

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, APRIL 27, 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MUCH ADO.

When you think of it, friend, the worries
The troubles that wear you out,
Are often the veriest trifles,
That common sense would flout;
They write the forehead with wrinkles,
They bow the shoulder with care,
Yet a little patience would show you, friend,
Just how the weight to bear.

It's somebody late to breakfast
And the coffee growing cold;
It's a button that isn't fastened,
Or a string too slight to hold;
And time and temper are wasted,
And fun is driven away,
And all for the want of gentleness,
The home is spoiled for a day.

And the children make a litter
Of toys upon the floor,
And Johnny forgets to wipe his feet,
And Susie to shut the door;
And who that hears you scolding,
Which after awhile you'll rue,
Would deem those heedless little ones
Just all the world to you?

'Tis well that God and the angels
Know better far than we,
That our conscience and our conduct, friends,
So seldom quite agree.
'Tis well that the Lord is patient,
And sees, not what we are,
But what, at our best, we are fain to be,
Unmoved by strife and jar.

Ah me! for the little trifles,
Of which our bitter brew
Of sorrow and trouble is often mixed,
As weakly, with much ado,
We meet the smaller worries,
That are quickly out of sight,
When the sweep of a dark winged angel
Obscures our lives with night.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

COTTON DRESS GOODS.

I sometimes wish that the people in the country could have the advantage of the occasional "drives"—the really legitimate sales—made by some of our city merchants in special lines. For instance, a lot of kid gloves were recently offered at 77 and 99 cents per pair—gloves that had sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50 but which, having wide stitching on the backs—which fashion has decreed "out"—were to be closed out at greatly reduced rates. The quality of the goods was all right, the stitching the only objectionable feature, and for anything but best wear, one need not mind it. Just before Easter, a line of "Scotch" gingham at seven cents a yard filled one merchant's windows, and many women would confess as did the friend of mine who said: "I went down town with just money enough to buy a hat for Dollie, but those gingham captured the cash, and she and Nan have

each two new dresses. They were so cheap and pretty I could not help it." The goods were not of course the real Scotch gingham, but were "Scotch" in pattern, at least, gingham width, very pretty, and as good as any one could expect for the money. How make one up? Well, I should tuck the front breadth about half its length, perpendicularly, leaving the remainder loose; the remainder of the skirt should consist of straight breadths, with an eight inch bias band round the bottom and extending up each side of the front breadth, framing it, as it were. Waist, tucked back and front, with full sleeves set in a deep bias cuff. A sash might be added if desired. To make such a dress suitable for more dressy wear, the front and sides might be cut bias, the back breadths straight and without drapery, the front with a long, square apron draped over the bias portion; the waist, made over a thin lining, should have basque back, jacket front and a bias vest, closed with tiny buttons. But unless one can make her own dresses it would hardly pay to put so much work on a cotton dress.

What are known as outing flannels are very suitable for misses' wear. They come in shaded and even stripes on a white or light ground, cost a shilling a yard, are of cotton mixed with a very little wool, wash like iron (they say) and should be made up in sailor and blouse suits. They make excellent "intermediate suits," something between best and every day wear.

There seems to be a misunderstanding about challis. There are two qualities; one is a thin, figured, narrow, semi-coarse cotton (I should judge) weave, which sells at various prices from fifteen to eight cents, according to grade. The other is a very fine all wool goods, lighter weight than nuns' veiling, more "sheer," twenty-seven inches wide, at fifty cents; and may this year be had in light and dark colors. It is always figured. It makes lovely and inexpensive Empire dresses; straight skirts, puffed sleeves, round waists with surplice folds, and an Empire sash of the goods or of surah.

Some housekeepers have found a new use for the cheap challis. They buy them for comforts and "dozers," and claim they are superior to cheese cloth.

BEATRIX,

A SMALL GARDEN.

If one has but a small garden the beauty of it as a whole may be greatly enhanced by taste in arranging and sowing beds.

