

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY 6, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when I went away;
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease,
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken,
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips, with curse impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

"WHY WOULD SHE DO IT?"

I confess to a feeling of regret when I read that Miss Alice Freeman, graduate of Michigan University and late President of Wellesley College, was about to be married. It seems a pity when a woman has won such a proud place for herself, that she should resign it to *get married*. One can get married almost any day—that's no trick at all, but to be president of a college, now that is distinction! I liked to think of Miss Freeman as resembling Tennyson's "Princess," fair and gracious, surrounded by a galaxy of "sweet girl graduates" upon whom her serene presence should shed a refining, ennobling radiance. To be sure she'll be as sweet and charming as Mrs. as she was as Miss, but yet with a difference. Unmarried, she stood as an example of what a woman might attain for herself; an independent, useful, happy existence, a responsible place creditably filled.

Love is more than fame, it would seem; for all the educational world would know the president of Wellesley, whereas but a select coterie would ever hear of the wife of a professor, even though he hail from Harvard. But that's the way with us women; we toil and struggle and reach the goal of our ambition, only to tumble into the arms of the first man who says "come down." To be sure we are better for the struggle and

its influences upon our character, better for the wisdom and the discipline; perhaps happier for the love and the domesticity, since they insist woman is the light of home; but after all, how much work there is for woman that only her free hands and mind can do. And so I say that after all "a pity 'tis 'tis true" so able an educator as Miss Freeman should retire from the position she filled so ably, even to assume the high duties of wife.

BEATRIX.

LETTERS.

Some has said that letter writers, as well as poets, were born, not made, but in these days no one need despair of attaining some degree of proficiency in any art, and there is nothing which gives more pleasure to ourselves and friends than the ability to write a "real letter;" one which is not above the level of our daily life, but reflects the simple duties, trials and thoughts that make its round. They are the white messengers, flying over mountain and sea, from heart to heart, making us feel there is no real absence from those we love.

Most young people shrink from writing a letter because they feel that it is expected be a very wise and elaborate affair, and when another age is reached, another mistake occurs, for they come to look upon any missive containing an address, signature and stamp as worthy the name of a letter; whether it contains a single line of interest to its recipient or not. Who of us has not watched and wished for these letters and then laid them down with more dissatisfaction than ever, for beyond the fact that the writer is alive and well we know nothing. An important item in the training of a child ought to be that of thinking about what he writes, and whether it will be of interest to those who read. The period of youth and love-making once past; the most of us drop everything but business correspondence, and drift away from companionship which has been, and still would continue to be, a great pleasure and help to us. Even our dearest friends are neglected and often brothers and sisters, parents and children let a long silence fall between them, just because they are "out of the practice of writing." "My boys cannot get over death of their father" said a friend. "They seem to miss him more and more." Those "boys" were all men who had been away from home for years, and so accustomed to absence that I wondered how they could miss him much; and said so. "Oh yes," responded the mother, "But he always wrote to them every week."

What a lesson this seemed, and how it

showed that affection and sympathy can be kept strong through the medium of the pen.

We all know how often a correspondence between young people will awaken love. Why should it not be just as able to keep awake the old loves and give as much joy to the parent or grand-parent as to romantic youth?

We leave much behind with our early years which we might carry with us, even to old age, if we only thought and willed it so, and I think that by clinging to our pen, we keep the key to many pleasures.

"Of all the parables, day by day,
That thrill the heart of this life of mine;
Making strange and beautiful sign
Of gracious meaning in common way—
The very blightest and dearest thing
Is the sound in the house of the Postman's
ring.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

WASHING.

I want to say a few words in regard to washing, hoping my way may help some farmers' wives with this hard work. Washing in winter is not a pleasant task; in that season we wash only once in two weeks. Two years ago I would have been shocked at the idea of letting my washing go over. Our family consists of seven persons; we all wear the red flannel undergarments, and I do not want them washed any oftener. Of course we have a large washing in two weeks, but manage to get it out of the way by dinner time.

