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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PIECING THE QUILT.

Deep grows the clover, a soft green sea,
Blithely the note of the throstle rings.
And Margery, under the locust tree,
Sits at her patchwork and sews and sings—
Sings and dreams and her fingers fly,
With sunbeams kissed and with shadows
flecked,
And the fair spring hours flit lightly by
With the joy they bring to a bride-elect.
And oh, what a wonderful quilt will grow
Out of those fragments and tiny bits!
And the dimples come and the dimples go,
As she measures and matches and trims and
fits—
A bit of blue in the centre there,
From a remnant left of her Sunday gown;
A strip of white and a rose-pink square,
And a border here of chocolate-brown—
Chocolate-brown,—that was grandma's dress,
Bought that year when John first came:
Margery thinks of that, I guess,
For in Margery's cheeks shines forth a flame;
And this is a scrap of Jennie's sacque,
Dots of white on a ground of green,
And tiny, zigzag lines of black,
With drooping, golden bells between.
The sunswept earth is very fair
To the maid who sits in her shady niche,
And a tender thought that is like a prayer,
Is tightly fastened with every stitch.
There is a new, sweet world that is just at hand,
Where a cosy nest of a home is built,
And she wonders and dreams of that unknown
land,
As she sings and pieces her patchwork quilt.
Good Housekeeping.

ABOUT MOTHS.

Last spring our next door neighbor hung out upon the line a handsome cloak trimmed with beaver fur, and her husband's best overcoat, both badly moth-eaten. Over \$100 worth of clothing ruined, absolutely, by those destructive insects, when a little care might have prevented the damage. I sat in a dimly-lighted parlor one May afternoon, where a dozen tiny, dusty-winged millers fluttered about, and later was not at all surprised to have the lady of the house ask what she should do with her parlor furniture and carpets, which were "full of moths." Another acquaintance took vigorous chase after a miller fully an inch long, under the idea that she was destroying the parent of the brown "worms" that were destroying her carpets.

It is the little, silken-winged, light-colored miller which lays the eggs which develop the larvæ with such voracious appetites for wool and fur. The male of the species is often called "silver fish" by the children because of his shape and appearance, and is shy in habit and much less often seen than he female. These millers commit no

damage in *propria persona* but the larvæ cause plenty of tears and much wrath every year. Old houses are apt to be infested by them; and they revel in closets full of cast-off clothing, those treasures some people are so fond of accumulating under the impression they may "come handy" in that indeterminate time known as "some day." When they once get well established in a house they cost no end of trouble and loss. When the carpets are up in the spring, the floors around the base boards should be washed with hot alum water, which destroys eggs and larvæ, and the carpets well beaten, especially about the edges. When they are in the carpet and it cannot well be taken up, a good way to exterminate them is to lay a wet cloth over the infested spots and press it with a hot iron; the steam kills them. Salt scattered along the edges of the carpet is also destructive. Watch especially for them under furniture and in dark corners. To sweep often and thoroughly also assists materially in eradicating them.

When they get into upholstered furniture, it is "a regular picnic"—as a small girl of my acquaintance says of everything—to get rid of them. They revel in the excelsior or hair with which the furniture is stuffed, and increase rapidly, eating the covering from the inside. I know but one way, and that the plentiful use of benzine. Large furniture dealers keep a tank which can be filled with benzine, and infested pieces are treated to a thorough bath. They also have appliances enabling them to steam them. At home, the best way is to take the furniture out doors and with a fine rose sprinkler attached to a watering can saturate them thoroughly with benzine. It will not injure fabric or color, and the moths must succumb. A. L. L. had the misfortune, several years ago, to purchase a set of rep furniture which proved to be alive with moths. The dealers refused satisfaction, and she had to accept the situation, and either kill the pests or lose the furniture. It took two seasons and gallons of benzine to do it, but she finally conquered them by persistent work.

