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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

FEEDING THE LAMBS.

BY ELLA R. WOOD.

He stands beside the meadow bars—
My boy with sunny hair;
Where the weanling lambs are pasturing—
In the early morning fair.
“Come, nan-aies, get your breakfast,
Ka-da! ka da!” he cries;
They quickly scamper to his side—
My boy with laughing eyes.
The tame ones cluster round him
And feed from out his hand;
While farther off the timid ones
With heads uplifted stand.
But soon the oats are scattered,
And all are gathered round,
The shy ones growing bolder,
Since their breakfast they have found.
And as I stand and watch them,
And the little lamb I love,
I pray that God will feed him
With manna from above,
That the gentle loving Shepherd
To my child will e’er be nigh,
Till far above this world of sin,
He’s safe with Him on high.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

It is the happy faculty
Of woman, far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside—
Where brothers, sons and husbands, tired,
With willing footsteps come;
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

THE LESSONS OF A TRAGEDY.

It is but a short time since the daily papers were full of the accounts of one of those tragedies of love and murder which so thrill a sensation-loving public. In a city which shall be nameless, a young man invited his *fiancee* to walk with him, and while they were promenading, attempted to put a bullet through her head, and another through his own. His marksmanship was not equal to his intentions; the girl was but slightly wounded, and his own recovery a matter of a couple of weeks; what at first was supposed a tragedy involving the death of two persons concluded in the police court with a complaint for assault with intent to kill. There have been so many crimes of the same character within a few months, as to almost prove the truth of the assertion that the publishing the details of a

tragedy in one city is almost certain to be followed by a repetition in another, as if crime were epidemic. So observable has this become that one of our illustrated comic papers points out the dangers to which marriageable young women are exposed; and pictures one whose adorer is upon his knees in humble entreaty, as getting him in range of a revolver and ordering “Throw up your hands!” before she will give him his answer.

There are some circumstances connected with the affair alluded to, which are deserving of serious consideration. The young woman interested frankly stated to the ubiquitous reporter—who was at the scene before the doctor—that though she was engaged to the man she never had any intention of marrying him. It is a curious condition of moral sentiment which can make such an avowal possible on the part of a girl still in her teens, an equally singular condition in the community that no one seemed to be at all surprised at the acknowledgment, or hint that a man so credulous as to pin his faith to a woman’s Yes might have a shadow of an excuse for an insane frenzy of jealousy and disappointed passion.

Can she who, to gratify a craving for attention and admiration, or from any other unworthy motive, leads a man on with assent smiling from her eyes and syllabled on her tongue, listens to his protestations, receives his pledges, promises her love, meaning all the time to turn her back and break her word when she is tired of him or a more eligible suitor presents himself—can she, I ask, be held blameless in the after-tragedy? Indeed not. The punishment has been of her own making. Her coquetry and frivolity have brought the whirlwind. Not once does she consider the consequences to her victim; it is only the gratification of her own vanity and thirst for conquest she cares for. Of honor, of the sacredness of a promise, of the depth and intensity of the feelings she plays with as a cat plays with the mouse, she has no comprehension.

There are by far too many girls in these days who think that to have been “engaged” two or three or half a dozen times is proof of their belle-hood, a tribute to their attractiveness, an enhancement of their value. But people with old-fashioned ideas of feminine virtues, of right and wrong, of the binding nature and privileges of an engagement to marry, do not so view it. Nor do the young men who are worth marrying take that view of it. The girl whose lips have been pressed by several

assorted sizes of moustaches, who has granted Tom, Dick and Harry the privileges of betrothed lovers, is not the one the man who will make a good husband chooses for a wife. His the thought of the looker-on in the ballroom, who tacitly resigned the girl who had charmed him on seeing her whirled in the mazy dance:

“What you’ve touched you may take!
Pre ty waltzer, adieu!”

