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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GOOD TO-MORROW.

BY A. H. J.

In slumber-robe, with pink bare feet,
Our tiny maiden thinks it meet
To count the mischief she has done
Since waking with the rising sun;
And finds such long and varied list,
She lifts her sweet face to be kissed,
And says, in tones of hopeful sorrow,
"I'm sure I will be good to-morrow."

And, listening to the soft refrain,
I think how oft we strive in vain
To reach the mark our thought has set;
And looking back, with sharp regret.
See all our efforts count as naught
See bright hopes into failure wrought,
But rise again and courage borrow
By saying, "We'll be good to-morrow."

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

I have been having a new experience lately. My landlady was summoned to Chicago, and hastily departed, leaving me her blessing and the care of the water pipes. The first was easily endured, the last has been "a fearful responsibility." A blizzard came down upon us almost immediately, as if specially ordered for my confusion. I feel as if it were only by special intervention of Providence I am not a howling maniac at the Pontiac asylum. How's a business woman whose life is regulated on a Podsnapian programme of getting up at seven sharp, breakfasting at seven-thirty and demurely walking into the office at eight o'clock, there or thereabouts, according to the number of pancakes she takes time to butter, and whose "times are set" with the precision which goes to make the neighbors set their clocks by her outgoings and incomings, to take time to thaw out all the crooks and turns and twists that a plumber puts into water pipes for the undoing of humanity? "Have you been ill?" kindly inquired a friend whom I met during my season of tribulation. "No; the water in the bath-room won't run." "Have you met with any serious misfortune lately, Mrs. J?" was the next anxious solicitation. "No; its only the waste pipe frozen solid." Deepest gloom settled down upon me; life was not worth living if that landlady of mine was going to stay away another week, with the weather bureau predicting a continuous cold wave. At last, "plunged in the depths of dark despair" like the "wretched mortals" of Dr. Watts' hymns, I took myself and my troubles to the white-haired gentleman across the hall. "Mr. ---; I am not happy." "My dear Mrs. J., if anything I can do can make you happy, command me." "Come up and thaw

out the water pipes." He came, and as Christian's burden rolled from his shoulders, so mine vanished when I had successfully transferred my obligations to another.

Mr. Cloverdale asked in a late HOUSEHOLD which was best, a hot air furnace or a hot water heater, simplicity and economy considered. From the depths of my recent experience I would say, Don't have anything to do with water. Pin your faith to a coal stove, rather than coquet with this treacherous element, which will freeze solid on no greater provocation than a cold night, and then thaw itself out and deluge your dwelling in purely wanton mischief. I believe not a little of the intemperance of cities is due to the deadly water pipes, and think the legislature ought to be petitioned to abolish them as a prohibitory measure; men become so wild with wrath at the misbehavior of that fluid during cold weather that they partake of beer rather than encourage the consumption of water. Indeed, I am driven to the humiliating confession that in the midst of my dire perplexities, I am not certain, that, had it been within reach, I should been able to resist the temptation to drown my woes in a bottle of pop. No, Mr. Cloverdale, be warned in time; never mind simplicity; let economy go hang. Heat your house by hot air; then upon your return from half a day's absence, you will not find everything frozen up and be obliged to spend another half day in thawing out the pipes. Hot air is evanescent but hot water is not evanescent enough; hot air at least will not freeze solid.

BEATRIX.

IRONING DAY.

I have heard a great many housekeepers say they dreaded ironing more than washing. For myself, I always detested the odor of steaming suds and the slopping round, not to speak of the dirty socks and the men's shirts, which in harvest time especially I wanted to handle with tongs. But when it came time to iron I felt quite happy. The disagreeable part was done, and the task of smoothing out the wrinkles was quite pleasant by comparison.

In the first place, I always liked to dry the clothes out doors, leaving them over night, even in the severest weather; the frost bleached them so nicely and they smelled so wholesome when brought in. Piled up on the basket in the dining room the frost soon left them, and they could be folded with no danger of taking cold. In the city it is never possible to leave the clothes on the line over night, nor even till late in the evening, for "clothes line thieves" do

abound, and many a line has been cut and carried away with all its frozen burden upon it, when its owner had too much confidence in the public honesty. Be careful, in taking frozen clothes from the line not to tear them; linen breaks very easily when frozen, if bent too sharply.

