

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 20, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE DAUGHTER.

My little daughter grows apace;  
Her dolls are now quite out of date;  
It seems to me I must take their place.  
We have become such friends of late  
We might be ministers of state,  
Discussing projects of great peril,  
Such strange new questionings did ate  
The beauty of my little girl.

How tall she grows! What subtle grace  
Doth every movement animate!  
With garments gathered for the race  
She stands a goddess slim and straight.  
Young Artemis, when she was eight  
Among the myrtle bloom and laurel—  
I doubt if she could more than mate  
The beauty of my little girl.

The baby passes from her face,  
Leaving the lines more delicate,  
Till in her features I can trace  
Her mother's smile, serene, sedate.  
'Tis something at the hands of fate  
To watch the onward years unfurl  
Each line which goes to consecrate  
The beauty of my little girl.

#### L'ENVOY.

Lord! hear me, as in prayer I wait,  
Thou givest all; guard Thou my pearl;  
And, when Thou countest at the gate  
Thy jewels, count my little girl.

—Chambers' Journal.

### THE DETROIT MUSEUM OF ART.

When we know we can avail ourselves of an opportunity or reap an advantage at any moment we may elect, we are apt to delay, thinking "to-morrow," or "next week" will do as well as to-day. Thus it happened that the Museum of Art in this city had been open a month before I visited it, though I had intended, long before this, to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers all about it.

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her firm'd train, and certainly her middle-aged countenance beneath its severe coil is very expressive of the emotion which caused her speech:

"Oh Hamlet, speak no more;  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
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Other pictures which deserve study include No. 132, a Wallachian Inn, in winter, painted by the celebrated animal painter, Adolphe Schreyer. Travelers have tied their horses under the shed while they sought refreshment within, and the shivering beasts are exponents of the low temperature and keen wind outside; the "Forbidden Book" (146), a genre painting by Vibert, portrays a young girl surprised by her carmine-clad perceptor, reading, when the piles of books strewn about show she should have been studying, her expression is a bewitching compound of consternation



SCRAPS.

THE essay on Hospitality, in the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 22nd, touches a topic of considerable interest to the social world. The entertainment of guests nowadays is felt to be a privilege, to be extended by the person who entertains, rather than claimed by strangers or casual acquaintances as a right. In the more simple days of pioneer living, to be the friend of our friend was the passport to the best the house afforded. The "wayside inns" were far apart, and conversation with those who brought news from the old home was an equivalent for entertainment. But in these days our friend's friends go to a hotel; we do not practice the hospitality of Abraham upon the plains of Mimre, nor would our nineteenth century guests be satisfied with such simple, pastoral fare; they expect a dinner of three courses and two kinds of pie. Hospitality, in the strict import of the word, means the entertainment of strangers without recompense; but what is this, in effect, but turning the home into a sort of free hotel, where the departing stranger gets off cheaply by saying: "Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged for your hospitality, and if you ever come up our way, come and see us." But it costs time and money and trouble to entertain, and are we not justified therefore in electing upon whom we will bestow these gifts? Is it a duty to invite the tree agent, the implement man, the man who wants to buy a farm (but never does), to dine and lodge with us, when to do so puts an added care upon wife and mother, whose time and hands are already fully occupied? These men are abroad on their personal business, business in which they expect to make money, why should the farmer lessen their hotel bills by increasing in ever so slight a measure, his wife's tasks? What earthly right have people who travel for their own pleasure or business, to expect their casual acquaintances to entertain them gratuitously? Hospitality is a very delightful virtue—especially to the recipient. But the gentle Elia says that one of the homes which is no home is "the house of the man who is infested with many visitors." It is not of noble-hearted friends he complains, but of "the purposeless visitors who take your good time and give you their bad time in exchange." Is it not these purposeless visitors, who visit to suit their convenience rather than our pleasure, whose friendship is a matter of utility, who claim most of what passes as hospitality? "We have not sat down to a meal alone in ten weeks. \* \* \* The summer has gone; we have all worked hard and have nothing to show for it; it seems as if we had done nothing but wait upon company." This extract from a private letter received to-day, tells its own story. It is the story of many other country homes during hot weather, when the hospitable hostess toils in the kitchen to get up company dinners, making the most of her resources, half ashamed of the feeling of relief which enters her heart as she "speeds the parting guest," and yearning to be alone once more with her "own folks." Society is necessary to human well-being; the hermit and the person who cannot bear to be alone alike lead imperfect lives, yet is one less alone if

