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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNHEEDED GIFTS.

They placed rare lilies in her hands,
Poor hands that scarce had touched a flower,
And creamy rosebuds, whose perfume
Enthralled her for her funeral hour.

They wrapped her form in lustrous silk,
And draped soft folds of flimsy lace
About the slender pulseless wrists,
And underneath the patient face.

At last she lay in perfect rest;
While voices, late so slow to praise,
Rehearsed her many virtues o'er,
And spoke of all her pleasant ways.

The sleeper heeded not the wealth
Of bloom that lay on either hand;
And not a word of love or loss
Her sealed ears could understand.

Strange we so often keep the flowers
To lay in folded hands at last;
And little luxuries of life
Withhold, till care for them is past.

Strange that we do not oftener praise
The willing toiler by our side!
Why keep the full-blown flower of love
Until our friend we loved has died?

Like a daffodil in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It's we two, it's we too, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song
begins,

All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart
wins.

When the darker days come, and no sun will
shine.

Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding
day.

—Jean Ingelow.

A DRESS PARADE.

"Come and see our new pomps and vanities—three new bonnets and three new dresses just home, and we are all doing the great feminine admiration act over them. Now don't make any excuses; we all know you're just dying for a look;" and so I was whisked off up stairs and into the guest room, where was much disorder of empty boxes and tissue paper wrappings, and a great display of millinery and "fixings."

Caroline, the vivacious speaker, "fair, fat and forty," at the head of her father's household, continued: "We are going to draw lots to see who shall go to church to-morrow; we don't dare to take all this finery into one pew the same day, you know, in justice to the minister. *Seniores priores*, so I'll show you mine first," and she took up a bonnet of seal brown velvet, with a full coronet front, and trimmed with a bit of silver embroidery on brown, a shaded brown cock's plume, and wide grosgrain ribbon with three satin stripes on one edge. "Cost me ten dollars, out and out, but it is

every bit new, the velvet is silk, and I shall wear it exactly as it is for two winters, and have the velvet made over for the third, so I do not feel as if it was an extravagance. And it's very becoming," and she set the bonnet, which she had heretofore held poised on her forefinger, daintily upon her fair hair. "This is my dress," she continued, taking up a seal brown basque, of the wool goods known as "whipcord," a diagonal twill which makes a narrow raised satiny cord over the surface. There was a row of silk galloon next the small, iridescent brown buttons which closed the front; and alternate folds of seal brown velvet and the dress goods coming from the shoulder, and narrowing to the bottom of the basque, enclosed the vest and covered nearly all the front, the sleeves had wide velvet cuffs. The skirt was plain across the front and laid in backward turning pleats at the sides; one edge of the front drapery was straight, and bordered with two rows of the galloon, with a strip of the velvet, about two inches wide, between them; the other edge was caught up high and well back on the back drapery, which fell in full unbroken lines to the foot. "Very simple, you see, but it suits me exactly; such an animated dumping as I am cannot stand much draping. Those folds on the waist are a new departure, but they are more becoming than you'd guess. And I've had my seal sacque 'done over' till it is as good as new; you know I've worn it five years, and it really needed modernizing; had new linings put in, and new backs; cost me \$30, it ought to look well." And it did. It had been a good quality of skin in the first place, and looked as fresh as if just from the shop. "My dress cost me \$28, and of that \$10 went to the dressmaker. Don't tell me I'm not an economical soul. Now here's Kate—she don't know what economy means. Whatever she happens to fancy she must have, and she seems to fancy a great many things in the course of a year. This is hers."