Any woman who has no help in the house, ought in justice to herself to study to make her work as light as possible; it is a duty, and to do so cannot be called "shirking." She can lighten her labor at the ironing table by folding many of the coarse articles and putting them under a weight to press. This she knows, if she will only permit herself to practice the innovation. Starched things, napkins, tablecloths, handkerchiefs and the like, are the real burden of ironing day.

I used to enjoy seeing the pattern of my table linen "come up" under the hot iron. Rub the napkins over first on the right side, then on the wrong, then fold once and iron again on the right side as you fold them. I always pulled the table cloth straight, edge to edge, folded down the center, and ironed both sides. Hand towels are to be folded as they are when they come from the store, then the initial letter which it is now the custom to embroider in the middle of one end, near the bottom, shows to best advantage. Always finish ironing on the right side.

The starched things are the greatest trouble. Generally speaking, they iron better if dried, then starched, rolled in a dry cloth, let lie ten or fifteen minutes and then ironed with hot clean irons. Before beginning to iron, rub the linen side with a bit of old linen rag. Coarse salt or sandpaper will clean the irons better than scraping them with a knife. A friend whose linen collars were always immaculate, and as stiff as they could be made outside of a laundry, always dried them, starched first in cold starch, and then with clean hands rubbed them in a very stiff boiled starch, so stiff that it could be piled up on a plate like jelly. The pieces were then rolled in towels, and allowed to lie half an hour. There is a great deal in having the irons just right for starched things, a knowledge we can only get by experience. The irons must be clean; they should be cleaned and put away when the ironing is done, not left standing on the stove to get spattered with grease. A piece of wax tied in a cloth should be handy; rubbed over the hot iron and the iron then rubbed on stout manilla paper, makes it smooth as it can well be, if clean at the outset.

Have a good cloth to iron on, and keep

it clean. An old woolen blanket is a good foundation, over this a worn cotton sheet. The ironing blanket should not be too thick, nor yet too thin; experience here is again the best guide; it is hard work to iron on a too thick blanket and disagreeable to use one that is too thin. It must be smooth; every wrinkle or seam in it will make a mark on the article ironed. Have good holders; they are a necessity to iron comfortably. I like them made of one thickness of leather, covered. The wooden handled irons are best, but even they need a light holder to protect the hands. I prefer a table for everything but skirts and dresses, which are more easily ironed on the skirt-board; the table gives more room and one can iron faster.

I never could see that spermaceti, white wax, etc., in the starch made any difference in the stiffness; I think it is all a notion. There is more in having the starch the right thickness and the irons just hot enough, than in a few shavings of wax in the starch. If you do not believe this try it for yourself, as I did.

There is a good deal of satisfaction to the tidy woman in the contemplation of a "horse" full of nice, white, freshly ironed clothes; there's the satisfaction of knowing that task is done till another week.

I forgot to tell you that to make cuffs and collars curl up, as do those from the laundry, go over the lower edge of the cuffs and the collar, on the wrong side, with the back edge of the iron, pressing very hard all the time; this shapes them.

L. C.

DETROIT.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

"I never had so much fun in my life as I did last night," exclaims a young lady. Some one of her group of listeners asks where, and she replies, "Oh, four of us watched with the corpse."