I put the white clothes a-soak the day before; in the morning we wring them out and pound them well in a hot suds, and put them on to boil. Let boil ten minutes, good and hard; then, if any need it, rub them a little, they will need it only on bands and much soiled spots. You see I use a pounding barrel; I like it better than any washing machine I ever saw. Some of the best machines may be as good as the barrel and pounder, but not any better; then look at the difference in cost. A neighbor of mine bought a machine on the installment plan and it took her nearly all summer to pay for it; then after borrowing my barrel a few times she concluded she liked that better than her machine.

I am quite particular about having my flannels washed as quickly as possible, as it shrinks them badly to leave them long in the water. My flannels do not fade or shrink. I make a good suds before putting the flannels in water, pound them quickly, take them into warmer water in the tub and rub them quickly, using very little, if any soap, then hang right up. Never use water that has been used in

washing other clothes; they will not be so nice. I wash the flannel last, after the other washing is done.

I wish readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* would try my way; I am sure they would find it a great saving of labor. It always seems a very hard way to put the dirty clothes in dry and rub them clean by main strength. I try to do my work as easily as I can and do it well; I think we ought to study to save ourselves work, then we can have time to read and get out to see our friends. I try to enjoy life all I can, and believe we can manage our work so as to do a great deal and have no confusion about it. I see no reason why farmers' wives cannot enjoy life as well as any class of people. There is only one thing I begrudge my city sisters and that is their church privileges and opportunities of hearing lectures, etc.

CLARKSTON.

AUNT MARY.

WHAT WE THINK.

We believe Evangeline a very capable housekeeper, well fitted for an immense amount of hard work and much that is superfluous. She has her fine qualities, but like many more of us poor women, is not infallible.

Now I should say that a mother who would put off teaching her daughter the common and simple duties of life, until she is on the eve of marriage, had neglected that daughter beyond all forgiveness. It is like some teachers' work; put off and neglect the proper drilling of her pupils till a few days before examination and then "cram" the pupils with so much that they know nothing well. The excuse that Hetty had always been in school is no reason at all; even though she adds "and the vacations were mostly taken up with company and a round of pleasure."

Housekeeping cannot be learned in a few months, and in the mean time make one's wardrobe and attend to all other preparations for marriage; it may sound well to novices, but to an experienced person savors of nonsense—we who are sober-minded, know Evangeline is teaching false doctrine and making other mothers and daughters who read her articles, to stumble.

Julia Ward Howe in the February *Chautauquan*, says: "We must learn by experience that there is no royal road to any of the intrinsic goods of life. Only sparing the child some tears, some pains, we may prepare the way for far more bitter tears and pangs hereafter."

If Hetty does not shed most bitter tears over her ignorance of house-wifery, it will be because Harry is the most careful of men to smooth over the rough places for her.

No, we must have different doctrines from Evangeline's taught our daughters before there are fewer divorce suits in our courts.

Another point I object to very much, is too elaborate "bills of fare" for any ordinary occasion. Just listen to this: "For dinner to-day we have roast mutton, sweet and Irish potatoes, boiled corn, boiled onions, Estelle pudding and melons. For supper: rusks, peaches and cream, baked pears, sliced tomatoes, cold ham, ginger drops and fresh tea-cake, iced tea and lem-

onade. For breakfast: fried sweet potatoes, minced ham on toast and poached eggs, coffee, sugar cookies and soda wafers, grapes and muskmelons and graham gems."

Now, if these are not too absurd for anything as bills of fare for a common table on a farm, then I am no judge. No wonder Hetty never had the heart to help if this has always been her *modus operandi*! I say it is worse than a simple error to teach this mode of housekeeping; it is a positive sin. Think of the thousands of poor overworked house-wives, who would be positively killed if they accepted her teaching and attempted to put it into practice!

