

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 12, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE LITTLE KING.

A little face to look at,  
A little face to kiss,  
Is there anything, I wonder,  
That's half as sweet as this!

A little cheek to dimple  
When smiles begin to grow,  
A little mouth betraying  
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,  
A rosy little ear,  
A little chin to quiver.  
When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile,  
All through the night to hold,  
Two little feet so tender,  
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam  
That with the shadow plays—  
A darling little baby  
To kiss and love always.

### THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

Six cabinet photographs, spread out in a row, from the thoughtful girl of sixteen with her mother's brow and eyes, to the dimpled, laughing child of three, whose mischievous face seemed to say she found it great fun to have her picture taken. Quite a family, in these degenerate days when babies are thought incumbrances, not blessings; and evidently an intelligent one, for the pictured faces were bright and interesting, and riant with life and hope. The face of the oldest girl attracted me particularly, it was such a womanly one, as if she had already tasted not alone of life's pleasures but also of its responsibilities. A few words of inquiring comment brought out the fact I had already guessed, that she was "mother's right hand," and the dependence of both father and mother. Kate could take charge of the house if her mother was ill for a few days; already her little brothers and sisters claimed her help over lessons and out of sundry juvenile scrapes. Baby Maude was "Kate's girl," and took her troubles to that sympathizer instead of her mother. I could well imagine what a blessing and comfort she must be to the mother, in a home where the income, not quite equal to the demands of a large, growing family, and a good social position, demanded some economies to keep the "best foot always foremost." Well, I thought, it is not amiss the eldest daughter should be her mother's stay and reliance, in such a family, if undue burdens, either in the way of responsibility or labor, are not laid upon her, nor all her young life absorbed by the demands of others. It develops womanliness and

strength of character to have some duties to do for others' sakes; it teaches unselfishness to be sparing of a mother's toil, and self-restraint to control the whims and wants of younger children. It is not bad discipline—if it does not go so far as to rob youth of its lightness and spontaneity, and makes the girl old in thought and action while yet young in years.

But who has not seen other eldest daughters who were bearing burdens far beyond their strength, either of mind or body, precociously developed in the school of poverty or necessity; upper servants without wages in their own homes? Who has not seen a slip of a girl not over a dozen years old, almost staggering under the weight of a fat lump of a baby that would weigh as much, almost, as she herself? Who has not seen the younger children gather round that patient eldest sister to be helped and comforted and mended and "done up," when the mother put them off with "Run to sister; don't you see I'm busy?" Too many times she is the patient little drudge, a modern Cinderella sitting in the domestic ashes, the one everybody appeals to if they want anything, and nobody ever thinks of thanking. Up stairs for a spool of thread, down cellar for a milkpan, to the wheat-field with a lunch for the men, in the orchard for apples for pies, generally with two or three satellites following her like the tail of a comet, always bidden to hurry and always asked "What made you so long?"—no one ever seems to think she can be tired, or that her work amounts to anything. Thoughtful and careful far beyond her years, she is yet chidden because she forgets or "didn't think." The fat baby makes her round-shouldered, and she outgrows her clothes so fast that she is never presentable, but makes the acquaintance of her mother's guests through the cracks in the parlor door; if you were to ask her what she was born for she would tell you, "To mind the baby." Truly, it is a great responsibility to be the eldest of a large family.

As she grows older, she usually finds her education in self-abnegation continues. Those younger sisters, who have all along been so accustomed to call upon her for assistance, and to prefer themselves before her, soon push her to one side, though still exacting the eldest sister's offices from her. They are apt to be brighter and prettier and more vivacious than she, and remembering how her own youth was shortened and how its deprivations fretted her, she unselfishly tells you she "wants the girls to