Tall growing and coarse plants place in the background, and although clumps of canna, gladiolus, bacconia, caladium and similar plants are desirable in that style, they should not obstruct the view of beds and borders of low growing annuals. A mixture of various kinds of pinks of the Dianthus family, that bloom the first season after sowing and for years after, are lovely as flowers, and when cut back before seed matures make a most desirable border for garden walks. It is very little trouble to form beds into tasteful shapes and border them with some dainty blooming plant—not a vine as many think, and then regret afterwards.

A bank of pansies may be bordered with lobelia or sweet alyssum; a bed of verbenas with Drummond phlox or petunia, with mignonette, reseda odorata variety, pinched in trim form—this, having so little color to contrast with plants having so much sets them off nicely. Portulacca is suitable as a border on many accounts. Asters, coxcomb, centranthus, catchfly, calendula, cackalia, balsams, calliopsis, galliardia and similar growing plants may be bordered with convolvulus minor, a plant which does not appear in gardens as it should, as it has cup-like blossoms of the most lovely shades of blue, lavender and variegated.

The geranium bed can be edged with gypsophila, which has mosslike foliage and miniature flowers of dainty pink; if trimmed occasionally to prevent ripening seed will continue fresh and blooming all the flower season. *Gypsophila elegans* has white flowers, small, and useful in combination with larger ones; *Gypsophila paniculata* is one of the hardiest of perennials; the misty white flowers are lovely for corsage bouquets, as they do not fade. They also make excellent dry flowers.

A few plants of *Euphorbia marginata* in odd corners and among geraniums I think desirable, as they make up well together; few things contrast so well with scarlet geraniums as this euphorbia. I sow poppies everywhere. Those in dainty scarlet, and an indefinite array of colors are shown off by the ranunculus-flowered; scarlet field poppies are favorites, although many admire the large double varieties.

There are some perennial plants that I must mention, as they are old, old friends with me, and seem so little known or grown here in Michigan. I hear from them in floral magazines and papers through others who admire them as I do. Sweet rocket, that will bloom freely in April and May, as fragrant as ten weeks

stock, I sow among the currant bushes or any handy place, as it is a tall, rather coarse plant. Perennial flax (*Linum*) is a dainty darling and constant bloomer; white lychnis, and scarlet sweet william for contrast, one creamy white, the other darkest of red and very desirable. Chinese larkspur is different from the other perennial delphiniums in habit of growth, as it is more delicate, it has the most lovely blue and white flowers, and if often gathered will produce them all spring and summer. I have omitted mentioning climbers, but have made them the subject of many letters in the past.

In reply to a question about fuchsias, would say they require plenty of pot-room and rich soil; that from the sheep pen is excellent if not fresh. There is a great difference in their habit of growth; some are regular climbers, while others are shrubby or tree-like in form. They are fine bedding plants if shaded from the midday sun, and if given moisture will bloom freely. They are not as frail as they appear but quite enduring instead. They require rest, these summer bloomers, and the cellar is, if dry, suitable for them.

FENTON.

MR. S. M. A. FULLER.

NUMBER TWO.

Ever since I read the letter from Observer in the HOUSEHOLD of March 30th on "The Second Wife," I have wanted to say a few words in reply, but as I had never written for the HOUSEHOLD I scarcely dared venture upon so important a subject. But it seems to me I must speak my little piece even though it never reaches a place in the paper, or if there, is read but not appreciated.

And first I would say to Observer, if she happens to be one of the "No. 2's" and is so fortunate as to have the approval and sympathy of her husband, and feels that they are really co-workers for the welfare of all immediately concerned, she should take courage and thank God that she does not have to live in daily association with a self-elected jury, and has the love, confidence and trust of one nearer and whose opinion is of far more value to her. Some are denied even this, especially where she is step-mother as well as "No. 2," for oftentimes a father's jealous love for his motherless children will see fault where only good was intended, for what own mothers do not have to exercise a great deal of patience and are not tried every day, but how much more is the trial increased if allowed no power of control? For example: Last night my little two-year old daughter awoke and called for a drink. I gave it to her, but just as the cup touched her lips she threw herself down saying, "No, don't want drink;" but when the cup was put away raised up again and began crying for drink. I knew she would but repeat her part as often as I offered it to her until exhausted, or for several times at least, so I let her cry and after nearly half an hour's crying she curled down by me, put her little arms around my neck and said in a very mild tone, without crying, "I want a drink, mama." "Well," I said, "if you

