

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JUNE 2, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BABY IS KING.

A rose-curtained cradle, where nestled between
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant whose praises I sing.
Of an autocrat awful—for baby is king!

Good solemn grandfather dares scarcely to
speak.

Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots
creak:

Grandmother's a martyr in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her nap.

Father, stately and proud, just home from the
House,

Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a
mouse,

To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes
Like an elephant trying to walk on his toes.

Mother, queen of the ball room, throws loyal'y
down

Before him the roses she wore in her crown;
And sings little love songs of how she loves best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunts and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples their fringes, twists collar
and bow;

He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy, fat fists,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed;
He demands all your watches to scatter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then failing to conquer with passionate cry,
He quivers his lips, keeps a tear in his eye,
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing—
He knows the world over that baby is king!

Would you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mamma's eyes.
Mamma's eyes and smiles together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.
Mamma, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 'tis raining.

A LETTER TO THE GIRLS.

DEAR GIRLS—The ladies have written
several letters lately on the subject of hired
help, and perhaps they will not object to a
few written by the girls themselves.

The experience of eight years as hired
girl in a farmhouse has taught me some-
thing of working out, and I have come to
the conclusion that on the whole it is a
good business for a young woman. There
is always a demand for good girls to do
housework, and people generally pay all the
wages the work is worth. There are of
course things that are unpleasant about
working out, there is also about any place
in life. We often feel lonely in the midst
of a happy and loving family, and of
course we have many duties and cares, and
our work is subject to criticism. Still, we
have all our board and wages, and are free

from the responsibilities of a family and the
calls of society, and may lead a contented,
happy life.

It does not make it true for us to say we
are as good as our employers. No, the
ladies we work for are generally superior to
us in many ways. What good girl would
wish to work for a lady who is beneath her?
It would be next to as bad as being married
to a man who is not her equal. Still there
are many of us who are naturally bright,
and if we had the advantages of a good
training and education, would perhaps be
the equals of many who have enjoyed those
blessings. And there are many ways left
for us to improve ourselves, ways that our
time and money will allow. Our friend,
the Editress, has spoken of a good way to
improve the mind by thinking over good
things while we are at work. Then too, let
us adopt a plain; neat style of dress, suited
to our station. Not cheap jewelry, and
summer silks and "plush cloaks" as the
Jackson lady says. If we try to be good
and true, there will be no need of our feel-
ing out of place in society; for we soon win
for ourselves a position of respect in the
neighborhood where we live, and we do not
worry about our social position. Now girls,
the most important factor in our improve-
ment will be, more good reading.

Many of us live in families where several
of the best papers and magazines come
regularly, and in the country, I think our
employers are glad to have us read them all
the time we can yet. Why girls, did you
ever think when you opened the *Century*
or *St. Nicholas*, or the *North American*
Review, that even the ladies of New York
and Boston do not have any nicer papers
than these? Some of us do not have these
excellent magazines to read, and then girls,
let us have a paper of our own. Do you
know there is something very pleasant
about a paper that you feel is yours, earned
by work and paid for? Fortunately there
are many of the best papers in the home
where I live; yet as I need a special help in
Sunday school, this year I have taken the
Sunday School Times; this I try to read
through every week, and it is an excellent
help. Perhaps if a young person has but
a few general papers to read and wishes to
take one of her own, the *Youth's Com-
panion*, \$1.75 per year, is good as any; or
for one more religiously inclined, the *New*
York Weekly Witness, \$1 per year. Any of
us could afford these, couldn't we girls?
Why some of us would not wear a new hat
that did not cost more than either of these.
John Alden, the New York publisher,
sends out many of the best books so cheap

that the poorest can afford to have them. A
copy of "The Story of the Bible," or a
subscription to the *Youth's Companion*
given to the little ones at home, would often
be money well spent. The children of the
poor sometimes need something besides
food and clothing; and a lady of experience
has told me that she thinks one dollar spent
for good reading for children is worth ten
dollars spent on their education a few years
later. It has been a benefit to me to read
but few things and read them well; for you
know our time to read is necessarily limited.
But the new magazines have such bright
pleasant articles in them, they are very
helpful in the quiet of a country life, and
cheer the monotony very much. Good
books fill our minds with contented, cheer-
ful thoughts, and our lives are made better
and happier by them. Now girls, won't
some of you write another letter to the
HOUSEHOLD, and tell us of any thing that
you think will help us to be more womanly—
more of a help to the world?

HIGHLAND.

RUTH CURTIS.

