

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 18, 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.

What do women talk about?  
Weather, first beyond a doubt;  
Then their tongues begin to go  
On the topics told below.

Ministers and church affairs;  
Household worries; children's cares;  
Aches and pains, and pains and aches,  
New recipes for making cakes.

Servant girls with horrid ways;  
Latest fashions; temperance craze;  
How to save the heathen and:  
Jars of fruit for winter canned.

Bonnets, dresses, ribbons, gloves;  
Shopping fun; young maidens' loves;  
Gossip; scandal quite intense  
And religious arguments.

Babies; what to eat and wear;  
How to hide the silvered hair;  
How to keep a youthful face  
And preserve a form of grace.

These and similar things, no doubt,  
Do the women talk about;  
Though the men suppose, ahem,  
That they only talk of them.

### CHAT ABOUT DRESS.

"In the spring a maiden's fancy  
Turns to ties that match her glove;  
In the spring a brigher color  
Comes the bonnet top above."

And this year a very much gayer color reigns upon the new spring bonnet, in fact, fashionable millinery is nothing if not gay. Flowers are seen upon everything, and such beautiful imitations are they, that one can hardly distinguish them from the real. A lady sat opposite me in the car the other day, under the brim of whose black lace hat was tucked a *Perle des Jardins* rose and bud, so exact a counterfeit that even an inquisitive bee, a trifle blinded by over much buzzing, might have been deceived and have undertaken to explore its depths. A cluster of purple wisteria massed with black lace, a knot of lemon yellow poppies—which would have been a botanical impossibility until two or three years ago; a wreath of apple blossoms, perfectly imitated, even to the thick dark brown stems, a bunch of the fine phlox-like bloom of that old fashioned plant known as "Creeping Charlie"—these are only a few of the flowers chosen for the decoration of young ladies' and misses' hats and toques. A very novel bonnet was composed entirely of ivy leaves, shading from the dark glossy green of perfect foliage through silvery autumn tints and the yellows presaging decay, to the tender hue of the just unfolded leaf; its only garniture a bunch of the leaves. Another was of rose petals, exquisitely tinted,

overlapping each other to form crown and brim.

Such a pretty lace dress as it was! Fish net, with meshes large enough to slip an apple seed through; a plain round skirt bordered with five rows of three-fourths inch watered ribbon, and worn over a black surah skirt, with "the least little bit" of a tournure. The silk waist was covered with the net, which was shirred to form full fronts, while the back of the short basque had a cluster of loops of ribbon set on the point. It was a little woman who wore it, and its severe simplicity became her mignon style.

One of the most showy dresses I have seen was of lettuce green faille, made Empire style; the front of the corsage was crossed by loose folds of green and cream white brocade, framed by wide revers. The Empire girdle was of folds of the faille, and wherever possible a showy passementerie of green and gold was employed to accentuate the outlines. A broad black hat faced with lettuce green velvet, edged with a narrow line of green and gold cord, and nearly covered outside with plumes shading from dark to light green, completed a very striking costume, worn by a young lady of the wax doll order, with blue eyes, fair hair and pink-and-white complexion. Of course so showy a costume was not designed for street wear, but worn at an afternoon reception.

To go to the other extreme, I admired very much the simple neatness of a checked gingham dress made up with a plain basque and undraped skirt. A narrow vest of ecru pique was inserted in the front, a vest not quite three inches wide at the throat and narrowing to half an inch at the point of the basque, and there were three forward turning folds on either side of this, the fronts being cut wider for the purpose. Down the center of the skirt was also inserted a narrow panel of the ecru, just the width of the vest at the point of the basque, so that it seemed a continuation of it to the foot where it had widened to about 3 1-2 or four inches. Folds were on either side of it, then a plain space to the sides, where the skirt was laid in forward turning pleats before being shirred full at the belt over the two small steels, placed ten inches below the top. Vests of pique, plain or figured, are popular for gingham and satteen dresses, but to be modish should be quite narrow.

