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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOMELY COUNSEL.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse.
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse;
And the time you spend complaining
And groaning about the load
Would better be given to going on,
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear—
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,
As oft, there is grace in speech—
And I see, from my higher level,
'Tis less the path than the pace
That wearies the back and dims the eye
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear,
And to spare, when all is told:
And love must mourn its losses,
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;
But the spell of the craven spirit
Turns blessing into curse,
While the bold heart meets the trouble
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster
That will presently pass away,
And believe a brig it to-morrow
Will follow the dark to-day.
There's nothing gained by fretting;
Gather your strength anew,
And step by step go onward, dear,
Let the skies be gray or blue.

—Harper's Bazar.

A SPOILED BABY.

I have been living in the same house with a spoiled child for the past three weeks. I devoutly hope that the kind Providence which is said to watch over the destinies of each individual of the race has no further experience of the kind in store for me. What do you think of a child not yet four years old, who rules his father and mother with a rod of iron, by virtue of his cries and kicks and screams when crossed? Yet that is what this boy did. When he said come, his obedient servants approached to do his bidding; when he bade them go, they went humbly. Anything his mother did not wish him to do was what Master Claude wanted to do most, and he invariably conquered. "Don't do it" roused instant opposition. Neither coaxing or threats were of the slightest avail toward altering his disposition to do exactly as he pleased; the only way he was ever managed into doing what he had resolved not to do, was through an intrigue worthy of Talyrand, deceiving him into thinking he was having his own way. If I heard him tell his mother "I won't" once I did five hundred times, and he meant it every time. He never was known to say "Yes, mamma."

The evenings were spent in getting him

to sleep, which was what the Zulus call "fighting the fight of sit down" a work of infinite patience. His mother took him in her arms and sang lullabies as if he were four months old instead of four years. If he felt himself "going off" he ordered "Sing louder," or insisted on being put down to play again. When at last the despot slept, everybody must move about with cat-like tread and speak in whispers—and we were perfectly willing to do anything to prolong our brief respite from "the Chicago terror." He quarreled with every child in the neighborhood, and was rescued from many a battlefield by his watchful mother; he was a bully but he was brave; there was plenty of fight in him. His father had arranged to go to a base-ball game; Master Claude said, "You s'an't go, papa;" you s'all take me to fish." "Oh, let poor papa go to see the game, won't Claudie dear?" No, Claudie dear wouldn't. The fiat having gone forth, "Olympus shook and Jove resumed his soup." But papa eluded Master Claude's vigilant eye, and made his escape through the alley. And oh my countrymen, what a howl was there! He kicked and screamed for half an hour, then settled into a steady monotonous cry, that he kept up until his father came home. And what did he do then? Sobs and screams were redoubled at first, then he said: "I kill you, Papa Smith, you go 'way 'nother time I want to fish." And Papa Smith only said, "There darling, papa won't go 'way and leave his precious treasure again."

His mother excused his "crossness" by saying he was sick. Well, he was. But it was easy enough to see what made him sick. He ate caramels for breakfast, marsh mallows for dinner, and chocolate creams for supper. "Want my candy" was the first demand in the morning. "No darling; have some of Auntie's lovely oatmeal first, some Auntie cooked on purpose for Claudie, in the pretty blue saucer." "Me won't nas'sy old oatmeal; can - d - - - y," and the candy was produced. He threw his saucer at his mother because she refused him the third help of red raspberries, and the whole house was roused at midnight to treat a bad case of cholera morbus, which had one good effect at least—he was comparatively quiet for a couple of days.

