

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, APRIL 7, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"OH, THAT COOK!"

The looks of yer, ma'am, rather suits me,
The wages ye offer 'li do;
But thin I can't inter yer survi:
Without a condishun or two.
And now, to begin, is the kitchen
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,
And fit, ye know, for enterta'nin'
Such friends as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at meal times?
Bekase, 'tain't convaynent, ye see,
To wait, and if I behaves punkshul',
It's no more than yous ought to be.
And thin is yer gurruls gooc-natur'd?
The rayson I lift my last place—
The Frer ch nuss was such a high lady
I set a dish-cloth at her face.

And have yer the laste of objection
To min 'roppin' in whin they choose?
I've got some el vin fust cousins
That fraquent'y bring me the ncos;
I must have thim trayed ow itely;
I give you fair warnin', ma'am, now,
If the alley gate be closed a in them,
You'll find me commencin' a row.

These matters agreed on between us,
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud;
(She koks like the kind I can manage,
A thin thing without any blud!)
But mind, if I come for a wake, ma'am,
I comes for that time and no liss;
And so thin, purvidin' ye'd want me,
Just g've me yer name and address.

LADIES' DAY AT THE WEBSTER FARMERS' CLUB.

Notwithstanding a steady drizzling rain on March 10th, the ladies were out in force, and the spacious parlors of Mr. George W. Phelps' new residence were filled with fair debaters who were endeavoring to solve the intricate problem "At what point does economy leave off in the house and stinginess begin."

After the usual preliminary exercises of music and recitations, conducted by the North Webster and Hamburg Reading Circle, Mrs. S. F. Sears and Mrs. A. Olsaver read papers in which the subject was fairly opened up for further consideration. Mrs. Olsaver's essay is as follows; Mrs. Sears' will be given in a subsequent issue:

Economy has already been defined. Stinginess, as I will define it, is economy whittled to a sharp point. I scarcely think any person capable of drawing the line except for themselves, for what would be economy for one might be stinginess in another with larger means. Economy has been handed down from one generation to another, from our grandmothers—who were very economical from necessity—to our mothers by heredity, and so down to us, where it seems to be pretty thoroughly "bred in the bone." I would not be understood that we should not practice frugality. I think it a duty to do so. No

matter how much of this world's goods we may possess we have none to waste. We can often help the needy, and by helping others we always help ourselves. We may disagree in details on this question, but we all agree, I think, on some of the general principles. One is, we should keep our expenses within our income, therefore it is necessary to know something of the business transactions of the firm, if we consider ourselves as partners; it would often save many embarrassments. And I think the mind of the average woman is able to grasp the situation, some husbands' ideas to the contrary notwithstanding. If she is not capable of doing so, she might better resign her position. We have all seen those who think they are practicing economy, when they keep for their own use what they cannot sell. If they happen to have a little musty wheat they can get that ground into flour, for it will not bring much in market. There is nothing saved there, for not even a very good cook can make good bread from poor flour; and when the bread is poor we are not careful to save the broken pieces. The cats, dogs and hens not only get their share, but a few slices now and then find their way into the swill pail, to help disarrange the stomachs of our pigs. And it is apt to be the case with those who sell their cream, that they skim it as closely as they can, sell the last ounce, and use the blue skimmed milk in their tea and coffee. Stinginess! We occasionally see two extreme qualities, extravagance and stinginess, combined in one individual. For instance, the wife asks her husband when he is about going to town, to get some tea, as the caddy is empty, and faithful to his trust when he comes home he has a pound of thirty cent tea in one pocket and a pound of sixty cent tobacco in the other. It may be a good practice for the housewife to keep a debt and credit account. I tried it the first year of housekeeping, but have never indulged since. Why we use so much more than we expect it frightens us, and we think, well, we shall have to use less than that, and so it goes from year to year, until we drift unconsciously into that detestable habit of stinginess.