Dresses are rather longer than they have been worn; they should just escape the floor for the house, and be a little more

abbreviated for street wear. I do not know what connection there is between poverty and long dresses, but certain it is I never see a woman whose dress drags an inch or more without noting her attire bears unmistakable evidence of a poverty which may be honest but which certainly is not neat. Whether the extra length is to conceal shabby shoes or skirts, or simply evidence of "shiftlessness," I'm sure I cannot say; I only chronicle my observations.

One of the prettiest new models for wool goods of any sort is entirely without drapery; the front and sides are composed of wide pleats alternating with clusters of narrow ones. There are three wide pleats, one directly in front, eight narrow pleats—which cover a space rather greater than the width of the plain pleat, then a wide one, and another cluster of narrow pleats, separating the back of the skirt, which is perfectly straight and hangs in deep folds defined to the bottom. It takes a liberal supply of goods for these full skirts. A lady was complaining the other day that whereas seven yards of cashmere used to be a full pattern for a dress, now she found ten yards none too much. The wide pleats on this skirt were tufted with silk pompons, which added not a little to its dressy appearance. I think a patient individual might perhaps applique circles or squares of velvet so neatly that the effect of a velvet-figured wool might be given. The basque of this costume had one wide reverse on the right side, which crossed to the left over a fine pleating which began at the left shoulder seam and filled the front; sleeves tight with a V-shaped space at the top filled with pleating, and a broad square cuff. Reverse and cuffs were studded with the silk pompons.

BEATRIX.

### SILK CULTURE.

Miss Nellie and I tried raising silk worms, and found it light, fascinating work. Osage orange hedge being plenty in the neighborhood, we invested in a pair of pruning shears, and arranged a small bedroom off the sitting room for our pets. In the room we put a table, placing the feet in pans of water to prevent ants from feasting, for they like the spinners. Next we bought a bundle of lath; and cut some in half; we made a frame like two wide ladders, of whole lath nailed together at the sides with the cut lath, across the rounds, as it were, we placed loose lath, and on these put our pasteboard boxes or trays, placing the whole on the table. Miss



Nellie visited the dry goods stores and got the boxes, telling the proprietors they might come and see the spinners, and some of them did. We sent to the Ladies' Silk Culture Association for one-half ounce, about 20,000 eggs, cost \$2. They arrived by mail in a tin box. Some of them were hatched, coming from a warmer climate. We had nothing to feed them on, for the hedge had not budded, but a friend hearing of our dilemma sent us some hedge from southern Illinois, so we saved those that hatched later; the next spring we found the eggs we raised ourselves hatched with the budding of the hedge.

We did not sell our cocoons, but gave them to our friends, and Miss Nellie gave the eggs to her pupils, hoping in that way to spread the industry. We are convinced that it could be made profitable, but needs experience. I should say "only try a few at first." It is in small quantities they are raised by the peasants in foreign countries. I believe Illinois produces the most silk of any State in the Union. At a silk test in Philadelphia the second prize was awarded a lady of New Hampshire; and surely if silk can be produced in New Hampshire, Michigan should be able to do likewise. If the Michigan farmers would plant white mulberry trees for shade near the house, or surround the houseyard with an osage orange hedge, the daughters would soon learn silk culture. Any one wishing books on silk culture send address and stamps to the Women's Silk Culture Association, No. 1,224 and 1,226 Arch St., Philadelphia, Penn., also for Manual of Silk Culture to Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

MONROE.

#### ONE WEEK.

(Concluded.)

