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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older,  
And mine eyes have clearer sight,  
That under each rank wrong, somewhere,  
There lies the root of right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;  
But as sure as the sun brings morning  
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,  
As sure as night brings shade,  
Is somewhere, sometime, punished,  
Though the hour be long delayed.  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,  
And to grow means often to suffer,  
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error  
In the great supernal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man.  
And I know when my soul speeds onward  
In its grand eternal quest  
I shall cry, as I look back earthward,  
"Whatever is—is best."

### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

All the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have undoubtedly seen the accounts of the celebration at New York city of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of Washington as first president of the United States, of the immense military and civic procession, the naval display in the harbor, the banquet and its eloquent speeches, and the grand ball at which were present the *elite* of New York and her sister cities, the "select four hundred" who represented the aristocracy of birth, of money and rank of the nation. The names of those who danced in the premier quadrille, their dresses, many of which came from Paris for the occasion, Mrs. Astor's diamonds, and all the rest of it—lo, did not the Jenkins of the newspapers give us glowing accounts of the brilliance, the magnificence, the lavishness of the Centennial ball, graced by fair women and brave men, where money was spent like water to ensure beauty and elegance, and the earth and its fullness was not too good for our best society?

Yet the same papers which "spread themselves" in adjectives descriptive of the brilliant scene, are telling some funny tales as "after-claps." The supper room, after the departure of the Presidential party, was the scene of a disgraceful scramble for food, as disorderly as the descent of a horde of barbarians. Champagne fired the patriotic heart and tangled the patriotic feet as well, and decorum was forgotten and decency outraged. But the maddest man, and the most sorrowful one withal, was the florist

who decorated the opera house for the ball and the banquet. Five thousand dollars was his limit, but he was proud and he was patriotic, and he spared no expense in collecting choice plants, and flowers by the bushel, for decorative purposes, not expecting to make a cent, but satisfied with the reputation which he expected to obtain. Between 80,000 and 100,000 plants were used in decorating the rooms, and the largest nurseries responded liberally to the call for their choicest flowering plants. There was a hedge of palms, figs and banana trees, with a border three feet wide of pink and white azalias and Martha Washington geraniums on the balcony; the President's table in the supper-room was decorated with the national colors in red and white roses and blue hyacinths, and the box from which he surveyed the ball was banked in choicest plants in full bloom; hydrangeas worth from \$25 to \$40 each framed the entrance, and fifty baskets of scarlet geraniums and 50 azalia trees were used in various places in the vestibule. The scene was rarely beautiful—before it was invaded by the Goths and Vandals. Afterward, hear what the florist says: "There were trees of boxwood and osage, some 100 years old, which had been jumped on, sat on, and set fire to. The hydrangeas at the Broadway entrance were literally torn to pieces; it was here the men waited for the ladies, and being full of patriotism and champagne, broke off great branches which they presented to their partners. The hedge of palms and azalias was trampled upon and broken like so much corn before a herd of cattle. In the ball room nothing was spared which could be reached. As soon as the President left the supper room the decorations on his table were carried off bodily, not a flower remaining; the plants in his box were stripped while he was at supper, by the eager rush for 'souvenirs;' the azalia trees and the baskets in the vestibule were missing. Of the entire lot of over 80,000 plants, few of which were worth less than \$15 each, not one-tenth escaped serious injury. I am out of pocket about \$12,000."

There is an old saying which I have chosen for a title, *Noblesse oblige*, which means, Rank imposes obligations. Much is expected of people of birth and rank; we have a right to expect of them manners and sentiments corresponding to their opportunities. Their practices constitute our etiquette; we copy their behavior and their garb, and too often accept their standards and mould our opinions by theirs. Now I don't suppose the ladies who danced in the 'Centennial quadrille' joined in this work

of devastation which so wrecked the decorations of the ball-room that the unfortunate florist shoveled up the remains of his plants, his broken jardinières and vases, and re-trimmed the rooms again for the banquet the next evening. But—who did? Without doubt people who knew better, who under other circumstances might be decorous and decent; but who, in their real natures were wanting in moral principle and regard for the rights of others, unmindful or uncaring for the restraints of decency and good breeding, and who, forgetting *noblesse oblige*, conducted themselves with shameful license.