have a good time," and puts self aside to secure their good times, a sacrifice they seldom realize till maturity brings a clearer idea of all that was done for them, so cheerfully, so uncomplainingly. She supervises the tea-table if they have company, and tries not to have them mortified by domestic shortcomings. She manages to procure many little indulgences for them; if she earns money it is often less hers than theirs; they absorb her pocket-money with their many wants, and she becomes in womanhood what she was in girlhood, the wheel-horse of the family, the one who really bears the burdens and shoulders the responsibilities, for the mother fails under her advancing years, and relies on her girl to "fill the gaps." Soon she is set aside as "the old maid sister," and left out of all plans and pleasures unless her labor makes her the machine by which they are to be executed. Her life is not unhappy, quite, since sacrifice for others' sake always brings a certain sort of content with it, but as the younger sisters marry and go away to homes of their own, returning to family reunions with husbands and children in whom they are selfishly absorbed, may she not be pardoned if she looks back upon her life feeling she has missed something—missed some development which might have rounded her life into more beautiful and perfect symmetry? All she has asked of those she has so patiently and faithfully served has been love and appreciation; and these, perhaps, are felt most strongly when the worn hands are quietly crossed for an eternal rest—it is only clouds falling upon a coffin-lid that can stir some hearts to tardy justice.

You think this an exaggerated, over-drawn picture? Not so; it is far too true to life in many instances. Not all mothers are so thoughtless or unjust as to permit such usurpation of the rights of one child by another; not all fathers are so unobservant as to permit it; but in nearly every neighborhood you may find some eldest daughter who is giving her youth to "the family," and of whose service little account is made.

BEATRIX.

KEEP a small slate with a pencil securely attached hanging in the kitchen or pantry if you are troubled with a "poor memory." Whenever there is a deficiency noted or any article in stock becomes exhausted, note the fact on the slate and consult it before going to town. Then you will never be compelled to dispatch a small boy in a great hurry to a neighbor's for a "cup o' sugar" or a "drawin' o' tea," and wait for him to make a tardy trip—for the small boy never hurries.



## WHAT IS WOMAN'S DUTY TO WOMAN.

[Paper read before the Ladies' Literary Union of Albion, March 29th, by Mrs. M. E. Henry.]

The subject I have chosen is a very broad one. I did not select it because I thought I could do it justice, but because in the closing of this nineteenth century, the woman question in all its phases, seems so much more prominent than in all the past. Women never claimed so many rights, so great privileges, such unopposed entrance into any and all avenues of promotion and all kinds of work as at the present time. With all this advancement do our duties as women stand still or do they multiply in proportion? Look at woman in all parts of the globe; the farther advancement in civilization, the more women are respected, the more privileges are granted, and the higher her aspirations. Is there a country where women occupy so independent a position as in America? There is no place where they are treated with so much deference by men even the laws framed by men, secure them advantages which are denied men.

Now in consideration of her position and privileges what are her duties to her sister woman? Who can tell? Every woman has duties to herself first; how few consider this properly. What are her duties to herself? First of all her health, which includes cleanliness, rest when weary, plenty of fresh air, and some time to cultivate her mind; the amount of that depends on how many duties she owes others; but she never owes others so much as to entirely neglect herself. I think every woman owes it to herself to cultivate her beauty as well as her mind. If I had time I would like to write a chapter on that one thing.

Woman's next duty is to her daughters, to teach them all she herself knows that will help them avoid the mistakes she has made, and help them make a success of life and look upon the world from a business point of view. Let them choose their own life work, then insist that it shall be perfectly mastered, remembering Carlyle says "Blessed is the man who has found his work; he needs no other blessedness." "There is always room at the top; it is the lower rooms that are always full," just from incompetency. Thoroughly competent housekeepers get from \$12 to \$15 per week now in large cities, with but a little of the daintiest part of the work to do; but they have to know how everything should be done, and to see that it is done as it should be. It looks to me as if the profession of housekeeper or cook would soon rank among the most lucrative. After the daughter has mastered her profession insist upon it that she shall practice it, giving a large share of her time to it; her mind will grow broad and healthy from dwelling on healthy, sensible subjects, and no matter which way fortune's wheel may turn she is independent.

