; and the foundation of life-long disease has often been traced back to a pair of wet feet due to girlish obstinacy.

Better than umbrellas are the rubber waterproofs or "gossamers" now so much worn that one is thought necessary to everybody's outfit. They cover the clothing completely; there are no damp skirts in which the child must sit during school hours. Not pretty, certainly, there's not much "dress" about them; the little girls of this town are like "black dominos" on

rainy days; they skip through the streets with the hoods drawn down to their eyebrows and the skirts to their heels, and emerge, dry as the proverbial bone, in the schoolhouse.

Some foolish misses object to waterproofs because they are "so ugly." But those so sensitive ought to recollect that it is generally esteemed an indication of poverty to be out in rainy weather, unprovided with proper rainy day garments. I always feel sorry for the girl or woman whose dress and wrap must take the drip from other people's umbrellas, and bear the damaging contact with wet coats and gossamers in the democratic street car. The incongruity is as great as if one were to wear a waterproof on a sunny day, when no one else was out in "storm clothes." Mothers can perhaps conquer such prejudices on their girls' part by presenting this view of the matter. For the mothers who must go out rainy days to market or on business bent, it is advisable to remodel some dress into what one may call her "rainy day dress;" cut short enough to not only escape the sidewalk but the further danger of "kicking," which seems to be the lifting the dress on the heels in the act of walking. With a pair of stout shoes and light rubbers, a gossamer and a good umbrella, it is possible to thoroughly enjoy a rainy day promenade.

DETROIT.

BRUNEFILLE.

"KISSED AND CARRIED AWAY."

As I take up my pen this morning, I am reminded of an incident which once occurred on the occasion of a visit to my old home in Ohio after a long absence. At the station a faded-looking, bony woman rushed up, and seizing my hand said all in a single breath, "How-de-do, don't you remember me. I am Roxanna Clark, I am married." This opens the way for me to announce that I am now married and living in St. Louis, Mo.

I wanted and intended to have written several letters from Chicago during my stay there. I wanted to tell you how we moved from our cunning little flat No. 29 over into a beautiful seven room flat with all the modern conveniences, and went to housekeeping on a more ample scale. "Grims" and her sister were two stenographers in business for themselves, and we joined interests and took this flat. We were fortunate in renting two of our rooms which helped to pay the rent and also gave "tone" to the house by having a *man* in it. A big mouthed literary old fellow with a probosis like a stovepipe and very short legs, who repeatedly assured us that he would not cause us any trouble or intrude upon us. We accepted him as about the best we could do in the way of a man just at that time. Our other roomer, a lady physician of the homœopathic school, we found notwithstanding our apprehensions, a most charming and sensible woman whom we were glad to have with us. Thus within a few weeks we were established securely as to the finances. We then concluded to release Vashti from the burden of the housekeeping and hire a housekeeper and show the world that four stenographers could manage a house in first-class style

and work away from home every day too. Alas! "now vain are all things here below." She was a pretty little fat woman, this housekeeper, and came from Michigan. She had a pretty, chubby little girl four years old. We came home the first evening in high spirits. I shall never forget how those spirits dropped as we took our places to eat the dinner prepared for us. In place of our well cooked food, daintily served, the table was loaded with promiscuous dishes. A plate of biscuits at least three inches thick, occupied one corner of the table and towered to the ceiling, or very nearly. A tureen contained "mashed" potatoes. "Oh, my eyes and limbs." There was enough for twenty men, and they too looked like a small mountain. Tomatoes slopped out of another dish upon the table cloth, which hung crooked. The meat, a huge round steak, swam in grease on the platter. The dessert, an apple pie, unbaked on the bottom and grease on the top. Nothing was seasoned, nothing was palatable. This sort of cooking we endured for a week, with a dead loss of \$15 and many hours' sleep counseling over the situation. Then Vashti resumed authority and I hired the little woman to sew for me. This was a better investment, but what a chapter I could write on the incompetence of female help! I have gained the title of "hustler" myself and perhaps expect too much of others. I know there are two sides to this question of woman's work or work for women. It is so vexatious, so harrassing and yet so pitiful in some phases that I am always changing my position from one side to the other. Sometimes my deepest sympathies are with the employed and I take up the cudgel ardently in their defense. Then there comes some day, to my knowledge or experience, such an array of utter shiftlessness and meanness that I want to starve to death a thousand or two.

