

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### GRADATION.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain.  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light;  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men;  
We may borrow the wings to find the way,  
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,  
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on a pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

### LEARNING HOW.

I am quite inclined to agree with Grace in her views respecting the length of time required to learn to do plain cooking, only I would extend the limit and agree to turn out a "good plain cook" in six months instead of two. Any willing girl, with as much brain as the Almighty meant her to have, can learn to do housework as readily, as speedily and as easily, as she can learn fancy work. All she requires is a determination to succeed, and some one to teach her, a loving mother like Evangeline, for instance. Why not? What is there that is so mysterious and incomprehensible about the work, that a woman of average intelligence must do it over and over again, by "infinite repetition" to acquire proficiency? We only need to do our mixing with our brains. Must we spoil ten pounds of "raw material" to learn to make a cup of good coffee, when one lesson explaining the process is enough instruction for a person of ordinary comprehension? "Allow a heaping tablespoonful of ground coffee to each person, mix it in a bowl with the white of one egg, turn into a clean coffee-pot, add a couple of tablespoonfuls of cold water to

prevent its sticking to the pot, fill up with boiling water, and set on the back of the stove where it cannot boil, but will be near the boiling point." Will somebody kindly tell me what there is so abstruse about that recipe that countless repetitions must wait upon its mastery? The instructions are supplemented by the best of all aids, to memory, an object lesson showing just how it is to be done. Do not experienced housekeepers serve us heavy, sour bread sometimes; and don't their preserves "work" and their pickles get soft; and is it inexperience, or carelessness and failure to understand conditions that is the cause? The real element in success is not the length of time one spends in learning, but the ability and zeal and interest one brings to the work. The trouble is, young people see processes going on, before their eyes, day after day, without paying sufficient attention to the manner of accomplishment to understand or be able to repeat or follow them. "Mother is making fried cakes," but beyond the fact that the cakes are baptized in lard—presumably hot since it is upon the stove—and that eggs and sugar and flour are used, they have neither knowledge nor interest. I have seen girls who had lived in the country all their lives who did not know whether an apple blossom had five petals or six, or the stamens from the pistils of the flower; and just so domestic processes went on before their eyes, and they never became interested in them sufficiently to comprehend the causes of success or failure.

I know two young ladies in this city, both of whom wear diamond engagement rings, are to be married at about the same time, and both are preparing to go to house-keeping. They are about the same age, and equally unversed in practical experience. But I can tell you now, exactly as well as five years from this time, which one, in all human probability, will make the best housekeeper. One, whom we will call Margaret, is one of the "always plenty of time" girls. An earthquake would not make her hurry, and a cyclone could hardly stir up a greater chaos than usually pervades her apartment. "Now I'm going to be very industrious to-day and accomplish a good deal," she tells her mother in the morning. But an infinitesimal pimple on her chin attracts her attention and she proceeds to "doctor" it by those means known only to the fastidious young lady. With a diminutive bit of courtplaster settled to her liking after half an hour's fussing with rosewater, etc., she is prepared to be "industrious." But Trixy, the canary, ruffles up his yellow

feathers, and she stops to play with him, and continue his education by teaching him to pick at a lump of sugar between her lips. It is such a charming picture—for she is a pretty girl—that her indulgent mother cannot bear to spoil it by reminding her of her work till she has coquettishly bade Trixy "be a good boy" and begun a hunt for her thimble, which she had last—*was* it upstairs or downstairs, *where?* Before she finds it, she remembers the new duet Ferd brought up last night and which he will surely want to try to-night; she'll just run over the accompaniment to see if it is difficult, and when after an hour spent in desultory "practicing," she again essays to "do something," a wagon load of plants in the street catches her eye and out she goes to price them, and exclaim at their beauty, and buy a couple, and then there's that pimple to be treated again; and when the luncheon bell rings it "cannot be possible it is one o'clock, where has this morning gone to!" And the afternoon is much the same, a call, a telephone message from Ferd, "just a peep" at the magazine the postman brings, and it is time to dress for dinner. So the days go by, and she never gets anything done simply through her habit of dawdling and allowing her attention to be diverted from what she sets out to do. Had her mother trained her in habits of attention, of application, of going about a thing as if she mean to do it and get it out of the way, she would find her lack of practical knowledge in housework a deficiency quickly overcome by a little effort.