Monday morning, and rather blue; no sun, but the air is soft and spring-like, it is the first day of April and spring is really here; the grass is springing up after the warm rain, the wheat fields are looking like velvet; she will charm us with her smiles, blue sky and sunshine, and tantalize us with her showers and chill winds. Everybody feels better this morning. Breakfast, potato-balls, poached eggs, fried pork, coffee, gems, molasses cake, crackers. We expedite matters so as to commence washing. It is a little doubtful about drying the clothes, but they can be washed. I hate to miss on washing Monday; a week begun well always ends well, I notice. The boiler is set on the stove when the breakfast is taken up, so the water is hot by the time the dishes are washed. A good machine helps wonderfully; I use sal-soda occasionally. I think it keeps the clothes white, and saves rubbing. Everything is "on velvet." The white clothes are nearly all on the line, when it is discovered that our mill man in the woods has a sick wife, the doctor is sent for, and I am wondering if I can go for a while, when husband appears upon the scene. He is obliged to go to the station and I can ride down to the house and stay until he comes back. I am ready

in a minute, and we are soon driving down the lane behind one of the trotters. It is just lovely riding; the lane is quite green, the cowslips are struggling for a living, frogs are croaking in the creek and marsh, and the birds are filling the air with music. I find things a little worse than I have had them for the past week. The mother is sick in bed, the oldest child about twenty months, and the baby five months, both crying. The baby has to be fed; my hand is out completely tending baby, but I make a bold stroke and try feeding it. The blue eyes look wonderingly at me, the mouth no bigger than a tiny rosebud, a sweet little baby face, anybody could love her, so I feed her until hunger is satisfied, the mother made comfortable, and the sun is well out as the horse comes for me to go home. No matter how bad off we imagine ourselves at times, there is always some one else worse off. The ride has done me all sorts of good, and we get home about twelve. Dinner is ready; baked potatoes; ham; eggs; bread and steamed rice.

Dinner dishes out of the way; flannels and calico washed, and Fannie and I go to work at two chairs we were going to "fix up." They were originally cane seated chairs; maple; varnished. We cut out the bottoms, sandpaper the wood and sew in some stout new bagging, cut double—with twine. One is painted blue, the other a beautiful yellow. They will need two coats, and when thoroughly dry, one coat of varnish. The yellow one will have a dark blue plush bottom. On the bagging we spread tow, until it is as full as we want, then some curled hair and a thickness of canvas, then the plush, well drawn down and held in place with wide blue gimp tacked at regular distances with brass headed tacks. On the center piece of the back and left side of the top is painted a spray of forget-me-nots with green leaves, and a bow of wide blue ribbon on the right side. The blue one has a cretonne bottom, with a red bow on the left side. There are two others which we will get at after a while, one will be painted white, with gilt bands, upholstered with old gold plush. We find that kept at the furniture store the best quality, at \$1.50 per yard; the gimp and tacks are purchased there also. The little rustic chair owned by Evis is treated to a bolster and cushion of double-faced canton flannel, peacock blue with Chinese figures, fans, etc., and she takes lots of comfort in it. We have made such a handsome handkerchief case this winter. One side is of quilted blue satin, the other rose-colored plush; one thickness of wadding between, sprinkled with sachet powder. The case is thirteen inches wide, nineteen inches long, the edges finished with a blue silk cord, it folds together like a book; the plush for the outside; one corner turns back with a blue bow, it is a little different style from any I had seen and was patterned after one that came from Detroit for a Christmas present. How much time anyone can fritter away on this kind of work, but I do not know but it is as well to please the eye occasionally as to tickle the palate. There seems to be some-

thing about our organization that requires both

I have been learning something about sewing on buttons that may be new to some of the HOUSEHOLD band. In drawing the thread through the cloth have the knot on the right side under the button, this prevents its being torn or worn away by ironing. Then before you begin sewing lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After the holes are filled with thread draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and beneath the button. This makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole.