Woman's next duties are to her sons! Some of you no doubt are wondering what that has to do with woman's duties to women. How many married women have not thought, if their husband's mother had taught the man she married to be a little

different in some respects, she would be thankful to say the least? Here it is that the duties to sons are duties to some woman; think of your own early married life, and you will know what your duties in this direction are better than I can tell you. And remember the conditions of the future generations depend largely upon the training of the present generations. If all children had always been trained right, there would be no need of reformatories and prisons, jails and penitentiaries, and I had almost said almshouses, but Jesus said, "The poor ye have always with you;" He taught all through His life to give to the poor, comfort the afflicted and care for the sick.

I wish I could tell you of all women are doing for women in our own and foreign lands. In San Francisco and Oakland, California, there are 33 charity kindergartens. Mrs. Stanford supports five of them in Oakland, three other wealthy senators' wives each support one. In Chicago the good women have established an erring women's home; this is to reach girls who have been betrayed by promise of marriage, many of them of good families, who in their shame leave home to commit suicide; they are doing a noble work trying to make useful and respectable members of society of them. There is a state reformatory at Colorado Springs for unfortunate women. There are industrial schools for girls in New York and San Francisco, managed and largely supported by women; Mrs. Mary A. Dubois tells her experience of over 35 years in Nursery and Children's hospital in New York. The Girls' Industrial School in San Francisco was begun by Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper and her Bible class, with a pledge of only \$7 50 per month; the total receipts reached \$12,000 in 1885. These girls are taught everything necessary for a woman to know, to make a pleasant, happy home. It is wonderful what women are doing for women in foreign lands; I think I may safely say there are three female missionaries to one male, there are more needed. Those of you have read of Ramabai or read her book, will understand the need of women to do a duty to the poor degraded women of India. How many good noble women, born in the lap of luxury and well educated, are giving their time, their money, I had almost said their lives, to go into reformatories, asylums and schools, for the saving of the lowest class; seeing the possibilities where we see nothing but filth and vice, they are raising the fallen, educating the ignorant, and trying to get laws passed to protect the weak and prevent the propagation of that class. We may not be able to do any of the things these women are doing, but we can all do something to elevate the minds and tastes of those less favored than ourselves, who are around us. There is no limit to the improvement of the mind in this world; and Swedenborg says we shall continue to grow in knowledge and good works to all eternity.

We may have an influence over our neighbors that will last into the far reaches of eternity; is it not our duty then to make that influence a good one? The more we do for our neighbor woman, the more we are doing for the advancement of the coming generation. What she learns will be

reflected in her children; and how much faster they will advance, for even a little light from the mother! Also, many a poor ignorant girl has grown into a noble, saintly old age by having the sympathy and association of a good, well educated, well bred Christian woman. Let us each consider our neighbor with all the kindly feelings we would wish in our own behalf. Our neighbor is of just as much importance, no matter how lowly, as ourselves in the sight of God; He is "no respecter of persons," and we are commanded "not to cause one of these little ones to offend," also "to love our neighbor as ourselves;" in all our relations or intercourse let us use all the good sense we have or can command, and not be watching for slights; as the young man told his mother who was questioning him a little more closely than was agreeable: "What is the use of hunting for something you do not want to find?" We can not all be leaders, some must be followers; as followers no one envies us, or watches for our mistakes to criticise. We all wish to be loved; else why all the jealousies in families and neighborhoods? I do not wish to be understood that those who want love most are most jealous; those who show most jealousy are those whose natures have been least disciplined; perhaps they had no wise mother to show them how much they injure themselves in lowering their own moral tone. Carlyle says, "Hatred is but an inverse love." The philosopher's wife complained to the philosopher that certain two-legged animals without feathers spoke evil of him, and criticised his goings out and comings in, wherein she failed not of her share. "Light of my life," answered the philosopher, "it is their love of us unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love more wisely." The last stage of human perversion, it has been said, is where sympathy corrupts itself into envy; and the indestructible interest we take in the doings of others has become a joy over their faults and misfortunes; this is the last and the lowest stage; lower than this we cannot go. How much there is for thought in these few sentences of Carlyle's. Is not taking miffs at little things second cousin to envy and jealousy? and they are own sisters of hatred. Let us judge no one harshly; let us ask ourselves if we would do any better or even as well under the circumstances.