The other young lady is one of those bright, capable girls who seem created to "fill gaps." I don't think she knew a nutmeg-grater from a flour-sifter three months ago. But she caught the cook in a good-natured spasm, and took her into her confidence. "Mary," said she, "I'm going to be married, and I want to learn how to make those lovely muffins you give us, and coffee, and what you do to the beefsteak, and if you'll teach me, I'll give you that grey ulster of mine." Now the instruction she gets from a busy cook in a big boarding-house is quite different from a mother's careful training. But it is not entirely the instruction; it is the habit of doing things promptly, method in arranging her little duties—that would seem play to many girls—to save time, her perception of the right way, and her energy in accomplishing what she sets about.

Think of all we learn at school, all the difficult sciences and languages, to which we apply our minds; then don't tell me that a woman must begin to cook and "keep



house" in childhood, to enable her to manage her home when she marries at twenty. There are hundreds of women in this State alone, who are living witnesses to the fact that a woman can "learn to cook in two months," (or in six) because they so learned. Women who teach, who have worked in other businesses, make the very best of housekeepers; they have no experience, but they bring to their new duties the habits of order, of punctuality, the executive ability, and the "faculty" which they acquired in other work.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating the idea that a mother should not teach her girls to do housework, all through their youth. She should so teach them, but in order that they may be able to assist her, and lighten her burdens, not because years of discipline are necessary to enable them to do the work properly. And every lesson should be thoroughly taught and explained; and the girls should be permitted to try new dishes, encouraged to do so, in fact; for I will impart to you confidentially my opinion that a good many women who think themselves good cooks, are really very poor ones, judged by the best standards; and the modern cook book, with its plain directions for palatable food, is a better instructor than they. If you do not believe this, just try the samples of bread and biscuit and cake at some picnic or social where the refreshments are donated by the neighbors.

Now I do not advance these opinions as law and gospel; I know many will dissent from them, and I am willing they should express their views as freely as I have done. We ought not to get opinionated; too many of us have minds like the spare bed—always made up beforehand, hence we are not open to conviction.

BEATRIX.

#### HOW OPINIONS DIFFER.

Although late in the day I would like to say a few words in defense of Evangeline's "Home Talks." I must say I read them with much interest and was quite sorry when she ceased talking; and was not a little startled and surprised, and really sorry too, to see her so sharply criticised. Sorry, because I feared it might put a damper upon the ardor of one so gifted with the pen. But fortunately I see it has not. I can't think it quite right to be so severe on the writings of any one in our little HOUSEHOLD. If critics can do better let them try it, but don't find fault with another who is willing to help sustain it. I never once thought that the small amount of liquor that was added to her cookery could harm any one. Now I am as strong an advocate of temperance as any one can be, but I have never hesitated to use brandy or wine (current wine, our own make) for flavoring pudding sauce or mince meat, and occasionally some kind of cake. I have raised five boys to manhood, and not one of them could be induced to drink a spoonful of alcoholic liquor, unless prescribed as medicine. Nor do I believe that any one ever formed the habit of drinking strong drink from any amount that was ever used in food. It is when taken in the form of drink that the terrible appetite is formed. I know a family of whom it was said the parents

used to make a "sling" every morning and allow the children all to drink of it. The result was all the boys (and there were several) grew up to be drinking men. I know we cannot be too careful in guarding our children against this great evil, by teaching them its baneful results, the great harm it has done to others, and the difficulty of breaking off the habit when once formed.

A little more about that homely but necessary article, the dishcloth. Some one has advised making them of cotton toweling. Now from an experience of over forty years in housekeeping, I would say never use a cotton rag, or cotton cloth of any kind, for dishcloths, dishtowels, wiping towels or diaper. It does not absorb water readily, retains stains, and is hard to wash clean. It is impossible to make a cotton dishcloth look clean after being used a few times. There are linen huckaback towels to be found at most of the dry goods stores, for ten or twelve cents each, and one will make two good dishcloths that will last a long time and are easily kept clean. They make also good cleaning cloths for windows or paint. Narrow stair crash makes good dishcloths also, and is not expensive. Let any one try to dry her face after washing, on a cotton towel and then a linen one, and see the difference.

I would say to the lady who makes her kitchen apron with a strap around the neck to hold up the bib, to put a buttonhole in the top of the bib and button it on a dress button and avoid the discomfort of the strap.

S. A. G.

DEARBORN.