It is four o'clock; clothes are brought in and folded; I do not believe in rolling them up in compact rolls, it makes too many wrinkles to iron out. I do not see much in doors to do, and it is so pleasant I am going out to look around. The services of half a dozen men and three or four boys will be required this spring to straighten things around. There are odd lumber piles—that for fencing—two piles of poles for the buzz-saw and about four cords of block wood piled at the side of the house. Philander "laid in" for a hard winter; but as is the case, proverbially, the more we expect, the less we get. Three women, one boy and a wheelbarrow somewhat lower the pile; then come the rakes, and the chips and bark soon vanish, and the train whistles at the station, our daily mail commences to-day. Here we are revelling in all the luxuries attending a railway; just jubilant over our good fortune. What if there are but four trains per diem, what if they do not go much faster than a good roadster will trot! Let us fondly hope that when the times arrives,

Burns and Nichols, the men who are pulling  
Each end of this bridge of sighs,  
Shall both lose their grip, and go to the wall,  
And thus make a sale of ties.

and we can have a jollification meeting.

Here comes the MICHIGAN FARMER and *Youth's Companion*. Time for supper too, and I must cast about for something wherewith to spread the table, for the larder is not very well stocked now days. First a two quart can of tomatoes is put heating; ten eggs beaten light with the egg beater, whites and yolks separate, the yolks are stirred into one quart of rich milk, a tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved and added, a little salt, one tablespoonful melted butter, and lastly the whites stirred in, turned into a buttered frying pan previously heated; set in a hot oven and baked twenty minutes—a delicious way to make an omelet. Potatoes sliced thin and warmed up in hot butter; cold boiled ham; canned blackberries, jelly and cake. After supper bread is stirred up; codfish picked up and put soaking for breakfast, potatoes pared to boil, and we are ready for a "sit down." Evis comes bringing the singing books for Fannie to play and "all us church members" she says will sing. Her favorites are "Bringing in the Sheaves," and "Up to the Bountiful Giver of Life."

When the men get in from the barn I read aloud, picking out all the interesting things in the papers. First, I must take the wheat market; then the column devoted to



horses, for we are interested in that a little, little things relating to the farm, and the story, "The Deacon's Week" and after a hearty laugh about it, and expressing our respective opinions, all decide that a little candy would taste good. So I get the triple X sugar, another slices some figs, gets the pits out of a few dates, cracks a dozen English walnuts and we commence operations. I empty out perhaps a pound of the sugar in a deep dish and make a hole in the center as for bread sponge. Into this I put the white of an egg and a tablespoonful of thin cream, and commence stirring with a spoon. Keep adding sugar until it is the consistency of dough, then dust some sugar on the moulding board and knead it a little; when it is smooth divide it into parts and flavor it. One wants strawberry, another vanilla and another rose, just a drop is enough. Then pinch off little pieces; into one a quarter of fig goes, just peeping through; another a date, into the top of another a big meat and so on until all is made up. Did you ever try it? simply delicious. It can be rolled out in sheets, some colored pink, some with chocolate, then put together like layer cake with fruit and cut in squares.

It is ten o'clock before we take a vote to go to bed. I am just dropping off into a delicious sleep, when I hear an ominous groan from the depths of Philander's pillow, followed by another to which I cannot turn a deaf ear. "Fix me some saleratus water, it is my dyspepsia." I sally for the cupboard and fish around for the can, and while I am dissolving it I embrace the opportunity to administer a lecture free gratis about smoking and all those other habits that have such pernicious effects. I am a long time about it, for I know he will not be so lamb-like and submissive after he gets the cup, and as I settle down to business again I think to myself that it will take some most awful groans to get me out again to-night.

Oh girls! don't be in a hurry to wed;  
Stay single as long as you can;  
Don't be beguiled by the silvery tale  
You hear from that handsome young man.  
The pathway of marriage is not, as he says,  
Strewn with roses, free from thorns,  
For there's lots of days that go out in clouds  
That begun with rosy morns.