It is our duty and should be our pleasure to make every one with whom we come in contact happy as possible so far as in us lies, and to make the vicinity in which we live the better for our having lived. This can be done by uniform courtesy and kindness, if we can do no more. We do not know the trials and heartaches of our friend or neighbor, when we are low-spirited how a smile or a little polite attention from an unexpected source, will lift the cloud for a moment, and will cheer us. Some writer has compared the human face to a looking-glass, it gives us back the same expression we present there; then is it not our duty to present a cheerful face to each other for our own good, as well as theirs, more especially for us who claim to be "Daughters of the King?"



## DAFFODILLY'S LATEST.

Some fragrant memories were revived by reading the little poem, "A Question in Metaphysics," by U. V. P., of Ionia, contained in a recent number of the HOUSEHOLD. U. V. P. is an old acquaintance of mine, made through the medium of the HOUSEHOLD. The occasion of our first meeting, after a correspondence of several months, was attended by a laughable incident. It was a dark evening in March, 1887. I waited and watched the passengers as they filed through the gate of the Polk St. station in Chicago, eagerly scanning the face of every woman as she passed, seeking the stranger whose letters had long been such pleasant visitors and whose coming in such a manner seemed so novel. The only guide I had was that she would wear a black straw hat and carry a sachel. After waiting what seemed to me a very long time, I selected the only woman who appeared to be a stranger; one who wore a black straw hat knocked sideways, a queer cut cloak, and her arms full of green paper boxes. Just as she made a rush for the gentlemen's sitting room I grabbed her arm and asked, "Is your name Dobbs?" Turning on me fiercely she replied, "No, 'taint." This was a relief. When the real lady "with black straw hat and sachel" materialized and recognized me by the picture I had sent, I was truly thankful. What a merry time we had and what talking when we reached home where Vashti had the little dinner ready, and what an old friend she seemed after staying with us six weeks!

U. V. P. is a little woman of the dark order, with an active brain and ambition enough for twenty women.

Later on, during the summer, "Strong-Minded Girl"—"S. M. G."—let me know through the Editress that she was in Chicago. She made us a little visit which we appreciated highly. She is a brown-haired, gentle, intellectual girl, without a trace of the "strong-minded" flavor.

I wish I knew personally, a good many more of the HOUSEHOLD people. Has any one ever thought that we might have a grand convention some time where we could shake hands all round? It does not seem to me an impossible thing to propose.

I want to-day to offer thanks to the HOUSEHOLD, which has so long come to me like a familiar friend, following me faithfully round through all the changes made since "first we met." For the past five months I have been a "prey to prosperity," have luxuriated in it and lived off the fruit of others' toil, and enjoyed it too. The contrast is wide between "hustling" about early and late for a living, and being settled in the best room in a good boarding house, with no duties more onerous than getting up at seven o'clock in the morning, breakfasting at quarter to eight and kissing one's husband goodbye at half past eight. I will not in this letter however say anything about what I think upon the subject of unmarried independence. It has its charms. There is no benefit without a tax, has been wisely said.

As to St. Louis, I do not like it at all as a city. The greater part of my time has been spent in the church. When I first

came I suggested that we swing a hammock in the vestibule and stay there. My husband is a Methodist and has belonged to the Union M. E. church for ages, or ever since this particular church was organized, and every one who became a member was required to take the oath of allegiance to the government. I have never attended a church where so much work was done by the ladies, and to me such a lot of needless fuss to accomplish nothing, but then I join right in because "somebody might say something, you know." So it goes and I am not half as good a citizen as when working industriously and giving the "widow's mite" wherever it was possible. There is a good deal of humbug in "religion" as well as in other affairs. There are plenty of clever and good people in St. Louis. I think something less than three thousand have been introduced to me and I probably remember the names of ten. What I think or say does not disprove the fact that St. Louis is a great and magnificent city. When I have seen it in summer clothes it will no doubt be more engaging.