"This" was a hat of fine French felt, of a peculiar greenish gray, large, with a wide and somewhat rolling brim faced on the inside, from the crown to within two inches of the edge, with dark green velvet cut into blocks which were edged with narrow gilt braid, so that the lines radiated from the inside of the crown as a centre. A large flat bow of shaded green ribbon was twisted with a bit of plush, so that the long loops came forward over the crown, from the back, and the plush and a fold of ribbon held the brim against the crown behind. A long full ostrich plume having half the

barbes on one side of its entire length a pale green, the other half a darker shade, encircled the crown, flat upon the brim. Kate came in at the moment, and was instantly invested with the new head gear; her golden hair and pink cheeks gained an added beauty by contrast with the dark halo, which formed a most becoming background. But Kate at twenty is a beauty and fairly well aware of it. The dress lay near, a heavy ottoman rep, in dark green, with forward turning pleats meeting in the front, and the remainder of the skirt plain; over this was to be worn a *Directorie* polonaise or redingote of dark green plush, perfectly plain and without ornament of any kind. A muff and boa of fluffy fox fur lay near, but "Where's her wrap?" I queried. "Bless you! that plush affair is the wrap. I tell her to wait till the thermometer gets down below zero, and she will wish she had bought a fur-lined circular instead of that fal-lal, but pride will keep her warm, I presume. I hope it will prevent pneumonia also."

"Cal always was a croaker; don't mind her," said the saucy Kate, who somehow "fits her name" and makes you think just a little of Petruchio's Kate. "And to turn the conversation and avert the solemn remonstrance you are getting ready to offer, what do you think of this?" "You better think what pa'll say when the bill for your things comes in. Can you see where there's \$14 worth on that hat?" pointing to Kate's. "And there's not a thing on it that can be utilized another year. She would not wear a 'done over' felt, and the plume and the ribbon will both be antiques next season, novelties always are. Fourteen dollars! It takes a woman without a conscience about her to make a milliner; there's no use for anything so uncomfortable as an 'inward monitor' in that trade. And just the material for that suit spoiled a fifty dollar bill," groaned the economical Caroline, while her sister stood "preening" herself like a bird before the long mirror, under a very dashing cardinal felt, profusely trimmed with creamy ribbon and clusters of ostrich tips. "This is Evie's," she continued, as calm and undisturbed as ever. "The child looks like a flamingo in it, but it is wonderfully becoming to her brunette style. And I trimmed it myself, and don't you think it is pretty? And here's her dress," and she lifted from a chair a mass of bright cashmere, fashioned for the youngest of the trio of sisters, Miss Evie, who at thirteen was mimicking a good many grown up airs and graces, though her sisters sedulously nipped all young lady

aspirations in embryo, and clad the petite figure in "missy" style. The front and sides of the dress were perfectly plain, with a six inch border of cream colored satin cord gimp at the foot, the depth being obtained by putting three rows close together. There were two steels in the back of the skirt, and the back drapery was laid in burnous folds. The waist was cut in acket fashion, with a cardinal velvet vest, and the jacket edged with the gimp. With this was to be worn a coat of some sort of heavy cloth, in cream, with gilt buttons. I thought it a very "loud" costume, especially when the fly-away hat was added, but as I did not have to go to church with it I prudently held my peace. But I like much better, the more subdued dress of a little miss of the same age, who looks very sweet and modest in a dark blue felt with cream trimming, a black braided jacket, and a navy blue dress with a full vest of soft surah. Evie's hat seemed overburdened with ornament, the dark blue one had just a band of the ribbon round the crown, and a full bow, with the longer loops turning to the front, placed at the side back again the crown.

"Here's Addie's hat and dress I ordered for her," said Caroline. (Addie is a cousin who lives about 50 miles from the city.) "Between you and I, they are going on a bridal tour, I fancy. I tried to coax her into choosing green, it's so stylish this year, but she would not, and perhaps she's right; she has not much color. She had these plumes, and those cashmere loops are like the trimmings I got for her dress, dollar a yard, and 'perfectly stunning,' and the whole thing only cost six dollars, and I think it's prettier than Kate's, though I'll admit it is not so stylish and new. The dress goods was \$1.25 a yard, but it is so wide she only required six yards, that's the mercy of being short and slender; and that's the wrap I'm to send out on approval." The wrap was of the new brown matalasse, with an edge of fancy brown balls, to be worn with a brown bear muff and boa, and the ticket on it read \$32. The trimming for the dress was half disclosed through the paper wrappings; it was the new cashmere galloon, woven with tinsel threads, and there was surah for a vest to match the pretty wood brown of the goods.