I actually saw the evil of such teaching in one family. The mistress of the house had been perusing the *HOUSEHOLD*, and had commented upon Evangeline's bill of fare. Monday she set about following her tuition; amidst the hurry of washing and mopping, she flew around and prepared two or three kinds of vegetables, besides potatoes, and tried to emulate Evangeline in other respects. Now if all women had minds of their own such teachings would do no harm, but we know there are many women who always want to do just as some one else does, instead of having a mind to do what is right and doing it though the heavens fall.

Further, from a hygienic point of view Evangeline is wrong—even though her viands are wholesome and not incompatible one with another, a great variety invites people to eat much more than is necessary, and even so much that it is positively hurtful. Children's appetites become perverted even while they are at their mothers' table, and they are never satisfied with a simple meal. They become a nuisance for life to any woman who has them to cook for. Miss Parloa says: "A dish of well boiled potatoes and a strip of boiled codfish, together with rice or corn-starch pudding, ought to satisfy anybody who is blessed with a healthy appetite."

I cannot close without bidding Evangeline to think of the other mothers who may be made to shed bitter tears of sorrow over the once pure boy who has now lost his manly and spiritual beauty, through trifling with alcoholic beverages. No! Let me live on bread and water rather than pamper my palate at the risk of even one human being—one soul!

GREEN OAK.

T.

A SORROWFUL CASE.

Some time ago there came a timid, faltering knock at my door, and on opening it. I saw a man whose flushed face, bleared and staring eyes, and unkempt appearance generally, told the tale that he had tarried long at the wine or with some form of the alcoholic fiend. He was a man I had known and respected in earlier and better days, when he was a good workman, a genial friend, a good husband and father.

"Madam, I have been doing wrong again," said he, as he uncertainly lifted his battered hat, with the instinctive air of a gentleman, "but I am hungry and so nervous," and his trembling frame attested the truth of the complaint. "Will you please excuse me and give me some food; I need it sorely?" "Certainly I will, come in and take a seat,"

and quickly food was placed before him. He ate eagerly, but a small amount sufficed. The weakened stomach could bear but little. Suddenly he lifted his hand above his head, and bringing them together with a wringing motion he exclaimed, "Oh my God, how can I bear this degradation and yet I have brought it on myself! Oh! madam, you knew me when the world looked bright to me, when friends were around me, and when the future seemed to offer me every delight. I had a dear wife and sweet babe. I had a happy home with pleasant surroundings; I worked with a merry heart for my loved ones, and we were supremely happy. I loved fun and jolly company, and often spent my evenings in the bar-room or saloon with good fellows, drinking and telling stories, having a good time, but going home early and sober. At least, I could walk and talk straight, and was sure all was well. I could drink or I could let it alone, I said, and thought so, but alas, a time came when I found I could not. I tried to stop, but oh, the folly! I would keep entirely away for a time, but the terrible craving in my stomach would at times overwhelm me, temptation was on every side, and fight as I would, in a moment of weakness appetite would triumph, and I would grovel in the dust again. You remember, madam, that at last my wife left me, taking the two children with her. She has gone to her rest, and one of the little ones too, but I never hurt them, never struck them; true, I never did that, but oh the shame, neglect and degradation!"

"Do you think that I do not feel the shame? Do you think that I willingly lose my manhood and bring shame, trouble and want on my loved ones and friends! Oh, no, no, no! How often I have thought I will reform; how often I have tried and have kept upright for months, working and fighting my propensities, until I have hoped I was conqueror, when I would get a sight or smell of the poison, and in a moment I was powerless, and would go raging for a drink. How I have suffered; how I have prayed my Maker to help to overcome my besetting sin! how I have writhed under the lash of desire! how I have struggled and battled and failed."