Mrs. Chamberlain thought when economy degenerates into stinginess there is a loss, and its victim illustrates the old saying "penny wise and pound foolish." The bountiful Father created this beautiful earth with its changeable landscape of hill and dale, forest and meadow, water and sky, for the delight and use of us his dear children; and we best show our appreciation of those manifold gifts by a rational acceptance in the spirit of the behest. With the prodigality of nature so lavish before us; the manna of heaven almost at our doors, and the inexorable law of mutability governing all earthly things, is it not worse than criminal to starve the soul and deny the body those rational enjoyments; debarred from them by that grim giant custom (sad misnomer) called economy—stinginess really—that keeps our desires and appetites

unsatisfied. She would freely admit that her sympathies from childhood up ran with the poor prodigal rather than with the surly brother who begrudged the fatted calf to his famished relative; the spendthrift was so human, the other so like Shylock.

Mrs. Blodgett, who would avoid extremes and not be grounded on Scylla nor drawn into the maw of Charybdis, said it was hard to discriminate between two positions so closely allied. The circumstances of individuals and families must often govern outlay and plans; for those having an abundance, who save what they produce for the mere sake of accumulation and deny themselves pleasures which taste and appetite crave, were over the line of economy into the narrow lanes of stinginess; but if poor, in debt, or trying to save to buy a home, thrift might trench pretty closely on stinginess and yet be the highest economy; and eggs and butter be sold and substitutes used that were cheaper, even though the palate could thereby be pleased.

Mrs. Latson agreed to the position that the variety of the larder depends in a measure on circumstances, but thought a good housekeeper could take many plain ingredients and so combine them as to satisfy both taste and hunger. It was certainly stingy to make bread or cook meat so poorly that it could not be eaten, and have it finally go to waste.

Mrs. Boyden said it is very true there can be no arbitrary law to govern us all in our household affairs. Supply and demand and custom must be considered somewhat. As a general rule, of that which we produce on the farm the best is ours legitimately. The first eggs, after an all winter diet of bread, meat and potatoes, were just as good to us, just as essential to our health as to our city cousins. Her motto was to always use the best, even if you take a lower price for the second grade; and in buying buy the best. It was not economy to use adulterated sugar because it was a penny or two a pound cheaper, any more than to use grease for fresh sweet butter, or a low priced baking powder because a piece of crockery would be thrown in. It was not stinginess to make ends meet and avoid debts; or to deny ourselves what we are not able to buy; but of those things within our possibilities it would be found wisdom to only purchase the best.

At this point the discussion was turned over to the gentlemen, by the ladies calling out Mr. Wm. Ball, who said he never grappled with either horn of the dilemma, as he might get floored, but if it was permissible he might suggest in a general way

some pointers, as much to the men as the ladies. He thought it was not economy to insist on more than three buckwheats a day; it burnt up wood and spoiled complexions as well as tempers, besides irritating the epidermis, and scratching tended to wearing out clothes. As to the 30 cent tea in one pocket and 60 cent tobacco in the other, he thought he would turn that branch over to the secretary, but queried much whether the shallow complexions we sometimes observe in the other sex are not chargeable to the aforesaid 30 cent tea or the sly snuff box. He would buy light, soft-handled brooms and have all mop-sticks and rolling pins cushioned, unless it was desirable to have the bump of caution developed by their use on the skulls of refractory males. "But seriously, ladies, dropping all banter, this is a question that should enlist your sympathy and call out your best thought. It is a wide field and has many lanes, therefore I had hoped to hear you discuss the subject in its broad sense and not confine it to the mere administering to the wants of the inner man. There is economy in the make-up of raiment, and there are its two opposite extremes, scrimping and profusion. The one spends time and money making up a slimy article that is not worth the time used; while the other loads down the body with billows of material without rational purpose and out of harmony with the hygienic rules of life. Economy may be traced in the arranging of the simple furniture of the room, so that the aspect shall be pleasing and harmonious, the utilizing of the little scraps and combining them into useful as well as ornamental appendages to a well ordered house; while meanness leaves bare walls, faded curtains, curtailed patterns in carpet and bed-spread. While looking up this question try not to begrudge a passing hour from the day, in which the mind may revel in the beautiful things of art or nature, and leave not to others the appreciation of that wondrous panorama of sky, earth and air being wrought out here away from the crowd of cities. Farm life is what we make it; it may be humdrum or full of the happiest measures."