But the bell rang and callers were announced; I made my escape, feeling it was none too soon, for so much millinery, especially when taken so seriously, promised to become too much for the limited supply of gray matter in my cranium.

BEATRIX.

CANNING PUMPKIN AND MAKING PIES.

I would say for the benefit of Gyp, that I have two ways of canning pumpkin. One is to pare and cut the slices in little block shapes, steam until thoroughly done, then fill into the cans like any fruit. When wanted for use, heat and rub through the colander. My sections that I use are whole, that is, not perforated over the bottom; the tube is at one side and has a row of holes at the top of the tube, and one section fits over the other, so the steam reaches through the three at once; in this way there is water

or juice from it to fill the can. This is a very reliable way, as the other method of cooking—mashing, rubbing through the colander, then reheating, is quite apt to make the pumpkin turn white and sour. But I really like pies made out of dried pumpkin.

Squash makes delicious pies; it needs a little lemon extract to take off the strong squash flavor. How many of the HOUSEHOLD readers made elderberry pies this fall? We all pronounced them fine. I lined the pie tins with crust, then sprinkled half a cup or more of granulated sugar over the crust, filled in the berries, sprinkled on more sugar, and moistened the whole with one tablespoonful of vinegar; then the top crust, having previously wet the rim of the lower crust, then press the two together—not pinch around—it will not leak, and does not need any flour for thickening; the juice will be like jelly.

I sat by one time and saw a woman, past fifty, make two apple pies. She took a large pan of flour and made a hole in the top of it, put in some lard, salt and water, mixed up what crust she thought was required; then she took it out, picked out the crumbs, then moulded it up into a hard ball on the board; it required some muscle to roll that mass, but it was done; then into the crust lined plates were sliced or "chunked" Greening apples, rounded up like a huge pyramid; on this was sprinkled some flour, lots of brown sugar, allspice; then the whole surmounted with a top crust thick enough for biscuit, and stowed away in an oven hot enough to roast a pig. In a short time we were startled by a sizzling in the oven; she rushed there, flung open the door and out rushed burnt sugar and all the other ingredients—in a miniature river. "Well," she remarked, "I wonder what makes my pies always run over? it beats all! I like a good thick pie, a thin one looks so stingy." At dinner I did not dare take a piece, for though knowing that appearances are often deceiving, I can most always tell from the looks how anything will taste. If it is the least bit doubtful I pass it by. As the boy said when asked to define pie, "Well, pie is not exactly an article of commerce, being used as an accessory to dinner and to chink up with between times. It is fearfully and wonderfully made, being constructed upon scientific principles and can be classed, good, bad and indifferent. Some pies are so good, that before a fellow knows it his pie has disappeared from human vision, and he is on the look out for another; others go down a little bit slow, and the last named class are simply unendurable." And I must add "them's my sentiments tew."

But how many different ways there are for baking and boiling and cooking! I was reading Miss Parloa's recipe for making coffee—may-be it is good—she said fill the coffee pot with cold water instead of using hot. I shall try it some time, and wish others would also. I know my coffee is delicious made from boiling water, but if there is a better method I shall adopt it, as I am not so conceited as to think my way is the only way. As I have said before, good sense and judgment are necessary with all recipes. It is "try, try again," always.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A PLEASANT LETTER FROM EL SEE.

Surely Beatrix's duster bag was not greatly improved by being immersed in my vinegar barrel. But any one could see that it was all a typographical error; only such mistakes are so rare in our HOUSEHOLD that we're never on the lookout for them, and this combination was as comical as the mixed report of the dog-fight and the wedding that has gone the rounds of the papers.

One other error was in the dimensions of that kitchen, which was twelve by twenty-four feet, making a kitchen now nine by twelve, and a dining room twelve by fifteen, that can be elongated on occasions. Originally the cistern was at one end of that twenty-four foot room, and the well at the other, the pantry at one end and cellar stairs at the other, but now the nine by twelve contains the stove, wood box, worktable, sink, well and cistern pumps, doors to cellar, back porch, china closet, napery, scullery, also two windows, with room enough for all.