"I have been jeered at, mocked, tempted, advised, helped, encouraged, condemned, abandoned and despised. I am grateful for the kindness shown me, and the good advice given, though I am incapable of showing it by my acts. I have fallen to the lowest depths, have deceived my best friends, lied to them and stolen from them to get the means to gratify my debased and depraved appetite. Yet," and the tears coursed in torrents down his cheeks, "I can never forget what I was, nor what I am. Oh the torture of conscience, the terrible torture of fully realizing the fact that I, once so pure, honest and proud, am now only a poor, lost drunkard. But, madam, pity me, I know I am myself only to blame. I have only gratitude for kindness, with no desire to excuse myself by accusing others of leading or persuading me to this. It is I only who am to blame, and I only must meet the fearful reckoning."

"But, madam, when you see a poor drunkard, pity him for his weakness, his misery and despair. Only one thing more

madam, tell it everywhere, tell it loudly, make it known that there is no safety for any who tamper with evil. Tell it to the young, you will be lost if you touch it. Let it alone. Oh if every drop could be destroyed, there would be hope for even me. Thank you kindly, madam. Good by."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

A BRIGHT SHINE.

I have just been reading Beatrix's letter on "Good Advice." I wish girls could have the good sense to understand and appreciate every word of that letter, and then apply some of the "will" force that Florence, of Saline, tells of; how much better off the girls of the present, and the women of the future would be!

This life was not given us for amusement only, or to do what we like best, or those things most congenial, but to do what we can to make others happy, to relieve those about us who are overburdened with labor or cares; and that is really the only way to be happy.

So, Henpecked Husband, you see how much happier you will be if you get up and build the fires, and bring the water, besides getting up such an appetite for your breakfast that I think wheat would advance a fraction of a cent a bushel, "if there were enough like you;" what a good thing that would be, to the board of trade if no one else.

I am of the opinion "Henpecked Husband" is a bit of a fraud, and is trying to stir up a quarrel in the HOUSEHOLD, but you see, the ladies are all too amiable, or have too much of more importance to do.

E. R. S., of Paw Paw, says chocolate is as cheap as coffee. Chocolate with us is fifty cents per pound; Java coffee can be bought for thirty-five cents per pound; one ounce of chocolate will make two cups; one ounce of coffee will make three cups of good coffee, and to my taste chocolate needs double as much sugar as coffee.

Beatrix says, "Tell us how you do some things." It has been suggested by my friends that I tell the HOUSEHOLD how I care for, or take care of my stoves. I tried washing my cook stove, not in the kettle that my vegetables were cooked in, as I have seen people do, but took the wash basin; well, of all the nasty things that basin and cloth and my hands were about the nastiest. I thought it was because my stove was not used to being washed. I tried it the next morning and the next, then threw the rag in the fire, cleaned the basin again, and my hands, which were as hard to clean as after blacking the stove, and my stove was a thing of beauty no more. I then went back to the old way of blacking it, and since I have learned my present way, I consider it very little trouble to keep it nice. After the stoves are thoroughly blacked; every morning when ready to clean my stoves, I take my dish with part of a cake of blacking in, and turn in about three tablespoonfuls of water, touch my brush in the water, (I use an paint brush) then rub it on the blacking to get just enough on it, and then black the top where the blacking burns off, and rub any place where there is a spot that will not rub off with the polishing cloth, touch no other place with the brush, but rub over the

whole stove with the polishing cloth, giving as much or as little time to this as you choose. When the range has been gone over with the polishing cloth alone, go to the sitting room stove, and rub over that; it is but a trifle more than wiping off the dust, and yet the stove grows brighter and brighter; the more it is rubbed the more it shines. Except where the fire comes in contact, it needs no blacking only what comes from the polishing cloth. In cold weather we have such a hot fire in the morning that the top burns red, then the blacking must be put on when the stove is hot, if too cool the blacking will not strike, and if too hot it will roll off; a little practice will soon show how to do it just right. I use the same cloth to wipe off the nickel plate. I have a large woolen cloth for a polishing cloth, usually a sleeve from an old woolen coat; it must be folded up so the whole can be controlled under the hand; no ends must fly to fill the room with blacking dust. One can be as neat about cleaning stoves as about any other work. Do not try to polish the top, only make it as black as possible with the brush. Twice a year I take the nickel plates off and wash in soap and hot soft water.