Such stories as these, coming from scenes where presumably people of pretensions to social rank and breeding are the guests, give point to that inquiry gravely propounded several years ago by a popular writer—*Is polite society polite?* And we are often forced to the unwilling conclusion that its deportment is somewhat on the Turveydrop order—put on to fit the occasion.

Detroit had a flower show this spring, to which anybody able to pay a quarter was admitted. I was there one evening when six or eight of the veriest little hoodlums in the city were "takin' in de show"—regular little street Arabs, with their stock in trade—their newsepappers and blacking kits—under their arms; dirty, ragged, grinning, they mischievously blocked the gallery stairs till a policeman had to be sent for. Yet the managers said that during the week's exhibit, with every opportunity, no a flower was stolen or a plant mutilated. Is there some sense of honor and reverence for the beautiful common to the neglected waifs of the street, which is lacking in those accustomed to beauty and elegance?

Or, after all, was not the devastation due to the quantity and quality of the champagne, which is reported to have been "free as water" and which induced a friskiness incompatible with the dignity of a centennial anniversary? And would it not be a good idea, on public occasions, to confine our weak-headed aristocrats to coffee and not too strong lemonade?

BEATRIX.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Use the freshest, best berries, just picked. Hull them, and as they are placed in the dish sprinkle on as much sugar as would make them sweet enough for immediate eating. Let them stand half an hour, then put into the preserving kettle. Do not add even a drop of water. Let them scald through, can, seal, and keep in the dark.



## LOTS OF LITTLE THINGS.

Have you all tried A. H. J.'s recipe for molasses cookies in the March number? It is just "boss," we think, and so handy too; no kneading board or rolling pin to be got round.

I want to tell my way of canning pie plant. Gather, wash, cut in inch pieces, do not peel, put in the can, fill the can full, then fill with cold water; keep the cans in a dark place. It keeps so fresh and nice I like it better than when cooked before canning.

I want to tell you how my mother used to clean house. She always took one room at a time; took up carpets, re-papered and in fact thoroughly cleaned that room before commencing another. We always had our meals on time; the house was never all "up side down;" if company came we could receive them, make them welcome, and they would not feel as though they had come the "wrong time." Everything seemed to go as on oiled hinges.

How well do I remember when I was a little girl going to spend an afternoon with a girl friend. They were cleaning house, not a straight room in the house; everything topsy-turvy, carpets up, boxes out of their accustomed places, bureau drawers emptied, dishes on the tables, chairs or floors wherever a chance to set them. The lady asked me if my ma had got through cleaning house; just imagine my answer, "My mamma never cleans house."

Did any of the housekeepers ever shed tears over a baking of bread? How many hands up? I have. I had been keeping house nearly two months when we received word that some of "his folks" were coming. Of course I wanted to have everything "tip-top." I set bread to bake the day before, kept it warm, too warm, but it would not rise; coax as I would, it wouldn't budge. What should I do but sit down and have a good cry. Well, I felt better, got up, emptied every vestige of that bread dough in the swill barrel, and commenced over again—not to cry but to make bread—put the pan on the table instead of behind the stove, when behold! my bread came up just as nice and was baked before the four o'clock train whistled for the station.

I wonder how many of the HOUSEHOLD readers like to and still do piece bed quilts. Methinks I hear some one say "waste of time." I think it a nice way to keep the pretty pieces. I have one quilt that I commenced and finished while teaching a three-months' school. I can look over that quilt now and think just how the little faces looked framed in the dresses of which they brought "teacher a piece." I think it would make a lovely album quilt, one which a young lady would delight in possessing, to save a piece of each little dress and apron that baby has till she is sixteen.

Poor Evangeline! I wonder if she thought while writing "One Week" that any of the sisters would doubt her word? I for one do not; for if a strong woman improves every minute from half-past four A. M. till nine at night she can do a host of work. Evangeline most likely has a handy house and makes every step count. I should like to have some of the less smart women send an-

other week's history. But oh, Trixy, I don't believe you can get up a flirtation with Philander! I imagine he is a very stately sort of a man, not very talkative; when he does say anything means just what he says; very determined, and very seldom notices one of the feminine gender.

Do you never get provoked trying to pin a stiff cuff in your sleeve? Well, don't pin it then; just sew a loop of cord rubber on the inside of the sleeve; when you put your cuff on slip the loop over the cuff button, and there you are.