I, too, have read "She," and enjoyed it, but mainly I think, as one neighbor says of another, "I like to hear how big a story he can tell and carry it through successfully;" even so I enjoyed Haggard, but would not care for that as a steady literary diet. However, one understands the newspaper hits and reviews so much better if they read such books when they are having their day, that it always seems seems to pay. I have just finished the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," that old book by Elizabeth Charles, and there is so much to admire and endorse, that scarce a page is left free from penciling, as I like to mark the particularly striking sentences, and then go over it again and again to study my favorites. Following that I undertook to read a commonplace love story, and how dull and profitless it seemed! I really could not finish it. With books as with sermons, after we have been served with the "strong meat" we lose our relish for watery broth. Light food is good in its place if well prepared, but when dealt out without any apparent preparation it lacks the relish.

The holidays will soon be here and suggestions for ornament or convenience are, of course, in order. A decorated bottle stands at my elbow that is a pretty and inexpensive affair—a common beer bottle. A mixture was made of dry kalsomine and liquid shellac and put on to the bottle with a putty-knife, leaving it very rough, but the surface was covered to within three inches of the bottom. This soon hardened like stone and was gilded, as also the wires hanging at the side and a tall wooden cork. A three inch band of cherry plush covers the plain bottom, and two yards of the narrowest ribbon of the same color is wound around the cork, tied in a double bow to the wires and hangs at the side. It is a showy ornament for the table or mantel. I saw a pretty panel the other day that was a piece of thin board about eight by fourteen inches, covered plain with blue plush, and a cabinet photograph was fastened with four brass-headed nails, diagonally, near the bottom. On the upper corner a bunch of small cones, nuts, spice berries, etc., wired and gilded, was fastened with a bow of

shell-pink ribbon, and it stood on the table as an easel. An old fashioned, hanging tin candlestick is gilded, a sperm candle put in proper place in it, then the space around filled with matches, with a piece of sand-paper glued to the bottom, and it is a complete match safe. The mother's butter-ladle has a pretty painting inside, the rest is gilded, a bow of ribbon tied around the handle and hangs on the wall as a plaque.

Scrap bags are always useful presents, for one can never have too many. One in every sleeping room is a great convenience for disposing of stray feathers, bits of paper, etc.; and one used as a string bag is a convenience that I've never seen in any house but my own; but the store parcels bring in so many strings that a handy place for them is a real help.

EL. SEE.

WASHINGTON.

MISTAKES.

Thanks to Beatrix for pointing them out to us. When you are led to see that you have made a mistake, the first thing that should be done is to rectify it; but that is not a pleasant task, and especially if you are getting old, and it has been a long standing one, and has been brought before the public gaze in literature, and perhaps caused laughter or ridicule, even in so small a matter as the signing of your name to a written note. We find this world full of mistakes, some through ignorance and some through neglect or carelessness. And we have made one sad mistake if we have not preserved all our old HOUSEHOLDS, which have been so faithful to point them out to us; this life is so full of them that we find them, it matters not which way we may turn. But some of them cannot be seen, only from a certain standpoint.

I have been binding my HOUSEHOLDS; I put the numbers for two years in one book. For the benefit of others I will tell how it is done: Lay the papers in order, be sure to have the double edge even, put in two or more blank leaves, front and back; now make several holes through with an awl, and fasten firmly with strong thread. To trim the edges place a small board each side of the book, even where you wish to cut the edge, place this firmly in a vise, and cut with a sharp draw-shave; next take wood file or sand paper and rub the edge until you think that is well done. If you have not a shop with such tools in, the good man of the house has made a mistake, for we find these things indispensable on a well managed farm. To fasten the cover on make three holes large enough for a narrow tape to pass through, one in the center and the others an inch and a half from each end. The holes should be a half inch from the back, pass the tape through, leave an inch of the tape on each side. Cut the cover a little larger than the book except the half inch less at the back; paste the cover on the inside, and lay it on the book even with the tape; paste the tape on the outside to hold the cover in place, cover the whole with cloth. Or use cloth for the back, letting it come on the cover about half of an inch or more, and cover the rest with fancy paper. Be sure that the back is well pasted and that the book closes with ease. Lay a weight on the book until dry that it may