surrounded by those with whom they have no common interest? Hamerton says the solitude which is really injurious is the severance from all who are capable of understanding us. And it is none the less true that so-called society or company which merely fritters away our time and gives us nothing in exchange, is quite as injurious. Is not, then, hospitality a virtue to be sparingly and judiciously exercised, in justice to our families, our finances, and ourselves?

WHAT is wrong about a church social? Why should not the members of a church and congregation gather and eat a social supper together—and pay half as much for it as they would have to hand "mine host" for a poorer one? There is music, recitations perhaps, but the feature of the evening is the supper. Possibly the exchequer of the church would be as perceptibly increased were each to donate in money the value of the provisions contributed, but a great many people are so constituted that it is easier for them to boil a ham for a church festival than put a dollar in the contribution box. They get as a bonus for their gift not only the complacency of donors but a certain mild excitement, the pleasurable exhilaration of mingling in a crowd. Jannette's argument is that the mission of the church is to save souls, not raise money by going into the entertainment business. But if salvation is free, it costs money to deliver the message, and if people will not give freely the cash must be coaxed out of their reluctant pocket-books; at least that is evidently the view taken by many clergymen who countenance these entertainments. A church in an interior town was carpeted by the exertions of a club of young ladies, who gave little entertainments, as novel and "taking" as they could plan, and patiently kept on until they had raised the sum necessary—and it seemed no inconsiderable amount to them. And they were so happy that they could do something "for the church," and so proud when their self-imposed task was accomplished and the carpet laid, that their exertions caused quite a little stir, and others helped in other ways toward beautifying the church. And those young people took a far greater interest in their church and its prosperity ever afterward than if they had simply given the proportion of the sum raised, outright—a gift which would have been beyond the financial power of at least three-fourths of the number composing the club. They gave of their time, their ingenuity, their talent, things not having a money value, but which yet brought money into the treasury.

I have heard more than one say that it made no difference to them whether they knew a face in the church of their choice or not; they went to worship, and they could feel that all around them were fellow Christians with whom they were in spiritual harmony. But there are others—and I think a majority—to whom the actual personal friendships and what we call the social relations of the church, are very grateful, and in fact, essential to what they would call "the home feeling" toward the church corporate. To such, the acquaintances and friendships consummated through

the church social and its variations are a help and benefit.

JUDGING from the comments which have reached me, I am compelled to believe the "spoiled baby" is not so rare as I had hoped. I agree with Jannette in her belief that to reform this sadly ill-treated child he must be removed from the care of his weak and indulgent parents, and placed in charge of some firm, judicious, yet loving guardian, whose patience must needs be almost divine. But he is "dear as the apple of her eye" to the mother, and his father's "darling boy," and neither would consent to relinquish the rights of parents, even for the welfare of their child. But the lesson of their mistake may, I trust, waken some too indulgent woman to the realization of the work she is doing in the training of her children, before it is too late. Even little children can be taught to obey, and that is life's first and latest lesson; they can be taught that disobedience brings pain and regret, and that is life's A B C, repeated times without number from the cradle to the grave. BEATRIX.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will M. E. H. kindly give us a brief history of her Literary Society? As we are nursing a society of that kind, now in its infancy, any information that will promote a strong and healthy growth, one calculated to survive after its founders are no more, will be gratefully received.

When a person is lost in the woods, why do they always travel in a circle?