To many of us who have been born and bred in the country, some of its customs are, and always must be, very distasteful, but none more repulsive than the sort of "wake" we must allow every night over our sacred dead. To be in "good form," two pairs of young people must be invited, and while there are aching hearts and weary bodies seeking rest in one room; and Death clasping his latest treasure in another; in a third, fun, flirtation and courtship are the order of the hour. They who take part in this are not necessarily vulgar, ignorant, nor base, but their sense of delicacy and decency is too badly blunted by long habit and custom to see anything wrong in it, and a good time is often anticipated at a "watch" with just as much assurance as it would be at a ball. Another custom which is not only distasteful, but really painful to think of, is the long line marching around a coffin at the undertaker's order, to take a look at the dead, very much as they would peer into a cage at a menagerie, and then going home to talk over every detail with that relish which naturally arises from a narrow horizon and monotonous life, "Oh, her hair was fixed so and so; "Mrs. Smith made the shroud;" "I think the teeth showed too much;" "Oh! he looked so

thin," etc, etc. Then, to think of taking a last adieu, the very last look on earth of a face which for years has been our sunlight, with a crowd of curious eyes looking on taking note of how we bear ourselves in that awful moment.

Shakespeare says, "It is with grief as it is with waters; the shallow murmur but the deep are still." But we well know that the greater part of a funeral crowd measures the depth of sorrow by the amount of noise; and he who fails to "take on," is presumed to be indifferent alike to the loss of his friend and the demands of the public.

Another infliction is the sermon, long and tedious, made up of dry orthodoxy and unmeaning exhortation, never a word of which touches the fresh and gaping wounds in our heart, while our worn bodies grow weaker and weaker under the restraint, and we yearn more than ever before for

"The touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

Many who listen to the sermon do so from a curiosity to know what disposition the minister will make of our beloved dead; and sometimes, if he has not been a church-member, we are given to understand that his chances of Heaven are very doubtful; while all the time we feel that *he* is safe, but shrink in sorrowing weakness from the long days and years we must face alone, and echo in some phase the mother's cry,

"Do I want my angel? No!
I want my baby, with such yearning pain,
That were this bitter life thrice bitter, Oh,
I could but call him back again."

These funeral customs are many of them traceable to those of other classes and times; and thoroughly disliked by all the more refined and cultured rural class; but when Death enters their homes, and they are bowed with grief, they do not feel equal to making a stand against long established rules, or desire to rouse comment and gossip by any new departure. But if we ever question the progress of the age, or the effect our boasted education and culture has upon the finer sense and sympathies, it is when we hear people exclaiming over the sport they had while watching with the dead.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

HOW WE NAMED THE BABY.

Our precious four months old girlie—the first girl after five boys all in a row—was not to be named carelessly after her two grandmothers and let it go at that, but she must have a pretty name of her own, one sweet enough for her babyhood, lovely enough for her girlhood and yet dignified enough for her matronhood. Many and long were the discussions, and we found the chief difficulty to be there are too many girls' names that are pretty. So last night we wrote all the names that "might do," on slips of paper for baby to make her selection with her own hands. "And if she don't like it when she is grown up she will have no one to blame but herself" remarks one of the boys. So the names were written: Lillian, Ethel, Grace, Bonniel, Lulu, Carmine. "Is Leslie a girl's name?" "No." "Well, it is pretty any way, and she shall have a chance at it," says the writer. "Just one more," I plead. "You know the pretty name Helen Lorrington gives her friend in

'Anne,' by Constance Woolson—'Crystal' put that on a slip too." The papers are arranged on a plate and held before the baby, who immediately grabs them all at once and stuffs them in her mouth. Then she holds them out, dropping them to the floor, but just before the last one is gone, with one of the sudden changes peculiar to infantile minds, she clutches it so tightly that the rosy little fist must be pried open to get the scrap of paper. Opened it reads "Crystal." Our new baby has a new name never worn or soiled by any human being yet.

(The Very Latest).

"Finally bretheren" we have just named our baby to stay, after her two grandmothers Pioneer, "Amy Louise."

HULDAH PERKINS.

ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN.

[Paper read by Mrs. J. P. Dean at the January meeting of the Napoleon Farmers' Club.]

There is a maxim that has come down to us from the ages, that "those who would have must save, and those who would save must practice self denial," but a great many of the American people form an exception to the general rule. It is a deplorable fact that we are the most wasteful people in the whole world, in the matter of buying and cooking our daily food. What particular profit is it to the laboring man that he receives the highest wages, when his wife with extravagant tastes and wasteful ways in the management of the household, will keep him poor all his days?