The wedding had been set for January 1st, but the Major decided that it was not good for a man to be alone in St. Louis any longer. The trousseau, which was not extensive or elaborate, was in readiness, the prospective bride was eager to go, so with the addition of a few flowers, the presence of a few friends, the sanction of the law and gospel as pronounced by our new Methodist minister, Sabbath evening, November 27th, the old name was made WRIGHT. A diffident young man present stepped up and wished me many happy returns. Vashti wept a bit on mamma's shoulder, genuine congratulations were offered by friends who were glad to see me retire from the ranks of the breadwinners; farewells both sad and sweet, the crunch of frozen snow under the carriage wheels, a good whiff of the bracing lake breeze, the roar of the steam of a railroad train on the Illinois Central, and the life in Chicago was in the past.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

[The HOUSEHOLD Editor, on her own behalf and that of the HOUSEHOLD people, begs to extend congratulations to our valued correspondence "Daffodilly," and wish her happiness and prosperity in the new life. We hope "the Major's" gain will not be our loss, but that we shall hear from her more frequently in the future.]

HOME TALKS.

NO. XIV.

While I am getting the pantry in order, Hetty, you can throw all the beds open, so they will be airing, and then we will do the chamber work together. Take all the covers off in order and lay them over a chair, open the blinds so the air can circulate well, and shake up the beds some. We will make my bed first, for that was taken apart after I dressed. While the most of people like a soft bed, I want just the reverse; no matter how hard it suits me. This wool mattress has grown softer from use, it was packed hard and solid when I bought it, we will turn it over. A good spring bed and a mattress is one of the cleanest and easiest made beds in the world—now this thin comfort over—then the sheet, tuck this in nicely all around. This is too wide sheeting altogether, it nearly touches the floor on both sides, and my bed is wide too. I think this is seventy-two inches; the upper sheet and comforter tuck in together, then the spread, now the sheer shams: stand the pillows up on end against the head of the bed, a little slanting, then the shams. I am a little old-fashioned about my bed. When I get the bolster done I shall change my tactics a little.

Now for the next room; here is a straw tick and feather bed; lay off the feather tick, we will stir the straw thoroughly by taking hold of the tick each side and giving it a shake, first at the head then the foot, this throws all the straw out of place, and it is not in hummocks. So many beds are like a trench in the middle, or higher at the foot than at the head, so you are either all rolling together or tumbling out of bed entirely, or your head too low and feet too high. Turn over the feather bed, now pat it until it is as flat as a mattress, smooth it all off, put on the sheets and covers as before. Here is a husk mattress with a cotton batting mattress; this makes a clean bed, no husk or straw scattering from it. Your bed next. This is a curled hair mattress; this is made right on the springs, a great clumsy, unhandy thing; these straps at each corner are to lift it with. It was considered quite an elephant, when your grandfather bought it, and I certainly assented that it was when I tried to lift one end alone the first time.

There have been improvements in beds as well as everything else. I saw a rather complicated affair the other day at the furniture store. It was a bedstead, washstand and dressing bureau, all combined, in one piece. It was intended for light housekeeping, and when inclosed was a handsome bureau, a full length glass, and the drawers at one side, and under it. When wanted to make up the bed, it was turned around, square, and a spring let down the bed from the back; the wash stand pulled out from under. It was seventy dollars, but looked to be very substantial. I see you are thorough and orderly about your washstand, keeping the pitcher and bowl washed out clean; the slop pail you have taken excellent care of, the blue paint has not changed at all. How pretty this Queen Anne style is. Now I am going to look your closet over. It is not a good plan to

crowd your dresses on one hook or to hang some heavy garment over them; it will crush and wrinkle a dress ten times more than wearing it. Do not turn your skirts wrong side out when you hang them up, drapery gets so mussed if you do. Your closet is in quite good order, but aside from keeping it so, every few weeks take all the boxes off the shelves, dust them, look the contents over, and take down all the clothing, brush down the corners and wipe the carpet off with a damp cloth, then no dust will rise. The bureau drawers do not look quite as straight as they ought, looks as if when you ran up in a hurry for a clean collar and cuffs you turned everything bottom side up. It is not so much putting things to rights as keeping them so. I've known women, and girls too for that matter, to have a general "clarin' out" every new moon, and in the intervals trying to get everything back again by the next change, so they could do it again. They would toss the tins into the cupboard, round ones among the square ones, basins in pans, spoons, knives and forks jumbled together, letting the corners get round; throw their dirt in the woodbox, and when it got half full spend a whole forenoon burning it up; have a dozen or more rags for dishes, tins, lamps, stairs, sink, and when they got so they could not be told apart, or in other words had lost their individuality, they were either consigned to the rag-bag or the flames. What's "bred in the bone" will come out in the flesh," but I do not care how slack and slovenly a habit one may have it can be uprooted by steady and persistent effort. It does not call for an occasional good resolve, it wants a steady warfare waged against it. Many girls are careless about their underclothes, buttons off, holes torn out, holes in their stockings, shoes slip-shod, dress skirt fringed out. It is truly refreshing to see a neat, orderly girl who knows how to do everything, and when to do it, and there are lots of such girls, Hetty; girls who have a ready intuition and quick perception and a good stock of common sense.