Nerved, probably, by the evident disapproval of her methods of indulgence, manifested by every person in the house, his mother "spunked up" sufficiently one day to contest his intention to make a choice collection of mud pies after she had dressed him beautifully preparatory to taking him

down town with her. The house re-echoed with his passionate screams. She carried him, screaming, to the bathroom, closed the door, and prepared for an adjustment of the difficulty. Some sound spansks applied "where mothers smite their young," provoked louder screams and cries of "Please don't"—the only time during his stay he was heard to say please to any one—followed by "I will, I will." But when his mother started to go down stairs, expecting him to obey her, he cried, "I won't, I won't, I won't!" in a crescendo scale. Four times did she spank him soundly, with this same result, and after the fourth time she took him down stairs, still screaming "I won't," still unconquered. She feared to prolong the fight; the child was white as death and the mother not less so. He cried for an hour and a half longer in a nervous, hysterical fashion, which made everybody feel they would prefer to hear "the banshee's wail." A couple of hours later, he climbed into his mother's arms and putting his arms around her neck, confessed: "Mamma, I was a bad boy; I's sorry." And that broke the poor mother completely down, unnerved as she was by the previous conflict, and she had a nervous spasm.

Well now, if we were not thankful to see the carriage come to convey this small but interesting family to the station! Even the lady whose guest they were was glad to have them go. She has several mementoes of the visit which I fancy will keep her from desiring a repetition—a Parian marble statuette which now resembles the Venus of Milo in that it is armless, a piano out of tune, the fragments of a handpainted fruit plate, a smear of jam on a beautiful plush chair. The rest of us speak of "the Chicago terror" as the superstitious Scots talked of the wizard Michel Scott, as if we fear a mention of him would raise him like an imp of darkness in our midst.

I dare say some mothers with lovable, obedient children will say this is an exaggerated picture. But it is not. I could tell as much more with perfect truthfulness. Enough has been said to emphasize the point I would make, the absolute necessity of teaching a child obedience while he is in the cradle, if he is to be controlled afterward. Master Claude had by nature a stubborn will, a determination of character which would become a blessing or a curse, according to his training and development. These traits he inherited from a remote ancestor, since father and mother were evidently of no particular firmness of character, or they would not have so weakly

submitted to the little tyrant. I have seen many unmanageable children in my life, but I never saw one so thoroughly, so terribly spoiled as this one. If his parents have no authority over him at four years, what will he be at twelve and at twenty? Indulged in everything, crossed in nothing, knowing absolutely no restraint, my heart goes out in pity for this mother, who is so surely to reap the whirlwind of an ungovernable nature. She says, "He'll know better when he is older;" I know the utter absence of any teachings in self-control, the unbridled license, is ruining him for youth and manhood. His fits of passion when thwarted terrify his mother even now, and she yields the point at the outset for fear of increasing his anger; he is like a little madman when roused; he threatens "I'll kill you," and bites and scratches like a little tiger-cat. The policy of surrender is intensifying all his evil propensities.

What will be the consequences in later years? Can he have respect for the laws of his country, the great code of justice and morality, the authority of the law, when all his life he has been subject to no guidance or control? It is just such spoiled children, whose law has been their own wills only, who fill the criminal wards of our prisons. They have been educated for the penitentiary. The indulgence is ruining soul and body; for the physician called says the constant diet of unhealthful food, which his mother cannot deny him, is surely undermining a naturally frail constitution. I could not but feel that the pain of losing him by death in infancy might be far less than the agony his self-will and passion might bring upon his parents in after life; but what an unruly little lamb he would be in the Heavenly pastures!

Now, what can be done with such a child toward reducing him to subjection? How can the mistakes of the past be rectified and this little one be taught obedience and submission? Is it possible to do it? Is the error of early training retrievable, or must he go on and on, getting worse all the time? If reform is possible, how is it to be brought about? These are questions which I have pondered over not a little, and on which I should very much like to hear the opinions of mothers.

BEATRIX.

"UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL MOON."

Perhaps it ought not to be a rare experience, but I do not always feel like saying as to-night, the world is very fair and beautiful. I came out from the city to-day, from amidst its busy scenes and many faces, and greet again the quiet hills in this pleasant village. And to-night, under the light of the stars, with the calm influence of the night around me, I gather up some of the happy experiences and recollections of this place. In the soft light the landscape has a peculiar charm, and the shadowed hills, grown dear and familiar to me, look up with such majesty to the calm sky where the stars wait. The hills are emblems of security and rest. Above them the stars seem to "watch and wait always," but even now as I look into the heavens I see two shining lights move from their place and fall down into darkness.