Girls marry young, and go into homes of their own, with no idea whatever of what management and saving means. Mother always looked to those things, you know, and quite often mother's ideas of economy were rather vague. The wisest legislation cannot wholly prevent the evil of hard times, which the country occasionally experiences. But economy in our personal and household expenditures will help wonderfully. We are passing through an unusually close winter; in some places there is much suffering. Men are out of employment, and as a necessary consequence their families are needy, because there has been nothing laid by for the rainy day which is liable to come to every one.

There is no excuse for bad cooking. Look at the poor stuff set upon the table in some homes, and dignified by the name of bread. There should be less guess-work and more certainty; when the sponge is set at night, you want to know for a fact that the bread will come out of the oven next day in good shape. I mean by this it is to be eatable; so nice and white and sweet and light that your husband and everybody else at the table will remark how beautiful the bread is, and there will be such a satisfied feeling that you will determine every baking shall be just as nice. I think it needs a well balanced head to run the home machinery; we need to look a number of ways to keep everything going. We must calculate. There are seven days in a week, four weeks in a month and twelve months in a year, with three meals a day; there must be considerable calculation used to have variety, plenty at the table each time, and see that nothing is wasted. The wife is vested with

the authority to manage the household. See how many drains there are if she is inclined to waste. The husband will wonder where all the profits go. One woman will say, "Well, I shall not save, he has a new binder and all the improvements in farming implements, keeps lots of help, I shall spend all I can; what little I would save would not count." Ah, but it does!

There is nothing better than a well managed household, it will not dwarf or stunt the mind, it will help to develop it. Economy is not stinginess. The pantry need not be filled with numberless butter plates, mouldy meat, dry bread and cake. Calculate how much you want for each meal, cook it just as good as you can, improve every time if possible. There is progression in the kitchen as well as elsewhere. A true wife should feel that a great share of her husband's success depends upon herself. She must be interested in the management of the house, or failure is the result.

HOME TALKS.

NO. XVI.

The rough lard we will cut in small pieces ready to try and put it to soak, put in a little salt and change the water once. One would be surprised to see the blood that soaks out of it. This I try by itself and strain in a pan or jar. If I have plenty of leaf lard I usually sell this, if not I use it; it will be as white and clean as any, but after all is not leaf lard. I do as an old friend of mine said he did, "Use the best and sell the poorest." When the men cut up the pork, all the thin flabby strips of meat I have thrown in for lard; it is not first class pork and helps fill the lard can. Wednesday we will try the lard and make sausage. John will cut the meat but we will season it; put some in bags, some in crocks with lard run over the top. If the weather is variable the meat does not keep as well in bags, but packed and set out in the milk room it is all right. The heads and chops must soak until Thursday morning, the souse, part of the backbone pieces and the heads, hearts and tongues we will boil; the chops try for lard. Also all the fat that can be trimmed from the heads, it is oily and is very excellent for frying cakes. The souse I free from bone and season with salt, pepper and sage, then press in a pan; it is lots nicer and does not take up half as much room as when left on the bones. The lean of the head and of the chops, heart and tongues and backbone meat is also freed from bone, seasoned with all kinds of spices, pepper and salt, and chopped not very fine, then pressed and makes delicious head cheese; it is not so fat as to be greasy. We have been very neat about it, this old matting saves the floor so much.

We are all cleaned up, clothes folded ready for the irons to-morrow. I am glad you are so handy at ironing; you press the clothes smooth and dry; what looks worse and gives so little satisfaction as a bungling, half done ironing. A garment should be hung on the bars until it is dry. Tablecloths, napkins and towels should open in stiff folds, the corners all smooth and even. I have seen tablecloths

put on the table that had the very marks at the ends where they were pinned on the lines with clothes pins, pulled out and puckered up just as the wind blew them, and half ironed, so the wrinkles were all over them. Most women will have the stove red hot to iron, and they have to hustle or the garment is scorched. There is nothing more dangerous than to put on half ironed and aired clothing. I heard a physician say that a baby's clothes should be thoroughly aired, and should never be put on the child the same day they were ironed. On these grounds we must suppose that the man who had to go to bed while his wife washed and ironed his shirt, because he had but the one, was proof against colds, pneumonia and kindred ailments.