Well, we must look out for dinner now; it is nine o'clock exactly. Build up a good fire and set on the dinner pot; fill it half full of water and get that ham to boil. There is enough of it for dinner and to slice cold for supper and mince the rest to put on toast for breakfast; put in a teacup of vinegar and half a dozen allspice and cloves. For the vegetables get carrots to fry, a head of cabbage, sweet potatoes, stewed tomatoes and peach meringue. The carrots boil in salted water until tender, then slice them lengthwise and fry brown in hot butter; the cabbage boil fifteen minutes in salted water, then change the water and boil until tender, after draining mince fine, add two beaten eggs, pepper and three tablespoonfuls butter and three of thick sweet cream, mix well, and bake in a pudding dish until brown, serve hot. Boil the sweet potatoes, and cook enough to fry for breakfast, as they are Jerseys they will be mealy. For the dessert, into one quart of boiling milk stir three heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, previously moistened; add one tablespoonful of butter, set away to cool, then add the yolks of

three eggs which have been beaten into one teacupful of sugar. Fill the pudding dish half full of peaches pared and halved; sprinkle with fine sugar, then pour in the mixture, bake twenty minutes, then spread over the three beaten whites—sweetened; brown slightly, eat with sweetened cream. The cabbage and pudding can be baked one after the other and set aside. Pick a basket of peaches and grapes and arrange them nicely, then set them in the lower part of the refrigerator; there will be a lovely bloom on them by dinner time. The ham should be done by half past eleven—it is not a very large piece—then peel the skin off and trim the most of the fat off too, then pepper it in spots all over and set away to cool. It isn't so good to come directly from the kettle to the table.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

STRAY PAGES.

The publisher of the *Grass Lake News* sends us two pages of Miss Nelly Sawyer's essay on "Little Things," published in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 2nd inst., which were overlooked at the time of forwarding the essay, but which are now printed because of the good suggestions contained therein:

Do the ladies know that sprinkling the table with water before laying the ironing cloth on it will keep the cloth in place, and save considerable annoyance by not having it slip off the opposite side of the table.

A teaspoonful of vinegar put in the syrup for boiled frosting greatly improves it, and does away with the danger of having it grain.

A very good way to dispose of old calico dresses is to take out the least worn breadths, and make into kitchen aprons, of which no housekeeper can have too many.

A very nice way to mend a carpet that is a little the worse for wear, is to cut the patch, so as to match as near as possible the figure of the carpet, then make a paste of flour and water and spread around the edge of the piece; put in place and cook thoroughly with moderately hot irons. This makes a very durable patch and looks much nicer than one stitched on. If I had my way I would repair brother's socks and trousers in the same fashion.

THE WET SHEET PACK.

Phoebe Parmelee, in the *Kansas Farmer*, tells us how she would manage a wet sheet pack for a patient suffering from typhoid fever, a remedial agent much more beneficial than the drugs so often given in the treatment of this disease. First, the room should be warmer than usual, and drafts of air carefully excluded. Then she says:

"Have ready a bed covered with blankets or quilts spread out evenly, with a pillow at the head and a hot-water bottle or stone or iron (heated) at the foot. When the patient is ready, spread a wet sheet out smoothly and quickly upon the blankets. Let the patient lie in a comfortable position, only his feet must touch the warmed surface at the foot; then quickly lay one-half, then the other half of the sheet, lapping each other over him. In the same

manner cover him with the blankets. I often use three comfortables for the same purpose, and then I sometimes throw others—one or more—over the lapped ones. I wring the sheet out of the hot water, because I cannot see the necessity of shocking the patient in the old way, namely, with the cold wet sheet. A half hour or longer in the pack will do the work of drugs. No! I am mistaken; it will do a much better work than a whole army of doctors and their drugs.