ST. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

## HOUSE DRESSES AND SUMMER MOURNING.

A reader of the HOUSEHOLD wishes directions how to make the style of dresses that the famous Flora McFlimsey *didn't* have—dresses to work in, or house dresses of calico and muslin. If a print dress is to be worn entirely for wear in the kitchen, mornings, it is economy of labor and material to make it just as plainly as possible—a plain straight skirt, with a half-fitting sacque, or a blouse waist attached to the skirt, will "fill the bill" satisfactorily, and is at least as neat-looking as a limp ruffle or an overskirt with half the loopings out. But if the dress is to be worn afternoons as a "fix-up," and when fallen from its pristine freshness worn for business, perhaps a little more elaborate style might be desirable.

The young woman who waits on our table wears a dress of striped chevot at a shilling a yard, made with a plain skirt gathered to a belt, waist with a deep yoke and a sailor collar and deep square cuffs as a finish. She looks very neat in it, too. The skirt might be improved by the addition of a straight flounce a quarter of a yard deep, round the bottom, and three tucks above it, the flounce set on under the lower tuck, which thus conceals the seam.

A friend is making up a ten cent satteen, having a garnet ground with small yellow figures on it, for a school dress. It has a plain skirt gored in the usual fashion of skirts, a long drapery containing two breadths of the material draped in a point at the back, and a square apron front. The waist is a jacket or sacque, almost close fitting, tucked in half-inch tucks back and front, and shaped at the waist by taking little darts or seams between the tucks on the wrong side. Such a dress would be quite dressy for home wear of an afternoon, and could be worn a long time without washing. But, when washed, these cheap satteens lose all their prettiness.

As for muslin dresses, beyond the fact that ruffles are to again ornament the skirts,

and that lace is no longer used for trimming them, I have nothing new to offer. The cold weather, which has kept up the coal stoves and made us cling to our winter flannels with affection, does not inspire us with much interest in muslins and lawns. We are promised a revival of the old-fashioned lawns this year, but I have not seen any as yet. Ribbons are to be used profusely as garniture, and two-inch watered ribbon, in all colors, has been selling at 25 cents per yard. Even at these rates, the ribbons on a dress often cost as much as the goods—if of lawn.

A lady asks what are suitable goods for mourning wear in summer. Nun's veiling, Henrietta cloth, clairette, crape cloth and tamise cloth; the latter especially suitable for a traveling dress, which should *not* be crape-trimmed. Use very little crape for trimmings, on any dress. The cheaper qualities, such as are usually the only grades to be found in small towns, are not heavy enough for the requirements of *stylish* mourning, and are perishable to the last degree. Dampness makes such crape "a rag," and it cannot be renovated like the more expensive goods. Dust settles in it and makes it gray and shabby; the brush cannot touch it, of course. If you must walk or ride any distance in your mourning, be content to have it simple black, with perhaps a little crape on the basque, and get the silk nun's veiling for veil. Any one except a widow can wear lustreless silk trimmings on a hat, or a bonnet of lustreless silk and dull jet, with propriety.

BEATRIX.

## HOUSE-CLEANING.

There has not been a word—advisory or deprecatory—in the HOUSEHOLD as yet about this "topic of the time" in rural circles, and I rather guess everybody has been "a doing of it" and saying nothing in order to get the start of her neighbors. For my own part I sympathize with the families of those who clean house early; they all have "the sniffles," the natural consequence of taking down stoves and having all the windows out to wash. There is nothing so cheerless as a freshly cleaned room without a fire, when the east wind is blowing. (I am like "Mr. Jarndyce," I detest east winds.)