will drink like a little lady mama will give you one." When I gave her the cup she drank, and in a short time was fast asleep. But in a short time she cried again for drink, doing the same as before. I repeated my remedy and this time she cried only a very few minutes, then took a drink, lay down, put her arms once more around my neck, kissed me and said, "Go sleep with you, mama; me love you, mama;" and was soon fast asleep herself with no more trouble that night. Don't you think I gained one victory? It was far from pleasant to hear her cry for what could be given so easily, yet I withheld it only for her good.

I think I hear some one say, "What has this to do with "Number Two?" Simply this: It occurred to me, what if I had been this little one's step-mother and I had done the same, with the same motive in view, to conquer her stubborn will. But instead of having the privilege of doing it as my own conscience told me was right and my duty to do, suppose her father, whose love for his motherless child blinded him as to the motive which prompted my actions, also to the consequences following his interference, had demanded, "Give that child a drink! Don't you hear her? It's a pity she can't have what water she wants; guess it's free; you wouldn't treat a child of your own in that way;" then what would you do? Suppose nearly every day only added more such experiences? Do you think even if a man "built a mansion," etc., as in the first verse of the little poem in the paper of April 6th, that there would be many women with such whole-souled, self-sacrificing hearts and patient, loving dispositions who would not in time either grow cross and ill-natured or sad and disheartened, or both, according to their strength of will to govern themselves? Control of self is governed a great deal, I think, by the amount of work we have to battle with, and also health. Do you think, I repeat, that many could be found who have the happy faculty to build alone the perfect kingdom Home under those circumstances?

If I should write half that passed through my mind in the four or five hours I lay wide awake and could not drive the subject from my mind, our Editor would have to issue a supplement if any one else had a chance at all.

But a little more, brought to my mind by El See's question to that mother and her answer and fidelity to her husband. I wonder if it touched all of you as it did me? I could not interest myself even in the remainder of the HOUSEHOLD that night. I thought, could that mother, placed in a home as "No. 2," tried and persecuted, without the trust and confidence of her husband, even though each might be to blame for the existence of wrong feelings—could she have said the same? Give up a child of her own! Could I? I asked myself. I thought it all over, and my heart answered yes, I could give up my own little ones for my husband if such a sacrifice could restore the love and confidence he once felt for me. Time heals the wounds of dead grief, but it is living grief that gnaws at the heart, eating away hope, hap-

piness and all that makes life worth living; causing the soul to burst out, not in song, for song dies away in the silent notes of an unspoken prayer of anguish, "Oh that I had wings like a dove, I would fly away and be at rest."

A. B. C.

DELICATE DESSERTS.

At this season of the year eggs and milk are freely used in the preparation of our daily food; perhaps some of my methods of combining them may be useful to others.

A cream pie that we think excels the old time custard pie is made by beating together the yolk of one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of butter and a little cold milk. Stir in one teacupful of boiling milk, cook until smooth, flavor to taste, pour into a previously baked crust, frost with the white of an egg well beaten with a little sugar, set in the oven to brown. A nice thing about this pie is that you can prepare several crusts or shells at a time, then fill when wanted; they never soak and are easily made.

A puff pudding is a cheap and quickly prepared dessert. Take one pint of milk, eight even tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt and four well beaten eggs; stir well together. Just before sitting down to dinner pour the mixture in a well greased dripping-pan; bake in a hot oven. It only takes a few minutes for it to bake if the oven is just right. To be served hot with cream and sugar, flavored to taste.