Can dress steels be put in a gingham skirt that has no drapery so the skirt will hang good and not show the steels? J. SNIP.

OXFORD.

## TWO MONUMENTS.

I had purposed some time ago to speak of the Washington monument in a separate letter to the HOUSEHOLD, but have not found leisure until now.

The first sight I obtained of it was as it rose, white and ghostly above all shadows, in a dense fog. It is the point to see all about the city; by reason of its great height it is visible from all places, yet its immensity does not impress the visitor until you approach it. It towers over all, of course, but every one remarks, "I thought it would seem taller." But as you approach it grows upon you, and when you are at its foot the feeling of its greatness and the dwarfing of all its surroundings gives one an uncanny feeling. The monument is a plain square shaft, 555 feet high, tapering at the rate of a quarter of an inch to a foot rise. It is built of white granite on a foundation of rock and concrete. It was built about 150 feet high and then left for years, the society which first undertook the erection having failed. In 1876 Congress took the matter in hand, taking the franchise of the old society. It was found that the foundation was insufficient, so the earth was removed and a vast amount of new material put beneath and around. The new foundation is 126 feet square; the monument proper 80 feet square. It commences 30 feet below the surface; estimated weight, \$1,120 tons; cost, \$1,167,000; corner-stone laid July 4th, 1848; cap-stone set Dec. 6th, 1884; inauguration ceremonies, Feb. 22d, 1885.

The entrance is through a small building located at one side, sunk below the surface. The walls are 15 feet thick and are perpendicular inside. The thickness of the wall gradually diminishes to one and a half feet at the top, by the the outward slope. On the inside face are beautifully decorated slabs, sent from different States and from various foreign countries as tributes to the memory of Washington. A large elevator is run at regular intervals, and staircases are constructed so that one may ascend by easy stages to the top. It is lighted by electricity, and at the base of the cap-stone are two openings on each side for outlook. There are swinging marble closures to shut it up in stormy weather. The inside is very damp; one's clothing is steaming if the visit is at all protracted. The view from the top is grand in fair weather, limited only by the power of vision. The Washington monument was until recently the highest structure in the world, but the Eiffel tower, re-

cently constructed at Paris, discounts it. I came across a description of this wonder, and will summarize it in this connection:

This tower is of cast iron, of pyramidal form, 1,000 feet high. Four pillars support the corners, which are 322 feet apart, and the arch above them is 151 feet high. At 192 feet from the ground there is an outside gallery 48 feet wide. At this point are restaurants and waiting-rooms. At 450 feet from the ground there is a second gallery 30 feet wide. From this the tower narrows rapidly to what looks like a small point, yet there is room in the cupola and balcony for hundreds of people to stand and gaze over the beautiful city and its environs. It is said people can see ninety miles away. This, I think, should be taken *cum grano salis*, or their visual powers are marvelous. The river Seine at its foot looks like a gutter along a footpath, and the gilded dome of the Invalides looks like a bright pin-cushion.

This tower was projected and built by M. Eiffel, a distinguished French engineer, in the face of objections, doubts and ridicule. It is on the Champ de Mars, at the entrance to the World's Exposition, now in progress. The tower is pronounced perfectly safe; no one can fall out of the elevators or off the stairways. Four elevators run to the first gallery, one the balance of the way, and stairways accommodate those who prefer such ways of locomotion.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

## A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FIRST CALL.

I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD for three years, but have never before had my ambition aroused sufficiently to write, for I do think it needs a certain gift of which I have a very small supply. I can say for one I have found Evangeline's letters interesting, but I had to use a great deal of imagination as to the cooking, for I have a case of dyspepsia in the family and am fearful of the results if I should do as she does. I have to use my own judgment, which is rather limited. Any advice suggesting what I could cook, not "too sweet or too sour, or too rich," would be appreciated.

Did any of you ever think Evangeline might have taken one day of each week for her wonderful amount of work? And perhaps she made those night-dresses like Beatrix's dressing sack. If she is healthy and has good help and every convenience to do her work, all very well; she can accomplish a great deal.

I have a small family but don't keep my work done as I would like. I have a little girl two years and baby boy ten months old, and it takes a great deal of hard work, rain water and soap to keep them presentable; and much picking up of playthings and tending to all the mischief they get in to keep the house in order, which is in fact never tidy except when the black and blue eyes are closed in slumber. I never find time to take a nap of three hours in the afternoon with my babies, or an all night's sweet repose.