CLEANING THE CELLAR.

Dr. Hanaford, in a letter to the *N. E.*
Farmer, reminds us many malignant dis-
eases have their origin in the impure air of
an uncleaned cellar. He recommends a
careful cleaning, removing all decaying
vegetables, sour brine, refuse of all kinds,
damp earth, rotting wood, and adds:

"The cellar should be as thoroughly
cleaned as if it was to be the seat of an ex-
hibition, for the health of the family is of
more importance than the eyes of the
neighbors! The scrapings from the bot-
tom of the cellar will be of service in the
garden, while a good coating of whitewash
will be of great service in sweetening the
whole premises. I will add that there has
rarely been a season when there was as
great an occasion for cleansing the cellar as
at present, in consequence of the extensive
disease and decay of the potatoes last fall,
many of these having been put in the cel-
lar, a large per cent of which will now be
found contaminating the air of the home.
The sooner they are removed to a respect-
able distance and covered by the soil, the
safer for the family. In addition, it is
necessary to put two opposite windows in
the cellar on hinges, so that they can be
raised, allowed freely to swing, admitting
the escape of the foul air and a supply of
pure, while it will be well to open a side
door on some mild and windy day, that the
air may sweep through the cellar, expelling
the foul gases. This may be safely done
when the weather is not freezing cold."

The American is much coarser, heavier, more sleazy, and the dyes are not fast. We see them marked eight and a half cents in great piles at the merchants' doors, from that price up to ten cents and a shilling, the latter really the only grade worth buying. The French satteens are imported, it is alleged; they have a fine, close twill, even, silky in appearance, often being mistaken for summer silks, yard wide and fast in dyes. Thirty-five cents buys the very best; there is also a grade that sells at 25 cents which is pretty good.

"What sort of gloves are to be worn with silk and lace dresses; and are mitts fashionable." Buy the fine silk gloves to wear with such costumes; they are quite expensive, being worth from \$1 to \$1.25 per pair, and are not very durable; they will not endure hard wear. Mitts are less popular, though still carried in stock by our merchants.

Black hosiery holds its own, though ladies do not hesitate to purchase and wear more delicate shades, especially during hot weather; when the black stockings will crock, despite the asseverations of the salesmen. The black goods are now almost universally woven with the bottoms white to obviate crocking.

"PUT ON MORE COAL."

The doctors are finding out a great many things nowadays, concerning the effects of externals and surroundings upon the physical condition and well-being of humanity. It has been a popular fallacy that a warm house must be unhealthy, and that perfect hygiene demands cool rooms, and a low temperature. The apostles of latter day knowledge tell us, however, that our houses ought to be warm enough so that there is no sensation of chill. Warm rooms are essential to health and beauty. Cold rooms send the blood inward, leaving the skin blue and pinched. The extra clothing worn to keep up the heat of the blood is injurious, dragging down the body with undue weight, and exhausting vitality.

It is a mistaken economy to scrimp in fuel and keep everybody uncomfortable; moreover, the changes in temperature bring on rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases. The constant heat should be sufficient to keep the blood warm at its normal temperature. Think how many colds are due to going into an unwarmed parlor to entertain chance callers, because the sitting room was a little out of order, or the parlor is better furnished! The guest, in her out door wrappings, is fairly comfortable; at least she is not shivering like the poor victim who vainly tries to be cordial with her teeth chattering and the life blood turning to seeming ice in her veins. Better "put your pride in your pocket" and the company in an untidy room than thus interfere with the circulation of the vital fluid.

The cold weather of the present month should be a lesson to those who clean house early not to banish stoves in April. In our uncertain climate, fires are an absolute necessity until the middle of May, often till the first of June. It is imprudent, a rash invitation to colds and all their consequences, to take down the stoves before

settled warm weather. Nor is it best to take down the "good friend," the coal stove, and replace it by the less reliable wood stove, until that time. A wood fire blazes up and goes out unless tended; a coal fire can be kept low and furnish a steady heat. A grate in a house is a comfort, but not to be depended on to warm a room on a cold day; it takes the chill off the air and brightens and dispels the dampness and chill of a rainy day in summer. Where there are no grates, a wood stove ought to be left up during the summer, especially where there are babies or young children, and old people, and a fire built in damp weather to dry the air and promote its circulation.

"Heat is life; cold is death," says an old saw. Remember this, and keep your rooms comfortable. Do not, above all things, attempt to "harden" delicate children by exposing them to cold, or insisting they shall sleep in cold rooms. If the air is very chill, the little ones are apt to sleep with the bedclothing drawn over their heads, a most unhealthful, debilitating practice, but one which shows their instinctive protest against the conditions you enforce upon them.