And when for life you're a farmer's wife  
With duties a score and three,  
The thoughts will fly to the days gone by,  
When you were fancy free,  
When you didn't milk cows, nor feed the pig,  
Do chores more or less,  
Take my advice and always think twice  
Before you answer yes.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

QUESTION ANSWERED.—One of our correspondents asks how saddle-bag tidies are made. The saddle-bag tidy is really a cushion, or two cushions, designed as a head rest. Two cushions are made, of the same size; each has a row of eyelet holes along one edge—on the longest edge—which are worked with silk, and the two cushions are laced together with cord or ribbon and put over the top of the chair, "saddle-bag fashion," one on each side. The cushions are usually both covered and lined with the same material, but the one intended for the front of the chair usually receives the decoration.

## SLIPPING GERANIUMS.

A friend whose magnificent geranium beds may almost be called a "joy forever," they are such a source of pleasure when hundreds are in bloom at once and a pleasant memory during the bleak winter months, has a way of propagating and wintering which may be as new to others as it is to me.

In the fall, when danger of frost is imminent, large shallow boxes are filled with sand and moved into the cellar. A quantity of geraniums is dug and sent after the boxes; and then, scissors in hand, she cuts the plants into slips of three or four inches, clipping all the leaves from them. These slips are stuck in the sand, which is kept moist until they start and then moistened occasionally during the winter.

We used to tie earth around the roots of our bedding geraniums and hang them in the cellar, but this seems a much better way, as the young plants are nicer, and one could propagate a favorite kind faster and get a large bed without expense. W.

## HOW CAN WINTER EVENINGS BE BEST IMPROVED IN THE FARMER'S HOME?

[Essay read by Mrs. J. T. Daniells at the Farmers' Institute held at St. Johns, Clinton Co.]

The consideration of this subject is based upon the fact that man has social, moral and intellectual attributes, and that by cultivating and exercising these mental powers, he becomes stronger and more capable of being useful to himself, and the society in which he lives.

The active, out-door labor of the farm, when not carried to excess, has a tendency to produce good health and a sound physical organization, the fit medium for a sound and active mind to dwell in, and we as farmers and farmers' wives, should seek time and opportunity for mental improvement, social culture, and moral or spiritual growth.

The isolation of the farmer's home by distance from homes of others and from lectures and other sources of improvement and pleasure common to towns, makes him dependent on his own resources, and those of his family, for amusement and culture more than any other class of society. This is often looked upon as a misfortune, but it may be made a blessing if rightly used, as it leads to self-reliant effort, and absence of dissipation. True, the farmer's family may, and should have if possible, such help as the Grange, the Farmers' Club, the Chautauqua course, and the social visit gives them.

During the summer months, the activities of farm life give little time for study or recreation, but November brings a release from most kinds of farm work, and the long evenings furnish abundance of leisure time to the farmer, though not in as great a degree to the farmer's wife. The wise use of these hours will give the farmer the advantage over the mechanic or merchant, intellectually and socially. "Time is money" is the old adage, but time is more than money here, as the steady and persistent use of these hours in

study will bring a vigor of thought, and power of concentration that money cannot buy. The best course to pursue in improving these evenings cannot be marked out by rule, or with line and plummet, but must be varied according to the needs of the family; for the farmer's home is no exception to the rule that home should be the pleasantest place on earth to all its inmates. But a course of reading in standard literature for the winter should be determined upon, and a constant effort made to carry out this plan; more will be accomplished in this way than is possible where there is no definite object in view. Frequent discussions on the subjects of the readings will add to the interest; and the thoughts and events be fixed in memory by a frequent reference to them afterward.

Good books are the best of company, and where can we find a brighter picture of home pleasure than the family group, listening to one reading, that which interests all in history, poetry or fiction! They can laugh over Dickens' ludicrous names and caricatures of character, his pompous old Jay Bagstock or Sam Weller, or feel their hearts warmed by the noble yet homely life of Mr. Peggotty or Mr. George.