Mr. Tubbs—If the economies were practiced now that were the rule in my boyhood, many of the seeming essentials of our lives would disappear; and perhaps it would be designated stinginess. But looking back across the vista of years and realizing how little supplied the wants in those earlier days, and that if economy had not trenched hard on stinginess the comfortable homes around us might yet be log cabins; that if those dear old fathers and mothers had not eaten the simple crust in contentment and carried out for us those solid foundations on which we have builded so well—we should hesitate about using that ugly word in connection with their habits. If my own experience was anything it tells me that in the battle of life we must conquer ere we possess.

Mr. Wilson would not go to the extent of old Polonius in his advice to his son Laertes, when he said: "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man," but thought the old northman's head was inclined to

be level. The best is as a rule the cheapest, and the household economy could rest pretty safely on this rule. The temperament of families and individuals has much to do with habits. Dives and Lazarus have existed in every age; some will ride, others must go afoot; few shall recline on couches of ease and luxury, the many must be hewers of wood and drawers of water; and when we attempt to regulate the world and lay down a chart to guide the whole, we purpose too much. Each one in his or her own way must learn what is economy and define the other thing.

Mr. Nordman was not much afraid of stinginess, especially in the coming race; the tendency was the other way. While he was not altogether an admirer of old King Solomon, he thought he propounded one good thing when he said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." That is just where this question has a home bearing, are we doing this kind of business, or are we buttering both sides of their bread and heaping on 'lasses? Are not parents who have practiced economy all their lives winking at extravagance in their children? Once and awhile there crops out some grain of economy in the young, but it is rarely. He rather thought the next generation would want the earth, and we old fools would give it to them if we had it. Had we not better begin the process of taking in sail and teach our children to say no to expenditures our incomes will not warrant? Can we look for any superior mental or physical development in sons and daughters whose parents wink at lavish display? We might as well expect a stream to rise higher than the fountain, than to expect toil and habits of economy and industry, remembering that "A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner;" but

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Bears from thy hand no worthy action done."

C. M. STARKS,
Corresponding Secretary.

A HELPFUL LETTER.

I have taken up my pen several times to defend Evangeline, but I found she needed no such poor defence, and was more than able to defend herself, though I could not follow her bills of fare, and don't think there are many farmers' wives who could. If I should, I imagine I hear my husband say: "How long before breakfast will be ready? The men won't get out in the field before eight o'clock; can't you give us something you can get quicker and easier?" But I am glad to hear from those who can. I would like to serve an apprenticeship with such an experienced cook, though I am afraid I should find it more difficult to get help. I received a letter a short time ago from a girl who had worked for me a year, left to learn dressmaking and could not stand it, saying if I had not hired help for the summer she would like to work for me; and adding a lady had been to see her whom she had worked for before, but it was too hard a place. I remembered hearing her speak of the place and what elaborate meals they got up. She said the woman did it to please her husband and was making a slave

of herself, and I suppose must never appear at the table with her hair in crimping-pins or without a white collar on, and never in a faded calico; and when she asked him for a little money to get a new one he would say, "What! I thought you got one a short time ago; that worn out already?"

I want to give a word of advice to Hetty, and Harry must take some, for I think she has had about her share. Don't go to housekeeping with your father-in-law or mother-in-law on either side. A mother's affections are very strong, we are all sensible of that; and I think from observation a mother places her affections more on her boys, and the father on the girls; for this reason I say don't go to live with your husband's family. His mother will say he "don't care anything for his old mother, its all that young flirt of a thing;" she does not think his heart can expand and have room for a wife as well. She will find more failings in you in one week than he would in a lifetime, and she will lose no opportunity to magnify them and show them up to him.