DETROIT.

L. C.

ABOUT CAKE-MAKING.

"Dorothy," in the *Country Gentleman*, says:

"There are various light cakes, made with soda or baking powder, which when eaten quite fresh have a very pleasant texture, and combine with jelly, chocolate, cocoanut, made cream or fruit, to form a toothsome compound, preferred by some to the standard fine cakes of the pastry cook. But these finer cakes have the merit of keeping much better, so that there is both economy and convenience in making them where a fine cake is required, though the amount actually consumed is small; beside, to the cultivated and exacting palate, these are the cakes demanded as strictly first-class.

"Fine cakes are cheaper, and one may almost say better, on the farm than anywhere else, because butter and eggs, abundant in quantity and above suspicion in quality, are the first essentials. In all cakes approaching pound cake in texture (and pound cake is one of the good old standard kinds which will never go out of fashion), there are two important rules to be observed: One is that the paste or batter must be made quite stiff—much stiffer than the light soda cakes, in which the proportion of butter is small, and the other is that great care must be exercised in baking. A slow oven spoils a plain cake; a quick oven spoils a rich cake. A rich cake requires to be baked slowly and for a long time, and it is usually best to cover the pan with a piece of card-board for a part of the time. When taken from the oven it should be set down gently, and left to cool in the pan in which it was baked.

"The objectionable 'strong' flavor sometimes noticed in pound cake is invariably from an inferior quality of butter or stale eggs being used, or else from carelessness in regard to the pan in which it is baked, which must always be well greased with perfectly

sweet fat or oil, and lined with paper. The best butter is quite as essential for making pound cake as for eating on fresh bi-cuit. More than that, it must be like the real gilt-edged article in being lightly salted. Salt butter should be washed freely in cold water to free it from the excess of salt."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN exchange says: After being caught in a rain or snowstorm with a felt hat and it is wet, on coming inside do not put it to dry without brushing. With the brush begin at the rim and go round and round, always the one way, brushing very hard, until the crown is reached, brushing this in the same way until you finish in the centre the top of the crown; then put it away to dry, and when wanted it will look almost as good as new. Never put a felt hat away while wet without brushing, or it will be spotted when dry. Men's stiff hats may be kept looking nice if treated in this way after being out in a storm.

HOMEMADE Brussels rugs, manufactured out of old carpets or remnants of new from the carpet stores, will sometimes curl on the floor, and refuse to lie smooth. To remedy this it is necessary to shrink them. Tack them firmly to a bare floor, face down, and sponge the wrong side with water. They will dry over night, and when dry will stay where they are put.

Useful Recipes.

BAKED PIE-PLANT.—Remove the thin skin, cut in inch lengths, put into a granite or earthen pudding dish, add a generous quantity of sugar and bake slowly till clear. Stir once carefully that all may cook alike.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Take perfectly ripe, sound, solid berries picked on a dry day, sort them, taking only the largest to preserve. Allow pound for pound of sugar and fruit. Put the berries and sugar together in layers in a large earthen dish and let stand over night. Next day put the whole, very gently, into a preserving pan and bring slowly to a boil. Shake the pan slightly from time to time, and pass a wooden spoon round about the outer edge, to prevent the fruit sticking or burning, but do not stir the berries. Remove any scum that may rise to the surface, and continue to boil, very gently, for twenty minutes. Pour off the juice, put the berries into cans, filling them about two-thirds full, return the juice to the pan and boil slowly till a little will jelly on a cool plate, then fill up the cans and seal.

THE new "Jewel" sewing-machine furnished by the FARMER has the "high arm" which so many ladies prefer, and is in all respects a first class machine, which will do all grades of work, from heavy cloth to fine cambric. It is handsomely finished, with folding leaf, or table, and six drawers. A full set of attachments is furnished with it, quilter, binder, etc., and also attachments by which a ruffle may be sewed to a band and the band edgestitched at one operation, and also a ruffle sewed to a band, the band edgestitched and a piping put in. Every machine is guaranteed to be as represented. A "Jewel" machine may be seen at the FARMER office.

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air may sweep through the cellar, expelling
the foul gases. This may be safely done
when the weather is not freezing cold."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"Naught in this life is gained by chance,
Life is a struggle, not a dream;
And if we would mount on the ladder of
fame,
Our rounds must be perfect as they seem."