Floating island is a delicious and attractive looking dish for tea. Beat the yolks of three eggs until very light; stir into a quart of boiling milk, sweeten and flavor to taste; cook until it thickens, stirring all the time to keep it from curdling. When cool pour in a low glass dish. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten and cook over boiling water; with a tablespoon drop on top of the custard, taking care that the little islands do not touch each other.

We are very fond of fritters made with three well beaten eggs, one cup of sweet milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Drop in hot lard and fry a light brown; to be eaten warm with maple syrup.

A nice way to cook salt pork is to cut it in thin slices, trim off the rind; freshen, and fry until crisp, then dip in a batter made with one egg, one-half cup of milk, a little salt, flour enough for a thin batter; put back in the hot grease and fry brown. It is a nice dish for breakfast. Another good way is to fry as above, then drain off the grease, pour over half a cup of sweet cream, let boil up, then serve.

A very nice way to prepare codfish is to soak a sufficient amount over night in cold water, then pick up in large flakes, removing all bone and skin, put in a spider with a pint or more of milk, a generous lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste; when boiling hot thicken with a little flour wet with cold milk, then stir in two or more eggs; let boil up, then serve.

In regard to economy, one of the surest

ways to save is to have every article of food well cooked, so that nothing be thrown away as unpalatable for the lack of proper cooking or seasoning.

A friend who is also a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* says if any of its readers are troubled with bed-bugs they can soon get rid of the pests by scalding with very strong alum water. It is a very simple remedy and worth trying.

LAUREL VANE.

WACOUSTA.

ONE WEEK.

(Continued.)

Friday morning I felt a little old, but was up by half-past five. Breakfast was under way. I made the coffee, chopped beef for ragout, moistened it with brown gravy, added a lump of butter and pepper; a griddleful of mush was fried; toast made and eggs poached, potatoes mashed; doughnuts and crackers completed the bill of fare. When the morning's work was out of the way I went at the baking, which was confined to cake. One loaf of peach-blow cake—white cake baked in five layers, and the filling boiled frosting colored with fruit coloring and flavored with peach; a yellow cake into which I grated two squares of chocolate, stirred it so it was marbled, then frosted it thick with chocolate frosting. In the meantime two kettlefuls of tallow were cut up and tried; this is the fourth time we have had this job this winter. I usually send it, in the rough, to town when the hides are sold, but it is needed about the engine, so we are forced to try it. The disagreeable work is soon over and there are three tin pans' full set away to cool, the tongue and heart boiled. A Johnny cake made, two tinsful; four coffee-cupfuls of buttermilk; yolks of four eggs; small teacupful sugar; table-spoonful butter slightly softened, teaspoonful soda, one of baking powder, one teacupful flour and sifted meal for a thin batter, for the meal will swell a good deal. Half an hour is sufficient to bake it.

For dinner, beefsteak; fried onions; boiled potatoes; mashed turnips; corn-starch pudding, cream puffs, coffee, bread, pickles, etc.

In the afternoon the weekly mending is gotten out of the way; there is not very much, as the winter was begun with new flannels, stockings, socks, etc. So a few stitches only are required. I finish ripping my black silk and get it ready to press; a sheet is torn into carpet rags and wound in a skein ready to color. No, I haven't got to "hustle" to make a new rag carpet this spring. I put down a new one in the dining-room about four weeks ago. It was cold weather, but we took down the stove, cleaned the room and got it in order before night. I hardly think there is anything that will take the place of a rag carpet for the dining-room in a farmhouse, especially when one keeps lots of help, and has little ones running about. I have about twenty pounds of rags, cut and sewed, some in balls, some in skeins. One says color the cloth and then cut and sew it; another says a disagreeable dust will rise from it that is bad for the lungs. I think

it is much less trouble to make a rag carpet if the rags are made ready as we go along. When a garment gives out, instead of tucking it away cut it up, sew it and keep the balls in a bag hung up so mice and moths will not get at them. Many garments will make over for the smaller children. I made cotton flannel waists for Evis this winter out of some undershirts that Fannie had outgrown. I took the stoutest, strongest parts and made three, no buttons or button holes in them, no button holes in the skirt bands. I use safety pins, and the drawers are buttoned on to the elastic bands which are made with straps over the shoulders, cross pieces before and back, where they buckle; a band and side elastics. My ticking skirt, flounced, is ripped up, washed and ironed, and this will make three nice little skirts for summer, while I shall have a new one.