I saw a little piece the other day, taken from the *Chicago Times*, entitled "A Judge's Sensible Words." Judge Tuly occupies a position which enables him—almost compels him—to collect statistics as to the causes of divorce. In a recent interview he said: "I would not add to nor take away any of the causes of divorce now given by the statutes. If it were practicable, I would prohibit by law any newly married couple living with the parents of either within the first five years. When left to themselves their characters sooner assimilate, and they much sooner learn that in order to be happy there must be continual and mutual self sacrifices and dependence of each upon the other." There is condensed in the last sentence the result of much experience by a close thinker. A vast amount of unhappiness might have been avoided if every newly married couple and the parents of each, could have been made to know this before it was too late. I have had twelve years' experience, and eleven years have had three old people; and, like Judge Tuly, I wish there might be a law prohibiting it.

I wonder if Guendola has had any experience with oiled floors? I think not or she would not advise painting them; she would rather advise doing as my girl says a Kalamazoo lady did; she scrubbed and scraped until she got the paint off, so the people would oil it for her. My floor has not been oiled in three years. I caution the girls about using hot water on it. It is but a few moments' work to oil it over.

Mrs. W. J. G. inquires how to renovate a hens' feather bed. I have never had experience with hens' feathers, but with my duck and geese feather beds I lay them out in the spring just before a hard shower, turn and shake them, thoroughly dry, and you will be surprised to see how light and clean they will be. I have sent them away to be renovated, but I like this way much better, for it does not injure the feathers, and cleanse the tick at the same time. A friend of mine used to make a platform by taking the sawhorses, laying clean boards on them, and with a scrubbing brush and a little soap scrub the ticks, then throw on

plenty of water to rinse the tick and feathers. I could not see but mine were just as clean and nice as hers. In my opinion feather beds renovated in either way are more healthful than mattresses, for it is next to an impossibility to clean them.

I tried to think of the most convenient article in my kitchen. I should not like to do without any of the articles mentioned, but would include my pie-lifter; it is so handy to turn pies in the oven; after they are removed from the oven you can handle them to wipe the plate without any inconvenience.

I would like to tell you of a new and tried way of keeping hams through the summer—new to me at least. Make a bag of ticking or some coarse cloth, dip in strong brine and dry several times until there is a coating of salt over it; put the ham in this, tie and hang up. I shall try it this season. A neighbor said she kept them nice until August last season. My way formerly was to slice and pack solidly in a jar, then pour warm lard over the top until it is entirely covered. When I commence using, use once every day, then it will not mould and will keep perfectly sweet. I like this, but it makes a hard half day's work.

I suppose I am the only one who does not know what a "Dover" is, have searched Webster and he doesn't enlighten me; will the HOUSEHOLD Editor please do so. My communication has been much longer than I intended, but if our Editor will bear with me I will not come very often.

GALESBURG.

M. E. F.

["Dover" is an abbreviation of Dover egg-beater, a utensil very convenient for beating eggs, whipping cream, etc. We hope M. E. F. will reconsider her determination not to come very often; she will be very welcome if she will make her visits frequent; we like just such practical, helpful letters as hers.—ED.]

GO AS YOU PLEASE.

I've often felt a strong desire to "speak in meetin'" when reading the HOUSEHOLD, but for fear other contributors might be ashamed to write afterward, I have controlled the desire.

What's the use of trying to pick a quarrel with Evangeline? If she has time, inclination and the wherewith to get up such meals, let her; I don't care. I won't (nor can't) do it. My folks would soon die of overloaded stomachs, and how I should feel! And as to Hetty, she is no doubt smarter than most of the girls, or her marriage makes her more anxious to learn it all at once, for I've been learning—well, a number of years, and I don't know every thing yet. But my Harry hasn't come as yet, so that may make a difference.

Then I don't believe in using the dishcloth for everything, but if A. L. L. does, she can. I seldom am so rushed as to be unable to get a holder where a holder is needed.

But how happy (with a big H) ought that woman to be who fails to remember ever burning any green wood! I wonder if she realizes all there is in that! But I'll close, for Beatrix will think I'm looney

GENESEE.

CATHERINE.

EASTER BONNETS.

