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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

She had studied all the "ologies,"
Knew all about Latin and Greek,
Italian and Spanish could read and write,
And French and German speak.
Could sing like a seraph or nightingale,
Was pretty well up in art!
She graduated from the Harvard Annex,
And then—she lost her heart.
There were moonlight walks, a sail or two,
A drive when the day was done;
Ribbons, laces, a wedding march,
And then they twain were one.
A run to Europe, then home again,
Receptions and balls a score;
Then they settled down to life's routine,
And the honeymoon was o'er.
Alas! for their life ship's tossing now
'Mong the breakers of "Something to Eat,"
Alas! that the love of a man sh^d depend
On a bit of bread and meat.
But a dinner of herbs, though seasoned with
love,
On the palate at last will pall,
And he longed for the flesh pots of Egypt,
And the fatted ox in the stall.
The cook grew "uppish" and "put on airs,"
When she didn't know salmon from cod,
And she found, too late, she had married a man
Instead of a demigod.
Romance and poetry slipped away,
And Love—the gay little sinner—
Pouted, then out of the window flew
When she couldn't cook a dinner.
What d'd she do? Had she been a man
I presume she'd have "taken to drink,"
But being a woman, she just sat down,
On the state of affairs to think.
The thing was done; it was no use now,
To say she had been a "fool;"
So she quickly donned her wraps and went
At once to an evening school.
Poetry never came back again,
And Romance was lost, or dead,
But Love came shyly flitting back!
As soon as she learned to make bread.
The moral of this is so plain I'm sure,
You may read if you will but look—
Study as much as you please, but be sure
If you marry you know how to cook.
—Good Housekeeping.

THE PROPOSED DRESS REFORM.

Mrs. Anna Jenness Miller, who gave an address before the Association for the Advancement of Women at its meeting here in November on the subject of reform in dress, was persuaded to return to Detroit and give a public lecture on "Dress Reform" on the 17th inst.

Mrs. Miller appeared upon the platform in a handsome street toilette of gray-green plush which cleared the floor by a couple of inches, was confined at the waist by a

girdle, and was straight and full in the skirt. There was no noticeable difference between her costume and any well-fitting, stylishly made dress, yet it was innocent of bustle, whalebones, or steels, and worn without corset or petticoats. Mrs. Miller has never worn a corset, except for one week once as an experiment, when she "thought it would kill her," and believes God gave women bones enough to hold her up without borrowing those of the whale. Her opinion of the bustle is that if nature had thus disfigured a woman, she would go to the world's end to have the monstrosity removed. She says she has no need of corsets, steels or bustle because she stands and holds herself correctly, and implies that other women might gain as graceful and erect a carriage as she possesses, by the same means.

Mrs. Miller wears first a closefitting suit of "union" underwear, in one piece; then a "chemilette," which takes the place of four of the usual feminine garments—chemise, corset, corset-cover and drawers; and then the garment which she calls "leglets," a modification of Lady Haberton's divided skirt, which is made like a skirt for each leg, gathered to a deep yoke. Lifting the skirt of her dress, Mrs. Miller showed that these "leglets," in actual wear, differed but little if any in appearance and effect from a skirt, while giving perfect freedom and ease of movement to the legs. They are more modest than skirts, because the wearer can stand on a street corner on a windy day and not a man will turn his head to stare—there's nothing to see.

This method of dressing entirely does away with heavy skirts, as the "leglets" give more warmth than two or three skirts with much less weight and bulk. There are no skirt suspenders, and no buttoning on waists, and no weight dragging from either hips or shoulders. The "union" undersuit Mrs. Miller wears is of woven silk, except in winter, when the softest and finest of woolen wear is substituted. The "leglets" are of wash surah, of wool in colors, or any material preferred, the "chemilette" of china silk or wash surah.