I have such a nice pattern for little night-dresses. The back is whole, cut princess; the fronts contain all of the arm hole. It is easily made and fits splendid.

Company to tea; two friends, mother and daughter, whom I am truly glad to see. We have a pleasant visit. Robert Elsmere is discussed, we are mutually agreed that it is about the best love story we ever read, and as for the religious part of it, can not see why the most devout Christian on earth could not read it with propriety. The Christmas books are looked over. *Romola*, *Mill on the Floss*, *Don Quixote*; John Halifax has been read aloud, and *Yolande*, a very excellent book by William Black. I have been so busy this winter with so many household cares, and my sewing is nearly finished, that after a little I can read books, flourish my pen and grow again. How dull life would be without books, pen, ink and paper, and I might as well add, ideas too! I can live a good while away from human beings if I can have these for companions. I actually find myself tired of people at times, and turn hermit.

Supper at six. Bread; cold beef; cheese; pickled peaches; crabapple jelly; canned pears; tea; cream puffs; peachblow cake and scrambled eggs. We all enjoy it, for talking so busily has made us hungry. Our guests leave immediately and clean plates are set on for the men; cold baked beans are added and fresh tea made. I have seen places where every vestige of company supper was carefully put out of sight before the men were called in to eat. Mother never allowed this, so I have never practiced it. With X. Y. Z., I always think if my one boy were working away from home, I should like him to see nice things and know how to use them; they will be as careful of the pretty glass and silver as we are ourselves. My elegant tea set is not in daily use, but it adorns the table often enough so that the children do not ask when I bought it; neither do I use my heavy damask cloth and napkins, but my every day tablecloths are the even check, for which I have paid as high as a dollar a yard. These that I use now cost me fifty-five cents per yard, and I have used them six years; they are three and one-half yards long, and this spring will have to be replaced, they are five in number; the

napkins are white plaided with a thread of blue; bought by the yard—fifteen cents per yard, and cut off square; they make a good every day napkin.

I don't think that the best and daintiest of the table "fixins" are kept in the best closet as much as they were. Nearly every table I see is set out nicely. But in one kitchen I passed through lately, I saw something that went "against my grain." The dinner dishes were being washed, the woman performing the work was considered very capable help and received the highest wages; into the large dishpan was put first the meat platter, then the large plates, pie plates, saucers, in one pile, it rose and tapered like a monument, around in a circle were the glasses, mustache cups, spoons, forks and knives. This is a poor way to wash dishes, you know, and I know. Perhaps I am hurting your feelings, it may be your method, but I hardly think it. Cups lose their handles in this way, nicks come in the plates and saucers, and the glasses will smell like the meat platter; and if there has been fish for dinner that smell will pervade every article that comes in contact with the plates. The little girl who sees mother wash her dishes so will follow in her footsteps every time.

Bread sponge stirred up again to-night, and as I wield the big iron spoon I find myself singing: "Oh that I had wings, had wings like a dove; how swiftly I would fly"—and leave this crowd breadless. Then I think what would Philander do with his awful dyspepsia if he had to eat some of that vile stuff—black, sour and soggy, called bread. So for his sake I will continue faithful until some one invents a machine that will make bread with one or two revolutions.

(To be continued.)

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I have been a silent member of the *HOUSEHOLD*, but wonder if there is a vacant chair for me?

Observer, I think if one woman needs sympathy more than another, it is the second wife and step-mother. Ye wives, whose husbands are always telling of "mother's cooking," would the burden seem lighter if it were "My first wife," etc., or that little pronoun "She?"