The world is always fair by moonlight.

I think we are less familiar with the beauty of the night than that of the day. We less often study its phases, less often listen to its gentle voices. The poet says night is the time for thought, for tears, for death, but I do not recall that he says anything about its being the time for sleep. That is very prosaic, but it is very refreshing.

What sweet and curious mementoes and memories remain to us of our journey! Here and there only a look or a sentence, a good bye said when the heart gathers up in the farewell a thousand beautiful gifts of sincere friendship. Ah! the power of these remembrances which throng the galleries of the soul, and send thought back over the vanished years.

Then there are the tiny tokens, just a little blossom gathered at the foot of a fall dashing down one hundred feet or more, where we clambered down the rocks and resting under their shadow, skipped pebbles across the stream, catching now and then a quiver of song and the flash of a wild-bird's wing above us. We brushed the petals from the delicate wild flowers blooming along the woody margin of the stream, and caught sometimes a breath of fragrance from some hidden source wafted down the way. I think I shall never again gather the ferns without recalling some of the wild and picturesque spots here where I have seen such a wealth of these fairies of the woodland. A lake in a rocky basin over two hundred feet deep; great rocks a wonder to my eyes, full of story too, I know; a wild, steep, winding path cut out to the foot of the lake; great white overhanging cliffs, with interlocking branches over the moist paths. Here is treasured all the beauty wrought in shade; the moss covered roots, the rocks grown green and over them the bending fern trailing its delicate festoons. Such a fernery! great trailing masses of feathery beauty on the hillsides, ferns creeping everywhere, careless in their frail beauty, trusting the seclusion of nature in this quiet, weird spot. It is something grateful to the heart to sit under the great rocks, to push aside the clinging branches and follow down the rocky moss-grown path; to hear only the rustle of the wild-bird's wing, only the gentle stirring of a twig here and there. Nature is calm and strong in her beauty. She inspires the heart with courage and daring, but though she smiles in her calm, she cannot satisfy the warm human soul. She bears us no breath of loving lips, she has no answering voice for our deeper yearnings.

S. M. G.

JAMESVILLE, N. Y.

STICK TO THE FARM.

[Abstract of an address before the Farmers' Association of Gun Plains and Otsego, Mich., by Rev. J. Fletcher, Aug. 18, 1888.]

There is a growing distaste, on the part of the sons and daughters of farmers, for the occupations of their fathers and mothers. The trend of our population is toward the cities and villages. I wish to present a few reasons in favor of sticking to the farm.

If you are in possession of a good farm with a perfect title, and without a mortgage, your capital is always safe; it is something

you cannot lose. It is not affected by the changes and reverses in the business world. If there is anything sure and reliable in this world it is a farm in fee-simple. Now if you leave the farm and go to the city to engage in trade, as many do, very likely a first class farmer is spoiled to make a fifth-rate business man. I have seen men sell good farms, then invest the proceeds in business, and trust out their capital and lose it. It is easy to get rid of a good farm by the pound and by the yard, in the form of meat, or groceries, or dry goods.

It is in your power as a farmer to increase your capital year by year. The shrewdest business man is not always able to preserve his; it will sometimes be swept away in spite of the keenest vigilance. You can not only preserve but increase yours at your pleasure. The planting of fruit and shade trees, the digging of a ditch, the building of a barn, a bridge, or a school house, improves your property, and increases the capital invested.

You are sure of a good living. The best of everything, the fat of the land, is in your houses; for proof of this, we need look no farther than the amply supplied tables from which you have just arisen. I have known people to leave their farms and go to the villages to enjoy themselves and to have a rest from work; very soon they were just as tired of having nothing to do, and of buying poor, thin milk by the pint, carrying home in a paper sack half a dozen eggs of questionable age, and on a wooden dish a pound of butter of such quality as would not have been tolerated in the old farm house.

Farming is the oldest of the occupations, and among the most useful. The farmer is a producer of wealth, his labor is at the foundation of all our material interests. It is the annual products of the farm that give impulse to business everywhere.