Wednesday, the 28th of March, was "opening day" at several of our large millinery establishments. Although a chilly wind searched rheumatic joints and the streets were sloppy and dirty, at least it did not rain, which was one comfort. And a large contingent of the femininity of Detroit was out, on various errands bent, and nearly every one, judging by the rush, dropped in at all these displays of millinery, "just to take a peep." We went into Newcomb's millinery parlor, in search of "the good, the true and the beautiful," and looked on passively while the saleswoman showed us "the very latest." Wonder if it is sinful to be politely acquiescent to statements to the truth of which you do not in heart agree? Because if so we sinned, for my friend confided to me as we came out, that there wasn't a bonnet or hat in the whole lot that she would wear for a ten dollar bill.

At Metcalf's we were more fortunate. Here was a very pretty hat for a little girl, a wide-brimmed fine black straw, trimmed with full bows of white ribbon and a couple of white tips, with a pinked ruche of white surah about the face. Some sweet little face will find in this a charmingly simple, stylish and effective setting. The hat was so soft that it could be crushed into any shape and at once resume its original form. A hat of black straw was completely covered as to its crown with pale pink roses and buds; a length of black lace perhaps a yard and a half long, was attached at the back; this was to be loosely wound about the neck, and fastened on the shoulder under a cluster of pink roses. These streamers, in colored crepe lisse or black net, were seen on several hats and bonnets, but we were told they did not seem to take well with Detroit ladies. One Directoire hat had a very wide shirred lace brim in front which rounded to a very narrow one at the back, where it was fully trimmed with black ostrich tips and erect loops of ribbon; a scarf of chantilly lace fell from the back, to be wound about the throat as described above. This was a very showy headgear, because of its shape, though there was not a touch of color on it. A pretty bonnet had a brim of fancy white straw and a "flower crown" of wistaria blossoms, with a bow of ribbon to match at the side. Another had an openwork fancy crown, and a trimming of two colors in changeable ribbons; another had a bandeau of berries imitating the mountain ash across the front, and a heavy cluster at the side, arranged with black lace; these berries are a very popular trimming for spring. A brown bonnet with openwork crown was trimmed with brown watered ribbons and a spray of yellow asters; the combination was very pretty, though asters don't grow that color yet. Another brown bonnet was decorated with changeable brown and yellow ribbon and a cluster of golden oats. A very elegant black chantilly lace bonnet had a full crown and lace supporting its cluster of black daisies with jet hearts; it was \$18. A grey straw walking hat was faced with grey velvet and trimmed with half long grey plumes and loops of watered ribbon. A

blue hat, much the same shape, combined stiff upright loops of navy blue silk with a tint just the hue of a dove's wing.

The new shapes for bonnets are not much altered from those of last year, except that they are larger; they are also longer and broader in the crown. The coronet fronts have quite disappeared. Trimmings are not quite so altitudinous as they have been, nor so narrow and pointed. Everything is trimmed with ribbons, which are very beautiful this year; the moire and changeable being most fashionable, with plain ribbons with heavy cord edge a good second. Some of the ribbons used in trimming the bonnets described above had this heavy satin cord with a fine picot edge to it. Lace bonnets promise to be much worn this summer and when well gotten up are very dressy and handsome; there is nothing more elegant for a middle-aged lady than a becoming lace bonnet. They are made of the figured chantilly lace, and an edge of the same helps trim them.

Some turban-shaped hats for young ladies were trimmed with full *choux* or rosettes of crepe lisse in two colors, one of each; no other decoration is needed. Pokes are worn again, more poke-y than ever; nearly all the hats seem very prodigal of brim in front and very skimpy in that respect at the back; in short, some of the new shapes bear a resemblance to the antiques of 1820, only that they are not so large and daring. There is the usual attempt to introduce flowers as garniture; they are used most acceptably on bonnets, but nearly all hats have ostrich feathers for adornment. The flowers are certainly exquisite; apple blossoms so real you could hardly tell they were not just plucked from the tree, heliotrope, mignonette and roses seem the favorites, and small sprays arranged among the ribbons are preferred.