It is not necessary to pack away woolen goods in tobacco, camphor, or other strongly odorous stuffs, so that one goes about smelling like a sick room or a cigar factory when the clothing is unpacked for wear. Shake and beat the articles well, and at once pack them away in boxes, pasting strips of paper over the joining of box and cover. Do this early, before the millers fly, and you are safe. I have always believed the cedar chests owe their preventive qualities more to their tightness than to the odor

of the wood. If you put away goods on which the eggs of the moth have been deposited, they will hatch in cedar chests or air tight boxes. I have kept furs in boxes, not sealed, rolling the boxes in a linen sheet, pinned securely; and have kept small articles in linen bags, hung in a closet. Paper bags are good, if tied securely, but there must be no breaks in the paper. Some people say moths will not work in colored furs on account of the dye, but why they should thrive in the dyed wool of carpets and clothing and object to the dye of furs, I cannot say; at all events, I'm not taking any risks, and my furs will be put away as carefully as if no one ever suggested immunity.

Just here a word of caution. Do not fold plush or seal garments and put them away in boxes or drawers. The lying so long in folds ruins the pile of both, and is more damaging to their appearance than a year's wear. A lady who thought she had put away her new plush cloak with the most perfect care, found on unpacking it an ugly crease across the shoulders; a crease which could not be removed, even though she sent the garment to be steamed. Procure a shoulder-form, adjust the garment on it, lay it full length upon papers spread upon the bed, fold these over it—it is a good plan to lay sheets of tissue paper between the fronts and sleeves where they fold over—and paste together. Slip "the whole business" into a bag made of an old sheet, cotton or linen, tie tightly and hang up in a closet; then you can sleep sound nights.

Where closets are not plenty, it is a good way to take a tight barrel, paper the inside with strong brown paper, and pack away in it blankets, etc. But be sure you do not pack away moths' eggs too. By attaching hooks to the inside of the cover, articles such as jackets, childrens' cloaks and the like, can be suspended without folding. Put on the cover and paste paper over it and over the joining. The barrel can be kept in the attic, or the storeroom; or if a square board be fitted to the top, and a valence of cretonne or muslin attached, it may be made useful as a table or stand in a bedroom.
BEATRIX.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

I wish to thank Judith A. S. Hart for information in regard to binding pamphlets; her directions are clear and complete.

Tom's Wife asks for the recipe for making frosting without eggs. As I was the one who sent it in the winter will repeat it now. Boil one cup granulated sugar and one-quarter cup of milk together for five minutes

without stirring. Remove from the fire and stir rapidly until thick and white; cover the cake before the frosting "sets."

Some one asks if lemon extract can be made from lemon peel. I have made very fine lemon and orange extracts by carefully chipping off the outer rind in small pieces, rejecting the white part; place in a bottle and cover with alcohol. It is fully equal to the extracts we buy, and I do not think, if used in anything where it is heated so the alcohol is evaporated, it is injurious, but I do not approve of the lavish and indiscriminate use of flavoring extract containing alcohol. In the *Union Signal*, the organ of the W. C. T. U., is advertised a flavoring powder said to be the equal in every way of the alcoholic extracts, put up in ounce packages of all the leading flavors; one ounce equals in bulk two ounces of the alcoholic flavoring. I intend to send for some and so encourage the use of non-alcoholic flavoring.

I am pretty busy now-a-days with chickens, turkeys and buttermaking, the output of the latter being more than ten pounds a day, so you see I do not have much time for letter-writing.

I think Amelia would like a creamery much better than cans, and for my part I like drawing off milk and cream better than skimming.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

FISH.

While fish is not as nutritious as meats, it is much easier of digestion, consequently children and grown people whose digestive powers are not strong should eat heartily of it. But it is not used as much as it should be. There are so many ways in which it can be cooked one need not tire of it, if alternated with meat. The sooner fish is cooked after leaving the water the better, for it spoils so soon; the muscles are firm when perfectly fresh, but soft if not good. It is a good plan to let it lie in salt and water before cooking, that helps to make it firm and hard, and will take away the earthy taste that will cling to some fresh water fish.