We can travel in other lands with Humboldt, Livingston or Stanley, and, in imagination, gain a better idea of the country than it were possible to do by actual experience, as the commanding officer in the distance understands all the maneuvers of battle better than the soldiers in the midst of the fray. We can become conversant with the thoughts of the best minds and reading the lives of noble men gives us an incentive to a higher life, as Longfellow says "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime." And the study of the history of nations brings home to us the true value of being an American citizen.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* gave, several years ago, an account of his improving his evenings in search of knowledge. Working in the snow all day, with a cross-cut saw, eating a half frozen lunch while dancing around to warm his feet, prepared him to enjoy the warm fire and hearty supper of evening with zest, equal to his appetite, and then comes the time to study. Seated in an easy chair, with feet near the fire, book in hand, he begins to investigate the mysteries of science, but soon closed book, closed eyes and hard breathing, reports his success in searching after knowledge. This may be a true picture, but it is an exceptional one, and not true of the average farmer in Clinton County.

A course of reading, successfully carried out, will require effort, and the farmer must not manifest his interest by his absence, or by snores from the lounge.

The course which I have outlined could be fully carried out, where all love study or feel the benefit arising from it; but on the other hand, it might drive some poor child, who needs home influence most of all, from the home circle; the constantly reiterated "keep still" has made home a dreary place to many a child. For them, games, riddles and music should be in-



## THE HOUSEHOLD

cluded to enliven and interest. I would not be understood as advocating taking all of the evening for intellectual pursuits, even if all were interested. Our social and moral natures should be developed as well, and happy the family who gives to them their true importance, and manifests their interest in each other by words of sympathy and acts of courtesy and love as they gather around the evening lamp in the home circle.

Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," gives a beautiful illustration of this:

"Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and s-ters meet,  
An' each for ocher's welfare kindly spiers;  
The social hours, swift winged, unnoticed  
fleet;  
Each tells the uncles that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her s-ears  
Gars auld claes look amais at weel's the new;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

"The cheerfu' supper done, in serious face,  
They round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha' B ble, ance his father's pride;  
His bonnet reverently laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion  
glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And 'Let us worship God' he says with  
solemn air.

"Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal  
King,  
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;  
Hope 'springs exalting on triumphant wing,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days;  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear.  
Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society, yet still more dear;  
While circling time moves round in an eternal  
sphere."

Brothers and sisters, let us make the light that emanates from the evening circle of our homes, a power for the development of the highest type of Christian manhood and womanhood.

### BUILDING HINTS.

Have those who contemplate building the coming season gone over the plans to see if they can be made more convenient and save "the gude wife" as many steps as possible? It seems as if some houses must have been built without thought, or else by some one who wanted to make the work as hard as possible for the women.

Leaving all questions of humanity out of the case, every one wants the worth of money expended, and if all the help indoor is hired, then where the conveniences are such as to require the fewest number of steps, less help will be required.

An adjacent town abounds in beautiful artesian wells, one throwing such a large stream that it has been used for running machinery. A stranger driving through the town, cannot help noticing how far the majority are from the buildings. Some are midway between house and barn; the surplus is carried to a tank or trough near the barn, while every drop for the house has to be carried, in some cases several rods. In a dry time or where there is no cistern, the amount used is astonishing.

An acquaintance, a farmer, not feeling competent to plan a fine house he was going to build, employed an architect and left it all to him, and the house was built as planned. A more inconvenient house for doing work would be hard to find. The owner could have done better. To reach

the pantry from the kitchen one has to cross the dining-room into a hall. The entry way to the cellar stairs is between the parlor and dining-room, and to reach it from the kitchen the dining-room has to be crossed. The cistern pump is in the dining-room. If a pedometer could be so regulated it might be interesting to know how many times the person doing the work traverses that dining-room to get to the pantry, the cellar, and to get water in doing one day's work.

A neighbor has built a large house with eight or nine bedrooms and not a closet in the house. In the same house, to reach the cellar one has to go the length of a long veranda, down steps into a woodshed. The well is back of the house behind the woodshed. Another neighbor is building a woodshed, milk and ice-house under one roof. He "doesn't believe in having buildings attached too much on account of fire," and so the new building is a rod or more from the house. Think of the countless journeys back and forth with wood and milk, with pans and butter. I am afraid his wife will be like the "old woman who always was tired."