In a late issue of the FARMER, in a letter from A. C. G. (headed Little Things) he says he often makes the poultry department pay the farm taxes. Well, well! A. C. G. must sell at an enormous profit or else his farm taxes must be remarkably low. I am afraid he raises poultry for profit on paper. Will he tell us how the thing is done?

When married ladies are doing business on their own account which is the most appropriate way of signing their names, for instance, Mrs. John Jones, Mrs. M. A. Jones, or plain Mary Ann Jones. I for one prefer to sign myself just plain

P LAINWELL.

BESS.

MRS. E. C. B., of Ann Arbor, says that five cents worth (each) of resin and castor oil boiled together will make enough "stick-tight fly paper" to last a season.

Contributed Recipes.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—For four gallons of cucumbers take one cup salt, six quarts of water (or enough to cover). Scald three mornings; pour over boiling hot, throw away, make a new brine and repeat three mornings; wash well and drain. Take equal parts of vinegar and water, and a teaspoonful of pulverized alum. Scald two mornings and pour over boiling hot. Then take three or four gallons, or enough to cover, of the best cider vinegar, one pound sugar, one ounce white mustard seed, one ounce cloves, two green peppers, a handful of horseradish chopped fine, boil five minutes, pour over hot. To make them green boil everything but the last in a copper boiler, but I only boiled the alum solution in it, and find them plenty green enough for health. Instead of using the spices and peppers as directed, I use the mixed spice, which is prepared on purpose for pickling and contains nearly all kinds of spices and peppers. I think I like it better. I think these pickles much nicer than those saited down, and they will keep two or three years, and perhaps longer. MRS. E. C. B.

ANN ARBOR.



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and saucy *insouciance*; "Grandfather's Commission" (72) is to make a toy, which he is fashioning with infinite pains, it is a fine head, in the strong light from a window which brings out the grey hair and lined face; No. 82 represents a Hollandaise family at their evening meal, an humble repast, apparently, yet these are contented, happy faces grouped about the rude table; and the sweet "Yam-Yam" (95) in quaint Japanese costume, shielding her pretty face with a fan, is not to be overlooked. "Young Girl and Child" (15) is one of Bouguereau's best, the face of the young girl is charmingly *riant* and animated, but with all due respect to the artist, I could pick out a great many prettier babies right here in Michigan. Jules Breton's "Brittany Washerwomen" (21) somehow recalls "Guenn," who may have figured often in such a scene, where the chattering gossips, in their quaint caps and dresses, are beating out their linen on the stones in the river. "Merrymaking after the Wedding in Spain" is a pleasing picture; the bashful bride with downcast head and the proud groom, just leaving the church door, the smiling friends offering congratulations, the beggars beseeching a gratuity, the children sprawling on the sand so intent on their play that they utterly ignore the bridal party, the horseman astride his glossy bay whose flanks shine like satin, who looks half sympathetic, half sneering, as if he might be the groom's *bon comrade* and not quite pleased that he should become "Benedict the married man"—all go to make up quite an interesting study.

Space forbids the mention of many other paintings which please the eye of the visitor and are worth study by those who wish to compare the methods of various schools of art. Come and see them for yourselves.

BEATRIX.

#### COMMON SCHOOL MATTERS.

I had hoped long ere this to give some notes on text books, and other matters pertaining to common schools, but I am a very busy woman, and I find my time too much occupied for comfort or convenience.

In my school-teaching days the text books were a source of great annoyance on account of their great diversity, and the unwillingness of the patrons to buy new books for their children. If I sent a request to have a new arithmetic, in order that a pupil might have one like the remainder of the class, the reply was likely to be, "I cannot afford to buy another book; John will have to get along with the one he has." Every school teacher in country schools knows how annoying this is. That was in the "long ago," and I expected in this age of progress to find a much better state of things. It is better, for the school boards have the control of the matter, and are expected to specify what text books shall be used, and patrons and pupils are expected to comply with the rules of the board; and better still, teachers need not teach from other text books than those specified by the school board. We see the law is all right as far as districts are concerned; but like all law, without enforcement it is of no effect. That there is inexcusable neglect some-

where is very evident, for I find in some districts an utter disregard of the requirements of the law. In one school I visited I found eight pupils enrolled, who were reciting in thirty-one classes during the day. Among the text books used were two series of readers, four of arithmetic, two of grammar, two of geography, and three of spellers, but fortunately they used one system of penmanship, and had but one author in history and physiology. This, I hope, is an extreme case; but it shows that school boards can be, and are, very negligent.