"This process is such an old story to me that I wonder so many allow themselves to come down with fever when so simple a preventive is at hand. Often a patient drops asleep from the soothing effects of this treatment. In such cases let him sleep. When taken from this pack, rub the surface of the skin dry, even until there is a warm glow over the body. Then when he is safely tucked in bed or properly clothed, let there be light and air. Not a subdued light through a quilt and curtain, as I have seen, nor a small chink at the top of a window to let in a mere excuse for fresh air; but so long as the patient is not in a draft, he need not be stinted in this heaven-sent cure-all. I knew of one family who aired the sick room where lay two or three patients with typhoid fever, through the living room where other members of the family spent most of the time. If the sick ones were any better off, the well ones certainly were not. The use of carbolic acid, copperas, or chloride of lime set in the sick room is necessary as a disinfectant."

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Old friends, old songs, old places, old years, do other words wake memories more deep and tender? Ah those words! I do not know whether any one else feels like myself, but it seems a dreadful thing to me to let the years slip by and all unimproved; though each year brings us something new and beautiful, yet it takes away that which were sweet to keep. Old '87 is dead, and we know there has been both joy and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, and we know that

"Another leaf in life's large book is read, and folded by;
Another message from this world sent to eternity;
Another book is written, sealed and handed up to Heaven,
Another like it ne'er will be to struggling mortals given.
Another feather from the wing of passing time is torn.
Another and a deeper rut upon life's road is worn;
Another year has vanished with its weight of weal and woe,
Another year has flitted to the land of long ago."

As this is the first time I have written to the *HOUSEHOLD* since the New Year showed us his fresh, clean, bright face, I should like to give its readers a greeting to carry with them through the rest of the year. I have been looking back upon the past year, upon the good resolutions made when the page was turned fair and clear to my view, and like a child who has made a bad copy, I would gladly erase all that is blurred and inky if it were in my power to do so. I stir the fire, and as the flames dance and flicker on the wall. Hope whispers "Try again." So let us one and all make new resolutions, and next year each

how we have kept them, that when the last day comes we need not say the old year has been a poor friend to us, or that we have made poor use of it.

Are we spinners of good in the life web, say? Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day? It were better, O, my friend, to spin A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

OLD HUNDRED.

A HOME-MADE CARPET.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* says:

"A carpet which was made last fall, and which looks really very pretty on the floor is made as follows: Cotton rags were cut fine and dyed brown and bright cherry. The chain was dyed the same colors. The carpet was then woven in checks about four inches square.

"To color the rags brown I used logwood mixed with a little Diamond dye. It made a brown that harmonized beautifully with the bright cherry red. The recipe for dyeing red was obtained from a professional Swiss dyer. The carpet has been on the floor for several months in the strong sunlight and the colors are as bright as when it was first tacked down.

"Here is the recipe for ten pounds of rags: Take two pounds of ground sumac, pour on it sufficient warm water to entirely cover the rags when pressed in the vessel. Let the rags stand in this over night; then wring out as dry as you can. Dissolve four ounces of tin crystals in cold water enough to cover the rags; then put them in and let them remain for fifteen or twenty minutes; then wring out and rinse through two waters. Dissolve one and one-half ounces of Fuschine in boiling water, then add a sufficiency of warm water to cover rags. Have it milk-warm when you put in the rags. And let them remain in this until dark enough. Stir while in the color. If not dark enough add more dye."

THROUGH a mistake of the binder's, the Editor finds herself without a file of the *HOUSEHOLD* for 1886. Any lady having a complete file, in good order, no numbers missing, bound or unbound—the latter preferred, who is willing to sell it, may address the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor of the *MICHIGAN FARMER*, naming the price she will take for it.

THOMAS CLOVERDALE, of Fostoria, asks: "Can I get any information through the *HOUSEHOLD* as to which is the best heater for a dwelling-house, simplicity and economy considered, a hot air furnace or a hot water heater. Any information will be gladly received."

HERE is a question for some of our practical housekeepers to answer: Which pays best, to make butter or sell cream? If some of those who have had experience will kindly answer they will confer a favor upon an inquirer.

Now is the time to look over your file of the *HOUSEHOLD* for 1887 if you mean to bind them, and see what copies, if any, are missing. We can supply back numbers now, but may not be able to do so later.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LADY who has frequently contributed recipes to the *HOUSEHOLD* recently set before some guests a dish of delicious crab-apple jelly of rather unusual flavor. This she accounted for by saying that when she canned strawberries in July she saved a can of the juice which she had in great abundance, and when she made up her "crabs," she added this and proceeded as usual. She is pleased with the result and will pursue the same plan next year. Raspberry juice would do as well as strawberry.