In boiling fish, allow ten minutes to the pound, the same in baking. Judgment must guide us a good deal in such matters. The water should be boiling when the fish is put in, but just bubble gently while cooking, else the form of the fish is destroyed. Where there is no regular fish kettle, which contains a perforated tin plate, tie it in a cloth and lay it on a plate in the bottom of the kettle, it can be pinned with a long skewer so that it will be shaped like the letter S, still the shape is not as essential as the flavor.

Salt fish should always be placed skin up in the water in which it is soaked, this allows the salt to have free course. The codfish of to-day comes in such nice shape that it can be cooked in various ways. One that is a favorite at our house, is to freshen the squares by changing the water about four times; one day and night is sufficient; milk slightly changed is preferred to water by some. When wanted pin it up in a cloth and boil until done. Lay on the platter; sometimes I turn a cup of thick

sweet cream over it, again bits of butter. Serve with a drawn butter gravy, made by rubbing smooth one teacupful butter and a tablespoonful of cornstarch and the yolk of one egg; then turn in boiling water until of the right consistency. Have sliced boiled eggs in the gravyboat and turn on the gravy. These slices of freshened codfish are very delicious broiled, served with bits of butter over them, for tea. Still another way is to pick it fine after soaking; fill a tin full, mix slices of boiled egg through and bits of butter, butter on the top, dredge with flour and turn on cream sufficient to moisten well and bake half an hour; good with baked potatoes. Pick the salt fish fine and either freshen over night, or in the frying pan like salt pork, then drain; turn in sufficient rich milk, a well beaten egg added while the milk is cold, a generous lump of butter, and when it is at the boiling point thicken with flour or cornstarch. Hard boiled eggs, cut in halves of quarters lengthwise, are laid on the platter and the fish turned over them; serve with boiled or mashed potatoes.

Salt mackerel well soaked is good fried, broiled or boiled, served with sliced egg and drawn butter gravy. Codfish a-la-mode: Two cups mashed potato; one cup of freshened codfish picked fine; one half cup butter; two well beaten eggs; a pint of cream; salt and pepper; mix well and bake half an hour. Codfish balls are made much the same way, not as moist, shaped with the hands and fried on the griddle, browned well on both sides.

In frying fish have plenty of fat. Lard is preferable. Wipe perfectly dry and roll either in flour or corn meal; South, the meal is preferred and I like it the best. Keep the fat as hot as possible without burning, and always serve it piping hot; cold fish, like cold mutton, is abominable.

Brook trout we see but little of here, but east we used to have them; always fry them crisp. One gentleman who owned an artificial trout pond, raised them that weighed a pound, but they are exceptional, being usually small, but perfectly delicious. All kinds of fresh fish that are large are considered very nice baked, stuffing with a dry bread or cracker dressing, that is moistened with melted butter, instead of using any water, making it just moist; tie together and place in buttered dripping pan with sticks under.

Eels are getting quite common now in our lakes. When skinned, as they have to be before cooking, they look red and anything but inviting. After they have laid in salt and water awhile, cut in pieces, roll in meal and drop in hot lard; or roll in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry; either way is good. In the melted butter for sauce drop a little lemon juice.

Canned salmon is sometimes made into croquettes. Mince the salmon fine; add twice its bulk in cracker crumbs, butter, pepper, salt and beaten egg so it will mix together in a stiff paste; then roll out on the moulding board, cut in cakes like cookies half an inch thick; roll in beaten egg and fry on the griddle, previously buttered and hot; turn and brown evenly. I

am not especially fond of salmon, but those who are pronounce these very excellent.

Pans, pails and other dishes used in the cleaning and cooking of fish should be thoroughly cleansed before using for anything else, or be sacred to its use alone; for there is nothing so distasteful as fish-scented utensils. Fat once used for frying fish cannot be used for anything else. A shallow kettle—Scotch bowl—filled two-thirds full of lard, is convenient for frying fish; the fish will float, much as cakes do, and it browns nicely.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

MAKING COLLECTIONS.

[Paper read by Mrs. Jennie G. Averill before the East and West Farmers' Club of Paw Paw.]

Since my paper upon "scrap-books" I have intended to write upon another hobby of mine, that of making collections. I only hope to interest grown people, in view of the fact that most of us have charge of, or influence over various restless young souls, and are often puzzled to think of pursuits at once interesting, harmless, instructive and lasting.