#### LILIES AND DAHLIAS.

I am sure I recognize Mrs. Gulley as an old and valued customer and correspondent. How pleasing to the flower lovers are these successes with plants, that fill windows and verandas with fresh and luxuriant foliage, and flowers in their season! Some will learn so quickly—because so interested—the needs of plants, and understand the signs of fatigue in them and give them their dues in a quiet rest in quarters suited to their habits, while others may thoughtlessly endeavor by doctoring and stimulating with this and that, to drive them into growth and bloom when only rest is needed. My hydrangea, brought from the cellar in March, a clump of bare stems in dry soil, is now a mass of leaves and buds beautiful to see, and so with a number of fuchsias; the stalks that were bare and brittle when resurrected from the cool dark rest, repotted in fresh clean pots, given good drainage and nourishing soil, are looking bright as a healthy babe awakened from a refreshing sleep. We may work among and enjoy them to the fullest, and liken them to all living things that we love, and have loved, but may perchance now be deprived of, and they will bear comparison with all that is true, pure, and beautiful in humanity without a hint of the frailties.

I like to grow lilies in pots, they are so easily cared for and so safe from freezing and thawing, which are very injurious, especially if not planted well down, and that may be overdone when the garden is heavy

clay. In a well drained pot—or as they increase, a box—they are secure and so abundant in flowers, lasting in bloom much longer, as the pot may be moved out of the direct heat of the sun and so preserve the flowers a much longer time. I had several kinds last season grown in this way, and among them an Auratum that could not have done better, and I conclude this way will prevent much loss in this altogether lovely but unreliable queen. I would much prefer a good box of lilies to the fruit plants, melon bananas, etc., now offered as brilliant novelties, that may tempt the palate where the taste for beauty is lacking. It is not wise to be cajoled into trying plants from Indian and other warm climates, until at least partially acclimated, but rather favor the achievements of our florists in improving by good cultivation the old stand-bys and the products of climate not so dissimilar to our own.

In reply to queries about dahlias I will say those received from florists with no tuber attached are rooted cuttings; just as likely to be true to name as the tubers. They will produce as many and as perfect flowers as if a peck of the tubers were attached. The objections, or rather cautions, to not hurry the planting of dahlias, so often given by dealers, are because they are very tender, sensitive to cold as well as frost, and liable if set out in a cool bed to be subjected to changes from warm to cold air in early spring, to "damp off," and be of no further use. The proper way is to pot them in the house, when ordered in April or first of May, and when cool nights are over turn the ball of dirt and all carefully into a rich deep soil, and if the weather is dry water occasionally, and not forget to coax a little with the hoe, and no flower or plant will respond more gratefully. Few dahlias are strong or stocky enough to stand the winds and storms we have without support, and this should be attended to in season. As I have said before, dahlias from seed are quite satisfactory, often producing rare and beautiful specimens. There is no way to answer the demands for dahlias in early spring before freezing is over except to bring them forward in heat, and is all right if the plants are rightfully cared for. There are many who order in a time very early to us, but happily have earlier springs than we, and can begin gardening while we walk solid earth. Our success in raising flowers does not depend on the amount of coaxing or petting, so much as in our understanding the requirements of each individual plant, and after we do know, managing accordingly; then failures will be few.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

MILL MIMMIE sends us a sample of crocheted pin-wheel lace, directions for making which were given in the HOUSEHOLD of March 3rd. It is pretty, and adapted for trimming aprons, pillowslips, skirts, etc. Mill Mimmie says she will send a sample of lace made by any directions she may give to any lady who fails to bring out the pattern successfully. This is a very generous offer, and as to make these samples requires both time and material, we hope those who ask for them will at least not fail to enclose postage for the expected reply.



## PROGRESS.

[Paper read by Mrs. M. Crispell, before the Liberty Farmers' Club, April 7th, 1888.]

I have selected this subject, not because I considered myself capable of doing it justice, but in the hope that I might suggest some thoughts which would prove of interest.

How often we hear people say "The world is going backward. There is more of crime and sin in it now, and consequently more misery than at any previous time in its history!" But is it true? There never was a time when the facilities for knowing of everything done in the world were as great as at present. If a crime is committed in almost any part of the civilized world to-day, to-morrow it has been flashed by telegraph to nearly all parts of the globe, and is published in nearly every newspaper. But how many kind and noble deeds are done all around, of which there is no mention made! We are all too prone to look on the dark side, and forget that the surest way to happiness is through love and kindness exercised toward all mankind.

Let us look back at the history of civilized nations and see if there ever was a time when human life was as safe, the rights of property as much respected, or the Golden Rule as much practiced as at this present time. Deny it though we may, Christ's spirit is at work, leavening all mankind.