Success in life we often attribute to chance, and we find ourselves wondering why one person is so lucky when no more worthy than others; forgetting that luck never made any one great or good. That this life is one of action and of energy, a field of labor where he who strives hardest is most triumphant, becomes daily more apparent. It is not to be expected that fortune, fame and honor will drop upon us without active exertion on our part, but we must be the architects of our own fortune. We are to build our own ladders, and form the rounds from the gnarled and twisted tree of human nature. We should see well to it that every part is perfect and placed upon a foundation firm and strong. The structure rests upon our character and our ability; our character the platform, our ability the beams and braces. This platform will need the greatest test, for upon it we must stand to build the rest. Our characters are formed by many little acts and thoughts. They should all be virtuous ones, untarnished by any vice, that they may increase and become ornaments of great value. We will liken the first round in our ladder to energy, which must bring the weight of strong will and determination to bear upon the weak points in our nature. If we find any flaws in the rounds, they must be remedied, for if we fail in making the first secure our structure will be weak and unsteady.

"So, the rounds, let us make of solid wood.
Let us chisel them well and fit them tight,
That they may not break and let us down
If we should mount to some worthy height."

This life is not all sunshine. Why should it be? As clouds and rain are requisite to the growth of plants, so perhaps the clouds of disappointment and burdens of life are necessary for the development of those virtues which are required to make life worth living; but a large part of life's burdens are self-imposed and wholly needless. Fears of calamities which never happen, a doleful habit of looking at the worst, a suspicious disposition, a jealous turn of mind—these are some of the tyrants that load us with burdens heavy to bear and grievous to carry. We brood over these imaginary things until discontent takes a firm hold upon us, which is like a canker-worm eating and lessening the strength of the round.

Then again we are so willing to decide the life work of others, but when we come to decide for ourselves, we oft-times, as the world says, mistake our calling, and if we fail in one thing, we are ready to drop every thing, then and there, and try something more alluring, in which we are just as liable to fail; as in the case of the Irishman: "Carrying his hod up the ladder and noticing the carriages in the street, he said to himself, 'The rich can ride in chaises, but the poor must walk, be jabez.' He hastened down, threw away his hod, and finding the overseer demanded his wages, saying he was going to carry a hod no longer as he was a bora poet for sure. 'Tell us your poetry,' says the overseer, and Pat began: 'The rich can ride in chaises, but the poor

—the poor—by jabez they must walk.' The inspirations come to us, but as in Pat's case the power to retain and combine them into something nobler and higher is lacking.

But there is something which is sure of success, it is the determination which having entered upon a career with a full conviction that it is right, pursues it in calm defiance of all opposition. If we desire to rise higher and higher as the years speed on, we must climb round by round and at last we will reach the summit of our ambition. We should remember that every duty faithfully performed, every temptation met and overcome, is a round in our ladder to lift us up.

Deeds of sympathy and charity, words of love and encouragement, all tend to our elevation. The opportunities for these lie always before, not behind us, and God's promises of Divine love and help are full and many.

We can do and be as near right as possible now, and saving ourselves from too great repining over what cannot be helped, go forward, reaching out toward higher and better knowledge, attainments and achievements. We should let our light shine as we climb extending a helping hand that others may be induced to rise also, and whatever we do,

"Let us watch our hearts with a jealous care,
Let us drive away every thought of wrong,
And as far as we are able to build,
Make the rounds of our ladder firm and strong."

P.

[The above essay was read at the April meeting of the Siline Farmers' Club, but the name of the writer was not sent us by the Secretary of the Club, hence we regret we cannot give proper acknowledgement.]

FASHION JOTTINGS.

Basques were never so much trimmed and so dressy as at present. A perfectly plain one is absolutely never seen on a dress with any pretensions to style. For instance, a basque of cashmere has a fine pleating set in on the front, reaching only to within perhaps three inches of the top of the darts; meeting this, and tapering to a point at the bottom of the basque, is a plain piece of goods covered with braiding, rounding up in a scallop at the top over the bottom of the pleats; on each side, framing this, is a loose fold of the goods laid in irregular pleats, and a deep turned over collar fits round the neck and down the sides of the fine pleating to cover the top of the loose folds. The sleeves have a braided cuff.

Galloons and braids are still extremely fashionable, they are the most approved trimmings for wool goods. Those of silver or gilt tinsel, combined with black, blue, brown, green, etc., are very pretty. They cost from 50 cents to \$2, according to width and quality, and are used to best advantage on waist and sleeves.