I have seen few children who did not take kindly to this business, not all to the same branch, for there is a wide difference in taste among the young as well as those older. My leaning in this direction was so decided that my poor mother soon gave up all hope of excluding my rubbish from the house, and concluded to make my mania respectable by giving it recognition and supervision.

Up against the chimney in the south chamber of the old red house was built a narrow cupboard, without a door, but reaching from floor to ceiling. The lower shelves, to my own height, were cleared of their contents and given over to my control, so long as I kept my collection in order. Just as soon as my head reached another shelf that was to be mine also, and I assure you that I had at least as many proud and happy days in childhood as that old cupboard had shelves. A curtain was made to hang before it, to keep out the dust, mother said. I strongly suspect now that it was also intended for purposes of concealment.

It is the memory of those early days, and the happy voyages of discovery around the old home farm, made when I was a mere child, with the two other babies so little younger as constant companions, while pet kittens, lambs and even pigs joined in the procession, that inspires me to suggest this matter to other mothers and other children, rather than the pleasure taken in later years collecting articles of greater interest to the general public.

Then every gravel pit had great attractions; the line of pebbles under the eaves was full of treasures; I did admire the beautiful red toadstools and purple puff balls and variegated autumn leaves beyond expression; snail and clam shells were rare and choice; deserted birds' nests were prizes, and when the boys were obliged to plow over nests with eggs, or to burn brush heaps containing them, and I could become possessed of them with a clear conscience, that was bliss.

Nobody was allowed to dictate to, or to

interfere with me. Every little while I would see for myself that some of my properties were of small account, when I promptly removed them and filled their places with newer favorites. I never entirely relinquished this hobby, but I never reduced it to a science, or confined myself to any specialty, or made the matter of any earthly use beyond the amusement of myself and friends. My treasures are of the simplest description, and consist of keepsakes from valued friends, or souvenirs of places visited by or of interest to me; but my tastes led me to look out for such things among other people, and I have seen such collections as made me almost envious.

I always liked the private travel-scrapings best; the great public museums are wonderful, but a trifle tiresome, and you cannot take them all in at any one visit.

My early education was sadly neglected; I cannot use an axe at all, or a saw to any advantage, so I could not do what I have always wanted to do, and what I advise all boys and girls who possibly can to do, make a collection of our native woods. The prettiest specimens are three-cornered portions of a circular section of tree or limb, with the bark left on. Smooth and oil or varnish one end and one side of the cut portion, leave the other side and end unpolished, and you can see how the grain looks in the rough and finished, and what manner of bark it has; add to each its leaf, pressed and gummed to a card, write on the back of the card anything you may know of the tree, its choice as to soil, climate, etc., and not much is left unlearned about that tree, and no bright boy or girl is ever going to forget that easy lesson in botany when once it is fixed in mind.

Ornithology and taxidermy combined will give you a most beautiful collection. Not only is the study of birds and their habits most fascinating, but few youngsters will be denied plenty of room for displaying well preserved and mounted specimens. To make this collection complete each bird should be accompanied by its nest and eggs. I rather hesitate to mention this last, as some young enthusiasts in the interests of science quite forget those of humanity. My children are almost afraid to show the many birds' nests around our house to a certain wide awake cousin who is collecting eggs, for fear that he will be unable to let choice specimens alone.

Some may like best to collect coins. Most of us would be obliged to content ourselves with those of low denominations, but when a chance comes to gather in small coins of other nations, to learn their value and note their inscriptions, it is very interesting; besides, this collection has the merit of being easily kept and displayed, or packed and moved. Near a port of entry, or where foreigners abound, a coin hunter finds a harvest. Merchants and bankers often have peculiar coins offered them at par value.