The man in the case had, it appears, employed rather a peculiar method of strengthening his *fiancee’s* wavering inclinations toward matrimony. He had threatened to kill her if she did not keep her promise. There are certain savage tribes among which, when a male becomes enamoured of a female of his species, he watches his opportunity and, knocking her senseless, drags her off to his hut, where, thus impressed by his superior strength and man-like qualities, she is ever after his most humble and biddable servant. It would thus seem a return to that primitive simplicity, so dear in the retrospect to some people, to threaten the life of the woman who hesitates about furnishing data for a marriage license. The girl whose lover could do so unmanly a thing as to threaten her, should lose no time in having him put under heavy bonds to keep the peace. The formalities attending such proceedings—including the hunt for bondsmen under the sheriff’s protection—are eminently calculated to cool the fiery impetuosity of youth. She should certainly lose no time in severing the engagement, for what sort of a husband would he make who can contemplate the murder of the person whose existence should be dearer to him than his own; and who would compel through fear what he cannot hold by love?

No honorable, true-hearted girl or woman will strive to win a heart through vanity, or love of conquest, merely to cast it aside, as the angler tosses the little fish he has caught upon the bank to die, disdaining their capture. It is cruel, it is unwomanly, it is ignoble. It is an offense against the majesty of the deepest emotion of the human heart. It is fraught with peril to life and soul, for many a man whose love has been made the toy of some heartless coquette has lost faith in God and humanity, and worn the scars to his death. Life is full of just such wrecks, for not all the tragedies are told in the books or the newspapers.

BEATRIX.

M. E. H., of Albion, asks: “Will someone who has had plenty of experience and good luck cooking all kinds of fish, please send a few methods employed with the different kinds, and oblige.”

AN ANSWER TO M. B.

Yes, Mrs. Bidwell, El See is "still wondering" how it can be that giving the ballot to women will bring about what is promised in the original statement: "We will lift a heavy burden of taxation, we will empty your prisons, your almshouses, your asylums for the insane." If the name of woman was always synonymous with purity and all that was wicked was the work of the other sex, then it might be, but alas, it is not so.

Mrs. B. suggests that "El See is possibly the wife of a millionaire." If she has read these columns for a few years she may know that in all the world no one is more utterly alone than El See. She has drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and knows what the days and nights are when there is "no ear to pity and no arm to save." Here where I live I have not one relative, male or female, to assist or advise. All this might not be considered applicable to this letter, but it is in this sense: Standing thus alone, with all the business that comes in connection with the settlement of estates, the management of a farm and several public offices, I know whereof I speak, and in all my dealings with mankind I have met no one who has treated me as in any sense inferior to himself. Perfect respect has been the unfailing rule. The idea that I was a "slave, booby, drudge, and looked upon as a necessary evil," has never occurred to me or been suggested in any way, and no one has ever attempted to defraud me of a penny. Living in the same State, I am subject to the same laws that hamper Mrs. B., but the law gives me every right that I can wish, and I can save or spend just as I please, without let or hindrance. I have hired and loaned money, and no man ever asked for a "signer," and having in my loneliness found such good, true, honorable friends, I cannot read such tirades against them and remain silent; and I have no reason to believe that those with whom I have dealt are different from the average of intelligent people. I have always held that where women found so many knaves and libertines among the opposite sex there must be something wrong with the women.

I pay my taxes, knowing full well that it is "taxation without representation," but the laws protect myself and my belongings so perfectly that I cannot see wherein my vote would help the matter. If that would protect our girls or elevate the standard of social purity I would gladly go to the polls and help all in my power; but I still believe that home influence and eternal vigilance are the safeguards there, and more to be depended upon than any law.

On the subject of mother love or wife love it is certainly a part of the Divine plan that the child shall "leave father and mother." One by one they go out from the home nest and the parents live just as happily, and oftentimes much more so, when they are thus separated; but any separation between husband and wife comes by breaking laws of both God and man. How often we see parents and children of entirely different tastes and temperament; but a wedded pair, who are truly mated, have