Now I would advise all teachers, young ones in particular, to refuse to teach a school in such confusion. Notify the board immediately that you must have a uniformity of text books in order to do justice to yourself or pupils, and if they refuse to comply with the law or your request, send in your resignation at once; for in nine cases out of ten your reputation as a teacher will suffer in such a district, and if you are conscientious or ambitious you can ill afford to lose any of your reputation as a good teacher for the few dollars you would receive for teaching the term of school.

In other districts I find the Board has made a careful selection of text books, which will not be changed at the suggestion of every new teacher who may chance to have favorite authors. In these districts there is no trouble about purchasing books, as the parents know the books will not soon be thrown aside as useless, but will be used until the pupil passes into a higher grade.

It is an easy matter to judge in which districts the pupils are making the most advancement and where the teachers are giving the best satisfaction.

In writing I find a decided improvement since the days of quill pens and copies written by "the master." It is often a wonder to me that older people ever learned to write a legible hand, as we were expected to copy every teacher's handwriting, good, bad or indifferent. Now, writing books are bought nicely graded, and it makes little difference what the system, the pupils are taught to imitate uniform, perfect copies; the result is highly satisfactory, unless some girl thinks it "cute" to assume a "manish" hand, then her writing looks "loud."

I would be glad to see Legislative action in regard to text books, by which they could be made uniform all over the State; then pupils going from one place to another would pursue the same studies without interruption, which is a great detriment to those who are obliged to change residence.

If my suggestions in regard to school work interest or help Young School Teacher in any way, I am repaid for writing my observations or opinions. When I have finished my "visiting work" I will try to tell more, particularly of the teachers, their methods, encouragements and discouragements.

I find that at the school meetings this fall, there was quite an interest manifested among the ladies, as many more attended than ever before. This is encouraging, and though it provoked comment, criticism, and perhaps some were made to feel their uncitizenship, do not be discouraged, but show

the men women are really interested in the public schools and the character-forming of the growing men and women.

Do we realize the influence the public schools exert over our children? Pause, and reflect before answering, and then it seems to me no one can candidly say: "It is a little thing to be allowed a voice in school matters."

I would be glad to hear again from Huldah Perkins.

TECUMSEH. OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

#### A PROTEST.

It jars unpleasantly on the memory that is "all that's left me now" that so many of our HOUSEHOLD write slightly of the men. Thank God the insinuations are not true of all homes and, knowing that, why not give them the benefit of the knowledge and write more kindly of them? It may be that some would join this HOUSEHOLD band and contribute something of interest to the columns that cannot be very entertaining reading for them now, since almost every number contains some hits like Brunelle's "Husbands or Lovers" or A. H. J.'s "Her Dole," and even Beatrix says in her advice about making a flower garden, "He'll probably grow over it" as though the average man was more given to growling than his spouse. Their knowledge may be much more extensive than mine, but I know of few such men, and I do know of many who gladly help their wives, and some who take all the care of the flowers, watching each new bud and bloom with as much interest as they give to the vegetable garden or the crops and fruit. I visited recently where the house was quite a distance back from the street, and all in front was a profusion of flowers, even the fence on each side of the drive being almost hidden by sweet peas, scarlet runners and morning glories, while the pansy and verbenas were beautiful beyond description, and it was all done by the husband, not a man of leisure, but one who was up and at work at four o'clock nearly every morning and had few hours of rest. The house was supplied with bouquets of his own careful arranging, and when fair-time came he made many entries in the floral department. The frail wife had neither time or strength, from the care of her four young children, for such work, and he did not expect it. Some will say this is an unusual case but, surely, I have as much right to quote the exception as others, and I can not but believe that the abused and unappreciated wives are the exceptions everywhere, as they certainly are within the scope of my acquaintance; but if things are not always on either side as pleasant as could be wished, the battle of life is half won by never owning defeat. All honor to the husbands and wives who consider the home life so sacred that they never admit to their most confidential friends that there is a skeleton in their closet, and nine times out of ten if there is one it is because from one small bone of contention they have simply, by repeating and dwelling upon the grievance, built up bone upon bone until the whole ghastly frame is there.