If you are going away for the summer, do not wish to be encumbered with much luggage, yet will have occasion to wear several suits, have two basques made to your best silk and to one of your wool dresses. A plain black silk dress is never over dress for any occasion, a well made and nicely trimmed one is always full dress for anything short of a bridal reception.

One skirt will wear out two waists, easily enough. A lady who is preparing for a summer trip has just had a blue camel's hair made up with two waists. The skirt has a panel of velvet on one side, and on the other are two folds edged with blue and silver braid. One basque crosses diagonally from left to right with a velvet rever, and is closed below with handsome blue and steel buttons. The other has a vest of the velvet outlined by the braid, and a different style of buttons. With these she will wear a blue straw hat, trimmed with wide moire ribbons, and to make it more dressy on occasion, she will pin in a cluster of blue and grey ostrich tips.

The prettiest hat I have yet seen for a six year old was a fine black wide-brimmed affair, with an irregular wreath of yellow buttercups round the crown, "only that and nothing more." And with my eyes upon it I found my lips repeating one of childhood's rhymes:

"Buttercups and daisies,
Oh the pretty flowers!
Coming in the spring time
To tell of sunny hours,"

and smothered the words in a laugh, lest the respectable middle-aged gentleman with the gold-headed cane approaching me should think me lately escaped from Pontiac.

Grey gloves are often worn with grey, black and blue dresses, but the tan shades still remain favorites for general wear. The preference is for a medium stitching upon the backs, instead of the very heavy rows in favor last winter.

If the buttonholes of your basque are worn, or the front is soiled, you can hide the offending portions by adding a shirred vest of surah or other silk, or one laid in fine pleats and edged by some of the galloons now so fashionable. Or a pleated strip of silk can be set in at each shoulder seam and crossed in surplice fashion below.

The sailor suit is just as popular as ever for boys from three to seven or eight years of age. Gingham dresses for the three year old boys have kilt skirt, with white blouse waists and deep sailor collars of the plaid white and blue flannel suits are made in the same way.

How true it is that no matter how handsome the material of a dress, if it is not well made, it has "no style!" I saw a lovely copper-colored plush on the street the other day, a rich and costly material; but the skirt did not hang evenly, on one side it almost touched the walk, on the other it was at least two inches shorter. Neither bonnet nor gloves harmonized with the dress, and in spite of the costliness, the wearer did not look well dressed. B.

AN INQUIRY.

Mrs. H. H. J., of Paw Paw, says: "I have received many valuable hints from our little paper, and now wish to ask if any of the ladies have used any of the creameries advertised in the FARMER, whether they give entire satisfaction, are cheaper and better than 'home made' creameries, etc., etc. Our house was destroyed by fire last winter and we are just building a new one. Of course we are anxious to get the best, so shall be glad to learn from others and profit by their experience."

FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

The robin repeats his two musical words,
The meadow lark whistles his one refrain,
And steadily over and over again
The same song swells from a hundred birds.
Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird and jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or to say.
Into that word, or that sweet little phrase
All there may be of its life must crowd,
And lulling and liquid, or hoarse or loud,
It breathes out its burden of joy and praise.

We have seen the icy chains of winter broken, stealthily the green grass has crept over the bare brown earth, the leaf buds have burst, and the blossoms have come again; the cowslips and wood violets, "johnny jump ups," jorquils, hyacinths and wood anemones. The dandelion shows his bright face, and if we knew him by any other name we would go into raptures over the fine cut leaves and beautiful color. But with the flowers, who would from choice be natural, but are forced at times to be artificial, as with everything else they pass through so many changes. Oh, for a glimpse of an old fashioned flower garden, where each plant had an individuality of its own, and refused to lose itself in something else; where the roses could clamber about where they pleased, unrestrained by trellises and stakes, where hollyhocks rejoiced in being single and had never heard of being double; where there were no set rules for beds, but everybody knew his neighbor, the modest little bluebell lived in the shade of the gaudy pæony, golden candlesticks and the tiger lily, brilliant in color and spotted as an adder, moss pinks ran riot among the tulips and narcissus. And the roses—no hybrids then. The beautiful Damask rose growing as luxuriantly as in its native home, the cunning little "button" rose, the delicate yellow and stately white, and the bachelor buttons, or old maid's delight, ragged robins, lilacs, white and purple and Persian, and then in some pleasant sunny spot were the old fashioned marigolds and poppies. The old fashioned flower garden! Would our grandmothers recognize their favorite flowers in the doubled and variegated ones of to-day?