been attracted to each other by their congeniality and they have the same interests, go in the same society, and love with a devotion that never grows old. In this connection I remember a mother saying to me: "So many women complain because they have to give up society and stay at home with their children, but I feel as though my child more than makes up all that to me." She was clasping her one year old daughter in her arms, and knowing the wealth of mother-love showered upon it, I said: "Supposing you had to give up one or the other—your husband or your child—and you could make your own selection, which would it be?" Her eyes filled with tears at the thought, but she said, "It wouldn't take me a moment to decide that," involuntarily reaching her beloved child out toward me, as though I were the destroying angel, and adding "My husband will always stand first." I think this is a reliable test and would, almost invariably, receive the same answer. Many a mourning widow has said to me, "I had buried my children and many relatives, but I never knew the full meaning of death until I lost my husband." It is useless to argue such matters, and of no avail to bring examples, but I still believe, as I wrote for these columns three years ago, of all the throbbing chords the deepest, tenderest, holiest, responds to the name of husband.

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

TWO QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

In reply to Huldah Perkins I rise to explain. First, select your tamarack poles, anywhere from three to six inches in diameter. After peeling off the bark scoop out a trench deep enough to lay the pole in even with the surface of the ground; then draw the dirt over it from both ways to cover to the depth of four or five inches, then plant your strawberries directly over the pole, fill in between the rows with marsh hay, and you have a strawberry bed that will last for years with no other work than covering every fall with coarse hay and removing from the plants in the spring to spread between the rows too thickly for weeds to grow through. They will yield much better, and the poles keep them from drying out and furnish nourishment. Any one planting a bed in this way will never go back to the old way. This is the story as it was told to me by an agent from a Kalamazoo nursery over a year ago, who said he had a bed in fine bearing condition that had been planted nine years. I had told the tamarack pole story once before, no doubt Huldah had forgotten it.

I would like to know in what county Pioneer is situated, as I am thinking of moving, and my mind is continually reverting to Huldah Perkins and her northern home.

I have mended cracks in astove by mixing salt and wood ashes with water, then applying on the inside, same as lime mortar; it will bake hard in a short time. Of course the fire must be out when it is put on.

BESS.

[Pioneer is in the northeastern township of Missaukee County, and Missaukee

County is directly north of Osceola and Clare counties. Lake City is the principal town, and the county seat. Perhaps, as there seems to be considerable curiosity about the conditions of life in the northern part of the State, Huldah would be willing to gratify our readers by a description of her surroundings. If we are not mistaken, she has done so once, a long time ago; though possibly it is a letter from Maybelle which we have assigned to Huldah Perkins.—Ed.]

ONE WEEK.

I shall begin it with Tuesday. But first let us right ourselves about "our force." There are three of us who pose alternately as "Phyllis" and "Phileta," and if I "own up" to personating "Phileta" oftener than the other two, don't say a word, it is so much more natural to try to be a lady than a woman.

The alarm had gone off with a zip and whiz at twenty-five minutes to five, this fifteen hours a day system being imposed upon us by the saw-mill Philander has been putting up in the woods on the—I was about to write "banks of the raging canal," but it is not; it is the railroad that just misses our west line. I have always heard that a "miss is as good as a mile;" in our case it was better. That timber lot that has always been such a thorn in my flesh is being rapidly converted into lumber, ties and wood; but of course it has added two or three more straws to already well loaded backs.

Our family at the present writing numbers nine. The bread was mixed by myself, coffee made and the little one dressed, for she is one of those uncommon natures that enjoy early rising. I then sliced the bread, filled the cream pitcher and made the cakes from oatmeal and flour. In the meantime the potatoes were boiling, one frying pan was filled with beef's liver, the second one held beefsteak; at six o'clock the bell was rung for breakfast, the men were en route for the woods at ten minutes after seven.