To demonstrate how rapidly one can dress when wearing this system, Mrs. Miller disappeared and almost before the little flutter and movement in the audience had subsided, returned wearing a beautiful tea gown of green velvet with front of pale green surah, a gown which she said was innocent of steels, bustle and bones, yet which fitted her like a glove. A "rainy day dress" was short, of brown wool goods,

which, worn over the "leglets," obviated all danger of dragged skirts and damp ankles, and was a dress any woman compelled to venture on the street on a rainy day could appreciate.

Mrs. Miller does not approve of long trains; her evening dresses had short ones only, and were made with corsage V-shaped in front and back and with elbow sleeves; she had a word or two of emphatic denunciation for the decollete dress kept on by a strap over the shoulder; and mentioned an instance where a woman refused to dine with her because she was "immodest" in showing herself to audiences of ladies only, in her undergarments, yet this same woman attended a party at Washington wearing a dress which had not even a band over the shoulder to keep what there was of the corsage in place.

Mrs. Miller then disappeared again and returned enveloped in a long gray plush wrap, which she dropped, disclosing her comely person clad in the mysterious leglets. This revelation of secrets of the toilette produced a solemn hush throughout the audience—there was no "Peeping Tom of Coventry" in hiding—broken by a round of applause.

Enough has been said to show what reform Mrs. Miller would institute. There have been many reforms attempted heretofore, which have failed because so distinctively ugly and differing so greatly from women's ordinary wear that those who adopted them were made ridiculous and guyed by even the street Arabs. This killed them, for

"There is no man alive who can live down
The inextinguishable laughter of mankind,"
and if a man cannot endure ridicule certainly a woman cannot.

The hope for Mrs. Miller's "leglets" and accompaniments lies in the fact that they can be worn without making the wearer differ in appearance from others who dress by dressmakers' standards, the prevailing mode of fashions being externally preserved. I confess those "leglets" strike me as a good thing.
BEATRIX.

A FEW LITTLE FACTS.

Evidently Boston and the region round about it constitutes the Hub of the universe. To such pivotality they have long laid claim, accepting all quips and jeers begotten by the assumption in a serenely heroic spirit, keeping their faith inviolate. It was there that the rebellious sons and daughters of Albion, for the sake of a noble principle, inherent in the soul of every man and

woman "created in His image," sung the first glad hymn of Liberty in the bleak December weather, and then through years of hardships, privations, toils, the rigors of which we cannot estimate, proceeded to lay the enduring foundations of the grand temple of Universal Freedom. "But they were fanatics, intolerant extremists." "Yes, they were cranks. The crankiest kind of cranks. But you know cranks turn things when their leverage is a principle of human rights." If we doubt this we have only to remember that it took but 150 years for this principle, so sacredly cherished and nourished by the Pilgrim Fathers in the wilds of a newly discovered land inhabited by treacherous savages, to assume such healthful, powerful proportions as gave it courage to cope with the haughtiest and strongest nation in the world, and to drive them beaten back to their sorely surprised king and ministry. And we must not forget that it was Boston women—or men who screwed their courage to the sticking point by wearing Boston women's clothing, who tossed the hated taxed tea into nature's big tea pot, so maddened the Bull that he rushed headlong into the fight, and soon found himself pawing dust at Lexington in a way that made the Pilgrim Fathers smile, and caused Boston to banquet her hero sons.

Here too the spirit of anti-slavery had birth, from here it radiated, enlarged and strengthened, despite revilings, persecutions and scorn—fit prototypes of all that had been endured in establishing the verity of the principle vouchsafing the white man's freedom, until it became embodied in the politics of our nation, and—we all know the rest of the story. The fratricidal war, waged on a principle involving the inherent rights of man. The right victorious. "But they were fanatics, those anti-slavery people." "Yes, they were cranks of the crankiest kind. But you know it takes cranks to turn things."