Oh, changes will come to all flowers that grow, and single will merge into double, I know; The tulips and poppies, I scarce recognize With petals so many, so mixed up the dyes. The old fashioned flowers, I cling to them yet, The favorites of childhood I ne'er can forget; And if time in passing should rob me of sight The memory of them will ever be bright.

We older people are veritable children in our eagerness for spring and the flowers and birds. What a thrill of joy fills our hearts when the first notes of the robin are heard; "Cheer up! Cheer up." that is all there is of it, over and over again, the first thing in the early morning before there is a streak of light. I know, for I have a trick of waking up at that hour and it has become a habit; but I believe I am more than repaid for losing that nap so many feel to be a positive necessity, by the concert that I hear. There is a large wild cherry tree nearly across from our house at the roadside and there the birds congregate, and such a trilling and warbling I never heard, while high above all others, clear and distinct, is that one refrain "Cheer up! Cheer up!" Dear little robin, friend of my childhood and womanhood, many and many a time when I have felt that hope and heaven were a long way off, your sweet little song has

given me strength to take up the burden of life again. Life would be simply unbearable were it not for these beautiful things that God scatters along our pathway. And yet we begrudge the bird the little fruit he wants to eat, and put scarecrows in the strawberry bed and cherry tree for fear he will steal some. He is only taking what belongs to him, he picks up the bugs and worms from the trees so we can have the fruit, and he chooses to take his pay in a few cherries and berries. There is no gun on the premises, and if there were I should intercede for the robin's life.

And this is all that the flowers and birds amount to. Their season is short. The flower gives off its fragrance, its beauty pleases the eye, it fades and dies, but comes again the next season. The bird knows nothing but its own note. It gives its one song for our pleasure—it is all it can do—over and over again. And the lesson of the two is the same, let us learn it and take it home. Let us give of our best; it is such a little while at the longest that we are here; our lives, like theirs, are short; we live our lives and then we yield them up, our bodies return to the earth, resolve into different elements, our souls into the great beyond—to the Father who gave.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

DOYLIES.

A set of doylies, a tray cloth, and a napkin to spread under the meat platter to protect the table cloth from accidental splashes of gravy, a smaller one to designate the spot for the vinegar cruet, pepperbox, mustard and other condiments, and still another to lay in the bottom of the low cake basket, are little accessories to the dining-table which modern usage has made almost necessities. They are little trouble to make; any girl at all skillful with her needle can soon accomplish them in odd moments, the expense is slight, and the work easy. If you have an old linen sheet, not too fine, use the best portions of it; if not, buy the moderately coarse butchers' linen, or the coarse linen sheeting. If too fine, it is trying to the eyes to pull the threads and the decoration is not as effective. The doylies should be eight inches square; pull threads for a hem a quarter of an inch wide, or fringe out three-fourths of an inch all round, and a quarter of an inch from the fringe draw five or six threads and hemstitch (no hem of course) on both sides. Then, a little way from this, in the lower left hand corner, with Turkey red cotton in outline stitch, work a straight line four inches long each way from the corner, or far enough to enclose the design which is to be worked in this corner. Select some simple floral pattern in bold lines, and outline it carefully with the red cotton. The same design can be used for all, or each may differ. The Briggs transfer patterns come in play here; or, if you find a pretty design elsewhere it easy to transfer it by laying the linen over it, holding it to the light and tracing with a pencil. Daffodils and tulips are good patterns, because they give bold, slightly curving lines. Wild roses, buttercups or pansies will work well. Something new in this line was recently

shown at a Woodward avenue fancy store. The doylies were about eight inches square when done, with an inch wide hem and row of hemstitching. In the centre a five inch square was outlined, and in this small scattered flowers were worked in red silk, and connected irregularly by finer lines in olive brown silk; these fine lines were to imitate crackle ware.

The tea cloth, or tray cloth, should of course be larger, and should be adapted somewhat to the size of the table. It should be sufficiently large to hold the saucers, the cups in groups of two, sugar bowl, spoonholder, cream pitcher, and stand for teapot. The edges may be fringed or hemstitched; the first is prettier, the last "newest," and the designs are put in the corners. Two spoons crossed, a pitcher, a cup and saucer; an urn, are appropriate. Sometimes a tea-kettle is worked in the large space in the centre.