Note the progress which has been made in literature, art and science. A few centuries ago there was nothing known of science. Art has always existed since the history of man in some form, more imperfect than at present. But what of literature? Take for instance the boasted literature of Greece and Rome, compare it with that of to-day. Compare Homer and Virgil with Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier, and see if the poems of to-day are not far in advance in morality of those of that time. They may not possess so much purely classical merit, but should we not choose the moral instead of the classical? In the Chautauqua course of reading there are four books, the preparatory Greek, the preparatory Latin, the college Greek, and the college Latin course in English (which any one can get at little expense) which will give a fair idea of the literature of that time; then say if there has been no progress made.

I think these farmers' clubs which are being organized all over our land, may be a source of great improvement to farmers, wives and daughters as well as farmers. There will be not only the best methods of tilling the soil discussed, but also questions of moment in other departments of life. There is no subject which is of importance to other classes of people which is not of importance to farmers, and should be intelligently discussed. To us ladies, it will prove a school, in giving us confidence to speak, read, or write, as the occasion may demand. And let us each and all resolve that we will say or write something, if asked, according to the best of our ability. Then we shall reap the benefits, and possibly develop talents which we never dreamed we possessed; and which would otherwise rust away, and we pass from the stage of life

without the world ever having reaped any benefit from our having possessed them.

Look at the progress of the temperance movement. How many of us have ever thought how long intemperance had held sway, or how short the time since the idea entered the mind of man that intoxicating liquor was not good for him to use as a beverage. Let us go back two thousand years and see what our forefathers were doing. The Anglo-Saxon race has been a race of hard drinkers from its earliest time. They loved it; and neither man, woman, or child thought there could be harm in gratifying the appetite. It is only within the last fifty-five or sixty years at the most, that men's minds began to be awakened to the thought of its being an evil; and then for twenty years it was only talked about. Some advocated moderation, while the most laughed about it as a joke. But as time passed temperance societies began to be formed; then the Washingtonian movement was inaugurated by six naturally bright men from Baltimore, who had drained the cup of intoxication to its dregs. After a long debauch they were talking over this temperance "foolery." They grew serious as they talked, and finally signed a total abstinence pledge. They went about from town to town telling of the horrors of intemperance, and induced thousands to sign the pledge. Afterward came the women's crusade. The suffering women carried the cause where all great things should be carried, to the throne of God. And through prayer and earnest work it has been brought to where it is at the present time. Now the liquor element is using every means and argument which evil can invent to stay its progress; but its power will not be stayed till the curse is swept from the land.

And so I believe it is in other things also. The Father's hand is at the helm, pushing the car of progress, and it will not cease till all forms of sin and wretchedness are swept from our land.

## A PROTEST AND A PATTERN.

In the HOUSEHOLD of January 2nd, Aurora speaks about the way that country girls spend their leisure hours, and says: "So the young girl is thrown upon her own resources and, picking up a trashy novel, it may be in book form, but it is more likely to be of the newspaper kind—*Saturday Night* for instance, etc." Naturally I would resent this, for I am a country girl, and know that the farmers' daughters in this neighborhood do not spend their leisure hours reading trashy novels, and that the *Saturday Night* can not be found in any of their homes. The girls spend their leisure either crocheting, piecing, sewing, studying in some of their school books that have been laid aside, or practicing. There is not a single home (with the exception of one or two) where there is a young girl, but has some sort of instrument, either organ, piano, or melodeon.

I have seen a cactus such as Mrs. A. B. Gulley described, only it was not so large, and its blossoms were lovely; somehow or other we could never make ours bloom.

Mill Mimmie asks if some one will send a

crochet pattern. Here is one that is nice: Ch 20.

1st row, 1 dc in 4, 5, 6th st of chain, \*, ch 1, 1 dc in next 3 st of ch, \*, repeat from \* to \* 4 times.

2d row, ch 6, 1 dc in first, ch 1, \*, ch 2, 1 dc in next ch 1, \*, repeat from \* to \* 3 times, ch 2, 1 dc in last dc of last row, ch 3, turn.

3rd row, 3 dc in first ch 2, \*, ch 1, 3 dc in next ch 2, \*, repeat from \* to \* 3 times, ch 14 dc in ch 6, the last dc catch down in the last st of chain, ch 4, turn.

4th row, 1 dc between first and second dcs, \*, ch 1, 1 dc between next two dcs, \*, repeat from \* to \* 3 times, ch 2, 1 dc in ch 1, ch 2, 1 dc in ch 1, and so on to the end of the row. This completes one scallop. The beauty of this lace is in its being so simple. It is the first kind of crocheted lace I ever described, and I hope I have made it plain.