I save my *HOUSEHOLDS*, each month sew together, at the end of the year sew the twelve books together; then there is a book of which any woman might feel proud.

A good substitute for cabbage is to chop a turnip or rutabaga real fine, cook and season with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar.

Old calico can be used to line dresses by first starching it slightly and ironing smooth.

Will Evangeline tell us how to make tomato butter?

A good way to fix bread for breakfast is to slice it ready for the table, then steam it. The recipes I send are nearly all tested every week. (See fourth page.—Ed.)

If I have written anything that will be of use to others I am thankful, for I receive many good things from the little *HOUSEHOLD*.

J. SNIP.

OXFORD.

WASHINGTON.

Washington, the capital city of this great Yankee nation, is located at the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia rivers, both of which at this point are about one and a half miles wide. The location of the seat of government was decided on in 1790; and it was established here in 1800. There being no impediments to clear away, the plan of a great city was laid before building was commenced. The streets cross each other at right angles, the capitol being taken as a center. Thus, there is North Capitol street, South Capitol street, East and West, ditto. The streets running north and south are numbered First, Second, etc., those running east and west are lettered A., B., etc., The avenues radiate from the capitol, and intersect at angles in distant portions. These are named for different States. Thus, Pennsylvania Avenue runs from the Capitol to the White House. The streets are very wide, the avenues wider; varying from 90 to 120 feet, with sidewalks from 10 to 20 feet in width. The streets are principally paved with asphalt, laid over pounded stone and sand, all crowning and smooth, so that they are dry in an incredibly short time even after heavy storms. Sidewalks are of flagstones, of an artificial stone of great beauty made in brick-like molds, or of common brick; the last predominating. Streets not paved are in wet seasons nearly impassible, the soil being a red clay, very sticky and tenacious.

The government buildings are scattered in various parts of the city, although the more important are grouped near the White House. An enormous building near this place contains the War, State and Navy departments, while the Treasury building is placed on the other side of the White House. The White House is built of sandstone, and is 170 feet long by 86 feet deep. The "East Room," 80 by 40 feet and 22 feet high, is used for public receptions. The house is two stories high, with a basement.

The Capitol stands on a hill, is built of white marble, and with the extensions is 750 feet long. From the ground to the summit of the dome is 390 feet, from the top floor 148. The dome is of iron, the roof of copper. A lantern 50 feet high, lighted by electricity, stands above it, and surmounting this is a statue of Freedom, 18 feet high. The cost of the capitol was about \$15,000,000. The top of the dome is reached by a flight of 376 steps, and from there the view of city, river and surrounding country is grand.

It will be remembered that that part of the District of Columbia as at first constituted, ceded from Virginia, was retroceded to that State, so that the District now lies north of the Potomac. The city of Washington has grown along the river until it reached Georgetown, which is incorporated with it, and is now known as West Washington. An idea of the growth of the city is found in the statistics of population. In 1860, there were 65,000 inhabitants; in 1880, 150,000; there are now 200,000. The public parks, the grounds

around the government buildings and the botanical gardens, with the wide streets and avenues, make Washington delightfully open and airy. It is estimated that 54 per cent of the ground occupied by the city is given up to streets.

Of course we were too early in the season to find the gardens of interest, and had no time to take in the government greenhouses. We had exasperating glimpses of their wealth in our hurried passage by. The grass was just starting, and the Virginia creeper, which is hardy in that latitude, covered walls and buildings with its waxen greenness, showing a frosted leaf here and there. Many plants of greenhouse habit here are left out with entire safety there.

I had always pictured the Potomac as a clear, bright stream, rolling in blue waters to the ocean, but alas, for fancy! I found it roily and turbid, only its broad majestic flow to mitigate disappointment, but it was, as in historic time, "all quiet."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

BINDING PAMPHLETS AT HOME.