MRS. EMMA P. EWING says that stuffing for a turkey that is to be roasted, should be soaked in neither cold or boiling water. It ought to have no water whatever used about it, but should be prepared in the following manner: Rub to crumbs a loaf of stale bread from which the crust has been pared or removed. Season sharply with salt and pepper, and moisten, until sufficiently rich, with melted butter. This will make a light, dry, digestible stuffing, acceptable to a majority of tastes. But oysters, celery, sage, thyme, basil, or other flavoring, if desired, can be added with the salt and pepper. If the bread crumbs are wet with either hot or cold water the stuffing will be quite heavy and "soggy."

A HOME-MADE table, bracket, or bookshelves may be prettily ornamented, at the expense of some trouble, in the following manner: If the article has been painted or varnished, it must be scrubbed with soap and a brush till the paint and varnish are removed. Then sandpaper till it is as smooth as you can get it. Put half a pint of turpentine into a tin can and break up a piece of asphaltum gum as fine as you can make it and put into the turpentine. Set it where it will keep warm, but not get hot; let it stand four days, stirring it frequently, and it is ready to use. Give the article three coats of this, at intervals of an hour, or long enough for it to dry. Arrange some fine, small pressed ferns tastefully, a cluster on the center of the table, or on the sides of the bookcase, and attach them with mucilage; when dry and firm, gild the ferns with gold paint applied carefully with a camel's hair brush. The finest, most delicate ferns give most beautiful results. When the ferns are dry, give a coat of copal varnish, and you have something you can afford to be proud of.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indiana Farmer* says: Lard will always keep sweet if it is cooked until it is free from water, which can be known by the foam disappearing from it, or nearly so, when it has been cooked enough. But the fear of scorching deters many from more than half cooking their lard, and this is more often the case now than formerly, as the lard presses take the place of the cooking that was required a few years ago. It is the easiest and simplest matter in the world to prevent lard from becoming too hot, if you will keep out a small quantity of the lard, when placed in the kettle, and add it when you see any indications of its becoming too hot during the last

ten or fifteen minutes of the cooking. It is a very simple thing to add a little cold or uncooked lard to the burning kettle of lard, but thousands of pounds have been ruined while the operator stood in awe before it, not knowing what to do. The writer remembers an experience of cooling down a kettle by setting it in the snow and watching it for an hour or two, when it could have been done in a minute, and no unpleasant flavor left on the lard.

To SET the black in home-colored goods so it will not smut, says an exchange, soak the colored goods or wool over night in sweet milk, ring it out and dry, then rinse well through water, and the color will be as fast as it can be.

A SPECIFIC for whooping cough is a tea made out of the dried blossoms of the red clover. They should be dried in the shade. Take a handful and steep in a pint of water, and drink a wineglassful three times a day.

THE presence of sewer gas in a room may be detected as follows: Saturate unglazed paper with a solution of one Troy ounce of pure acetate of lead in eight fluid ounces of rain water; let it partially dry, then expose in the room suspected of containing sewer gas. The presence of this gas in any considerable quantity soon blackens the test paper.

To make oiled papers pour a little sweet oil into a shallow dish, and with a small brush, dipped in the oil, paint one side only of a sheet of the paper intended to be used in wrapping candy. Lay it between unoled sheets of the same paper and let it remain several hours before using. The oil will not come off upon the hands, yet the candy will not stick to the paper if it is properly prepared.

Contributed Recipes.

CINNAMON BREAD.—Take a piece of light, risen bread dough, weighing about two pounds, and into it work a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pint of warm sweet milk and three well-beaten eggs, and half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved. Let it stand till light, after moulding it into a loaf. Make the cinnamon paste by working one cup of brown sugar and three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon to a stiff paste with butter. Make cuts in the loaf and fill in this paste, closing them again to inclose it. Bake in a moderate oven. Children like this.

PUREE OF POTATOES.—Wash, boil and mash three large potatoes; beat into them two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt, and add, gradually, a pint of boiling milk. Spread this on a hot dish, and lay on it slices of cold roast beef. Put one tablespoonful of gravy on each slice and set the dish in a hot oven for five minutes. Nice for a breakfast dish.

MINCED MUTTON.—Cut cold mutton very fine; melt one ounce of butter in a frying-pan, cut a slice of onion into the butter, and fry it, then remove; add the meat, salt and pepper, and enough hot water to moisten it; when thoroughly heated dip the mince on slices of buttered toast, and if liked, lay a poached egg on each piece, on top of the mince.

T. M.

DETROIT.