VIOLET.

PINE LAKE.

## POTATO BALL YEAST.

In the report of the paper read by Mrs. Wood before the Napoleon Farmers' Club, there is a slight mistake in the recipe for potato ball yeast. The recipe is as follows: Boil potatoes enough to make a ball as large as a man's fist; mash fine and when cool enough to work with the hand, put in one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and a potato ball, which must be procured of one who uses it, as it is the yeast to start yours with; mix thoroughly and divide, making two, which must be set in a warm place to rise, which will be in half an hour. It will be full of fine cracks and feel puffy and light; it is then ready for use. Use the same as other yeast. Use one ball and set the other away for making the next baking of bread. The lady of whom I procured my ball said she had used this yeast six years and never had a sour mess of bread and never lost her yeast; it had not cost her a cent in that time except for her potatoes. I have used it since last September and never made bread with such certainty of good results. It is simply perfect. You can make your ball when you boil potatoes for dinner, or, if forgotten make at supper time, and it is light before you want to set bread at night.

MRS. HALLADAY.

NAPOLEON.

[The above was received too late for last week's HOUSEHOLD. We regret the error, but the recipe appeared exactly according to the "copy" furnished us.]

## SWEEPING-CAPS.

I saw an inquiry about the proper way to make a sweeping-cap in the HOUSEHOLD, and as there has been no answer yet, I would say I have one I think is good, as it answers the purpose of both sweeping-cap and sun-bonnet, and if it is desired I will send the pattern and directions to any one who will send me her address.

I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD for two or three years, and have been much interested in it, and have felt I would like to contribute my mite, if by so doing I could benefit any one.

MRS. HARVEY WELLMAN.

LAGRANGE, Wyoming Co., N. Y.



## ANSWER.

In reply to the lady who asked further information about the thoroughwort tea and lemon juice I recommended as a spring tonic, and as good for the complexion, I wish to say that either through my own carelessness or an oversight of the proof-reader, part of my prescription was omitted. When I used this "yarb tea" I bought a package of pressed hops and one of thoroughwort at the druggist's, not having a home supply; divided them into four portions, put one portion of each into a pitcher holding perhaps a pint and turned on boiling water, covered, and let stand on the back of the stove. This made a strong, somewhat bitter tea, provoking more than one wry face, but I took half a teacupful or over of it twice a day, and as I don't like mixtures, took the juice of two lemons with a little sugar and water, the first thing every morning. The friend whom I mentioned as having first introduced this to my notice, put the juice of a lemon and a lump of sugar with each half teacupful of the tea.

I want to say to any one trying this that a few doses will have no appreciable effect; it must be persisted in for six weeks or two months at the least, regularly, to be effective. It is slow in action, but it is *good*. It is much less trouble, of course, to take patent medicine out of a bottle, or to call in the doctor, but I rather like to know what I am taking, and am sure these ingredients can leave no bad effects, being purely vegetable.

I am no great believer in "doctors' stuff" anyway. Most people take altogether too much medicine, running for a dose every time they feel a trifle unwell. Nine times out of ten, if we would get out into the open air, and go without a meal or two, or eat very sparingly for a couple of days, the stomach, the great originator of our troubles, would resume its normal tone, and we would be all right again. But the minute one complains of being ill, or does not feel an appetite for food, instead of obeying the warning, some kind soul provides some delicacy to tempt us to eat, and we only make matters worse. The first question asked a sick person generally is "Now what do you think you can eat?" A little fasting, outside of Lent, is often a wholesome measure.

BRUNEFILLE.

## TRUE CHARITY.

Charity! what a word, and how little we realize its full meaning. We think if we are ready with our pocketbooks to respond to calls for help, we are charitable; so we are, in one sense of the word, but let us be careful that we do not more mischief with our tongue than our pocketbook has done good. How apt we are to judge others from our own standpoint! Perhaps we are strong, or if not we may be of the enduring kind, and can get along nicely with our work, while our neighbor, though she may not have so large a family, hires a girl. How apt we are to make remarks about it! She may look well but not be able to do her work, yet not think it necessary to proclaim to the world her poor feelings, so that people will not call her lazy. She pays her

girl from her own pocket, perhaps deprives herself of some needed articles; at any rate she does not ask us to pay her, so why need we care?

