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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BLUE SKY ABOVE.

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

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

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

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

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE HOUSEWIFE'S WORK.

The HOUSEHOLD calls for recipes that can be made of "flour or meal." As these find a better relish in our family than cake, I will contribute some that are well tested.

Too many of our farmers' families do not give enough attention to a varied diet. From a visit of a few days I return hungry for vegetables; they either did not have them, or else they did not take the time to cook them. One misses the oatmeal, pancakes, brown bread, or gems, if these have been part of the every day food.

In my independent make-up, I have not followed so much after others, but have a way all my own. M. E. H. wishes some more ideas on "preparing for company." I would say to her, I prepare for company every day. Our company is for the most part unexpected. In the early morning hours I cast about to see what is in store for the day. Prepare the meat in season if to roast or stew, gathering up the fragments left from yesterday, to appear in some desirable form for dinner, or tea. It often happens we have just pie enough for our own family, when if some one comes

we have to make a shift some other way. As I said to my housemaid the other day: "If any one comes for dinner you may put on some of those cream cakes I have just made, with a dish of canned fruit." The cakes were needed. Another day we were in the same fix. At the eleventh hour, two men came in on the train to remain for the day. Before I knew it, however, my thoughtful maid had a pudding ready for the oven. You will find this very nice if you try the recipe which I send. This day's bill of fare was spare rib, baked potatoes, home canned corn and stewed apples freshly made, with the pudding spoken of. I cannot put up with anything but good bread and choice butter.

Speaking of the canned corn reminds me of the dinner of last summer. My husband and myself had a day's outing, going by carriage to a beautiful lake some sixteen miles from home. My husband has a cousin on the way; we reached there at eleven and remained for dinner. They are farmers and we were unexpected guests. For dinner they sent around to the corner grocery for canned beef. Anything, I suppose, but the nice sweet pork in the cellar. As I never eat canned goods, I made out my dinner on potato, with Jersey butter, bread and tea. I would have relished the pork, nicely fried, with its accompaniment of milk gravy. A neighbor of mine, who was considerably upset if gentlemen came unexpected to dinner, at one time kept her home dinner waiting an hour, to send three miles, to the nearest market, for beefsteak, found none and had to have the pork at last. When she apologized for it, they said they preferred it to fresh meat. It is best to be natural and not pretend to more than we have. I will now return to the waste fragments.

I sometimes steam the graham gems left from breakfast, and serve for dessert at dinner with maple syrup. The oatmeal mush is made up in patties, or sliced, fried brown, with maple syrup, for either dinner or tea.

Our people are fond of soups. Vegetable soup can be made without stock that is very nice. Canned fruit is always acceptable, but fresh fruit is such an appetizer, I prefer it always to canned; even apples, freshly cooked, are better. There are so many ways of serving them; I select choice uniform Baldwins, I prefer not to peel them, but later in the season it is best; remove the core, fill with sugar, cover the bottom of the tin with water, and bake in a very quick oven. We are treated to some of those while warm, for dinner, the rest

are for tea or next day. Other ways are equally good, so there can be a change.

When I expect company to tea my preparation is more in the substantial than in the fancy, as cold meats garnished with hard boiled eggs, or oyster stew; ice cream, or whipped cream is always enjoyed with the cake. One whose every day thought is given to these matters, becomes adept at fixing up relishes for the table. The hired girl has not the interest, neither the time, to look after this part of the domestic machinery. If it is done at all, it devolves upon the housewife; she is the home-maker; duties such as these go a great way in making the home a good place to stay. But a small portion of the housekeeper's time is required to accomplish good results. There is a satisfied feeling in having all things in readiness, so that when the unexpected guest comes a hearty welcome can be given without frowns or disturbance. There is so much I would like to say about this home life, but will defer and submit these random thoughts to the scrutiny of the head of our HOUSEHOLD; by the way I have become so well acquainted with the representative members of this HOUSEHOLD I miss them when absent. I am one of the silent but interested ones. I may speak again sometime.

HOME-LIFE.