Let the new house be pleasant by all means, but have the kitchen particularly so, for on it the whole house hinges. On a farm more hours are spent in it than in the parlor. Let it be as convenient as thought and money can make it. Try and have both soft and hard water pumps in the kitchen instead of outside. A few needless extra steps daily lengthen into weary miles and make many farmers' wives old and worn out when they should be in their prime.

A LADY some weeks ago asked how to make mats for dressing-case brackets—not the crocheted ones in whose meshes everything laid upon them gets tangled, but some new and serviceable mode. The HOUSEHOLD Editor has been watching for a response to that query with as much interest, presumably, as the person making it. She too, is tired of picking pins out of a tangle of loops.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN the rubber rollers of a wringer become sticky, as they very often do after wringing flannel, rub with kerosene and wipe dry, and they will be nice and smooth.

THE best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with clean potato parings; boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry, and rub it with a little lard; repeat the rubbing for half a dozen times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances liable to occur in use of a new kettle.

Now is the time to can pie-plant for winter use. A good rule is to make a syrup of one pound of sugar to half a pint of water, let boil, skim, and drop in the pie-plant, stripped and cut into half inch lengths. It will cook very quickly, and should be stirred as little as possible. Dip out into cans with a skimmer, put in more

pie-plant and proceed as before, then boil down the syrup and fill up the cans. It is nice for sauce or tart pies in winter.

THOSE economical souls who turn down a kerosene lamp when leaving a room, to save the trifling amount of oil which would be consumed, are hereby advised that the saving is effected at the expense of health. Their noses should advise them that the products of incomplete combustion are making their escape and vitiating the air. If you have occasion for a light in a room where a person is sleeping, or in an invalid's chamber, place the lamp behind a screen, but don't turn it down.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange says his wife keeps sausage fresh for summer consumption in the following manner: "She fries in cakes, puts them hot from the skillet in tin fruit cans filled with hot lard, and seals up the same as fruit, and they keep as long as desired. Most people like sausage and they are more eatable put up in December, than by a butcher in summer during fly time." This is, of course on the same principle under which slices of ham, scalded on a hot griddle, are packed in crocks, which are afterward filled up with melted lard.

THE *American Cultivator* says: After the parlor stove has been taken down and cleaned carefully, mix stove polish powdered fine and melted lard to the consistency of cream, and rub the stove with it, making sure that the lead gets into every crevice. Rub over the funnel and all accessories in the same way. Kerosene oil is frequently rubbed over stoves when putting away for the summer, but we have found that, unless the stove is looked after frequently when stored, the kerosene is likely to eat the iron. Linseed oil or lard oil is much to be preferred to kerosene, but the lard and lead is the best.

### Useful Recipes.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—One pint of oysters. Moisten one cup of cracker crumbs with one-third of a cup of melted butter—not one-third of a cup of butter melted. Put a layer of crumbs in a buttered dish, then a layer of oysters, season with salt and pepper, repeat, having the top a thick layer of crumbs. Bake 20 or 30 minutes. The dish is done when the moisture is bubbling up over the oysters.

CODFISH BALLS.—A pint bowl full of mashed potato and the same quantity of cooked codfish picked fine. Mix well and add the yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt if needed. With a fork beat the mixture till it is light, and make into cakes with as little pressure as possible. Dip into beaten egg, then into fine bread crumbs or rolled cracker, and fry in hot fat. Delicious.

BROWN BETTY.—Put alternate layers of grated bread crumbs and chopped apples into a pudding dish, season each layer of apples with sugar, lemon extract and a dash of nutmeg; and over each layer of crumbs put small pieces of butter. Bake until brown. Serve with plenty of sweet cream sweetened with sugar.