I wonder if any of the HOUSEHOLD ladies have read Amelia Barr's stories; they are above par in every respect; those that I have read are "Jan Vedder's Wife," "The Daughter of Fife," and "A Border Shepherdess." Edna Lyall is also a new writer to me, her books are about as good as those just named. I have read "Won by Waiting," "Donovan" and "We Two." Those of you who like a well written story try either of them. I have read "Prisoners of Poverty," by Helen Campbell; I never read anything that made me feel so strongly the desire to do some home missionary work; but alas! it is like trying to grasp the side of a rock so large you can not see over it; she also wrote a very good story, "Mrs. Henderson's Income," showing how one woman gave her time and money for and to the poor.

"El See" seems like an old acquaintance, her name was a familiar one in another HOUSEHOLD. On the strength of that acquaintance, I will tender my sincere sympathy. I have had sorrows, but I have some one left to sympathize with me, and prevent me from feeling that I am left alone. "Alone!" what a sad word!

ALBION.

M. E. H.

TOBOGGAN CAPS.

Beatrix says she misses "her girls," so I once more write to the HOUSEHOLD to let her and the readers know that I still read the little paper with interest. I wonder if it is too late to tell how we made toboggan caps to wear to school this winter. We ripped some old hoods apart and made a dye by boiling butternut shucks nearly half a day and after washing the hoods, boiled them in the dye, airing often. Then we gathered the bottom and back of the hood for the top of the caps and made pompons of the cape. We colored some soiled white and very light ribbons in a dye made by boiling yellow oak bark and alum, and now have very pretty brown caps tied with yel-

low ribbons, with bow of same and pompons.

Here are directions for a ruche that is quite a favorite among our school girls: Material for about five ruches, one-half skein white Saxony yarn, or any color preferred) and one ball tinsel. For one ruche make a chain the required length. First row, chain 5 treble crochet in 3rd stitch of chain, *, ch 2, skip 2 stitches, tr. crochet in next stitch, *, repeat from star to star to end of the chain. 2nd and 3rd rows same as first. You now have three rows of squares; to make the ruffle make three treble crochet in the side of first square, three treble crochet in bottom of first square, three treble crochet in opposite side of first square, three treble crochet in top of next square, three treble crochet in opposite side of second square, and so on to end of ruche. Sew the tinsel on to the edge of the ruffle. I hope I have made this plain, as it makes a cheap and pretty ruche for school.

I very much wish to hear from Temperance, and Georgiana, of Muir.

OKEMOS.

VIOLET.

HOME TALKS.

NO. XVII.

The summer has passed all too quickly, Hetty, I shall miss you more than I can tell; for aside from being my "right hand man" you have shown such a willingness and desire to learn and understand thoroughly, that it has made the most difficult tasks seem easy, and I feel that your new home will be a home in every respect, for you will take into it a well balanced head, a loving and sympathetic heart, and the discipline of a liberal education.

I have read that it was not only a positive duty, but an absolute morality to be agreeable in the family circle, that it is incumbent upon every husband and wife to make a home life instructive and helpful, so whatever information we can glean from books and papers and previous study, we must not retain, but impart to those around us. A well stored mind is truly a source of inexhaustible wealth to its owner. This is well illustrated at meal time, "for then if ever wit'sisms scintillate, the friction of mind against mind is stimulating, and a genial flow of spirits results." One writer says one should indulge in at least three hearty laughs during a meal to aid digestion. I have eaten where the blessing was invoked in silence, the food partaken of with hardly a remark ventured by any one. To my way of thinking the best cooked food is lacking in something, in such a case. In a great many homes that is the only time in the whole day that the entire family are all together, and the husband naturally looks forward to it with much pleasure. Certainly the wife should exert herself to make it just as agreeable and social as lies in her power, then when he buttons on his coat and goes out in the cold to his place of business, how pleasant and bright the memory he carries with him.