Here too have been located for years what we may term the electric light works of the woman suffrage movement, and of the opening up to woman of all those avenues of education, business, occupation and profession which from the fruit eating era of Eve down to the nineteenth century A. D., had been hermetically sealed against God's improvement on his own patent. Now when I say "here" I do not mean simply the corporation of Boston, but the land of "Down East," the land where Liberty's saplings are always strong and healthy and her forest oaks have roots that run down and embrace the fathers and mothers resting beneath the rocky soil, and tops that catch the music of the spheres. Bravely, unfalteringly, in the face of scorn, in the teeth of calumny, the eye of jealousy, the beak and talons of treason and revenge, and under the foot of opprobrium they have steadily progressed, gaining ground inch by inch, never retreating from a point of vantage won. Latterly it has become a prophetic truism amongst woman suffragists that "The time draws near when the ballot in the hands of women will be indispensable in effecting the overthrow of certain evils, both present and prospective." This is as much a fact in God's providences as is

the procession of the equinoxes. And as the mighty harvest of wrongs ripens, ready for the reaping, the keen, conscientious blade of the ballot, cast by women's hands, defined by their heads and dictated by their hearts, will be ready and resistless as an aid in laying it low.

It is a significant fact that to the women of Boston has been relegated the first of this harvest work that echoes round the world, and round and round again, quickening the dormant fires of patriotism, of loyalty to Liberty's sacred law. Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1883, is a day destined to stand out in brilliant lettering in the history, not of Boston only, but of the United States, aye, of the world. That bleak December day filled with relentless storm, is destined to shine brighter than the fairest day in June. The day when 20,000 women in the interest of a great educational question, cast their all too willingly received and anxiously sought for votes in the precincts of Boston. Twice as many in number as the entire population of this little city, which has not yet got so much as the topmost wrinkle in its conservative old forehead, above the stale rubbish that fogies pile up around the woman suffrage question. "Oh, but these suffragists are a lot of strong-minded, unfeminine cranks." "Yes, the crankiest kind of cranks have been and perhaps are the originators and leaders in this as in all other great movements, but you know it takes cranks to turn things. But the revolution once revolved in the groove of a great social and political need, and the reform is propelled by its own momentum, and the whilom crank, no longer a jeer and a by-word, becomes a heroic, deified emblem, rehearsed in song and story and emulated in the lives of those who, coming after, enjoy the rich fruits so dearly bought."

One-fourth of Boston's taxpayers are women. Seven-tenths of these are educated, intelligent, Christian women—women who recognizing a duty unshrinkingly perform it; women who recognize duty through the lens of an enlightened conscience. And there are millions of just such women thickly set throughout the border of our nation. The womanliest of women. Strength of mind, of will, of purpose, of affection they possess, women who are indeed helps meet for the work waiting in the world's broad fields of action, where the adherents of the two great leaders, Right and Wrong, are ever at war.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

[Paper read by Mrs. S. Consalus before the Antwerp and Paw Paw Farmers' Association, Dec. 6, 1887.]

By guest we mean any one who is not a member of the family, and whether their stay be of a few hours or of weeks' duration, they should receive a warm welcome and be made comfortable in every respect and the best of the house be placed at their command. They should make themselves so agreeable that it will be a pleasure for all to be with them; in no case should they assert their tastes or habits. Beatrix thinks they should not be expected to rise at six; I think they should, as getting an extra breakfast would be very inconvenient for

most housekeepers. If their health is such that they cannot do so they should make their visit a very short one. While we do not expect our guests to do the work, yet they should try not to be a burden. If a lady, she should take the entire care of her room, and be on the lookout for the little things that she can do, that will be a relief to her hostess and a benefit to herself. Guests should be careful about misplacing and throwing around anything, as that is very annoying, and should so adapt themselves to the customs of the house as to cause the least trouble. I had a friend come to spend some time with me, and as I had not seen her since she was a child, it was with a little dread that I put things in order for her, but she came and conquered by her sweet, sympathetic ways. I learned a lesson from her, and was sorry when she had to return to her home. If a guest has been where things are nicer and more elegant than her hostess can have, she should be very careful how she speaks of them, and also careful how she speaks of the faults of others; how much harm has been done by that one thing!

I think as a rule the gentlemen are easier to entertain than the ladies; they take the paper and seat themselves in a corner, and so amuse themselves, while a lady would think it necessary to be entertained at least by conversation.