The advantages of Michigan as an agricultural State are not as widely known as they should be. In some States the number of farm products that can be successfully cultivated is very small. And often if one thing fails, everything fails. In Michigan the variety is very large, and if one thing fails other things will very likely be unusually abundant. Enumerate in your own mind the great variety in grains, fruits, roots and grasses to which the soil and climate of Michigan are congenial. Then as a rule crops are good. The reports of the Department of Agriculture show the cash value per acre of the farm products of ten of the leading agricultural States of the Union, and Michigan stands first. The average value per acre in the ten states is \$11.17. The minimum is in Nebraska, \$7.89. The maximum is in Michigan, \$15.63. Then every farm in Michigan is reasonably near a good market; schools, social and postal privileges are within reach of all.

Farmers, keep clear of heavy debts. Watch the signs of the times, and have such products for sale as will command a good price and a ready market. Be social, exchange ideas and experiences, and thus help each other. Look out for sharpers, and you cannot fail, with industry and economy, to be prosperous and happy.

ABOUT CANNING CORN AND MAKING BREAD.

To the lady who has asked for a recipe to put up corn, I would make answer, the first method mentioned in the HOUSEHOLD of August 18th is the only reliable way that I have ever found and I have tried several. I have also tried the tartaric acid process and have known others try the same, but would advise "Don't waste your corn." By the first method named I have canned corn for several years, and it is as sweet and nice when opened as when first cut from the cob. I never lost but one or two cans in all, and that loss was due to the use of old hard rubbers. I use pint cans and cook about two hours and a half. Be sure your rubbers are all right.

As we are likely to have but few potatoes in most localities again this year, and some think they cannot have good bread without them, I will send my method of making bread without potatoes. Put one Magic yeast-cake to soak until perfectly dissolved; then stir about one quart of sponge moderately stiff, add the yeast, set to rise (this I set about five o'clock in the afternoon). Then at bed-time add one quart of new milk; stir briskly into a sponge; cover closely and set aside until morning. The first thing in the morning knead into a mould, cover again, and when light work into loaves; let rise. This makes five good sized loaves of the whitest, nicest kind of bread, and is baked and out of the way early.

OLD HUNDRED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. N. D., of White Lake, wishes to know how to clean a white brocaded silk neck-scarf. We have little doubt such an article could be cleaned in the same manner as the white silk neck handkerchiefs, simply by washing it in a lather made of tepid water and white castile or ivory soap. Draw the silk softly through the hands, not rubbing or wrinkling it; rub no soap on it, use plenty of water and rinse in clear warm water, spread on a towel, lay another over it and roll up, pressing the water out in this fashion instead of wringing the scarf, transfer to a dry towel, and when nearly dry press, under a towel, with a warm iron. We think this would prove more satisfactory than an attempt to clean it with gasoline.

N. E. B. asks if a note, to be delivered by a friend, should be sealed or unsealed when handed by the writer to the person who is to deliver it. Unsealed; but the one who receives it should himself seal it at once, in presence of the writer. This question, we think, has been answered in the HOUSEHOLD before.

"Is it a slight to be invited to attend a church wedding, and not receive cards for the reception which follows?" asks a lady who details the circumstances attending such an occurrence at considerable length. No; there is no slight whatever in such an invitation. Houses are seldom large enough to enable cards to be sent inviting all the friends of both bride and groom to the reception, and society puts an equal value on invitations to the church. But this lady complains that some persons received cards

for both ceremony and reception. She should consider her own invitation a compliment, and not cavil if her friends avail themselves of their undoubted right to discriminate in their invitations in favor of relatives and closer friends. Never take offense unless you are sure offense is meant—even then do not be in a hurry to do so. Many trifling oversights may occur, at such times, despite great care; one gains in self-respect and the esteem of others by not noticing them. It is silly to get angry and break off a friendship.

Those who receive cards to a church wedding should call on the young couple soon after, and include them in invitations; the duty is still more obligatory on those who were asked to the reception.