Naturally I would mention seeds and grasses if Mr. David Woodman had not given the people of this State such a charming object lesson on this head, that I wonder everybody does not try to follow his example, in a small way at least. Think how much one must come to know of that branch of farming who has sown, tended and har-

vested so many varieties, watched their manner of growth, marked their preferences as to soil and climate, and their liability to withstand or succumb to the attacks of insect pests, adverse weather, or neglect. After seeing how very ornamental his collection is, you will be ready to believe that sand or soil arranged in vials or bottles is also very pretty indeed. I once saw sand used in connection with pencil sketching in a very attractive way; buildings, former homes of the lady who owned the album, and the residences of some of her friends were outlined, then painted with sand of different colors, found near the place sketched. In one a dark red was gummed on to form the roof and outline door and window casings; lighter colors filled in the sides, and a dark one colored the base of the picture to represent the ground. It was very curious, and not very difficult, and was very much admired.

Scientific farmers are urging the necessity of more knowledge concerning insects among our people. What would we think of a frontier shepherd whose flocks were ravaged by wolves or other animals, and who neither knew or sought to learn anything about the appearance or habits of his enemy, and studied no plans of circumvention or destruction? How much wiser are we? Practical fruit growers, who lose many a dollar from codling moth, apple maggot, borer and current worm, could not tell the mischief-maker from a parasite which aided them in its destruction. Why not encourage the boys and girls to study up this subject, see that they are instructed in entomology, and make it an object for them to collect insects and teach us older people, until at least we can tell our friends from our enemies?

But for simplicity and scope, ease in beginning and impossibility of exhausting, the study of rocks and minerals stands easily first. Your three years' old boy may be taught what lies around him and under his feet, and as he grows older the pursuit of the same subject will call in all sorts of scientific aid. Botany and geology help him to trace back from now to the creation of earth, and to read all the intermediate changes, providing only that one life lasted long enough for the complete work.

However, the fact that such as Agassiz and Winchell spend a lifetime and consider themselves but beginners, need not hinder any bright youth from starting out, for one is paid as he goes, not at the end alone.

If the present ratio of profit in farming continues, doubtless we and our children may soon indulge in the higher and more æsthetic forms of collection, and amuse ourselves by gathering together rare old china, antique furniture, valuable coins, illuminated books, sea shells, chain armor or paintings by the old masters.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

I have read Robert Elsmere. I will give the impression made on my mind by the perusal of that "present sensation." The hero, the son of an English clergyman and his Celtic wife, is left to his mother's care by the death of his father, when so young that the memory of that parent is only a dim

picture. His nature is full of impulse and energy; apt to follow any new craze with fiery ardor, deeply conscientious and morbidly self-accusing, yet withal most tenacious of purpose and unflagging in his endeavor to carry out his purpose. Apparently devoted to literature, a chance meeting with a deep impetuous religious nature, hurls him at once into a desire for "Orders," and the life of a clergyman.

Meeting his "fate" in the shape of a lady, austere, dignified, but deeply religious and very lovable, he impetuously breaks down the barriers nature and education have woven about her character, and takes her from a "mission" so quickly it takes one's breath away. Only a word seems necessary to convince the lady that she has been laboring under a delusion all the years that she has felt that she was the custodian of the moral and physical well-being of the family, left to her care by the dying father and husband. Overpowering as has been the responsibility, rigid as has been the duty line drawn, indispensable as she has felt herself to them all, it only requires that the mother shall admit "they can get along without her," her sisters to allow their thinly veiled exultation at the prospect of desired freedom to appear, and the lover's impassioned plea prevails; she at once takes up a new burden, the weight of which does not appear, however, until later, when she finds that he has left the fold where they have worked together. And this act of change of religious faith, which the hero attains with such terrible struggles of soul, such rendering asunder of joints and marrow, such groans and agony of spirit, is not brought about by the strain of heart, or working of the intellect. It flashes all over the consciousness of soul and brain by the words of another, and then the "noble soul" sets himself this terrible task of undoing all his past, and building up—what? An edifice upon the same corner stone, only the stone is molded sand, not rock. Again he is the slave of words when he leaves his wife in the terror of unknown trouble, while he seeks some one to bid him do that which common sense should have dictated at once, tell his wife of his change of opinions. That she should faint after all her imaginings, sorrow and sleeplessness, is the most natural picture of the drama. Her heart was made to carry burdens, or she would not, through all, have yet borne that laid on her by her father. She seems to think if any of the flock go astray, the sin is her's even after her herculean efforts to save them; and after years of self-torture she discovers her efforts have all been misdirected, ill-timed, and naturally failures, yet just as fervently does she set herself at work on a new track.