not warp. Now we have a nice book, but I find one mistake, we have no index, there is too much lost time to find what I want. I put several blank leaves in my book, intending to write out an index, and then I came to another mistake, they were not paged, only each paper by itself. I will page my book and then I will write my index in alphabetical order. It would be very nice if we could have an index at the end of each year; our last paper might be an index. But if we cannot have that it would not be much extra work to page them, commencing with January and so through the whole year. It would be a great help to those who have them bound. I have tried to make this so plain that a child would not make a mistake. Some will say "Oh, I have no time;" it is not so much for want of time as it is want of will to do. I find that one woman cannot in all things reach perfection; if she has succeeded at one point she is sadly deficient at another.

It is not supposed that the majority of women know how to conduct their own legal affairs, but common sense would teach them if they hold property in their own right, that they must act independent of their husbands. So it is right that in business a woman should use her Christian name, but in the social world and in domestic life, where the husband and wife are counted as one, they should be one in name to avoid all mistakes. I know in some cases it is very nice to hide behind a *nom de plume*; we feel more like writing that which we would not, if we were using our husband's initials. But to claim a professorship, that can only be attained by personal effort.

But how is the third person to know what my husband's initials are if I sign my letter with my Christian name? Suppose I write to Evangeline, of Battle Creek, requesting an answer, how can she do otherwise than answer to the name that I have signed? According to etiquette it is not correct to address a married lady by her Christian name; and I doubt very much if I should get the letter until it had passed through the advertisement columns; for us matrons here are seldom known by our Christian names. But the HOUSEHOLD hereafter will know me only as plain

DIANA.

BROOKLYN.

WILLING, BUT WEAK.

Huldah Perkins asks if the readers of the HOUSEHOLD are ashamed of their economies, since they never tell of them. For my own part, I would be the happiest woman in the State if I ever had any I could tell of. I am a particularly unfortunate individual in that respect; all my economies partake of the nature of "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole." With the best intentions in an economical way, I find myself termed an extravagant woman by my friends who succeed in being saving. I have been compelled to admit my conviction that I am "not built that way." When I attempt to scrimp the shortening in the piecrust, or economize in the quality of the coffee, Gustavus Adolphus makes Rome howl until the old lavishness is resumed, always offering as a conclusive argument the assertion that as head centre

of the family he pays the bills and if he does not grumble, no one else need. And to do him justice, he never does growl; he loves good living; his mother was a famous cook in her day.

I tried to economize by buying cheap things. A pair of shoes, for instance, at \$3, tempted me into investing, and I fondly imagined I had saved two dollars. But there was something about the cut of them which was wrong—a seam came over my favorite bunion, and they pinched my toes terribly when I came to wear them. And it was not long before I presented them to my washwoman, and sadly fear that her profuse gratitude at the time of bestowal was not justified by later developments; in brief, I think they hurt her worse than they did me, but I had got rid of them; and I am still in doubt as to how much I am actually out of pocket by the purchase.

The basque and certain portions of the skirt of a dress were worn out, and I decided the remainder of the skirt and a couple of yards of new like it, would, if combined with another shade of the same color, make me a serviceable dress. But I could only find the proper complexion in goods at a dollar a yard. Then Madame my dress-maker charges \$8 for making the plainest of dresses, and will hardly condescend to look at a reconstructed garment. I feel as humble as a feminine "Uriah Heep" when I take my simple wool dresses to her, anyhow, and I really had not moral courage enough to face her disdain of my purposed economy. A bright thought struck me; why not make it myself? I would! It was a glorious inspiration. But I had no pattern! I would rip up the old basque, which had fitted me better than a glove, and cut the new basque by it. Another glorious, etc., etc. I ripped and pressed and cut and basted till it was ready to try on, and still exulting in my brilliant scheme, put it on, feeling "I've got there; this is a mere form." But One of Gustavus Adolphus's sh— would have been a better one. Being brought up on the "try, try again" plan, I did not propose to give it up and I worked at it until I reduced it to a tolerable fit, so that by never wearing it out of the house, and always being very bright and brilliant when any one calls and I have it on, I think I can detract attention from the way it "hutches" up in the neck, and goes off on the bas in the back, and the exasperating way in which the sleeves wrinkle at the armholes. And the cost of that "economy" was \$3.50, and confidentially, I hate the sight of it.