HINTS OF COMING FASHIONS.

The new woollens for autumn wear are in solid colors woven in stripes, as for instance repped stringes alternating with diagonal stripes, corded stripes with satin finished, while others are the plain weaves with borders of stripes or cashmere figures. Henrietta cloth is holding its own as a fashionable material, and one who has contemplated the purchase of a dress of this goods need not change her mind as to the desirability of the investment. Rough camel's hair and serge are popular, and the soft fine chuddah cloths. Drap d' alma is revived; it is a very durable material in the more expensive qualities; and ladies' cloth is imported in all the new colors for winter street wear.

Green promises to be one of the favorite colors for autumn wear, especially *reseda*, which is the green of mignonette, and dark and bronze shades. Grey will also be much worn, especially in the new *oxide*, the dull darkness of oxydized silver. There are also granite shades which are quiet and stylish. Red is also to be worn again, in mahogany shades as well as those much brighter in color. Dark blue is "out."

Ribbons and plumes are to trim fall hats, which it is said are to have lower crowns and wider brims. The trimming is to be massed upon the top of the hat, however, a large bow of ribbon being on top of the crown, with its loops pointing forward. Black hats are stylish wear with any colored dress. Ribbons are very fancy, woven in stripes; the ribbons are solid color, the contrast is afforded by the weaver's art. We are told the plumes used are to be large handsome ones laid flat upon the brim of the new style hat. Whether this will prove a "taking" fashion remains to be seen.

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

A correspondent of *Good Housekeeping*, who gives us the axiom "All sweetmeats keep best in small pots," says:

For all preserves care must be had in selecting fine-looking fruit and keeping its shape through the entire process, and also in making the syrup clear and thick.

Light-colored fruits, as pears, peaches and apples, may be dropped in cold water as they are pared, this will keep the color good, but they must not be left too long or the flavor will be extracted. Here the rule

of doing a small quantity at a time applies. Pears have so little flavor of their own that they are much improved by the addition of lemon or ginger. The preserved lemon rind is the best to use, as is also the preserved ginger; but fresh lemons or dry ginger root give a pleasant flavor.

It is not so important to keep peaches a light color as it is pears. In all preserves there is danger of the juice of the fruit weakening the syrup, so that even after using a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and having at first a rich syrup, it is well to let it stand for twenty-four hours uncovered, and if the syrup is then found thin pour it off the fruit and scald again to evaporate the watery element.

Small fruits, as currants, raspberries and blackberries, are best made into jam. Sometimes a combination of different fruits is liked. Raspberries are improved by adding currants or currant juice; currant jam is very delightful with a little chopped orange peel cooked with it. Blackberries and black raspberries are best by themselves. It is well in making jam to remove some of the juice while it can be taken clear from the fruit. This juice may be bottled for use as pudding sauce. The best cherries for preserving are the Morello or other sour cherry—often called the pie-cherry. They should be stoned and the sugar added at once, then boiled till shriveled and transparent, with the syrup thick. Currant juice is sometimes put with the cherries. Plums should not be stoned, but have the skins pricked with a coarse needle; they will then burst and the sugar will penetrate them. The best plums for preserving are the Damson and the green plums. Quinces are an economical fruit because so little is wasted. Wash the fruit thoroughly and wipe with a dry towel, cut off all soft or badly-discolored parts of the skin, then pare, saving the parings for jelly. Throw the quinces into water as you do them; when all are pared cut them in halves and take out the seeds, but do not put the seeds with the skins (though a few will do no harm). Make a syrup, taking as many pounds of sugar as you have of fruit, and barely wetting it with water. When this has come to a boil put in your fruit and boil till tender, then place in jars and boil the syrup longer. It ought to make a jelly when cold. The skins should be covered with the water which the quinces stood in and boiled till they will mash easily. Any piece of fruit imperfect in shape may be thrown in with the skins. Mash all well, then drain through a jelly bag. Let hang all night, but do not squeeze the bag. After obtaining the juice proceed as with other jellies. Quinces lock well cut either in halves, quarters, or in rings with a hole in the center where the core was.