Whatever differences of opinion they



may have would be so much more easily settled between themselves alone, without the gossiping hired girl, or even the children as witnesses, and nothing can be more unpleasant than for a guest to be obliged to listen to a family broil. Surely the unwritten law of hospitality should make the heads of families polite to each other in the presence of outsiders.

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If these strong, willing helpers were crowded about,  
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Dresses which are popular for girls from five to twelve years have short pointed yokes, with pleats below set into a belt, and straight full skirts, sometimes a sash of silk, folded to be eight inches wide, is worn, but preferably no such addition is needed. Small pad bustles are worn by the older girls who adopt this style, and a couple of small steels are sometimes worn in the petticoat, but a better way is to have



and saucy *insouciance*; "Grandfather's Commission" (72) is to make a toy, which he is fashioning with infinite pains, it is a fine head, in the strong light from a window which brings out the grey hair and lined face; No. 83 represents a Hollandaise family at their evening meal, an humble repast, apparently, yet these are contented, happy faces grouped about the rude table; and the sweet "Yum-Yum" (95) in quaint Japanese costume, shielding her pretty face with a fan, is not to be overlooked. "Young Girl and Child" (15) is one of Bouguereau's best, the face of the young girl is charmingly *riant* and animated, but with all due respect to the artist, I could pick out a great many prettier babies right here in Michigan. Jules Breton's "Brittany Washerwomen" (21) somehow recalls "Guenn," who may have figured often in such a scene, where the chattering gossips, in their quaint caps and dresses, are beating out their linen on the stones in the river. "Merrymaking after the Wedding in Spain" is a pleasing picture; the bashful bride with downcast head and the proud groom, just leaving the church door, the smiling friends offering congratulations, the beggars beseeching a gratuity, the children sprawling on the sand so intent on their play that they utterly ignore the bridal party, the horseman astride his glossy bay whose flanks shine like satin, who looks half sympathetic, half sneering, as if he might be the groom's *bon comrade* and not quite pleased that he should become "Benedict the married man"—all go to make up quite an interesting study.

Space forbids the mention of many other paintings which please the eye of the visitor and are worth study by those who wish to compare the methods of various schools of art. Come and see them for yourselves.

BEATRIX.

#### COMMON SCHOOL MATTERS.

I had hoped long ere this to give some notes on text books, and other matters pertaining to common schools, but I am a very busy woman, and I find my time too much occupied for comfort or convenience.

In my school-teaching days the text books were a source of great annoyance on account of their great diversity, and the unwillingness of the patrons to buy new books for their children. If I sent a request to have a new arithmetic, in order that a pupil might have one like the remainder of the class, the reply was likely to be, "I cannot afford to buy another book; John will have to get along with the one he has." Every school teacher in country schools knows how annoying this is. That was in the "long ago," and I expected in this age of progress to find a much better state of things. It is better, for the school boards have the control of the matter, and are expected to specify what text books shall be used, and patrons and pupils are expected to comply with the rules of the board; and better still, teachers need not teach from other text books than those specified by the school board. We see the law is all right as far as districts are concerned; but like all law, without enforcement it is of no effect. That there is inexcusable neglect some-

where is very evident, for I find in some districts an utter disregard of the requirements of the law. In one school I visited I found eight pupils enrolled, who were reciting in thirty-one classes during the day. Among the text books used were two series of readers, four of arithmetic, two of grammar, two of geography, and three of spellers, but fortunately they used one system of penmanship, and had but one author in history and physiology. This, I hope, is an extreme case; but it shows that school boards can be, and are, very negligent.