The bread was ready to be moulded into the tins. I made four loaves, then into the remainder of the dough I worked a small teacup of sugar, a lump of lard the size of a black walnut and one well beaten egg; made it into a smooth lump and set it away for another rising, while I skimmed nine pans of milk; had a "clarin' out" of the pantry in general and cupboard in particular. The table was cleared and dishes washed, three beds down stairs made, the sitting room brushed up and dusted, zinc washed off, then the "small boy" was waked up, helped to dress, gotten ready for school, given his breakfast. You always make your children get up to breakfast! Well, I can only say I'm glad I wasn't a child in your time. They will be men and women soon enough and have to get up. How I do pity a boy that never has a childhood, but is "put through" from the time he is first allowed to drag. Don't he look back with regret to the time when he first proved, to his father's satisfaction, that could drive a team across a field, when

he crawled up the back stairs, his legs and back trying titles for the worst ache, feet blistered, feeling a total lack of something, thinks its sympathy, but falls asleep and actually dreams, oh! such blissful dreams, "he is floating along to the dip of the oars' musical time," holding a fishing-rod, but his father's voice tells him it is sunrise—"Get up." My boy may sleep; when he is a man he wont have the chance on the farm. At nine o'clock a piece of beef was put into the kettle to stew for dinner, well altered, pepper added, and just water enough so it would bubble to the top of the meat; parsnips dug, to fry. I made a fresh cake for tea, and a kettle of small potatoes was boiled to fry for supper, enough to last three nights. I sewed a basket of white carpet rags cut the afternoon before; wound them in a skein for coloring. There was an attack made on the ironing, a table-spread for the dining-room was worked on awhile, it is double-faced canton flannel, a russet brown, two widths sewed together, then a hem an inch wide turned all around and held in place by a fancy stitch on the right side done in cardinal silk—five yards in the spread. Dinner consisted of stewed beef, boiled potatoes, fried parsnips, coffee, bread and butter, French pickles, ginger cookies and mince pie. When the men came up to dinner there was one extra man along, but there was plenty for him. The bread was baked in the meantime, four tins of rusks, made in shapes and baked while we ate dinner. I tucked myself away with the baby for a nap, which lasted until three, she was ready to go out for a play and I took my sewing, two little skirts to put bands and hems on, they were cut from an old felt skirt; tucked away under them was "Robert Elsmere." I began reading it aloud, but finally went to reading it to myself, so reading awhile, sewing awhile, the afternoon passes, without a call; the ironing is nearly finished and the six o'clock whistle blows. The mail comes; no MICHIGAN FARMER; a mistake somewhere. The boy brings in the basket of eggs—thirty-eight—I am well pleased with our chickens, Plymouth Rocks and Dark Leghorns, crossed. We have sold, since Jan. 1st, forty-eight dozen eggs, besides using quantities. Supper consists of fried potatoes, cold beef, mustard, canned pears, cucumber pickles, cake and tea, work finished at eight; an hour to spend in reading, authors, dominoes, eating apples. Lights out at half-past nine.

(To be continued.)

MISSES AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Among the fabrics which will be popular for the young people are, for early spring wear, cashmere and serge for best, and an infinite variety of cheaper goods in mixed weaves of cotton and wool, which sell from 35 to 50 cents per yard, according to fineness and width. The Scotch flannels are of this class, and are recommended for their wearing and washing qualities. They are made very simply; a kilt-pleated skirt, a blouse waist, and full sleeves. Challi and similar light weight goods are pretty for

summer wear; the former is cheap and though it will not stand severe wear, makes dressy costumes for church and "afternoon best" wear. One of our merchants recently filled his windows exclusively with this line of goods, "fifteen yards for one dollar," but it was an unusually coarse quality, and also decidedly "skimped" in width. That at a shilling and fifteen cents better repays the cost and trouble of making up. And there are still better grades, in more stylish patterns, at higher price. This challi is in effect the "mousseline de laine" our mothers knew. Albatros cloth, having somewhat fallen from favor, is being sold off at low rates; you can buy for 25 cents the goods that a year ago were sold for 50 cents. For other dresses, gingham are generally selected,