We sometimes have guests from the city, and while we gladly welcome them, it is amusing to have them rush to the barn and fields, mount the wagon and ride back and forth, ride the horses to pasture, drive the cows and romp all over the country. They are very much surprised when told that the young ladies of the country do not do so; they always thought they did, and say, "Is that the cow that gives the butter-milk?" and "Does this one give the butter? and is that wheat over there, and are they going to dig it to-day?" While it seems strange to us that any one can be so ignorant, we show our own ignorance when we return their visit. We wobble as we walk, we must not look at the windows, be they ever so beautifully decorated, nor admire any building be it ever so elegantly constructed, we must not gawk around, as any one will know that we are "from the country." But why should it be such a disgrace to be from the country? Why such an unpardonable error to look around when everything is so beautiful? If things are not to be looked at why are they so conspicuously placed before us? Each place, city and country, has new customs and different ways of doing; it is not strange that we should show our ignorance of unaccustomed ways, occasionally transgress a little.

It is a very nice thing to spend some time with a friend and so conduct ourselves as not to be a burden, and be so very sympathetic and agreeable that all shall love and respect us and regret our departure. How much we can learn and benefit each other, by even a few hours' intercourse? How much pleasure we can give and receive if we are governed by the, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do, you should do unto them."

Beatrix has written a very able article upon this subject; as you are most all readers of the FARMER I refer you to it, as expressing my views in a much better way than I can.

A COOKING SCHOOL

There is a movement on foot in this city to organize and establish a cooking school, modeled somewhat after the Kensington Cooking College at London, Eng., which within the past twelve years has graduated thirty-five thousand cooks. There have been a great many cooking clubs formed, which have had their share of popularity and undoubtedly accomplished a certain amount of good; we have had several such private clubs here, and some "cooking classes" at which professional *chefs* have dispensed instruction. But the projectors of the new scheme propose something more ambitious, wider in scope, and which they design shall be permanent—that is if it meets with the support and patronage they expect for it. It is proposed to make it a school where girls who know nothing about cooking can go for practical instructions, instructions which will teach them how to cook and how to buy provisions, and save the costly experimenting with materials incident to the early career of a novice in housekeeping. It will be a school where young women who wish to fit themselves for the position of cooks can learn their business so completely that they can command high wages; and where a wealthy lady can send her servant to obtain further skill if she seems ambitious to excel in that line. It will not be a charity, but be self-supporting through tuition fees and the sale of the prepared food, to dispose of which a restaurant annex is under consideration; and it is thought \$5,000 will equip the school and maintain it for a year, after which the expense will be less.

It is possible that three courses of instruction may be maintained. The first, of ten weeks, will include kitchen work and plain cooking; the second will teach the higher, more artistic and elaborate cooking; the third course will be for the benefit of those intending to become housekeepers or teachers, and will be supplemented by a course of lectures on what to cook and how to teach.

As a number of the most wealthy and influential society ladies of the city are interesting themselves in the proposed school, so that it will have the backing of cash and the aid of social prestige, it is expected that if it "materialize" it will be a success. It is hoped that with the opportunity to become proficient in culinary art, and with the added dignity conferred upon the work through recognizing it as of sufficient importance to be taught in a "college," with real live professors of gastronomy as dean and faculty, young women will be attracted to housework and cooking as a profession and fit themselves for the work.

That such a school will "fill a long felt want" goes without saying. At present, we have a vast army of incompetent help, with no opportunities of education in the preparation of food. What they know has been "picked up" at one place and another, and combines the varying methods of half a dozen women in whose houses they have worked, many of whom do not know more about the proper methods than those whom they attempt to instruct. A girl with ambition to excel has no chance to

learn her work thoroughly. We teach our girls to do everything on earth but prepare the food which is necessary to sustain life, and then wonder why they hate the kitchen and don't know how to cook. When the cook in the kitchen of a Vanderbilt can command a salary equal to that of the president of a college, surely the woman who can get up warm meals to suit an ordinary "no 'count" millionaire, ought to get as good wages as a common "professor" in a graded school.