Some women think that the way to retain their husbands' affections and sympathies is to constantly complain—the headache, or backache—any thing so they can grumble

and slouch around in an old ragged dress, the house in disorder; there is no use in talking; the chances are that he will soon draw comparisons between his wife and a friend's wife who is always well, and walks down to the store with him every day. As Lucile says,

"The woman who loves should indeed
Be the friend of the man that she loves; she
should heed
Not her selfish and often mistaken desires,
But his interest, whose fate her own interest
inspires;
And rather than seek to allure for her sake,
His life down the turbulent, fanciful wake,
Of impossible destinies, use all her art,
That his place in the world find its place in
her heart."

There are so many that start in married life with the brightest anticipations, that seem to have such an affinity, that seem destined by Nature for each other, who make a shipwreck of their lives, and the world looks on and says knowingly, "I told you so, she's to blame, don't know how to manage and make home the most attractive place in the world." There is nothing so comforting and encouraging to a wife, who studies the welfare of her husband and strives earnestly to do the best she can in her home, as an occasional manifestation that her efforts are appreciated; a word of praise or a kiss has a magical effect sometimes. But some men think it would detract from their dignity to do such a thing as to kiss their wives, though he might have been quite affectionate while a lover, and while talkative enough while out among men can sit a whole evening at home in silence. The future lies all before us, Hetty the past has gone beyond recall; all we have is the present. Get all the pleasure and the good and comfort and happiness you can to-day. While we cannot reasonably expect to find perfection on earth, never lose faith in humanity. There is seldom a person created but has some good quality, and if it ever overbalances the bad, why give him credit for it.

No matter how hurried you may be, never leave your room mornings without combing your hair, and putting on a collar and clean apron; these with a good print dress and tidily dressed feet will make you presentable, no matter who comes in; slack slovenly habits while seemingly the easiest should never be tolerated, for once begun it is almost impossible to overcome them. Always try to look your best and appear your best, and it will become second nature; don't have spasmodic fits of fixing up and setting things to rights, be orderly in small things as well as large. While I believe in a woman visiting a reasonable amount, I have no patience with a "gad about." Take for instance women who go every evening and afternoon for six consecutive weeks, perhaps their pantries will bear inspection, and perhaps their weekly mending is all done up good, but the probabilities are that back of the door the shelves are not in apple pie order, and the children's clothes are minus buttons. So many, Hetty, think their mission is a long way off, they work so hard to snatch somebody's soul from the everlasting fire, that they entirely forget their immediate household, wherein some member may be going entirely wrong; that's another freak of woman nature, reaching out a long ways for what we might better grasp

near by. There are many opportunities to elevate mankind near home, no use in putting down others for what we are guilty of ourselves, everybody is not lucky enough to cover up their tracks. We all have shortcomings, so let's not begrudge our charity, we all need some. You will always find your mother's heart beating in unison with yours, in your happiness or in your sorrows. Always do as well as you can, as well as you know how to do, and leave the rest in higher hands.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

(The End.)