To those of us who remember when girls wore copies in miniature of their mothers' dresses, it is refreshing to see the miss in her teens clad simply and sensibly in gingham, flannel, cashmere, and similar materials, made up with the utmost plainness. Skirts are composed of full straight breadths, simply hemmed, gathered if of cotton, pleated if wool, and worn with yoke waists and full sleeves. A pretty way to make these waists is to tuck them in yoke shape, the tiniest of tucks, from a quarter to three-eighths of an inch wide, the narrower width being preferred; the tops of the sleeves and the wrists are tucked in the same way; the waist is gathered to a belt and an Empire sash arranged as described in the HOUSEHOLD of March 23rd. Girls of fourteen or fifteen years wear their dresses almost to the tops of their shoes, and those from three to twelve years skirts reaching half way from knee to shoe top. The very long skirts for the "little tots" are out of fashion. White dresses will be trimmed with embroidery; the new insertions have slits through which ribbon is to be drawn; these are to be used in the skirts, set in above the hem. An ingenious woman could easily trim her little daughter's best white dress in an unique way, where these new insertions cannot be purchased, by cutting slits the length of the width of the ribbon she wishes to use, buttonholing the edges, and drawing in the ribbon.

Guimpe dresses are still worn by the little people; the guimpes being of embroidery or fine tucking. A sash of the dress goods is sewed in at the under arm seams and tied in a bow behind; each end should be about a yard long and six inches wide. A pretty way to make up a gingham dress is to set a piece of tucked cambric down the front of the waist, and set revers of embroidery in each side, meeting at the waist line in front, and either extending over the shoulders to the bottom of the waist behind, or ending in the shoulder seams. To trim a white dress for a gala day, outline the pointed waist with two shades of the same colored ribbon, with two bows in front and a bow with ends behind, and bows on the shoulders.

Remember not to skimp the skirts of these plain dresses; three widths of gingham are used in dresses for six-year-old girls, and four for those older; three widths of

cashmere are none too many, and do not overtrim the waists.

OUTSIDE GARMENTS.

Misses wear jackets almost exclusively. Some are plain with two rows of buttons; others have Directorie revers turning back from a vest of lighter cloth. Ulsters, when worn, have full sleeves and short capes and must be long enough to cover the dress. The new Connemara cloak has two box pleats in the back from neck to waist, and is gathered elsewhere to hang straight and full from the neck; it may be peculiar but certainly is not pretty. For younger girls are cloaks of fancy suitings with box pleated skirts attached to plain round waists, and cordelieres to conceal the seam. Capes are sometimes worn with these. For the little ones, cloaks are made of cashmere or satin; there are no particularly new styles, the waist has box-pleats front and back, the fullness extending into the skirt; two widths of the goods are used, and they are lined with surah. I see often in my daily walks a "yellow haired lassie," out for an airing with her white-aproned nurse, who wears a navy blue cashmere made in this style, with a deep plush collar and cuffs, and a big blue felt hat almost covered with ostrich tips, under which a fair little face, "sweet enough to kiss," seems almost eclipsed.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I would like to ask if any one can give directions for doing plain book-binding at home. We have so many pamphlets and papers we would be glad to preserve for reference, and would like them serviceably bound. Will some one please reply through the HOUSEHOLD.

I have lately tried covering my flatirons with a cover while heating, and was surprised that it took so little fire to keep them hot.

I also tried baking salt pork instead of frying it. Freshen the slices and flour them as usual, place in the spider and bake in a hot oven. It will be nicely browned and crisp, with very little fat left in it, and the house will not be filled with smoke as in frying.

A good way to renovate half worn pillow-slips is to rip open the end seam and fold so the side seam will come in the center of one side; sew at the end again and the wear will come on the stronger part, while the worn parts are at the sides, do you see? If taken when they begin to show signs of breaking threads it will make them last much longer.

Huldah Perkins, you are welcome to clean house while the snow is on the ground for all me. I don't care to risk my life by taking up carpets, when the windows and doors must be open to winter breezes from snowclad fields. A friend of mine contracted a cold which resulted in serious illness by cleaning house early one year. Better wait for weather warm enough to be comfortable and avoid such risks, although no doubt snow is a good article to clean house with. I'll take mine after it is melted, and perhaps save a doctor's bill.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

[Paper read by Mrs. F. H. Read before the Rich-land Farmers' Institute, Feb. 6th, 1889.]