NEW YORK.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Aunt Philena suggests that I may be like that minister whom Goldsmith likened to the finger-board by the roadside, inasmuch as he pointed out the way but never traveled it himself; and if she ever tries it, she will find that preaching is much easier than practicing, therefore more freely indulged in. But I persist that it is time people roused up to the take-and-give ability of the common towel. I had an awakening last winter, when for hours in the still night, I heard the sound of scratch, scratch, scratch; followed, perhaps, by a strain of mild profanity from the head of the house, and the most pathetic sobbing of my child. There were months of constant bathing, extra washing, the applications of every loathsome ointment recommended, and finally such a free use of sulphur that we felt fully prepared for the inferno of the ancients. Meanwhile, we were in a measure ostracised from the society of our friends—afraid to visit or receive visits, least we distribute this disease—and all the time I hated the thought of that yard of crash. For it and a new member of the household caused all the trouble, as

those who did not use the towel escaped it.

A friend lately visited me whose husband has for several years suffered from a scrofulous sore upon his face which discharges constantly; yet she had never thought of the danger of contagion in this way, until I mentioned it, and then seemed amazed at her neglect. This too when her sister's life had been robbed of half of its joy and all its usefulness by an eye disease contracted in the same way.

The towel moral points, not so directly at the members of one healthy family, as at the transient members which fall to the lot of every farm household; and I, for one, shall apply it to every outsider, even though he bring a physician's certificate of health. As one towel per head each week is not an unusual allowance, I cannot see how it increases the wash to individualize them; and as for the place for toilet articles, "Where there's a will there's a way." A boy has a pocket, a place for a pocket-knife; a girl can easily fashion a wall-pocket, or buy a case at the ten cent counter. Hooks are cheap, nails are cheaper, and anything is easier than to see our dear ones suffer and know it is through our neglect or want of thought. Excuse me, Aunt Philena, but Ella R. Wood's words of appreciation quite offset the effect of your shower of cold water; and I shall continue to preach; hoping that a few, perhaps yourself among them, may be converted to the practice.

"Thrice armed is he who knows his cause is just."
THOMAS. A. H. J.

SORTS.

The *Home-Maker* describes the manner in which an unused door may be concealed and made rather ornamental than otherwise, by stretching plain maroon velvet over it, without any fullness, placing a shelf at the top, with a few pieces of china on it, and draping some thin Syrian curtains across the top and looping them back on the sides to display a bracket as a centre for several unframed engravings. I think I can improve on this a little, for the velvet and the draperies and the shelf will all be dust traps. I have such a door in one of my rooms, and have planned, when the spring brings the time for a general renovation, a way in which to conceal it and admit of a more desirable arrangement of furniture. I shall buy a few feet of the brass rods used for muslin blinds and a couple of staples, and four yards of the handsome flowered China silk so much used for fancy scarfs and pillows. It is wide, so I shall split one breadth, in the centre put the whole width—which will need be only half the length of the other, which must reach the floor—and run a shir on the top for the rod, leaving a standing heading. This will be fastened to the top of the door, entirely concealing the woodwork. My writing desk will be then placed against the door, and the light from the window will fall over my shoulder when I sit down to write, instead of full in my face, as at present. A small etching in a frame of white and gold will hang against the silk, above the desk. There will be less to catch dust and make work—things

always to be considered by busy women—and when the silk does get dingy, it will be washed and pressed and put back again, with little trouble and no expense. A pretty cretonne would answer every purpose, I dare say; perhaps I may use it, or even a small-figured, delicate colored sateen, but somehow I like the idea of the silk better, partly because of its durability and more, perhaps, because it comes in such lovely soft tones, and falls in such graceful lines.

One of the loveliest mantle lambrequins I ever saw was of this China silk, a ground of soft dull pink, with a pattern of apple green over it—an irregular, branching outline, without end or beginning. The lower edge was ornamented in a very novel and pretty fashion, as follows: Procure a quantity of small brass rings, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and a quantity of embroidery silk in the colors to match the material. Cover the rings with crochet of the embroidery silk, sew them together, alternating the colors, in two rows, and in every third one, tie a tassel of the silk, also alternating the colors. The lambrequin was then drawn up near one end, under a bow of pale pink satin ribbon, and, as I said, was the daintiest and most graceful thing of the sort I ever saw.

Another use of these rings is to crochet covers for them (by the crocheted cover I mean to cover the brass wire with the silk in a sort of button-hole stitch) and sew them in shape to cover the corners of a square pincushion, leaving a diamond-shaped space in the centre.