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

I have before me a card requesting me to give instruction in regard to the treatment of several varieties of plants which the writer has failed in bringing forward satisfactorily. One is a Freesia, a richly perfumed and altogether lovely flower, from tiny bulbs which should have been planted in October if not favored with greenhouse culture, as they are not hardy and cannot endure chill or frost as can the hyacinth, tulip, lily, etc. This has been the trouble with the bulbs referred to, which should have been in bloom before this; they were kept too cold and wet, when they should have given bottom heat. Although I have seen articles by one floral writer recommending a cool cellar for the root development, I still am sure that like the tuberose they require warmth, moisture, and rich mellow soil, and their fragrance and beauty make ample returns for the care given them. Carnations expected to bloom in winter have given trouble to another correspondent, who I think has given too warm a berth to her pets, hence the "hundreds of green lice." Carnations are easily injured by too much watering. Wash them, both plants and pots, clean in ammoniated water; give good drainage and air in abundance. If necessary remove a part of the soil and replace with rich black mixture of sharp sand, rotten manure and woods soil, and there is no reason left for not having those delightful flowers if the varieties are all right. Such beautiful carnations as I saw at the florists' in Detroit (Mr. Mattison) and again in East Saginaw, were worth going to see, and the beautiful roses looked so delightfully summery, I longed for June's bright days and odorous breath.

Leaves falling from geraniums and no bloom is another complaint from an unsuccessful friend. There are numerous reasons for the sickly conditions of plants, as recent transplanting, too much water at the roots and no spraying. Warm rooms are not required for geraniums, but light and air, and mellow, moist soil in clean pots are the requirements for healthy plants. And one must have winter blooming varieties for winter blooming, always. Please be more explicit in regard to the present condition and treatment of plants, and I can give more accurate answers.

My friend El See has at least one sympathizer, for I have suffered loss somewhat like hers.

In addressing letters to me please remember to add the county, or they may travel, as many have done before, to Trenton. A

friend who sorts mail on the cars assures me that omitting the county in superscribing is the most common and troublesome fault he finds.

There are some seeds that require a long time to germinate, as Glaucium, fraxinella, passion flower, clematis, crispa, geranium, and others. I will send a package of each for a quarter or a mixture of all for fifteen cents; my list with a package of wild garden mixture for two stamps. Sow the slow seeds in February and March and keep warm and moist.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, GENESEE COUNTY.

THE POTATO MASHER.

The patent potato masher works upon the same principle as the lemon squeezer. The perforated bowl or cup is on the lower handle and the masher on the upper. The masher adjusts itself to the cup and the latter can be removed for washing. Two cups are furnished, a coarse one and a fine one. They can be bought now for sixty or seventy-five cents; the first in the market sold for \$1.25 each.

Will some one describe the ideal pancake? Should it be thick or thin? At hotels they are always thin, but I supposed it was a matter of economy to make the batter go as far as possible.

E. R. S.

PAW PAW.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A New England housekeeper last fall dried five pumpkins, weighing 75 lbs. in all, in her patent drier. She pared the pumpkins and sliced them thinly, as apples are sliced for pies. They dried in two days without scorching, and the 75 pounds of green pumpkin were reduced to six pounds of dried. When wanted for use it is soaked over night and then stewed as usual.

COFFEE has somewhat appreciated in price this winter owing, we are told, to a short crop. It is economy to make only just enough for a meal, for warmed-over coffee is, as the old darkey woman said, "no 'count nohow." But if it is to be warmed over for any purpose, turn it out into an earthen bowl; never let it stand in tin or metal of any kind. And do not spoil the fresh coffee by adding it to that; keep it by itself. Put it on to heat just before it is wanted, let it just come to a boil, and then serve. It is as palatable under such conditions as it can be made.

Contributed Recipes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Pare potatoes and slice them thin. In a tin basin put a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with salt, pepper, a little flour and bits of butter, another layer of potatoes and more seasoning until the basin is full. Fill the basin half full of sweet milk and bake half an hour.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Scrape the parsnips and boil in salted water until tender, slice them and fry in hot butter, or dip in a batter made of one beaten egg and a small tablespoonful of flour.

SMOTHERED CABBAGE.—After you have fried the meat—pork or bacon—cut fine a small head of cabbage and put it into the frying-pan. Pour on a very little water, salt it, cover tight and let stand fifteen or twenty minutes.

MRS. H.

DETROIT.