Then again, we comment on a person's extravagance in dress because she always looks nice and neat. Perhaps it is the only good dress she has, but she takes extra care of it in brushing and hanging it up, so she looks better than we do, though we have a half dozen at our command. We all have our extravagant and our economical points though in vastly different ways; shall we censure because others' ways are not like ours?

But I think where we err the most is in talking about one of the fallen ones. We scarcely notice her, and are ready to say all manner of unkindness of her, when she should rather have our pity. A pleasant word might keep her from sinking lower. She is probably no worse, only more unfortunate, than many we are associating with every day and think they are nice people; and these last will censure her the worst of any, so that people will not mistrust them. I am always suspicious of persons who are always throwing stones; for if they were not acquainted with the ropes they would not know so well where to aim. I have read of a society somewhere, every member of which had to pay a dime every time they spoke evil of any one. I think it would be a good thing if such societies could be formed all over the land.

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

## CUFF-HOLDER.

Materials: piece of Panama canvas seventeen inches long and six and one-half wide; two yards grosgrain ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide; embroidery silk to match the ribbon.

Cut one end of the canvas in a point, turn the other end over three and one-half inches, and fasten securely; this forms a pocket in which is placed one end of the cuff. Bind the canvas all around with ribbon. Three inches from the point work in cross-stitch the word "Cuffs." Fasten a piece of ribbon by the center to the point of the canvas, long enough to tie round the cuff-holder when filled. This article is specially useful to both ladies and gentlemen in traveling, as it keeps the cuffs clean, and prevents crushing.

A pretty needle book may be made of chamois skin and pink satin ribbon: Cut one piece of chamois six inches in length and three in width. Pink the edges all around, and double in the center, forming a book. Use fine white flannel or merino for leaves. Upon one of the outside pieces paint or outline a spray of wild-roses—or it will do very well if plain. Upon the second outside piece fold a piece of pink satin ribbon and fasten diagonally across the leaf, nearly covering it. Make a tiny emory bag of pink satin and fasten in it.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MIMMIE.

OUR flower-loving friends will find Mrs. Fuller's advertisement of flower seeds on the third page of the *FARMER*. She writes us she will furnish three dahlias, of any color, for 25c, 13 for one dollar, which is certainly "cheaper than going without" this stately and beautiful flower.

## RENOVATING FEATHERS.

I have enjoyed reading the different opinions as to the greatest kitchen convenience and am sure that to me as to El See, my sink is the greatest convenience. Mine is only a water-tight pine box, painted on the outside. The drippings from the cistern pump run into it, and the lead waste pipe runs into a tile drain that leads through the door yard off into the hogpen.

I like a good strong wood-box that does not leak dirt, and have one in a corner close to the stove.

I would like to say to Mrs. W. J. G. that the way I wash feathers is to make one or more bags of unbleached sheeting, the thin cheap kind is best, about a yard and a quarter long, fill about half full of feathers, put one at a time in a washboiler of water and let them remain until the water boils. Keep handling and pushing down until thoroughly wet and well scalded through, then take into a tub of cold water and rinse until the water is clear, then wring or press out the water and hang up to dry, keep shaking up and turning over until dry, when they will be just as nice as new feathers.

MARIE.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SHOES or boots may be made waterproof by rubbing into them a mixture of four ounces of lard and one of resin; both boots and mixture must be warm.

A PIE that is properly baked, will slip from the tin with careful handling, and if placed on a wire frame where the air has access to the bottom it will cool without becoming moist, and when ready to be served it can be transferred to the plate.

A GOOD housekeeper recommends stewing raisins, especially the seedless sort, and Zante currants in a little water before using them in pies, puddings or cake. It softens them so nicely. Use only a little water, and add it to the pie or pudding wherever practicable.

To make your own orange and lemon extract, grate the outer, yellow part of the skin, being careful to get none of the white, and cover this grated part with alcohol. Let remain several weeks, then strain and it is ready for use. Use the Valencia or Mediterranean orange, or taste the peel to be sure it is not bitter.

AN exchange advises housekeepers who are making up cheese cloth or other comforters, to unroll the batting and hang it over a clothes-horse before a hot fire or a register. The heat permeates the cotton, separating the minute fibres, and causing it to expand to much more than its original thickness. This makes the comforter almost equal to the much prized elder-down quilts in warmth and lightness.

If you are using evaporated apples—or other fruit, wash it lightly and quickly in tepid water, then soak over night, and stew in the morning in the water it was soaked in. It is not well to throw away the flavor which has been soaked out. Fruit thus soaked is fresher and better than that put on to cook at once.