The theological trouble seems to be in Elsmere's having accepted theories without intellectual investigation; and truly, it seems his heart is much wiser than his head, for it knows its needs, and clings to them so longingly, that when the weak head listens to abstractions and worldly sophistries—yclept mundane theories of spiritual manifestations, the heart protests so strongly, body and mind so suffer, that seeds of death are sown in the struggle. The wife is at last told, with groans, sighs and agonies, of the change of belief, and that they must

leave their parish and go out into the cold, cold world—which of course brings a crisis. More sighs, and they leave, seek a new home, and live with loving hearts and demonstrations, but far apart in soul life.

Mr. Elsmere, discarding all the scripture that treats of the divinity of Christ, or of miracles, as sweet legends, joins with other naturals to build up a new church, or "Brotherhood of Christ; a body that was to rest on 'trust and memory,' trust in the God of experience and history, and memory of that work in man by which alone we knew Him and approach Him." Then the formula when given, made Christ the central figure; every act was commenced, "The master said: 'This do in remembrance of me.' At the close all responded, 'Jesus, we remember Thee always.'" The whole effect is, that while an effort is made to arraign an orthodox system of theology and substitute therefor a so-called liberal Christianity, the result is a readable farce; an aggregation of most interesting, but inconsistent characters, and a new demonstration that in Christ centers every feeling and force of the human heart, in Him we trust, Him we adore, and in Him find hope, joy and saving faith.

When the "new religion" was finally launched, its primal argument being that "humanity could only approach the Divine through the human life, and that the mortal must look to the Eternal," what was there new in the teaching?

How clear the truth, that do what man will to invent new forms of worship, the Divine manifested in the human is certainly to be accepted as the true revelation of the way of the spirit to a higher life!

The book is well written, there are bits of description and character sketching that are full of interest. The failure is in the theological argument, which attempts too much, and in the weakness displayed by the characters intended to show great force, where the creed of a lifetime is overthrown in a moment, and new views unquestioningly adopted and advocated. This would naturally lead the reader to believe that if any new "ism" should be promulgated in their presence, there would, most likely, occur another "fall from grace."

It does not strike me that the novel is likely to be very potent as a means of grace. It may be made the vehicle of great good in impressing lessons of morality and duty, but will hardly rival the Bible.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

OUT OF THE OLD HOME.

When living in the very midst of a cyclone, with everything in the whirl that attends one of those demonstrations, one is not supposed to be sufficiently composed for letter writing, and El See is in just that condition at present, without a sufficient gift of prophecy to know if these winding pathways will yet lead to a straight road.

After the farm business was all adjusted by being rented for a term of years, the former foreman and his bonny bride all established, and El See with reserved rooms for a headquarters, when wanted, and all the plans for a summer campaign "away over mountain, away over dell," along came

a purchaser who would not be either denied or delayed, and "all in a minute" the old homestead, that had been in the family for more than sixty-five years, was sold, and now with a prospective auction and all the labor and worry of breaking up a family of four, who must go their separate ways so unexpectedly that they know not whither to go, there is no opportunity for congratulations or regrets and no one has as yet had time to catch their breath long enough to decide which it should be.

The sheepskin "patent" given to my maternal grandfather in 1824 bears the signature of J. Q. Adams and is said to have been signed by his own hand, as such documents were not so numerous then but that the President could attend to them personally.

In the changes made when the grandchildren took possession of the place, all the old things were taken from the house except the clock that extends from floor to ceiling, like Longfellow's "old clock on the stairs," and that remains just where it has been during all these years, as good a time-keeper as ever. Of course that is among the "reserves." Every male member of the family who has ever owned the farm has been carried past it.