Now I would advise all teachers, young ones in particular, to refuse to teach a school in such confusion. Notify the board immediately that you must have a uniformity of text books in order to do justice to yourself or pupils, and if they refuse to comply with the law or your request, send in your resignation at once; for in nine cases out of ten your reputation as a teacher will suffer in such a district, and if you are conscientious or ambitious you can ill afford to lose any of your reputation as a good teacher for the few dollars you would receive for teaching the term of school.

In other districts I find the Board has made a careful selection of text books, which will not be changed at the suggestion of every new teacher who may chance to have favorite authors. In these districts there is no trouble about purchasing books, as the parents know the books will not soon be thrown aside as useless, but will be used until the pupil passes into a higher grade.

It is an easy matter to judge in which districts the pupils are making the most advancement and where the teachers are giving the best satisfaction.

In writing I find a decided improvement since the days of quill pens and copies written by "the master." It is often a wonder to me that older people ever learned to write a legible hand, as we were expected to copy every teacher's handwriting, good, bad or indifferent. Now, writing books are bought nicely graded, and it makes little difference what the system, the pupils are taught to imitate uniform, perfect copies; the result is highly satisfactory, unless some girl thinks it "cute" to assume a "manish" hand, then her writing looks "loud."

I would be glad to see Legislative action in regard to text books, by which they could be made uniform all over the State; then pupils going from one place to another would pursue the same studies without interruption, which is a great detriment to those who are obliged to change residence.

If my suggestions in regard to school work interest or help Young School Teacher in any way, I am repaid for writing my observations or opinions. When I have finished my "visiting work" I will try to tell more, particularly of the teachers, their methods, encouragements and discouragements.

I find that at the school meetings this fall, there was quite an interest manifested among the ladies, as many more attended than ever before. This is encouraging, and though it provoked comment, criticism, and perhaps some were made to feel their uncitizenship, do not be discouraged, but show

the men women are really interested in the public schools and the character-forming of the growing men and women.

Do we realize the influence the public schools exert over our children? Pause, and reflect before answering, and then it seems to me no one can candidly say: "It is a little thing to be allowed a voice in school matters."

I would be glad to hear again from Huldah Perkins.

TECUMSEH. OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

#### A PROTEST.

It jars unpleasantly on the memory that is "all that's left me now" that so many of our HOUSEHOLD write slightly of the men. Thank God the insinuations are not true of all homes and, knowing that, why not give them the benefit of the knowledge and write more kindly of them? It may be that some would join this HOUSEHOLD band and contribute something of interest to the columns that cannot be very entertaining reading for them now, since almost every number contains some hits like Brune-fille's "Husbands or Lovers" or A. H. J.'s "Her Dole," and even Beatrix says in her advice about making a flower garden, "He'll probably growlover it" as though the average man was more given to growling than his spouse. Their knowledge may be much more extensive than mine, but I know of few such men, and I do know of many who gladly help their wives, and some who take all the care of the flowers, watching each new bud and bloom with as much interest as they give to the vegetable garden or the crops and fruit. I visited recently where the house was quite a distance back from the street, and all in front was a profusion of flowers, even the fence on each side of the drive being almost hidden by sweet peas, scarlet runners and morning glories, while the pansy and ver-bena beds were beautiful beyond description, and it was all done by the husband, not a man of leisure, but one who was up and at work at four o'clock nearly every morning and had few hours of rest. The house was supplied with bouquets of his own careful arranging, and when fair-time came he made many entries in the floral department. The frail wife had neither time or strength, from the care of her four young children, for such work, and he did not expect it. Some will say this is an unusual case but, surely, I have as much right to quote the exception as others, and I can not but believe that the abused and unappreciated wives are the exceptions everywhere, as they certainly are within the scope of my acquaintance; but if things are not always on either side as pleasant as could be wished, the battle of life is half won by never owning defeat. All honor to the husbands and wives who consider the home life so sacred that they never admit to their most confidential friends that there is a skeleton in their closet, and nine times out of ten if there is one it is because from one small bone of contention they have simply, by repeating and dwelling upon the grievance, built up bone upon bone until the whole ghastly frame is there.