Marmalades of peach and quince are made by paring the fruit and removing stones or seeds; then put, with equal weight of sugar, to boil. When tender, mash with a wooden spoon; to make it very nice strain through a hair sieve, then boil again till thick.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor expects to attend the State Fair at Jackson on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, and will be happy to meet old acquaintances and make new ones at the FARMER headquarters, where she will be found after three o'clock.

A STATUARY ENTERTAINMENT.

The bright girls who get up church festivals, charitable bazars and occasionally give little entertainments of their own, are always on the *qui vive* for something new and unique. Perhaps a "statuary party" may be a novelty to some, as it is an excellent opportunity for ingenuity, and mythology, romance and history can be drawn upon at will, while the catalogue of the Rogers' groups of statuary will help out the novice until she can attempt something original.

There must be first a dark background, either black, dark blue or green is preferable to red. Have plenty of lights, and pose some victim until the right number and the proper position have been ascertained. A frame is necessary and must be firmly set, and draperies arranged so that everything outside it is concealed.

Use the best lily-white the druggist can give you, and use it liberally; rice flour and corn starch are unsatisfactory substitutes. It is not the close effect you have to study, but the distant view which your audience will get. Linen sheets make the best draperies, which should lie in heavy folds and masses in preference to confused, broken lines. Mary Anderson as "Galatea" wears a long white robe, starched, and dried after being run through the wringer, merely pulling it out of its stiff folds, which imitate marble perfectly. The white underwear, tight fitting so it will not bag, makes a perfect foundation on which to get up the children as fairies or cupids.

Manage the hair as follows: Make a sweeping-cap of white muslin, its diameter the size of the head across the top from ear to ear, leaving an inch or so beyond for a frill. When the elastic is in, cover loosely with cotton batting, tacking it here and there and piling it up irregularly in places. When wings and feathers are needed, tissue paper and wire come in play; often cross wires must be put on to keep the shape perfect. If pedestals are needed empty boxes covered with white muslin supply the want. A broomstick covered with muslin makes a good staff.

Cupid should be taken by a little boy of four or five, who will need no drapery whatever, only a perfect-fitting suit of underwear; springing from his shoulders are tiny wings of tissue paper. The egg from which he has almost emerged is shaped from a nail keg, cut into deep irregular points around the top, just as a shell would appear if suddenly opened. Cover and pad it with wadding until of a perfect shape, and place it on end among a fluffy mass of wadding, that represents the marble from which it is supposed to have been fashioned. Perched on top, partly in and partly out, in the most nonchalant manner imaginable, sits the little bright-faced Cupid.

By far the prettiest manner of presenting Venus is just arising from a sea-shell. A board nearly two feet square forms the foundation; curve wire in and out to form the scallops, fastening the ends far forward on the board with doublepointed tacks. From each point of the scallops other wires must be brought down and fastened on the board; these answer the

double purpose of security and to represent the ribs of the shell. Twelve sheets of paper are required for a small shell, and nearly double the number for a large one. Long stitches of white cotton hold the covering rather loosely around the outside edge, making more fulness and material near the base, using the needle and thread down each rib so as to distribute the fulness equally. With the hand push out the paper between the wire ribs so as to form the curved appearance a shell presents.

A cat was first sketched on paper just like a silhouette; her back up, the tail cut double from white muslin, sewed together, and stuffed with sawdust. Over this foundation was laid and stitched, where needed, the cotton batting; a long whalebone, soaked a day or so in water, was then pliable enough to form into shape for the tail, which was then wrapped with the batting until thick enough, and sewed on at the right inclination.

Nydia, The Gleaner, The Favorite Scholar and various others suggested by the Rogers' statuary, famous paintings, or historical scenes, will suggest themselves; only it is best not to attempt too much or introduce too many figures.