Some one in the HOUSEHOLD asks how to bind books at home cheaply. I will give my way; it may not be as nice as some others, but it has the advantage of being strong and durable. Materials required, a room with a square corner in it; a board with the ends sawed off square, rather larger than the pamphlets to be bound; a table; a carpenter's scratchall; four sheets of coarse paper the size of the pamphlets—wall paper will do very well—two pieces of pasteboard the same width as the pamphlets, but one inch longer; one piece of denim four inches wide and one inch and a half longer than the book when bound; two pieces of calico two inches larger on all sides than the pasteboard, and a dish of rather thick melted glue, also a tape needle, three or four pieces of tape one-half to three-quarters of an inch wide and two inches longer than the thickness of the book.

To begin, place the table in the corner of the room so that when standing by it you face one wall; your left hand will be toward the other wall; then put your board on the table close in the corner; put thereon two sheets of the coarse paper, take the oldest pamphlet, the top in your left hand, the bottom in your right, and lay it on the board with the back against the wall, crowding it snug and close into the corner so that they may be smooth and even on the sheets of coarse paper. The next oldest in the same way, until you have piled all you wish to bind in the book, then put on the top the two other sheets of coarse paper. Now take the scratchall and put the point two or three inches from the end, and one-half inch from the back of the pamphlet, holding it perpendicular, make a hole through the pile. With the tape needle, draw the tape through the hole made by the scratchall; do the same thing in the middle, and at the other end of the pamphlets, then lay your pasteboard against the tapes and glue them down on

top of it. This is as much as you can do the first day.

When the glue is dry, turn the book over, pull the tapes tight with your fingers and glue in the same way; when dry again, cover the back of the book with glue, also the piece of denim, which should be thick and good; put the denim on the back of the book, pressing it tight; now open the pasteboard covers and fold the ends of the denim back over the pasteboard, pressing it down hard and close; let dry for the third time. When dry cover one side of the calico with glue, folding one-half inch to form a hem, cover the pasteboard with glue spread on the calico with the hem on the denim, smooth it down close, open the cover, put glue on the other side, also on bend, the coarse paper, turn the edges of the calico around the pasteboard smoothly, shut it down, lay a weight on it, let it dry. After it is dry fix the other cover in the same way, and I think you will have a book that you will like to see.

OLIVET.

JUDITH A. S. HART.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

In darning woolen socks, make the first layer out of stout thread, and the cross-threads of woolen yarn. It makes a firm, smooth darn, which wears well.

An old English recipe-book says oilcloth may be restored by melting half an ounce of beeswax in a saucer of turpentine, and rubbing the oilcloth with the mixture, then rub with a dry cloth.

It is often a great help on a busy day to have raisins picked over and stoned, rice ready for cooking, currants washed and dried, beans picked over all ready to put in the pot; and it is a good plan to employ some idle moments thus. Children can do much of this work, though the economical mother will be loth to trust the raisin box to their tender mercies.

Contributed Recipes.

BOSS GINGERBREAD—One cup molasses; one tablespoonful sugar; ditto butter; two teaspoonfuls soda; two-thirds cup boiling water; one-fourth teaspoonful salt; spice to taste. Put the sugar and molasses into a bowl, add one teaspoonful soda, then the butter, mixing well. Stir in flour until it is very stiff, as stiff as it can be stirred. Dissolve the other teaspoonful of soda in the boiling water, stir this into the ingredients; it will be like rich cream. Bake immediately. This will make two tins full. The above recipe was furnished by Mrs. C. W. J., of this city, published in the HOUSEHOLD of October 19th, 1886, and is republished at the request of Mrs. M. E. T., of Wakeman, O., who vouches for its excellence.

MOLASSES CAKE—One cup sour cream; one cup molasses; one egg; one teaspoonful soda; half teaspoonful ginger; two and a half cups flour.

DRIED APPLE CAKE—Two cups dried apples, chopped, cooked in one cup molasses; when done add one cup sugar; one cup butter; two cups buttermilk; four cups flour; two teaspoonfuls soda, and two teaspoonfuls spice. Bake slowly.

J. SNIP.

OXFORD.