As the top of the stove will be in use we will have a stuffed rib for dinner. Your father will cut or saw the rib in two so it will fold together nicely. Make the dressing as for chicken or turkey, fill one-half of the rib rounded up slightly, first seasoning the rib with salt, pepper and sage, rubbed in well; then bring over the other part of the rib and press it down, now tie a cord around in three places; this should bake one hour and a half. Make a brown gravy. Baked Hubbard squash, boiled potatoes and stewed tomatoes, with mince pie and crullers. We shall have our usual baking for to-morrow with the added work of churning, but that will not occupy more than twenty minutes with the cream and churn the right temperature; butter cannot be expected to come quickly if the churn is ice cold and the cream the same. This time of year one lady recommends stirring in hot milk to warm the cream. I like it best left in the pantry over night, the warm room will be sufficient; by stirring well at bed time, and in the morning, it is warm enough.

Here is a basket of beef that your father has brought home from the market; four beef's tongues; wash and trim them carefully, boil them in salted water, then peel them and when cold put them in a jar, turn cold vinegar over them and add a bag of spice. These we shall want for future use. The beef is for mince meat, it is neck pieces, and there are four hearts also. Boil this until the meat drops from the bone, then set away to cool. The mince meat is made by measuring two bowls of chopped apples to one of meat, boiled cider, molasses, brown sugar, cider, candied orange and lemon peel, all kinds of spice, currants, citron, raisins and butter, no water; this is all cooked together in the kettle, then turned into jars; it is always ready. The citrons—there are four of them—wash clean and boil in the boiler until they can be pierced with a straw, then take out and pare; cut in pieces and pick out the seeds; then cut in oblong pieces and cube shapes, weigh and take an equal amount of white sugar; the syrup that drips from them while cutting them up strain into the preserve kettle, and add the sugar. When it boils skim, then turn in the citron and boil gently. Meanwhile slice one dozen lemons thin and cook in sugar and water; when tender add to the citron, when done down thick like preserves put in gallon jars. The largest citron cut in larger pieces and make into pickles—as we did the nutmeg melon pickles. For five pounds of citron well

drained take two and one-half pounds sugar, one quart of vinegar, cloves, cinnamon and cassia buds—an ounce each—tied in a cloth, put in cans and turn on the tops tight; these are really delicious.

Weigh the cranberries, allowing a pound of sugar to each of fruit, turn boiling water on the berries and when cooked nicely and beginning to mash add the sugar; cook slowly until thick and nice. For jelly, cook the berries thoroughly with water enough to a little more than cover, then drain through a jelly bag; do not squeeze. Allow pound for pound, it will jelly as soon as it boils up. The berry pulp will make lovely pies, sweeten to taste and can for use when needed. Cranberries are nice spiced to serve with poultry.

An old lady taught me to cook chicken in a delicious way. Cut it up as for boiling—this requires a chicken, as an old hen would be entirely too tough—spread it in the dripping pan and add a little water, salt, pepper and butter and cook in the oven; it requires about two hours' cooking. Another way is to boil it tender in just sufficient water to cover, then season well, and for the thickening take the yolk of an egg for each chicken; rub into the flour, make the gravy right on the chicken, turn over a platter of baking powder biscuits.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

HOME MADE CONFECTIONS.

The following recipes for home made candies will, we think, find favor with the young people who admit the possession of a "sweet tooth."

To make old-fashioned molasses candy put in a saucepan a pint of molasses, half a pint of sugar, butter the size of a small egg, and one tablespoonful of glycerine, and boil for twenty minutes. When the mixture is thick, try a few drops in a cup of cold water. If the drops retain their form the candy is nearly done. Try a few drops more; if they are brittle take off the saucepan immediately, and stir in half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and pour the mixture into buttered pans. When it is cool enough pull until it is as white as desired. Be careful not to boil it too much. Always try the candy at the end of twenty minutes. If flavor is wished, pour the vanilla or lemon or any other essence desired on the candy before it cools.