A very pretty way to make a pair of pillow-slips and sheet-sham to match is to buy the required length of linen lace two and a half inches wide, baste it without fullness on the edge of the material, mark scallops on the edge, and work them through both cloth and lace; then with sharp scissors cut away the cloth on the right side and the selvedge of the lace on the wrong; add two rows of briar stitching in heavy crochet cotton above the scallops. The sheet-sham should be marked with the initials of the owner, done in the crochet cotton, said initials to be placed in the centre of the sham, just above the trimming. Such a set—pillow-slips and sheet-sham—makes a very useful and appropriate present to a bride or a young housekeeper.

It is now customary to embroider the initials upon napkins, tray-cloths, doileys, towels, sheets and table-cloths, using white cotton on everything but towels. Napkins, tray-cloths, and doileys are marked in one corner; towels in the centre of one end, two inches above the border; sheets, two inches below the centre of the upper hem, the initials standing with their base toward the hem, so that when the sheet is folded over they assume their proper position. To mark a table-cloth that is three yards long, fold it lengthwise and crosswise; where the folds intersect is the centre; measure on the lengthwise fold, fifteen inches each way from the centre, and you have the places for the two sets of letters which are now used on a single cloth and which will be about three-quarters of a yard apart, and should be placed with the base of the letters toward the end of the table-cloth, so that looking

at the centre from both ends of the table, one can read them at a glance.

It is not economy to buy cheap feathers for pillows. The cheap grades contain more of the stem and hence weigh heavier, while the more expensive are principally down, hence lighter—more feathers to the pound. Two pounds and a half of the best feathers will make better and larger pillows than five pounds of the sixty-cent grade. At least, this is what dealers tell me.

When Solomon said, "There is no new thing under the sun," he did not know that the women of the nineteenth century would discover the decorative possibilities of a rope. We have had rope tacked on picture frames and realized its appropriateness as a setting for a marine view, but when it comes to using ropes for portieres, for lambrequins, for rugs, we begin to feel justified in drawing the — rope, right there. To form a portiere the ropes hang straight down, and the ends are fringed out in tassels; a lambrequin is of fine rope netted and tacked to the mantle with brass-headed nails; to form rugs, you coil it in patterns and sew on the wrong side. But, as the charity boy said about learning the alphabet, "Whether it's worth while going through so much to get so little," is what we must all decide for ourselves.

BEATRIX.

CROCHET COVERS FOR TOILET BOTTLES.

Will say to X. Y. Z. that I know nothing of the technical terms used in crochet, but will try to tell her as best I can how I covered my bottles. Crochet a mat the size of the bottom of your bottle with the common double-crochet stitch, and then crochet round and round without widening at all, which will make a neat, close fitting cover and obviate any necessity for narrowing at the top. I think it prettier to only take up one thread each time, leaving a series of little ridges all the way up the bottle; however it is only a matter of taste. You can elaborate these simple directions as much as your ingenuity permits. The main thing is to have the cover fit, keep trying it on your bottle as you work, and you will readily see if there is any necessity for crocheting looser or tighter.

If these directions prove plain and X. Y. Z. succeeds in getting her bottles covered, I am sure she will be pleased with the result.
EUPHEMIA.

A YOUNG man who admits he reads "parts of the HOUSEHOLD" with pleasure and profit, refers to a paragraph in "Some Matters of Etiquette," which appeared in the issue of Jan. 12, and asks: "What is expected of the gentleman who may be walking with a lady, when she stops to speak to a friend with whom he is not acquainted and to whom she does not introduce him?" He should raise his hat to all persons whom his companion recognizes, men or women, whether he is acquainted with them or not. Having done this, if the lady pauses a moment to speak to a friend on the street (a thing she should not do except under unusual circumstances unless she is alone), he has but to wait for her, a step or two away, and raise his hat as they part and his companion rejoins him.

PROPER READING FOR THE FAMILY.

[Paper read before the Farmers' Institute at Adrian, Jan. 24th, by Mrs. M. Reed.]

The wise man has said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and in taking up the subject assigned me, "Proper reading for the family," I can advance naught but what has been already put forth in better words than mine. The theme is one of such importance that I almost fear to undertake it. The opinions of different people vary so much on this question, that what would be a feast for one, would not be relished by another.

Reading is classed among the arts, and is worthy of the greatest attention by scholars of the present time. It is to be regretted that this accomplishment has been so much neglected in our institutions of learning that the world sees comparatively few really good readers. When one has acquired a fondness for good reading, they can take almost any place in society to which they aspire.

Books are the friends who never fail us; they never chide but always comfort; with them the hours pass on rosy wings.