The old year was fading away as I sat in the fast failing firelight, glowing dimly upon the hearth, and mused upon life and its changes, as the years come and go. Memory was busy with days of long ago, oh so long ago, it would seem to some of you, but as real and fresh to me as though no score of years lay between the then and now. Visions of neglected duties passed in rapid succession through my mind, and bright dreams unfulfilled. My reverie was broken, as suddenly the coals upon the hearth burned with new life, and on the floor and over the walls, the firelight danced and glanced and the merry bells rang out: "A glad new year is born, rouse up to new life and action. Look not mournfully back upon the past, but bravely go forward to such work as a new year may bring to thee." Oh yes, a new year was mine! and I already saw a host of duties awaiting its coming. I said to myself, I will not be a coward upon the threshold of a new year and shrink back from any work it may bring to me, when suddenly there arose out of the ruins of the past and stood before me in all its reality, the remembrance of a promise reluctantly wrung from me, and even now the time rapidly approaching for its fulfillment, to write an essay on "Life Upon the Farm," and as I recalled it, I could not help but add to the subject chosen for me, or "What I don't know about Farming;" having never read Horace Greeley's wonderful book, "What I Know About Farming," I did not anticipate the task thus assigned me, and cast about me for a thought to anchor to, when my attention was riveted to a picture in the coals, recalling days of long ago, and thus it glided before me, in an old New England kitchen

Where a warm wood fire burned bright,
Sat honest Farmer Ketchum and his wife
One winter's night; the wind without was wall-
ing

With a wild and woeful sound,
And the fleecy folds of the drifting snow
Lay deep upon the ground.
But what cared Farmer Ketchum for the tumult
out of doors?

For he had foddered the cattle and done the
other chores.

And snug in the chimney corner

In his easy chair he sat,

Silently smoking his old clay pipe,

And petting the purring cat:

While plying her knitting needles.

His wife rocked to and fro, humming a hymn,

And dreaming a dream of the long ago.

Over the old time fireplace a rusty musket hung.

And a score of strings of apples from the smoky

ceiling swung.

While back in a dngy corner, the old clock

ticked away.

And looked like the sagging farm house, fast

falling to decay.

The picture has faded and again the fire

burns dim. I wander in dream land, again

I tread the old familiar streets and see the

old familiar faces. Again I stand in my

childhood's home and gaze upon the

mountains around and beneath me; and

close to my heart this vision came:

"An old farm house with windows wide,

And sweet with clover on every side.

The door with woodbine wreathed about,

With loved ones sitting in and out.

Half in shadow, half in sun, a mother rocking

her little one.

And words come back that mother would give,

To teach us to die and fit us to live"

Again I hunt the sweet wild strawberries

in the tall grass in the big meadow, and

play hide and seek with the butterflies and

birds until I hear the old familiar call,
"Get out of that mowing lot, you'll trample
all the grass down," and with fast beating
heart I hurriedly obey the order, spilling my
berries as I run. Again I hear the whetting
of scythes and carry the cooling drink from
the oaken bucket in the little brown jug to
the thirsty hay makers in the 100 acre-lot,
on which the sun shines so bright this glad
June day, but on which the rain was sure
to fall and never known to fail, before the
fragrant hay was ready to store away in the
mow. All day the merry farmers wield
their scythes, and anxiously watch the sky,
stopping only long enough to eat a hasty
dinner and take their daily lunch of ginger-
bread and sweetened water. And so the
day wears away, and the tired haymaker
seeks gladly tired nature's sweet restorer—
balmy sleep—to rise with the first streak of
light, hoping to get the hay made while the
sun shines. But alas for his hopes! while
the air is sweet with the perfume of the
new mown hay, and the busy workers stop
to wipe the sweat from their dripping
brows, a low mutter of thunder is heard.
The big clouds pile higher and higher, the
sunshine is darkened, the rattling hayrack
comes swiftly at the heels of the old farm
horses. The oxen drag the heavy cart, and
hurriedly the big loads are gathered and off
to the barn, just as the lightning begins to
play in the sky and the big drops begin to fall.
The fragrant load is quickly mowed away,
and again the sun is shining, and the work
of getting in the hay goes on again. And
now the corn is gathered into the big barn,
and the huskers come from miles around,
and while the big lanterns swing high and
throw their pale sweet light from the candle
dip within, the merry laugh and joke go
round, and the happy groups of youths and
maidens pile the big heaps of yellow corn,
till the glad call to supper comes from the
the old farm house, and promptly the sum-
mons is obeyed. And now as by magic the
pumpkin pies and doughnuts disappear,
and with light hearts the merry huskers
again seek the old barn, and songs and
games and money-musk go round, till tired
at last they all away together creep, and
soon the inmates of the farm house sink to
sleep.