Butter scotch is made by the following rule: Take three pounds of treacle, two pounds of moist sugar, one-half pound of butter, flavor with a few drops only of essence of lemon or of peppermint; boil one and a half hours, watching all the time that it does not boil over, as it is apt to do if not attended to and stirred now and then.

Cream taffy is the name given to sugar candy pulled till it is snow white. Take one pound granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of gum arabic water, one-half teaspoonful of cream tartar, one cup water, one teaspoonful vanilla, mix ingredients, except vanilla; stir over fire until sugar is dissolved; then boil without stirring until it hardens in cold water; it must not be brittle; when done turn out on a plate or marble and pour over the vanilla; pull when nearly cold until perfectly white; cut it up

and set in a tureen, cover and let stand a couple of hours.

Popcorn candy is a new fancy. To prepare it make a common molasses candy. Have corn nicely popped, grind it fine in a coffee-mill, and when the candy is ready to remove from the fire stir in as much of the ground corn as possible and pour the whole into tin trays or dripping pans, well buttered, marking squares when partly cool. This is a very delicious, tender candy.

Peanut candy, a never-failing favorite with children, is made by taking four quarts of peanuts, before they are shelled, two cupfuls of molasses, two spoonfuls of vanilla, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda. Boil the molasses (the candy will be still nicer if one-half sugar is used) until it hardens in cold water, then add the vanilla, then the soda, and lastly the shelled peanuts, chopped slightly. Turn out on buttered platters and mark off in squares when nearly cold.

To make cocoanut candy you will need two cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of water; boil six minutes. When ready to take it from the fire stir in one cupful of desiccated cocoanut and pour at once into square, buttered tins. When partly cooled, mark it off in strips or squares.

A pan of caramels will enliven a slow party wonderfully. Try them, using the following simple recipe: Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of chocolate grated fine, one cup of boiled milk, one tablespoonful of flour; butter, the size of a large English walnut. Let it boil slowly, and pour on flat tins to cool; mark off while warm.

To make marsh-mallows, one of the favorite and high-priced candies of the confectioners, dissolve half a pound of gum arabic in one pint of water, strain and add a pound of fine sugar, and place over the fire, stirring constantly until the syrup is dissolved, and all of the consistency of honey. Add gradually the whites of four eggs, well beaten. Stir the mixture until it becomes somewhat thin and does not adhere to the finger. Flavor to taste and pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into small squares.

To make chocolate cream drops that can not be known from the best French candy proceed as follows: Put the chocolate (grated) on the stove to steam for an hour. While this is preparing boil the sugar (best granulated) in the proportion of one cup of sugar to one-third of a cup of hot water; flavor and boil till when a little is dropped in cold water the particles readily adhere together like wax. Take from the fire, stir briskly till it loses its transparency and is cool enough to handle. Mold into tiny balls with the hands, lay on buttered paper and set in a cool place for a while to harden; then dip each ball in the melted chocolate, lay on buttered paper and again set away to harden the coating. To keep the chocolate hot enough to run freely when off the fire, set the dish containing it in another of hot water.

WILL the lady who asked for the HOUSEHOLDS of Jan. 24, April 5, July 25 and Dec. 12, of 1887, kindly send her name and address per postal? The memorandum containing the address has been lost.

AN OCCASIONAL TROUBLE.

Putting buttons, beads and similar objects into the nose is a vicious habit, which is by no means rare among children. When it is done the mother or some officious neighbor almost always attempts the removal, and the effort much oftener fails than succeeds, the object being pressed deeply into the nose. A very young child, after such an accident, can rarely be persuaded to forcibly blow its nose; if it could the foreign body would in nearly all cases be expelled. When it is too young to do that, his nose should be blown for him in this manner: Have an assistant hold the head steadily between his or her knees, then let the mother apply her lips closely over the mouth of the child and blow suddenly and forcibly into it. It is surprising with what ease the trouble can be removed by this means. The child will very likely cry when the operation is attempted; if it does so much the better. If the simple procedure advised fails, the services of a physician will generally be needed to accomplish the removal of the foreign body.—*Journal of Health.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GOOD thing for millers to tell their customers is to keep the flour barrel raised a few inches from the floor, so that the air may circulate underneath and prevent dampness.