The cloth under the platter follows the general style of the other, and is large enough to show its edge and corners; it is often put on cornerwise. A carving knife and fork, crossed, makes a good design for the centre. The cake napkin is worked in flower pattern, and no arbitrary size can be given. It has been discovered that a doyley is necessary for the dish in which boiled eggs are served. The doyley is laid in the dish, the eggs placed in it, and the corners folded over them to keep them warm. To decorate it, draw a circle three inches in diameter in one corner, whose outer edge shall be two and one-half inches from the extreme tip of the corner, within the circle draw three eggs, and nearest the corner some broken lines to be worked in yellow silk and represent straw, outline the eggs and the circle with white silk, darn the space inside the circle above the eggs with light blue silk, and that below them and next the straw, with dark yellow-brown silk. Only one corner is decorated; the edges are fringed, and two rows in outline stitch are worked around the entire doyley in yellow silk.

These little things add a good deal to the daintiness of the table, and are little labor either in making or using.

CLEANING PAINT.

During the house-cleaning season the washing of the paint is of great importance to the housewife. Where cleanliness is the only thing desired, there are a number of labor-saving soap powders in the market that will do the work well, with very little hard work on the part of the housewife, but, unfortunately, the greater number of them contain soda, and are for this reason injurious to the paint. Soda is an excellent thing to remove dirt, but with the dirt it is too apt to take the paint; therefore, if a woman wishes to keep her paint looking nice, she will not use soda as an assistant in cleaning it. Another objection to the use of soda is that it injures the hands, making them rough and sore. This objection is the worst, for with sore hands it is anything but a pleasant task to do the housework. To be sure, all soaps to a more or less extent contain soda, but most good soaps, and none but the best soaps should

be used in the kitchen, contain such a small proportion that there is little danger of their doing much injury to either hands, or paint.

Begin work by dusting all the ledges over the windows and doors, then the panels and casings of doors and windows. There are many kinds of cloths used for washing paint, but there is nothing that does the work as well as old flannel. Old worn-out underflannels should be put aside especially for this purpose. Always use two cloths, one for washing, the other to wipe dry. The washcloth should be of flannel, and the dryer either clean white flannel or clean crash. Old cotton cloth is often used to wipe dry, and where crash or flannel is not at hand it does very well, but it is not as good in any way as the other cloths, and should never be used in preference. Have a wooden skewer and a small flannel cloth to go into crevices and corners. Have a pail full of warm water, and with the flannel washcloth go over the paint, using some good soap. Don't wet the cloth so it will run down on the paint, thereby leaving streaks that will be very difficult to obliterate. Wet the cloth and wring out, not too dry, but just enough to keep the water from dripping.

Do not wash too large a space at a time, or there will be a difference noticed when the paint is dry. Wipe each piece first with the washcloth wrung out dry as possible, then wipe immediately, being careful to wipe well where the spaces join, so there will not be any dark mark between. Before cleaning the paint it is best to have the floor washed up clean and thoroughly dry, so that when doing the mop boards and lower part of doors the cloth will not smut the paint in consequence of coming in contact with a dusty floor. Have an old thick mat upon which to set your pail and cloths when not in use, and the floor will not be covered with little puddles of water, as is usually the case where the pail stands on the bare boards. When the paint is thoroughly dry and clean, rubbing it over with whiting on a soft cloth will give it a nice polish. Delicate shades of paint that are not much soiled may be cleaned by using a little whiting in the water. Grained wood can be cleaned nicely with tea, having it of medium strength and well strained. This will not remove the gloss, which the use of soap will surely do. Ammonia in the water should never be used for cleaning paint, for, although excellent as a cleanser, it gives the surface of the paint a dull, dead look, as it removes the polish. Where the room is to be repainted, ammonia water will remove the dirt quicker, and with less labor, than anything else, and will be found excellent for the purpose.—*American Utilitarian*.

SEVERAL letters to the HOUSEHOLD were received too late for insertion this week. Copy should be sent in early in the week if desired it shall appear the Saturday following, as the HOUSEHOLD is "made up" Wednesday morning. The Editor has a great yearning for more letters; her cup of happiness runs over when the compartment in her desk devoted to the HOUSEHOLD is full of "copy."

AN IMPROMPTU DESSERT.

We country folks do not usually have formal callers in the forenoon, but to-day some city people drove out and spent the whole day in making short calls, and it so happened that one party came in just as another took their departure, and when the last ones went it was too late to prepare the dessert planned for dinner. I intended to make a steamed pudding, and had some dried peaches simmering on the back of the stove for its fruit. All that was to be done was to take a pint of milk, a little salt, thicken with prepared flour, add the peaches, or any other fruit, steam over the potatoes and serve with sugar and cream, but there was not even time for that now; so I put a half dozen crackers, lightly buttered, into each dish in which it was to be served, poured just enough boiling water over to soften them, covered with a layer of the peaches and set the dishes in the oven to keep warm. Then when we were ready for it, covered with cream and powdered sugar, and it was all eaten with a relish, no one dreaming that it was a make-shift arranged all in a minute.