Now, candidly, I envy with all my heart those women who do know how to be economical, and who have the faculty to make over clothing, cook, using just enough and not a bit too much, and buy advantageously. I never made a bargain in my life; always I pay the highest price for everything; and I honestly do not see why it is so. I would be glad to be more economical if I only knew how, but the above specimens of my success at saving are literally true, and about the way my attempts turn out. I believe it is because I am totally lacking in what the Yankees call "gumption;" and I would be glad to learn of Huldah Perkins, or any one else, how to cultivate that faculty. I look with sincere admiration upon a woman who can so adapt conditions

to circumstances and bring about such results as Huldah did in the matters she told us about in a recent *HOUSEHOLD*. [Issue of Nov. 10. — Ed.] That venison steak would have had no jelly cake accompaniment, at my table, because it never would have occurred to me that I could get out of the dilemma so gracefully as she did. Alas! I am not fertile in expedients.

BRUNEFILLE.

ACCEPTING INVITATIONS.

I agreed with Beatrix in her article on the "Duties of Guests," but there were several things she omitted which I think some people ought to know and pay some attention to. I think a visitor ought to tell the lady of the house how long she proposes to stay, when she first comes. Not to know is often very inconvenient and annoying, as the lady often has visits of her own to make, or other company she wants to ask to come, or there are friends waiting till her house is clear to pay a visit. So I say always manage to tell how long you mean to stay; and I second Beatrix's saying that "short visits make long friends."

Another point is in accepting invitations. If you ask a person to visit you on such and such a date, let her accept or decline for that time, the time that she is invited for. But a good many will say or write "I can't come then, but will come" a week earlier or a week later, as the case may be. I do not think this is good manners. In that point the convenience of the one who invites is the principal thing to be considered, and in inviting us for a given day she is supposed to have arranged to suit her convenience best, and it is out of place to say we will come some other time, when perhaps it will be decidedly inconvenient to her.

I do not know whether I am right in this matter or not, but as I read in a fashion paper the other day that in England people are invited to come a certain day and even at a given time of that day, and invited to stay a given number of days, and expected to go when that limit is expired, I do not think I am very far out of the way, as whatever is "English, you know" is quite sure to be right.

LAPEER.

REBECCA.

FEEDING THE BABY.

Christine Terhune Herrick, who is a daughter of the popular authoress "Marion Harland," in a very sensible letter in *Harper's Bazar* on the above subject, says that the crying of babies is more frequently to be attributed to surfeit than to the desire for food, though it may be taken eagerly by instinct and as the only means to the baby's knowledge to subdue his pain. Regular meals for the baby should be insisted on from the first; at first the interval should be two hours, the time being gradually increased, until at five or six months five meals in the twenty-four hours will suffice. To insist that the child shall have but three meals a day from the beginning of its life is cruel. The stomach is too small to hold food enough for the lengthy periods which must intervene, and the digestive apparatus works so rapidly that the stomach is empty long before time for the next meal.

Milk is the natural and hence best food

for babies. Cow's milk will be acceptable to many, while others it will not suit at all. If milk is not available, next in value is a mixed diet, barley, rice, or oatmeal water with cream or milk, to which may be added lime water, sugar of milk, salt, or soda, as the physician may direct. An artificial food should not be tried without a physician's advice; nor should experiments be made on the baby's diet because some article proved nourishing to some other baby. Of the care of the appliances for "bringing up a baby by hand," Mrs. Herrick says:

"Too much care cannot be bestowed upon the cleansing of the utensils in which a baby's food is prepared and served to him. To secure this end it is well to have two sets of vessels, that the one may have a chance to be thoroughly cleansed while the other is in use. The tin in which the food is cooked should be scoured immediately after it has been emptied, and then carefully dried. Seamless cups or saucepans should be used, if possible, that there may be no risk of the milk drying in the cracks or seams and escaping observation. Agate ironware is preferable to tin, as being more easily kept clean.