Since the days of long ago, when "Baxter's Saints' Rest," "Fox's Book of Martyrs," and the old family Bible, were almost the only reading to be found in many households, books have multiplied to such an extent that the great problem seems to be what to bring into our homes. There is such a quantity of pernicious literature broadcast in our land to-day, to defile the minds of the young, that Gutenberg might well have stood appalled could he have had the gift of foresight, and would almost have stayed his hand, ere giving to the world an invention which would be productive of so much evil; for there is no question but many are lured to ruin every year by the vile trash published, which is either sold or given away.

The day has long since passed by when it was considered sinful to read a novel, and a certain amount of fiction is admissible in every home. A good love story often freshens our ideas, while it takes us back to our youthful days, helping us to remember those little attentions we were wont to bestow upon the partners of our joys and sorrows, in the happy time when we were lovers, and the cares of life seemed far away, but too much fiction tends to enervate the mind, and begets within us a love for that which is unreal, weakens the memory, and causes us to look with disdain upon the common duties of life.

It has been said that literature has five great divisions, religion, history, science, poetry and romance. These are all closely allied; you cannot enter into the realm of one without encroachment upon the others. There are so many beautiful things written in each, that no library is complete without books from every department.

Carlyle says that all books are to be divided into two classes, sheep and goats; while Ruskin divides them into books of the hour, and books for all time. Richardson, in his "Choice of Books" sets the standard high, and recommends such an assortment that the masses of people will mostly pass them by.

It is expected, of course, that every one

in this Christian land has a Bible. Therefore in choosing books, the first should be, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with a good strong holder, so the children can use it without injury. Better do without a new dress or bonnet than without this book. We also want a biographical dictionary.

"Scottish Chiefs" and "Waverly" take us to camp and court, and give a good insight into Scottish and English history, "Macaulay's History of England," is most charming. James Freeman Clarke, in his "Ten Great Religions," gives an account of the principal religions of the world, sufficient for all those who are not special students of this subject; while Rawlinson in his "Seven Great Monarchies," has a history of the ancient eastern world that is most complete. "Josephus's History of the Jews," is well worthy of perusal, but for those who do not care to go through so much, there is a little book, compiled by Charlotte Elizabeth, called "Judea Capta," which is a good version of the doings of this wonderful people, in fewer words.

"Grecian and Roman Mythology" should be read somewhat by those who wish to know the origin of the gods who were thought by the ancients to preside over the destinies of mankind. "Swinton's Outlines," make one familiar with the governments of the world in a general way. For United States history, Swinton, Stephens, Higginson, Elliot, Lossing and many more commendable authors might be named. These ought to be carefully studied by old as well as young, that we may become acquainted with our own land, and its form of government in all its details. One of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," was fought in our own country at Saratoga, in 1777, during the Revolutionary war, therefore we want that book, as well as the history of our Civil war.

"The Federalist," written in 1788, by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, would be considered prosy, perhaps, but it is full of valuable information. There is a little book of great worth, entitled "Rise and Fall of Political Parties in the United States." It is good for reference and should be in every library. "Great Events of the Past Century," will interest the young, as it portrays in a fascinating way, the phenomena, inventions, speeches, insurrections, and other wonderful things of the hundred years prior to 1878.

We want "Library of Universal Knowledge," "One Thousand Blunders in English Corrected," "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature," "Plutarch's Lives," and "Lives of Illustrious Men and Women." "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words," is almost invaluable. A place must be found for George Eliot, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Pansy's works. We must not neglect Victor Hugo, Little Classics, or "Short Stories by American Authors;" Irving, Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bayard Taylor and Whittier, claim attention. Dickens charms by his very quaintness. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" filled my heart with sorrow in youthful days, and has never lost its power, therefore her works must have a prominent place. We want Moody,

Talmage, and perhaps Joseph Cook's sermons and writings, "Missionary Reminiscences," lives of missionaries, what they have accomplished, etc., and also include Helen Hunt Jackson and Frances Ridley Havergal's writings.

We must have commentaries on the Bible, all we can get.

Bunyan's writings, Hood's poems and Owen Meredith. Poe's writings are unhealthy; who can read his "Black Cat," or the "Fall of the House of Usher" at midnight without a shudder of horror; but he is fascinating, so room must be made for him. Not to have read Pope's "Essay on Man," or "Pollock's 'Course of Time,'" argues one unread. We want Tasso, Ossian, Shakespeare, Byron, Holland, Tennyson, Longfellow, Milton, Scott, Burns, Mrs. Browning and many others.