It is to be hoped that the projected college of cooking will become an actuality. There is an open field for it.

BEATRIX.

IN GOTHAM.

As I stepped on the New York shore, I felt like a needle in a hay mow, not in point of sharpness but in insignificance. The first thing is to find shelter from the "wing of night," for "the day is done." Having in mind numerous instances read of misfortunes befalling the unwary in this city, I resolved to be very cautious and sure of being right before going ahead. I was certain of having found the town, could not well miss it anyway, and with as little trouble reached the Grand Union hotel. The following day my trouble began. Had I been exploring the catacombs, I think I should have been as successful as in finding my way through the labyrinth of halls winding in all directions about that hotel. In connection with numbers "316" will "haunt my memory still" as it shone in soft red light upon the door of my room, truly a beacon light after each day's sight-seeing in the babel of our great metropolis.

It is easy to get around New York. There is always a car near, either horse or elevated, and plenty of carriages whose drivers hope you may "long be able to walk, but seldom willin'," always some one to answer inquiries, and always some place to go. In recalling my peregrinations, I shall speak briefly of what I saw rather than of what I did not see. There is little doubt that greater interest would attach to what I did not see, as it comprised by far the larger part of the city, but I feel incompetent to do justice to this portion of the subject. I was irreligious enough to spend a good share of the "first day of the week" in Central Park. Perhaps I was a little disappointed in it; others have been also, and it may have been because from a child that park had been my ideal of nature beautified and multiplied in charms. It was beautiful even though disappointing; but nature, like beauty, unadorned is adorned the most, and the magic of her influence lies in her naturalness, with all the rugged unpolished appearances the creative touch has left upon her. We like to stumble over a moss-covered log, we like to push aside the interwoven green of the untrimmed low-hanging branches and plunge into unexpected paths for a dainty blossom of the wildwood, or a trailing fern clinging to the damp, wet leaves of many an autumn's falling. We love the slippery ways, the deep-hearted wood with its beautiful surprises nature holds for our own seeking in her sequestered aisles. I sat under the shadow of the old obelisk and

wished it might tell me the story of its grim old age. It is a prominent object in the park, much sought by visitors evidently, as nearly all paths lead "To the Obelisk." I saw no designs in flowers so fine as some at the Chicago South Park, still they may have been there. One cannot "do" the place in a few hours very thoroughly; although I was considerably worse through an attempt to accomplish this, I saw no evidence of the park suffering. It is a fine old place, and many worn and tired feet on this the rest day of the weary week seek its sunny paths. Fifth Avenue lies along one side, with its aristocratic homes on the opposite side of the street. A stranger is surprised to find this avenue so narrow and paved with cobble stones. There was a motley crowd surging up and down; evidently the "uncommon splendacious" dwellers on the avenue were not to be seen mingling with the plebeian throng. Possibly they may have all gone to church. The churches in New York must be for the rich. On this avenue one passes a number of fine edifices. A new cathedral is being erected whose massive towers of white marble rise to a dizzy height, and farther on a chime of sweet bells wafted music to the ear. I went in and sat down with the waiting people. "Everything was lovely and only man was vile" within those marble walls with their dim aisles, soft-lighted and solemn, the mellow tints falling through costly windows upon the elaborate altar. My soul was lost in dreams, and upon that altar there seemed inscribed these words, "To the unknown God."

LESLIE.

"S. M. G."

A MATTER OF ECONOMY.

I would like to tell the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD*, especially those with little ones to knit for, how to economize in both time and cost in knitting stockings for little feet. Begin to knit the leg without a seam, and instead of narrowing each side the seam as in the old way, narrow occasionally all around the leg so as to shape it perfectly. Knit the leg the desired length and bind off, then knit the foot separately; when finished turn wrong side out and sew them together, using care to catch each stitch by sewing over and over. Then, when the knee begins to show signs of getting thin rip the foot and leg apart, turn the leg half round and sew together the same as before, until it is thin again, then turn the same as before. In this way you will get the wear from all parts of the leg—or knee rather—and avoid a patched or darned knee, which to me is quite an eye-sore. I find it is the knee that generally gives out first. I hope I have made this plain enough for all to fully understand; you will see that at last the under part of the knee will be the exposed part.