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a skirt flounced on the back from waist to foot and starch these flounces very stiff.

Infants' long cloaks are of white cashmere deeply smocked both back and front, lined and wadded, the lining being usually a cheap white silk quilted to the wadding, and untrimmed. Short cloaks are in the Mother Hubbard shape and made up in colors, red, G. belin blue and gray. Other models have pleated waists, the pleats wide on the shoulders and narrowing at the waist line, full sleeves and gathered skirt; ribbon bretelles extend over the shoulders, ending in two large rosettes behind and a bow with ends in front. Larger girls wear redingotes and ulsters: the former are of plain cloth trimmed with fur, the latter of plaid or barred roughly finished wool, with capes. Jackets with capes are also liked for them.

#### A UNIQUE KITCHEN.

In Mr. C. M. Starks' report of the discussion on domestic conveniences, by the ladies of the Webster Farmers' Club, mention is made of a lady who wished she might by some process of contraction reduce the size of the kitchen of her new house. Most housekeepers will agree with her in thinking a too commodious kitchen is a decided hindrance rather than a convenience. There are too many extra steps to be taken, in travelling from pantry to cellar and dining-room and sink, and all the rest, and often the members of the family seem inclined to make a sitting-room of it and hover about the stove to the annoyance of the cook, who must "run over" them; there is a greater area of bare floor to be cleaned, besides several lesser disadvantages to be discovered in practical work. A medium sized kitchen, with a large pantry adjacent, conveniently arranged so that the work of mixing bread, making pies, cake, etc., can be carried on there rather than in the superheated air of the kitchen, is more desirable, especially in summer. We find in an exchange, uncredited, the following description of an unique kitchen which seems well provided with conveniences:

"This kitchen is not large, having been built to fit a very little woman. The pantry is to the rear of it, the dining-room to the right, the hall in front and all out doors to the left, though it stands on a narrow city lot. The kitchen projects beyond the hall, giving room for a door in front, and there is a second door in the rear leading to a back porch and garden. The range chimney stands against the outer wall and from door to door in summer the breeze blows perpetually past it. There are windows according to circumstances, some high, some in the upper panels of the doors. This temple of the household gods is finished entirely in wood, for aesthetic reasons quite as much as utilitarian. Wood finish means that not an inch of plaster appears. Ceiling, walls and floor are all of delightfully polished yellow pine. The casings for doors and windows are flat for ease of washing, and all the joints are tight as tight can be. The work was done slowly and carefully under the supervision of the presiding genius, and while perfectly plain, as befits a kitchen, makes a really beautiful apartment, the veinings of

the wood, the rich coloring and the lingering forest odor suggesting pleasant thoughts and typifying the home of the lady who joyfully gives bread to her house rather than the drudgery of menial toil so often put forward in its place.

"The laundry tubs and the sink are of solid white porcelain. But the wonderful economies of space and the numerous step saving devices are the features of the place. There are slides from the pantry to the dining-room sideboard. There are shelves in the triangular space over the cellar stairs. There is a table which pulls out of nowhere just opposite the range and vanishes into thin air when the cooking is done. There are flour bins which swing out into the room when wanted and push in flush with the wall again. When the mistress of the establishment wishes to put anything 'down cellar' she doesn't go down herself, though the stairs are of gentle slope and easy of access. She touches a mysterious lever with her hand or foot and up comes a section of the kitchen floor, bringing with it a series of shelves. Disposing of various articles thereon, she reverses the lever and down goes the whole thing. The floor is as solid as ever and the shelves are hanging in the dry, cool cellar. Fearful and wonderful contrivances of this sort meet one at every hand."