The bonnet is a very important part of a woman's toilette. If it does not suit her style, complexion and costume, it brings out all the weak points in her face, and intensifies them. If she is pretty, a too gay bonnet diverts attention from her beauty to itself; if she is homely, a showy bonnet awakens a feeling of incongruity—we think how pretty that would be on some one else. I am inclined to say that "an honest milliner is the noblest work of God." By honest I mean one who has a true perception of fitness, and sufficient candor to tell a customer who is about to select an unbecoming bonnet or hat that it is unbecoming, even though she loses a sale by it. For the trouble with most of us is that as we poise the "airy nothings" on our finger-tips and look admiringly at the delicate colors, the combination of tints of flower and silk, we are overcome by the beauty of the creation and entirely forget to consider the question of its suitability to our wardrobe and its fitness to our age and complexion. When we get it home, and "sober second thought" possesses us, we either repent our ill-considered bargain or wear it with a fatuous complacency that amuses our friends and might make angels weep.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Wausau, Wis., is prosecuting violators of the liquor law.

HOME AGAIN.

As I begin to put ink on paper to send to the *HOUSEHOLD*, a feeling of unfamiliarity that says "You are forgotten by this time" comes over me, making me a little distraught with its strangeness. But as this is a very windy day, and a most cold one too, I will forthwith toss that fear to the frozen wings of the flying air and proceed with the free and easiness of one at home, in fact and fancy, to tell the *HOUSEHOLDERS* that I have just returned from a nine weeks' absence, during which I have seen only a couple of copies of the *HOUSEHOLD*. But I have to-day given the two months' copies of it that I find waiting my return a careful scanning, finding many of the old familiar writers and many new ones.

I could but smile as I read Beatrix's lament over the marriage of Alice Freeman, ex-President of Wellesley College, for having had the pleasure of seeing the lady, and of hearing her deliver an address in favor of prohibition in this city about a year ago, I had felt very much that way myself. But if I smiled then I surely laughed when I read "T.'s" rhapsody of rejoicing thereat. And all things considered, I rather guess Miss Freeman balanced accounts carefully, and accepted the one in which she found the highest percent of certain conditions that since the edict, "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee" went forth, seem to be a necessary complement in woman's life. How is it, Daffodilly?

"Either sex alone is half itself, and in true marriage lies nor equal nor unequal; each fulfils defect in each, and always thought in thought, purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow the single pure and perfect animal, the two-celled heart beating with one full stroke—Life."

This is the woman's theory of marriage. But the sons of men by barbarous laws and customs keep their helper dwarfed, bound, forgetting, or not knowing, that with her they rise or fall, and that if she be "small, slight-natured, miserable man cannot grow."

Blackstone makes the wife the property of the husband. And as I read and ponder this most august, astute authority on civil law, I can but wonder why in this particular instance alone freedom in barter and exchange of property is denied the holder. Chief Justice Waite is dead, so I don't expect my question will ever be answered. Please pass it around though, and see if there lives a man who can tell the "why" of it.

A young man, a convert in a revival meeting, and very enthusiastic in the prayer meetings, was appointed to give a "declamation" at a literary entertainment. The time arrived. He was called, came forth, stumbling and blushing. He had chosen a piece beginning with the words "Alas, young friends, my youth is gone," for which by some slip of tide and tongue he substituted "Alas, and did my Savior bleed? And did my sovereign die?" No sooner did he realize his error than he was so overcome by chagrin that he could say nothing further, and took his seat. Not so with Evangeline, when her teachings are

assailed as faulty and altogether of too much muchness for common sinners. I read her Home Talks, the criticisms on them, and her "Trifles," with pleasure. And in answer to her query of the *HOUSEHOLD* as to where we stand, I would say I hope we stand all over the whole ground. That is, I hope that our readers and writers embrace people and minds and manners of thought, expression and feeling of every and widely varying type and hue, and that each and all will be fearless, frank and friendly in the expression of the same. Difference of opinion, conscience or education need not be and should not be in our case unfriendly or unchristian antagonism, but should only tend to strengthen the bonds of interest, self-help and mutual interdependence of our homogeneous whole. If Evangeline with only two hands and two feet can do all that work, and get such elaborate meals three times a day the year around and keep good natured, then I should like to board with her. But as for my doing it all with my two hands and feet, etc., etc., and letting her board with me, I am *non compos*, and as well as I love good "vittles" should cry "Good Lord deliver me. I'll take some baked salt and a raw tater first—once in a while—and now and then a bowl of mush and milk and be satisfied and grow fat, and if Belchazzar Nebuchadnezzar growls about the fare, he can eat grass." And I am sure the Lord will be on the side of

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

A DOMESTIC COMFORT.