When the lamp tops or the door-knobs become loosened, you will find alum used in the place of plaster of paris will give better results. Take an old dish, melt the alum by placing it on the stove, let boil a few seconds when it is ready for use. As it sets very quick it is necessary to have the articles to be mended in readiness before the alum is removed from the fire.

OLD HUNDRED.

HINTS TO HOME DRESSMAKERS.

To make the plain skirt which serves as a foundation on which to arrange the draperies of a dress, cut first a front breadth out of English or "shelf" cambric, gore this slightly from bottom to top, and fit it by two small darts, slightly curving it on the upper edge. On each side of this is sewed the side gore; the straight edge to the gore of the front, shaping the side gore on the front to fit smooth over the hip. The back width is straight, and the side gores are widened or narrowed to make the skirt at the bottom measure from two and a quarter to two and a half yards, according to the size and height of the wearer. Begin to sew the gores at the top and pare to a slope round the bottom. From three to four inches in length must be allowed, to be taken up by the bustle and the steels. The next step is to put a plain, smooth-fitting facing of the dress material on the right side of the skirt, make this six inches wide, baste it evenly top and bottom, turning in the upper edge, and stitch it round with the machine. Turn the skirt, and you are ready for a ten-inch facing of canvas on the wrong side; cut the canvas bias and it will go on without a wrinkle. Overcast the edges of canvas, facing and foundation together and you are ready for the braid; baste it on the right side, holding it loose, and stitch on the lower edge; turn over on the wrong side and fell to the canvas so that on the right side it looks like a mere cord. Run the casings for your steels; three in number, one quite low down, the top one about eight inches from the top, baste the skirt to a band and try it on, over the bustle you mean to wear with it, to see if it is the right length. Let it be "the least little bit" longer than you want it, for it will take up a little in making. If it is the right length you are ready to add the deep, plain flounce over which your drapery is to be arranged, and which must be lengthened to reach the belt or may be shortened, according to the arrangement of the drapery. This flounce is plainly hemmed and a three-inch wide strip of crinoline is sometimes put on to stiffen the hem, the goods hemmed to this and it secured to the material by long blind stitches at the top edge. This flounce is often perfectly plain across the front and back and laid in shallow pleats on the sides to give the appearance of fullness without weight.

I wonder how many amateur dressmakers know how to finish off the bottom of a basque. First, measure by the seams to see that both edges are trimmed alike and to a proper slope; then turn up the edge and baste evenly. Cut a bias facing and, folding over one edge, baste it evenly along on the inside, pulling it a little so the top edge will be straight and without fullness; then turn under and baste the upper edge. Fell down these seams neatly, taking care no stitches are taken through to the right side. Press before taking out the bastings. Open and press all the seams in the waist except the curving side back forms. The high collars now worn require the neck of the dress to be cut out more than did the narrower ones. The canvas collar is cut bias, and slightly rounding on the lower

edge—that which is to be sewed to the dress; cover it with the dress material—on the bias, basting down the upper edge on the canvas; baste to the dress, holding the waist toward you, and try on. The wrinkles, if any, will probably be due to one of two things; either the dress is too high, or the neck has been stretched too much or too little in basting on. When just right, face with silk, felling it down neatly. A sleeve that will not fit may sometimes be made to fit by slipping it further to the front, sometimes by cutting out the armhole a little in the hollow of the front, and occasionally the sleeve itself needs a little snipping on the lower half. Remember however that every thread cut from armhole or sleeves seems to diminish the length of the sleeve by two threads.

The most stylish and convenient bustle is the small square cushion stuffed with curled hair, which is often attached to the dress-skirt, but is more conveniently worn when furnished with strings and tied about the waist. Two steels only are used in the skirt for ladies of medium height, but tall ladies require three; they are arranged so the lower one is quite low down, and are not so large as formerly.