A TOOTHBRUSH, kept solely for the purpose, will aid greatly in cleaning glassware which is patterned or pressed into diamonds, etc. Or a tiny five-cent scrubbing brush is still better, as it cleans the creases thoroughly.

BUTTONHOLES in children's garments are apt to tear out, especially in waists and drawers bands. If you will stitch a strong cord immediately in front of the buttonholes you will have no more trouble of this kind.

THE most convenient "pot-lifters" are made of stout bed ticking or colored canton flannel, made circular—a dinner plate makes a good pattern—and well filled with cotton batting basted to the cover. These holders are large enough so the hand never slips from them on to a hot handle. When you get them made, keep them where they will be handy.

CHAMOIS skin may be cleaned by rubbing into it plenty of soft soap and then laying it for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water. At the end of this time rub it until it is quite clean, rinsing it in clean water, in which soda and yellow soap have been dissolved. It should then be wrung dry in a rough towel, pulled and brushed. This process makes the leather soft and pliable. It should never be rinsed in clear water. The soapy water causes it to become soft.

IN buying tablecloths, choose one that is well covered by the pattern, as such a cloth does not show the quality of the linen as does one with a good deal of plain space. The creamy, unbleached linen wears better

than that which has been whitened by strong acids in the bleaching vats of the manufacturer, and soon whitens in May dews. Heavy stair crash makes very durable dishcloths, which should be hemmed, and washed as regularly as the towels. Though stiff at first, the crash soon becomes pliable.

A NOVEL nursery apron is made from three towels which are sewed together with overhand stitches and the seams decorated with fancy stitches of colored cottons. The apron, thirty-six inches, is finished off at the top and bottom with a narrow hem, and at the back, about an inch from the top, a casing is ended, through which a cord is run to fasten round the waist. A large pocket is put on one side to hold odds and ends. This apron completely envelops the dress.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English magazine claims to have found relief from acute rheumatism accompanied by painful swelling, by use of the following simple remedy: One quart of hot milk, into which stir one ounce of powdered alum. This makes curds and whey. Bathe the parts affected in the whey until it is too cold, then bind the curds—which must have been kept hot—on as a poultice, under flannel. Go to bed and sleep. The pain will disappear and three or four applications will cure. At least the remedy can do no possible harm, and if it affords relief is worth knowing.

AMELIA can, we think, obtain transfer pictures of G. L. Fox or Madam Robaut, Woodward Ave., this city. We would advise Amelia to buy the colors in embroidery silk wanted for her work, rather than send for waste silk, which usually consists of dull colors, and often too fine to be effective for crazy work. We no longer see it advertised and cannot tell where it can be obtained.

MRS. E. N. BALL, of Hamburg, says of the sewing machine obtained of the FARMER: "We like our 'Jewel' sewing machine very much. I do not see but it does as good work as a fifty dollar machine I had been working on before."

THE Editor is supplied with the desired file of the HOUSEHOLD for 1886, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. G. W. Judson, of Schoolcraft, but returns her thanks to the many who so promptly offered to supply her need.

Contributed Recipes.

NICE FRITTERS.—One cup sweet milk; one egg; one teaspoonful baking powder; a pinch of salt; two cups flour. Drop small tablespoonfuls in hot lard and fry a nice brown. Serve with syrup made of melted sugar, or sweetened cream. AMELIA.

VOLINIA.

LEMON PUDDING.—The yolks of four eggs; one cup sugar; one quart sweet milk; one pint bread crumbs, soaked till soft in the milk and well beaten; one dessert spoonful of butter; grated rind of one lemon. Bake half an hour. When done, spread a layer of jelly over the top, and the whites of two eggs whipped to a froth, sweetened with one-half cup of sugar and flavored with the juice of the lemon. M. E.

CRESTON, IA.