"The bottle should be rinsed out as soon as the baby has finished his meal, and left filled with clean cold water until it is again needed. Once a day, at least, they should be washed out with scalding water and borax, and if possible have a good sunning as well. A bottle brush is indispensable. The long rubber nipples should be selected, as these can be turned inside out and well cleansed. Black rubber should always be used in preference to white.

"No words can be too strong in condemnation of the long rubber tubes one often sees attached to the bottles. It is almost impossible to keep the inside of these tubes clean. The sight of a baby in a public conveyance pulling at one end of a snake-like tube, while the other is connected with a bottle of stone-cold milk, is enough to make one's heart ache for the little victim to its mother's carelessness or lack of knowledge.

"One must remember that while milk may satisfy the baby's appetite, it does not quench his thirst. He should often have a few teaspoonfuls of cool water given him. Many a poor little child who could not put his woes into words has undergone intense suffering because it has never occurred to his attendant that the milk he drank served only to increase his thirst. In summer he should have only boiled water, and the precaution is a wise one at all times."

C. B. wishes to thank Edna and the other ladies who responded to her request for recipes for mustard pickles. She followed the directions furnished by Edna, and reports that her pickles are very nice.

We have received a copy of Miss Parloa's *New Cook-Book*, a collection of several hundreds of recipes for the preparing of table luxuries and dainty dishes, soups, sauces, cakes, puddings, beverages, in fact, everything to tempt the appetite. A number of the recipes are new, and have never been in print before. The purpose of the author is to teach how to prepare dishes that are more healthful and satisfying and also more economical than cake and pastry. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PEAS are the most unpalatable of any vegetable when canned, even though put up by professional canners.

WHEN blankets grow thin and begin to give way, it is scarcely worth while to mend them. Several such tacked together, and quilted into a cotton or woollen case, make an excellent coverlet. To quilt, divide into diamonds by drawing diagonal lines crossing each other, and stitch on the machine, or run by hand, taking care that the stitches go through and through.

AN exchange gives the following recipe for home-made vinegar, a method we have never before chanced to see. The process is as follows: "Boil one pint of corn in a gallon of water; strain, and to the liquor thus obtained add syrup or sugar until pleasantly sweet. Let it stand in a warm place and you will soon have good vinegar. The stronger and sweeter the liquor the stronger will be the vinegar and the longer in making." But none of these "slop-made" vinegars can equal in strength and excellence that made from good apple cider, and converted into vinegar by the gradual acidulation of time.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer* dries pears in this manner: "To dry pears we pare, quarter and core them, and if the quarters are large, divide again. As fast as they are thus prepared we drop them into a preserving kettle half full of maple syrup, fill the kettle with pears, then put it away for twelve hours to season and harden the fruit. They are then put over a slow fire and cooked till the fruit looks clear, but is not soft. The pieces are then skimmed out and put into a warm place to dry. I use sheets of tin, made especially for the purpose, on which to dry the fruit, putting them into the stove oven and changing often to cooler places. With four of these large tins, of the size of the bottom of the stove oven, I can easily dry half a bushel of pears per day, besides attending to other household duties. When dry, the pears look like waxed fruit, and make a rarity for fruit cake, or for eating, like figs."

Contributed Recipes.

FRUIT CAKE NO. 1.—Three cups sugar; two cups butter; four coffeecups flour; eight eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two pounds raisins; two pounds currants; half pound citron; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and soda. Bake slow and long. Will keep indefinitely if not eaten. All fruit cake should be made a month before using.

NO. 2.—One cup each of butter, sugar and molasses; half pound each of raisins and currants; quarter pound citron; half teaspoonful soda; and one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg; four eggs; three cups flour.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup butter; two brown sugar; one of cold coffee; three of flour, and three eggs; one pound raisins; half pound currants; quarter pound citron; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and soda. This is my favorite, and will keep a year if not eaten.

M. E. H.

ALBION.