House dresses are made longer, so as to touch the floor, or drag three or four inches upon it. Such dresses are never, however, worn outside the house. Street dresses clear the ground fairly. It will be a long time, we think, before the inconvenient length which is neither one thing or the other, will be generally adopted.

A worn dress waist may be easily and fashionably remodeled by making new sleeves of silk or velvet, and cutting off the worn fronts in jacket shape, straight down from the collar and square-cornered at the waist line, then adding a soft vest of the material used for the sleeves. If the dress is not already too snug, worn seams can be concealed by stitching again, just inside the old seams. The back of a basque can be stylishly remade by sewing the seams without pleats, rounding the bottom to rest smoothly on the skirt. The fronts of dresses having soft silk vests simply meet without lapping and are closed with hooks and eyes. To prevent them from unhooking, they are sewed on alternately, first a hook, then an eye, down the length of one front; on the other, first an eye, and then a hook, and so on, to correspond.

BED COVERS.

The present fashion of dressing a bed admits of a good deal of decoration in the way of a *couverpeid* or outside covering, to be purely ornamental, thrown over the usual white Marseilles counterpane, and removed with reverent care when the bed is to be used. For this decorative purpose covers are made just large enough to spread over the square defined by the mattress, the netted fringe or frill of lace with which they are finished, not being intended to tuck in or hang over very far. These covers are made of Bolton sheeting, and any amount of work expended in their embellishment. A wide border done in Kensington stitch with heavy silk, is often placed just within the space defined by the

edges of the mattress and the centre occupied with a scroll or shield with the initials of the owner worked in it, and the plain space inside the shield darned with silk of a contrasting color. But quite as pretty, and much less work, is the spread over the surface of which is scattered detached sprays, large and small interspersed, giving an apparently irregular effect. Or, a border in some regular design may be worked, and the centre powdered with scattered figures, not too thickly, however.

Anyone who has an old homespun linen sheet, which is to be preserved as a relic of the days when brides spun their own house-keeping outfits and knitted a pillow-case full of stockings as preparatory discipline for entrance upon matrimony, may use it in this fashion and make something really beautiful as well as valuable. If the linen is worn too much to be used entire, it is not necessarily a misfortune. Tear the best of it into strips a quarter or three-eighths of a yard wide, outline a vine or some continuous pattern on each, hem them, and join with insertion of antique or torchon lace; or if you have the time and the patience, with knitted or crocheted insertion. Edge with a wide lace to match, which should be sewed on with fullness, so that it forms a moderately scant ruffle.

One caution only should be observed, in making the "all over" spreads—the material used should be wide enough so there need be no seams in the centre. And when your patient work is completed you will have something of which your neighbors will say, "Isn't it too perfectly sweet for anything?"

Useful Recipes.

BAKED ONIONS.—Cook in two waters, the second salted. When tender, drain; put in the baking pan with a little pepper, butter and salt; pour on a little soup stock or milk thickened with flour. Brown in the oven. These are excellent.

SQUASH PIE.—To each cup of squash stewed and sifted, allow a coffee-cup of milk, one egg, nearly half a cup of sugar, and half a teaspoonful each of salt, nutmeg and cinnamon. Mix thoroughly the squash, sugar, salt and spices, add the beaten egg, then the milk. Bake nearly or quite an hour, according to the size of the pie.

APPLE PRESERVE.—Pare and core your apples and cut them into eight pieces, and to every pound of apples allow a half pound of sugar, and one pound of raisins to every six pounds of apples—and as many more as you can afford. Put all together with water enough to stew them. Cover and cook until they are done and the sirup is quite thick. This will keep in stone jars some time, if kept in a cool place.

SALLY LUNN.—One quart flour, one pint milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls butter, teaspoonful of salt, half a cake of compressed yeast. Have the milk warm, add the melted butter, the beaten eggs, the yeast, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls cold water, pour on the flour and beat to a smooth batter, add the salt and sugar last. Pour in baking pans to a depth of two inches, let rise two hours in a warm place and bake half an hour.