I have been an interested reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time, and have enjoyed the letters and Home Talks by Evangeline so much, I wish to thank her for them. There has been so much good advice given in them I wonder any one could find fault. Is there not something in them for us all to learn if we only would?

When we read Beatrix's request to mention what we consider our greatest comfort in the kitchen, Mr. Moses said he thought he was the greatest comfort I had in mine; and I thought he was right, for what could be better than to have the fires built these cold winter mornings, and so many other things our husbands are willing to do to make our burdens light! The next best is my creamery; it seems like play to make butter, compared with the old way.

I have made a pleasant change of pickles this spring after my pickled pears were gone, by placing cucumber pickles in the spiced vinegar.

Will some one please tell me how to make a pretty baby's basket, one not very expensive and yet nice enough for a present.

CORUNNA.

MRS. MOSES.

A NOTE.

When all the "nays" to my talk of "Funeral Customs" are heard, I should like to congratulate the writers on their good fortune in living in a community where such things are unknown; but must claim that I wrote only of what I often see, but did not tell the half. On the very day which brought the voice from Plainwell, my kitchen affairs were going wrong, and I

growing wearied beyond expression because of a continual senseless chatter about what some one told somebody, that somebody else did while watching with a dead child. I have known better things, and am glad to say that year by year these customs are being set aside by people of culture and taste.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. E. H. S., of Orleans, N. Y., says: "Will Mr. Ed., of Oxbow, please tell me if she meant to use $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls of cream tarter in her butter cookies, in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Feb. 13th, or was it a mistake? Her lemon cookies are very nice." She also wishes to know what has become of Henpecked Theopulus. "Did he come out during the blizzard, see his shadow and go back to give his wife another chance to cut the wood?" There seems to be a demand for that henpecked individual which he alone can satisfy.

Roberta, of Rogersville, says: "I always keep a girl, but do not like a rocker in my kitchen. When she is through with the kitchen work my sitting room is none too good for her to spend her leisure time in. I am now teaching my girl how to piece a quilt; when she gets her quilt done will teach her etching. Will some one tell me through the *HOUSEHOLD* how to make a sweeping cap."

Contributed Recipes.

AMBROSIA CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; half cup sweet milk; three cups flour; four eggs beaten separately; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Bake in layers. For filling: Mix together with one beaten egg, half a pint of whipped cream, one cup of grated cocoanut, half cup sugar, and the juice of one orange. This is a large cake, and will be found very nice.

CORUNNA.

MRS. MOSES.

COLORING BROWN ON COTTON.—For nine pounds of rags take one-half pound of catechu, one-fourth pound bichromate of potash. Dissolve separately in brass or copper kettles; wet the rags thoroughly, put them into the catechu and let them stand fifteen minutes; heat to boiling. Then put into the potash water the same length of time. The potash water should be just warm. Use water enough to cover the rags, then rinse. Have used this recipe for thirty years, and can find nothing better for coloring brown on old cotton.

ROGERSVILLE.

ROBERTA.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One cup sugar; two level tablespoonfuls butter (not melted, fill the spoon, take a knife and scrape it off level), mix butter and sugar to a cream; one egg; three-fourths cup of sweet milk; one heaping teaspoonful baking powder; one and a half cups flour; salt, and flavor to suit the taste.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup buttermilk; one tablespoonful of good cream; one egg; one heaping cup sugar; one teaspoonful soda; cinnamon, nutmeg and salt to suit taste; flour enough to roll out nicely.

CREAM CAKE.—Two eggs; one cup sugar; one cup sour cream; two cups flour; one teaspoonful soda; one and a half teaspoonfuls cream tartar; lemon extract, nutmeg and salt. This makes a good large cake with jelly.

ORLEANS, N. Y.

MRS. E. H. S.