There is a hunger of the soul which nothing will satisfy but books. I hope no child will experience it to such a degree as I did when young. My parents were among the early pioneers, coming to this State when there were only three houses where this city now stands. Compelled to hew for themselves a home from the surrounding forest, of limited means, books were scarce and dear, and had it not been for a kind neighbor, whom I shall always remember with gratitude, who purchased many books and freely loaned them, my life would have been barren indeed of reading. All honor to the old pioneers; we want their history. We want books on deportment, though no instruction can give the true refinement of manner which springs from that love in the heart, which leads us to do unto others as we would have them do to us. There are so many beautiful things written for children, that none need go without that which is good and pure; Mrs. Barnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Wings and Stings," "Nonsense Stories," "Harper's Series," "St. Nicholas," "Youth's Companion," "Babyland," etc.

We want a good sprinkling of papers and periodicals, Republican of course, although it might be well to read both sides, that like a good warrior, we may be armed at all points.

The "Book News," issued by John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, and "Book Buyer," by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York, give complete lists of new books published every month, and reviews of many. They are well worth the subscription price, half a dollar a year.

I have mentioned only a few of the standard series, and none of the books of the hour, which are published by the million, and are so cheap that none need want. And now lastly, but not by any means least, I would say, let us give the Bible the first place in our homes, not only because it is the foundation of our civil and religious liberty, and on it our State and national governments are based, but because it is God's message to us. Who can read its sublime and glorious poetry, the wonderful delineations of prophecy, the beautiful life of Christ, the blessed Savior who went about doing good, the glowing description of the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, whose gates stand open day and night

where nothing evil or impure can enter, without being drawn nearer to the heart of the Great Father. He says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive of the beautiful things God hath prepared for those who love him." Read it; not to doubt, for Byron says, "Better had he ne'er been born, who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn," but read, believing. Let us teach it to our children, and when we have become acquainted with the many beautiful things that are written in this, as well as other books for our delectation, we shall be worthy to associate with princes, or those who are better, American citizens.

SOME CULINARY HINTS.

I wish to give my HOUSEHOLD friends my mother's way of making dressing and also mine, for I have never eaten so good made any other way, and it is never soggy, but always as light and tender as anything of the kind can be. Put the liver, gizzard and the heart into a little water and boil tender; if we want the dressing extra nice we first make a shortcake the size of an old fashioned square pie tin; then we go to the pork barrel and get a piece of sweet pork, three-quarters of a pound I should think (I never weighed the piece), wash it in cold water, take off the skin, cut it into thin slices, then turn these and cut into narrow strips, (the object of this is, it requires so much less time to chop it), then chop as fine as possible. Chop the giblets, then the shortcake, then half a loaf of light bread (salt rising bread is best). After all these ingredients are in the pan with the pork, put in all the butter you can afford, a sprinkle of salt and pepper, and a very little sage; not as much salt as you would use if the salt pork were not in, and but a very little sage, (too much sage, like too much perfumery, is vulgar and detestable, and the sage is what makes it rise on the stomach); then turn on a little warm water and stir it all together. Taste of it to see if it is seasoned right. After stuffing the fowl, if there is any left put it in a basin and bake by itself; this dressing will not go begging to be eaten, or go to the pigs—unless there is too much sage in it.

I learned some years ago that cold water did not hurt coffee. The trouble in making coffee with cold water is it must be set on to the hottest part of the range to heat, and if not watched it will boil. Boiling is what spoils the flavor of coffee. By turning boiling water on the coffee it can be set back on the range where it will keep hot, and also be out of the way of other things cooking. I also let my milk for coffee come to a boil; we think it adds to the quality. I sometimes add a few spoonfuls of cream or a little piece of butter while hot. I strain into a basin what I need for coffee.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

[AN INQUIRY.—Having been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD for several years, I would like to ask a question of some of the members: How can I mend an iron kettle so that I can cook anything in it that I want to. The hole is about the size of a one cent piece.

MRS. J. T.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

In the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 5th, I noticed an article written by Evangeline which I fancied greatly, because of the truthfulness of the sentiments it expressed, and more especially because I could apply them directly to myself. The year 1888 dawned upon our household with many bright hopes. But they were like the flowers of the garden, or the grass of the field which in the morning looks fresh and bright, but ere noon lies withered, dead and seared.