"They go through the door
To return nevermore,"

and the five daughters numbered in the families of my grandfather and father were all married beside it. Standing here in the family room it could tell

The birth of each child, and each wedding as well;
And, faithfully still, it has pointed the time
Of the death of each member; in childhood,
life's prime,
Or when silver hair shaded the wrinkled brow,
when
The years had exceeded life's threescore and ten.

It has heard the first cry of three daughters in life,
And standing beside it, the three were called
"wife;"
While as years rolled along, its face looked upon
The still forms of grandfather, father and son.

Ah, the associations that cluster around the old home—the home made almost sacred by the births, marriages and deaths; but when there is only one left to care for it a few years more or less of ownership will not matter. The belief that all these broken family ties will be reunited in "the home over there" is comforting as I start out into the hitherto untried life of rooming and boarding, with the certainty that the heart loneliness for the "one above all others" will bring many lonely, homesick hours to

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

AN UNPATENTED INVENTION.

I have invented a dressing-sack, an entirely new pattern, born of a great need and a happy inspiration, which seems to fill that void known as a "long-felt want." I am one of the few eccentric individuals who in the but recently past era of tight sleeves, insisted with firmness on my right to be able to raise my arms high enough to toy tenderly with my back hair. Just here I will remark that I know of nothing which will make the average woman "with a soul above buttons" feel so small-sized as to attempt to carry her point against the "But it is *the style*, madame," of a fashionable dressmaker. When you get home, and in solitude reflect

on your temerity, you wonder how in the world you dared do it. But to return to the dressing-sack: Most of us occasionally wish to re-arrange the hair without the removal of the dress waist—a work of time in these days of elaborate corsages and necessitating the taking off and re-adjusting of cuffs, collar and other etceteras, an "awful nuisance" when one is in a hurry. And we don't wish that sense of untidiness that follows combing the hair without some protection from stray hairs and possibly dandruff. Well now, "wait till I tell you:" Take two widths of calico, gingham, muslin, any cotton goods you prefer, each about seven-eighths or a yard long. Tear one width in two in the centre, lengthwise, and sew one half on each side of the whole breadth, leaving an open space a trifle over a quarter of a yard long about a quarter of a yard from the top. Gather the top into a band which will fit comfortably about the neck, sew ribbons or a hemmed strip of the goods to tie at the throat, or put on a button, hem the edges, and put a couple of buttons and button-holes to hold it together in front. In short, it is exactly like a long full apron with slits through which to pass the arms. It discounts the "Yum-yum" dressing-sack—made of a towel—because it is larger and gives more protection. It is not stylish, nor is it ornamental; it's better than either or both—it's convenient. It is unpatented, and the owner relinquishes all her private and personal rights for the public good. Try it; it's "cheaper than doing without."

BEATRIX.

Useful Recipes.

TOASTED CRACKERS.—Split six butter crackers and soak them in cold water until they begin to swell; then pour off the water and drain. Butter a flat baking-pan. Lay the crackers in, crust side down, and bake ten minutes, till they turn a delicate brown. Place them on a warm dish, butter lightly and serve at once. Nice with hash for breakfast.

RICE MUFFINS.—Take two and a half cups pastry flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one saltspoonful salt, and one-fourth cup sugar. Mix all these ingredients together. Beat an egg, add a cup of sweet milk, and pour upon the dry materials. Beat well; add a tablespoonful of butter melted and a cup of cold boiled rice. Butter gem pans after they are heated, fill them two-thirds full and bake the muffins twenty minutes or a little longer. If the rice is omitted the rule will make good plain muffins; if berries are added you will have berry cakes. The rule ought to make about eighteen muffins.

A SIMPLE HOMEMADE CEMENT.—Take some old, soft cheese, and beat it well in a mortar, washing it thoroughly at the same time in hot water. After the soluble matter is all washed away, a white mass of nearly pure caseine will remain. This should be squeezed in a cloth to express moisture, dried, reduced to powder, and preserved in a closely stoppered bottle. When required for use, a small quantity should be ground with a very little water, to make a thick, viscid paste, which must be used at once, as it hardens very quickly. Mix only as much as may be needed, for after it once hardens it will not dissolve. It is not affected by heat or water.