(To be continued.)

DAYS OF TRIAL.

The housecleaning days have come.

The best time in the year

For the smoke and dust that begrimes our rooms

To quickly disappear.

The time has again arrived when we be-
gin to think about and feel interested in
renovating our homes, or as it has so aptly
been called, the great "domestic upheaval."
Now I do not propose giving any advice
on the subject, for if I should I do not
think it would make any difference with
our housekeepers. We all have our own
way of doing things, and generally prefer it
to that of others. I will merely say that I
believe in a thorough cleaning from garret
to cellar, and that I for one rather enjoy
the business. However, please do not think
I am wanting a "job;" I should certainly
decline with thanks, I have enough to do at
home. But really there is a certain amount

of pleasurable excitement about it all that
pays for the extra labor. How anxious we
are to see how the new carpet will look, or
perhaps the rooms are to be repapered,
and what a difference that does make! Or
perhaps it is only some new curtains, or a
long wanted bit of furniture, a couch, or
an easy chair; possibly it is only a fresh
coat of paint. No matter what change we
make, it is generally an improvement.
Even if there is nothing new to be added,
there is enjoyment in cleansing and freshen-
ing our rooms, rearranging the furniture,
polishing and rubbing until it looks almost
as good as new; then when everything is
finished, how glad that it is over with, and
we can enjoy the much needed rest.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.

The HOUSEHOLD Editor will make pur-
chases of silks, wool dress goods, laces,
trimmings, etc., in this city, for those of
our readers who so desire, making in all
cases personal selection of the goods, to the
best of her judgment. A commission of
five per cent will be charged. Cash must
accompany all orders; the safest way to
send it is by postal money order or by ex-
press. Persons ordering goods are de-
sired to send as explicit directions as pos-
sible as to what is wanted, and such direc-
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troit, Mich.

CITRON, says a correspondent of the
Country Gentleman, make the very nicest
of sweet pickles. As the citrons will keep
until spring in a cool place where they will
not freeze, they need not be made up until
spring. Cut up the citron, and pare the
pieces, boil them in clear water till they are
easily pierced with a fork, drain, and then
proceed as with any other sweet pickle.

Contributed Recipes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Butter size of a wal-
nut; two tablespoonsfuls sugar; one coffeecup
New Orleans molasses; one teaspoonful soda;
also one of ginger. Stir stiff with flour, then
stir in two-thirds of a cup of boiling water,
and add another teaspoonful of soda. This
quantity makes two cards of cake.

CORNMEAL PUDDING.—Take half a common-
sized panful of milk, put in a kettle and let
boil; stir in six handfuls cornmeal and let it
boil a few minutes; then add the rest of the
milk, cold, and stir up well. Add one cup
sugar, or half sugar and half molasses; four
eggs, well beaten; half nutmeg; butter the
size of a walnut. Put in a pudding pan and
bake slowly three hours.

RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—To one
panful sweet milk add one cup rice, one cup
sugar, one cup raisins; lump of butter the
size of a walnut, nutmeg to taste. Bake three
hours, stirring occasionally. Good without
raisins.

TO BAKE SOUR APPLES.—Wash and wipe;
then halve or quarter; lay them in a deep
earthen or tin dish, sprinkle them well with
sugar, and add a little piece of butter; fill the
tin half full of water, and bake until tender.
We have tried "Home-ly's" recipe for graham
pudding, and think it nice. MRS. E. P. S.

CAMBRIA.