#### SAUSAGES, LARD AND HAMS.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* furnishes some valuable recipes, as follows: "For sausage, to 50 lbs. chopped pork, fat and lean combined, add one pound two ounces best salt, four ounces each black pepper and pulverized sage, two ounces saltpetre dissolved in a gill of boiling water. Mix until thoroughly incorporated; then pack tightly into narrow cloth sacks and hang in a cold place. If not all consumed during cold weather, it will keep sweet until late in the spring. As many persons do not like high seasoned food, and if made only for present use I should advise using only three ounces each of pepper and sage, for the above amount of meat; the other proportions of seasoning being correct.

"In rendering lard for family use, we usually keep the lard from the intestines by itself, and use it during the winter. For long keeping, we cut the leaf into small sections and place it over a slow fire, stirring it often from the bottom lest it scorch on the kettle (as we use no water) and cook it slowly until the scraps become slightly crisp, when we remove the kettle from the stove and let stand until cool enough to handle safely. We then strain directly into well cleansed stone jars kept for the purpose, and when cold, cover and convey them to the cellar. Lard rendered in this way will be pure and white, and keep perfectly sweet for an indefinite length of time.

"I add a reliable recipe for curing hams: To each 100 lbs. of hams, take eight pounds best coarse salt, two ounces saltpetre, two pounds brown sugar and four gallons water. Slightly rub the hams with fine salt, and pack firmly into the barrel. Mix the above, after the hams have lain two days, and pour over them; it will just cover them. Let

the hams remain in the brine six weeks, and they are then just right for smoking. We have used the above recipe for many years, and know whereof we write."

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The sweet potatoes left after a meal can be pared, sliced, dipped in egg and bread crumbs and fried a delicate brown, making an excellent relish for supper.

It is said that string beans which are green when the frost comes, if gathered and dried, make a palatable dish during the winter. They dry almost to nothing, but after being washed, soaked, cooked in the water in which they were soaked, and seasoned, are very good.

The pressed out juice of black raspberries, either fresh or dried, after cooking, gives a very desirable color to vinegar. Use only a small quantity, as it is a very strong agent. Good vinegar is an absolute necessity in the kitchen, for table use and also for pickles, etc. That made from cider is far preferable to the article called by that name made from slops of different kinds.

From a personal letter from a valued contributor we make an extract which contains a world of truth and sound common sense: "I approve of a practical woman, who thinks, as I do, that there is plenty to do in this life in a common sense sort of a way, and getting too far above the earth is not the way to do the most good. But it does no good to say much to these people who have grown up into queer and half-witted notions of the here and the hereafter. I tell my girls, whatever they do, try to be capable women not noticeable for anything in particular, but able to do anything necessary in ordinary life at a moment's notice. These are the kind of women who balance the world."

#### Useful Recipes.

BAKED QUINCES.—Quinces, baked slowly in a moderate oven, and eaten with cream and sugar, make a delicious dish for the tea-table.

PEACH JELLY.—Very good jelly, to use in cake or for puddings, can be made of peach skins, boiled to a pulp in a little water; strain through a jelly bag; allow to a pint of juice a pint of sugar, and proceed as usual.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—One quart of berries; one pint of sugar; one pint water. Cook ten minutes without stirring. Never cook cranberries in tin, brass or copper, the acid of the berries corrodes the metal and forms a poisonous compound. Use a granite saucepan or a porcelain lined kettle.

CANTELOPE SWEET PICKLE.—Take seven pounds of melons not quite ripe, lay in weak brine over night. Boil in weak alum water till transparent, drain well. To a quart of good cider vinegar add three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cloves and two ounces of stick cinnamon. Boil and skim this, put in the melon and cook twenty minutes, put into a jar and cover. Next day drain off the vinegar, scald, and pour over the melon; do this three mornings, then seal.