The prepared flour is made by mixing one package of Horsford's Bread Preparation with twenty-five pounds of flour; and I always keep the mixture on hand because it is so very convenient. Whether for biscuit, chic-en-pie crust, dumpling, steamed pudding or pancakes, the process is exactly the same and always so easily done.

I like my own way of putting butter on the table, but know of no one else who manages as I do. Each one has his or her own butter plate, as is common with napkin rings. One has Melrose ware and another an Indus, one plain white and another with a gilt band, one square and another leaf-shaped. These are filled, brought to the table and carried away on a tray used just for that purpose, and only need washing occasionally. There is no scraping of butter from any dish, no one of the family eats after another, and there is no waste. I have a little stamp—just a letter C—that was cut out with a jack-knife on the end of a stick of maple stove-wood, then sawed off and trimmed down for a convenient handle, and it makes such cute little cake, a trifle larger than a silver dollar and just right for these dishes, but of course I only use that in cold weather. EL SEE.

WASHINGTON.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If quilts are folded or rolled tightly after washing, then beaten with a rolling pin or potato masher, it lightens up the cotton and makes them seem soft and new.

DARK blue drilling makes very neat and pretty aprons for certain kinds of work. The amateur artist, for instance, can wear such an apron and find it a great protection from paint.

If you do not wish your stoves to rust during the summer, store them in a dry closet or attic. Better let them remain up all summer than put them away in a damp place. It is customary to rub the stove over with kerosene before storing it, but an ex-

change says a better way is to mix stove polish with melted lard, and then rub this well over every part of the stove and pipe.

To take rust out of steel, says an exchange, rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslacked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woollen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

STALE bread or biscuit can be steamed and rendered as nice as when fresh. Cut the bread in slices and stand them in the steamer, leaning against a bowl in the middle, so the steam will reach every part of the slices. Let them remain for five or six minutes, remove the cover, turning it up quickly so the condensed steam on it will not drop on the bread, butter each slice as it is removed, pile lightly on a hot dish. Split the biscuit, observe the same precautions in steaming, and serve in the same way.

Contributed Recipes.

POTATO BALL.—One cake of yeast, dissolved in a very little water; one teacupful of mashed potatoes; one tablespoonful sugar; one teaspoonful salt. Mix first with the potatoes, then with the yeast; ready for use in two days. To use, take half a ball, mix with two quarts water or milk and proceed as usual. Another cup of potatoes seasoned as before, mixed with the other half ball, gives the stock for next day's baking.

LIGHT ROLLS.—Warm a quart of milk, add two beaten eggs, one-fourth pound butter, one cup yeast and flour to knead. Make at night if wanted for breakfast.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—One cupful of cold boiled hominy; one tablespoonful of melted butter; stir hard. Moisten with a cup of cold milk, beating to a soft light batter. Add one teaspoonful sugar, and last a well-beaten egg; roll in balls, with floured hands, and fry in hot lard.

COOKIES.—Eight cups of flour, sifted; two of sugar; one of butter; two eggs; one cup sweet cream; one heaping teaspoonful baking powder; flavor; sift white sugar over them; roll out and bake in hot oven.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup sugar; half cup shortening; half cup molasses; two-thirds cup warm water; one-fourth teaspoonful salt; one teaspoonful ginger; flour enough to roll; dissolve one teaspoonful soda in the molasses.

APPLE PUDDING.—Two cups bread crumbs; two cups chopped apples; one cup sugar; four eggs; one cup milk; scald the milk and pour on the crumbs. Eat with warm sauce, or sweet cream. Another pudding which is nice cold, we think, is made by beating the yolks of six eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and stir in a quart of milk; when it comes to a boil, put in two tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, dissolved in a little milk, stir hard. Beat the whites to a froth, add three tablespoonfuls sugar, spread over the pudding and brown. ETHELDA.

NILES.

PIE-PLANT PUDDING.—Remove the thin skin, cut into half-inch lengths, cover the bottom of a deep pie plate or pudding dish thickly with the pie-plant, and pour over it a biscuit dough made soft enough to spread with a spoon. When the crust is done, loosen the edges with a knife, invert the pudding on a plate, leaving the pie-plant uppermost. Sprinkle abundantly with sugar and serve with cream and sugar.