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

A mechanical journal gives the following hint on how to make a room cool in hot weather, a hint many inmates of houses provided with neither inside blinds or outside shutters will find to give good results if tried. Especially is it useful to know this if a person is ill in a room exposed to the sun during the hottest part of the day. The great cause of heat in a room is, of course, the glass, which under the sun's rays will become too hot to bear pressing with the fingers. It is shown that those who cannot enjoy the luxury of an outside sun-blind can extemporize a very good substitute by simply lowering the upper half of the window-frame, and turning the curtain outside. This not only screens the window, but creates a strong draught between the panes and the linen, and thus absolutely makes the glass cold. If there is any wind, the blind can be kept steady by drawing in the cord and tassel, and shutting the lower half of the window-frame tight down upon it.

A household journal recommends a hammock swung low, to avoid danger of falls, as an excellent hot weather substitute for a cradle. The babe will sleep more comfortably than in a close cradle, and the gentle motion which may be given is next to the hushing in the mother's arms. It may be kept in motion by attaching a stout cord with a loop in one end, in which the foot of the nurse can be inserted, leaving the hands free. Some mothers like a hammock as a play place for the baby, preferring the watchful care necessary to prevent him from falling out, to the danger of colds from being on the floor.

If you are papering a room and there is gilt in the pattern, never put alum in the paste; it turns the gilt dark. If there is no metallic groundwork, four or five ounces of alum in a pailful of paste will hasten drying and prevent souring. If walls have been whitewashed, scrape the loose scales off, if

there are any, and wash the walls with vinegar before putting on the paper. Be not unduly prodigal of your paste unless you are prepared to find your delicate hued groundwork stained by its "striking through." This is one of the cases where "enough is better than a feast."

A dainty doublegown or wrapper for the baby, and at the same time an inexpensive one, can be made princess in shape, of cheese cloth and cotton wadding. A layer of wadding should be tacked between two of cheese cloth, and fastened at intervals of a few inches by knots of worsted, as in a comfortable, the worsted pale blue or pink. The princess pattern is then laid on and the wrapper cut out, the seams felled on the inside and the edges finished by a button-hole stitch of blue or pink worsted.

Useful Recipes.

PEACH CREAM.—Pare and stone a quart of very soft peaches. Add one pound of sugar and mash thoroughly. Add two quarts of rich cream and freeze.

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE.—Cut the pineapple into bits and cover with powdered sugar two hours before it will be needed. Bake the shortcake in layers, separate them and fill in the pineapple, and serve hot with cream and powdered sugar. It is delicious; quite as nice as strawberry shortcake.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.—Cut the meat of a chicken, or the remnants of Sunday's turkey or chicken dinner from the bones, mince fine, season with salt and pepper, and if you like, the juice of one lemon. Let stand an hour. Make a batter of two eggs to a pint of milk, a pinch of salt, and flour to make a batter. Stir the chicken into this and drop by spoonfuls into boiling fat. Fry brown, and lay on paper to absorb the fat.

SWEET GRAPE WINE.—Twenty pounds of Concord grapes; three quarts water; cook twenty minutes in a porcelain-lined kettle, then strain through cloth. Add three pounds of white sugar, and when it is dissolved strain again, heat to boiling, fill pint or quart bottles full and seal instantly, using new corks and dipping cork and neck of bottle into hot sealing wax. This is endorsed by the W. C. T. U.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs; one cup sugar; one tablespoonful sweet milk; one cup sifted flour; one teaspoonful baking powder; one teaspoonful lemon extract. Bake in shallow pans. Frost, and while the frosting is soft mark off into two-inch squares where it is to be cut, and in the center of each square place the half of a large nut. This is nice for "company tea."

CHOW-CHOW.—Two gallons of green tomatoes; one large cabbage; one dozen green peppers; one dozen red peppers; one dozen onions; chop each separately and mix thoroughly. Put a layer of salt and a layer of the mixture; put in a bag and let drain over night. Squeeze dry with the hands in the morning, put into a dish, cover with cold vinegar, let stand six hours and squeeze again. Turn from the bag into a dish and add one cup mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls celery seed, one of mace, three of allspice, a quart of grated horseradish, and mix well. Take vinegar enough to cover, add a pound of sugar, boil and pour boiling hot water over the pickle.