House-cleaning is generally considered a big job, and certain ambitious women who never see a lion in the way without wanting to "tackle him," are never content till it is out of the way, no matter if the whole family is uncomfortable and they get pneumonia themselves. Now I like my way of beginning early and finishing late real well; it don't sound so fine in theory but it works well in fact. I begin by putting all the drawers in the closets and bureaus in order, and looking over all the winter clothing, mending such as can do service another year, cutting up that past wear into carpet rags, etc., so that next fall when winter things are needed they will be found in order.

Just here let me advise every person who builds a house never to be satisfied with closets just to hang things in. Have them fitted with drawers; they are splendid to keep out dust and dirt, which will accumu-



late everywhere in spite of us. I have two closets with three deep drawers in each and shelves above, and they are the nicest place in the world for sheets, towels, pillow slips, bonnets, and such things; I would not do without them for twice their cost. I sprinkle cayenne pepper liberally on the bottom of the drawers and fold sheets of blank printing paper to fit them.

Furs I shake vigorously, beating them to get out the dust, put back in their boxes, and paste strips of cloth over the crack between boxes and covers. No moths can possibly get in. Woolen articles, like hoods, knitted caps, mittens, etc., I put into a manilla paper sack, such as grocers use for flour, and paste it securely. Flannel blankets get a good sunning if they do not need washing, are done up in a large linen sheet I keep for the purpose, and this in turn enveloped in two or three thicknesses of newspapers. I live in an old house, comparatively, and have to take precautions against moths, but have never lost anything since I adopted these methods.

When all these things are done it is no very terrible job to clean the rooms, taking one at a time and not getting in a crazy hurry over it. Pantries and cupboards and closets are in order, plans have been laid to work to the best advantage, and no fuss or fretting over it. You don't know how it lightens labor not to worry over it, but just go about it quietly. Papering and painting, if necessary, make more work, but a tranquil spirit will enable one to "bear up in under" the inevitable disappointment by the painters and paper-hangers, who were never known to come when they promised.

I would respectfully suggest to some of the men I know that a little *farm cleaning* would greatly improve the looks of their premises. There are a good many unsightly things which might be put out of sight, and not a little fixing up done. The old plow that ornamented the roadside near the front of the house, the refuse of the woodpile, the rails thrown down to keep vehicles off the sward, the wood-rack and the sled stakes, if conspicuous by their absence, would improve the appearance of the place considerably. Don't expect the women to do all the "bracing up."

HOLLY.

HENRIETTA.

#### DEATH IN THE DISHCLOTH.

A lady having been startled by typhoid fever in her neighborhood some time ago, gives the following good advice about dishcloths: If they are black and stiff and smell like a barnyard, it is enough, throw them in the fire, and henceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, cloths that you can see through, and see if you ever have that disease again. There are sometimes other causes, but I have smelled a whole house full of typhoid fever in one "dishrag." I had some neighbors once, clever, good sort of folks; one fall four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctor ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and strewed about forty cents worth of carbolic acid in the swill pail and departed. I went into the kitchen and made gruel. I needed a dishcloth, looked around and found several

and such rags! I burned them all, and called the daughter of the house to get me a dishcloth. She looked around on the table, "Why," said she, "there was about a dozen here this morning" and she looked in the wood box and on the mantelpiece and felt in the cupboard, "Well," I said, "I saw some old black, rotten rags lying around and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths as those and you must never use such again." I took turns at nursing that family for weeks, and I believe those dishcloths were the cause of all that hard work.

Therefore I say to every housekeeper, keep your dishcloths clean. You may only brush and comb your hair on Sunday; you need not wear a collar unless you go from home, but you must wash your dishcloths. You may only sweep the floor when the sign gets right; the windows don't need washing, you can look out of the door; that spider's web on the front porch don't hurt anything, but as you love your lives, wash out your dishcloths. Let the fox tail grass grow in your garden (the seed is a foot deep any way); let the holes in your husband's foot-rags go undarned; let the sage go ungathered, let the children's shoes go two Sundays without blacking; let the hens set four weeks on one wooden egg, but do wash out your dishcloths. Eat without a tablecloth; wash your faces and let them dry; do without curtains for your windows and cake for your tea, but for heaven's sake keep your dishcloths clean.