On Sunday, the sixth of May last, the youngest member of our family, the pet of the household and neighborhood, closed her eyes on all things earthly, and on the following Tuesday, which was her sixth birthday, we consigned her precious dust to the tomb and turned our steps homeward only to greet an empty chair, miss a sweet little voice, and realize the sadness of a broken circle. And truly in the sad days that have since come and gone, I have missed the little head that nestled on my bosom, and dropped many a tear on "the things in the bottom drawer." And thus it is with all things earthly.

But we have a promise of inheriting a land where the golden links that have so quickly been served shall be reunited, never again to be broken, and in this and only this there is consolation in the death of our loved ones.

MRS. R. R. S.

HOWELL.

THE HOME TABLE.

Once I should have wondered that any one thought it necessary to give any directions how to set the ordinary every day home table; but I wonder no longer. I will tell you what I saw a few weeks since. I went to see a sick woman, she was confined to her bed; they had a neighbor's daughter who was about fourteen years old, to do what was done with the assistance of the men. They insisted we should take dinner with them; when we went out to the table, the sugar bowl, cream pitcher, spoon holder and cups and saucers filled up the middle of the table; the meat, potatoes, bread, etc., were set down around these wherever there was room for the dishes. While the man of the house was down cellar for a can of fruit, I took the liberty of moving things into little better shape; after the girl had waited on the coffee she reached over and helped herself to potato, and before any one knew what she wanted, she stood up, reached over and took up the meat platter, brought it to herself, and helped herself to meat and gravy, the gravy was on the platter; it almost took my breath away. The child was not to blame, she knew no better; she was rather a bright, pretty girl.

I could not have thought it possible that an ordinarily bright girl of that age had never been taught by her mother or by observation away from home, a few of the indispensable rules of the table. I am fully convinced now that there is plenty of home missionary work to be done all about us; this incident didn't occur in the woods, nor in a very isolated neighborhood. Here is the text, you can all do your own moralizing.

POLLY.

SUNSHINE.

Do you ever notice what a difference the weather makes in the temper of most children, more especially those of older growth? There are some who always see a "weather breeder" in the fairest day, but even the grumbler is apt to improve his tone in fine weather.

Those who have been around with sour looks, long visage and gruff tones, almost unconsciously brighten up during days of sunshine. The misanthrope will forget his gloomy forebodings for a while, and grudgingly concede there may be hope for better times, if—

The moody and discouraged will bask in the light, and gather hope for the future.

The sick, the weary and worn, feel the blessed influence, and find inspiration and restful charm in the same bright beams.

The little child, too, feels the life-giving rays, and smiles and laughter take the place of the frowns and impatience of the clouds and storms.

The moral atmosphere is a reflex of the physical, only intensified. How quickly we respond to the changeable temperament of those with whom we come in contact! Let us, then, earnestly endeavor to preserve a cheerful state of mind; choose light and sunshine rather than clouds and darkness, that we may feel and exert an influence for good. Then we may know that in blessing others we are blessed, and we with others may gratefully say: Thank God for the blessed sunshine.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

"POLLY" says: "In the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 26th. is a piece of poetry asking 'What is the best society.' Perhaps society is a little like pie, with an upper and an under crust, but the 'main substance' lies between."

To mend broken china, make a thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply with a brush to the fractured edges and stick them together. Put the dish carefully away by itself, and when in a few days the paste has become thoroughly hardened, it is safe from breakage in the same place.

Contributed Recipes.

CORN CAKES.—One pint corn meal; one of sour milk or buttermilk; one egg; one teaspoonful soda; one of salt. A tablespoonful of flour or cornstarch may be used in place of the egg. Bake on a griddle.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Two cups sour milk; half cup sugar; one teaspoonful soda; a little salt; graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake quickly in hot gem pans.

QUICK GRAHAM BREAD.—Three cups sour milk; half cup New Orleans molasses; a little salt; two teaspoonfuls soda, dissolved in a little hot water; graham flour sufficient to make a very stiff batter. Bake two hours.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Two teacupfuls sweet milk; two eggs; three and a half scant cups sifted flour; a little salt. Bake in hot gem pans.

In the recipe for spice cake in the HOUSEHOLD of January 19th there was a mistake. It should have been half a teaspoonful of ground cloves instead of one teaspoonful.

RILEY CENTRE.

M. L.