HARTFORD.

SEW.

#### A PRETTY TOILETTE TABLE.

I can tell the girls how to manufacture a toilette table which is an improvement on the packing-box furniture which is generally the handy but impecunious woman's resource in emergencies. Have a half circle of suitable size made of pine boards, and supported by three legs; any carpenter can make this at slight expense. This frame is then hung with any suitable goods, as cretonne, chintz, dotted muslin over silesia, first covering the top with a lining, to which is attached the drapery, which should just touch the floor and not be too full. The spread for the top of the table may be finished with a frill of the same, or with torchon or knitted lace, or embroidery, the lace being preferable. In the interests of cleanliness it is well perhaps to make two of these tablecovers. For the drapery back of the table procure a small brass rod or pole, a trifle longer than the table, and attach to it a curtain of the goods with which you have draped the table. Let it fall straight, and decorate the ends of the pole or rod with bows of ribbon. The mirror can be hung against this curtain. An adjustable bracket to hold a lamp is a convenience in dressing by lamplight, and should be arranged at about the middle of the length of the mirror. A couple of pasteboard shoe boxes, taken apart, the pieces covered with the material used for drapery, and sewed together again, the edges finished with a frill of lace or muslin, are convenient receptacles for brushes, combs, etc. The pincushion and other small necessities may be made as pretty and dainty as one feels

disposed, only—don't add a hair receiver; they are all out of date.

A screen is extremely useful in a bedroom; aside from its mission in shutting out draughts, it can be used to seclude the portion of the room used for toilet purposes, and where two persons occupy one room, secure to each much desired privacy; in an invalid's room it shuts out the view of the paraphernalia of sickness, and tempers the light or the heat from the stove. It is strange we see so few of them, but perhaps it is because their convenience is so little known, and because they are expensive. Any man with a genius for handling tools could readily make the frame, which though of plebeian pine could be ebonized, and the panels afford scope for a woman's taste and artistic ideas.

B.

As many women who knit refoot the children's stockings when the foot is past being darned, a good plan is to knit the foot reversed, that is knitting the heel where the instep had previously been. In this way the knee of the stocking, which is generally darned or worn thin by this time, will come on the inside of the leg under the knee, and the stocking will be almost as good as when first knit. Quite often a stocking is let go until it has a great hole in the heel that it seems almost impossible to bring together. If, instead of trying to darn this, you take a steel crochet-hook and fill the cavity by crocheting around until the hole is filled, then sewing or crocheting together, you will have a nice-fitting heel, and if it is done neatly will be far in advance of darning both in durability and comfort.

#### Useful Recipes.

STRAWBERRIES A LA ITALIENNE.—Put a layer of hulled berries at the bottom of a berry dish, sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, then another layer of berries and sugar, and so on until the dish is full. Squeeze over the top the juice of a fresh lemon. Before serving, stir carefully, that all the berries may receive a little of the lemon juice. The flavor is said to be delicious.

BOILED ONIONS.—Slice a pint of peeled onions and put them over the fire with water enough to cover; simmer for five minutes and pour off the water. This will take away the rank taste that they sometimes have in winter. Now add a cup of boiling water, a tablespoonful of butter and a little salt; cook slowly for twenty minutes; add a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of butter rubbed with the same quantity of flour and a little minced parsley. Simmer for five minutes and serve at once. Nice with roast beef or steak.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Peel and slice half a dozen small oranges and lay in a deep dish, and scatter sugar plentifully on as if they were to be eaten raw. Make a soft custard of one pint of milk, and one tablespoonful of rice flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar (heaped), and the yolks of three eggs; cook it in a double boiler, and when it has thickened take it from the fire; flavor with lemon and pour over the oranges; put the dish in the oven and bake fifteen or twenty minutes; then draw it to the front and put a meringue over the top, made of the beaten whites of the eggs and a heaping teaspoonful of sugar.