I have profited by most of the HOUSEHOLD letters, and hope I may have something of some interest to others to write some time.

KATE.

BRIGHTON.



## TEA-GOWNS AND COTTON DRESSES.

The tea-gown has become the most modish house dress of the period. It is with fashionable women something much more elaborate than the princesse wrapper with full front, in which guise it first came to us. But these gowns, which are elegant enough for Madame to wear while receiving her afternoon calls in her home parlors, are too expensive and dressy for ordinary folks. The "evolution of the tea-gown" may do for fashionable women, but we will be content with the simple, graceful form in which it first made its appearance. Dress-makers say a good deal of fitting goes to a tea-gown, for the perfection of outline and comfort must go together.

One of the prettiest of the plainer gowns of this style I have seen was of crushed raspberry cashmere, with a front of silk in lighter tint of the same color, separated from the cashmere by revers of black surah. You would hardly fancy the combination would be so handsome as it is in fact. The silk is laid in pleats at the throat, drawn out loose across the bust, pleated at the waist line, and falls in defined, broadening pleats to the foot; the surah revers define this, tapering to give a slender effect to the waist, and widening on the shoulder and at the foot. There are long "angel" sleeves of cashmere, lined with silk, over close elbow sleeves finished with a deep fall of lace.

Another pretty gown I saw at a dress-maker's was of mignonette cashmere cut princesse in the back; with a front of changeable silk in mignonette green and pale pink. This was smocked a distance of about four inches from the neck, confined under a ribbon belt at the waist and finished with a deep hem across the foot. The cashmere skirt was finished at the bottom by a pinked ruche of the same, laid very full in triple box pleats; and the bell-shaped sleeves were lined with silk. Another, of dark ruby-red cashmere, had the full front of cashmere, laid in inch wide, forward turning pleats at the neck, and confined at the waist under a wide silk sash sewed in at the under arm seams, drawn across the front in folds at least six inches wide arranged on a crinoline foundation so as to keep their place, and loosely tied at the side. The ends of the sash were gathered to a point under a passementerie tassel. The sleeves were "mutton-leg;" bias bands of the silk ornamented the deep cuffs, and the collar was of silk folds.

Other dresses in cashmere and Henrietta have the back in princesse shape, and the front cut off at the waist line to form a jacket; under this is set a full gathered vest of cashmere, which is held under a wide moire sash. The front of the skirt is tucked to the knees, lengthwise, left loose below, and edged with two or three rows of moire ribbon. The jacket front has short revers.

We shall have to come to plain straight skirts without drapery. Rebellion is useless. The fiat has gone forth. Straight full skirts without a drapery are figured on all the new models. But do not for a moment fancy them the full skirts of twenty-five years ago. These are made up over a foundation skirt, the back breadths are

gathered and hooked on the back of the waist, the side breadths are turned back in revers the whole length, and the front breadth is variously ornamented and decorated. The full vest and jacket front described above are suitable for the waist.

Wash goods are made up with shirred and belted waists and full straight gathered skirt, with full sleeves also, on which will appear fine white embroidery as trimming. A princesse polonaise, very long and full, or with the fullness of the back attached to the waist by hooks, is a good compromise between extremes, and a safe model.

There are quantities of pretty summer goods in cotton, outing flannels, cheap satteens, ginghams, and the like, for sale here which make up into simple, cool and suitable house dresses for hot weather. One of our stores showed last week a line of "pansy cloths" at 12½ cents a yard, wider than calico, a smooth, even weave, with flower patterns upon light buff, drab, and pale blue ground. Any of these cotton goods make up well with plain round skirts, hemmed at the bottom and gathered three or four times, an inch apart, before being sewed to the band. The skirt should measure 4½ yards round. For waists with these plain skirts are worn blouses, sailor waists, or those with yokes; all are cut long enough to come below the skirt band, and are gathered and securely fastened to an inside belt, which keeps them in place. A sash of ribbon, of silk, or of the dress material may be added; a ribbon belt fastened at the side under a rosette, or a bow with long loops and ends can be added as a dressy afternoon finish.

Another pretty way to make a waist for a wash dress is to cut a plain round basque, and before sewing the shoulder-seams, insert a straight strip, gathered several times at the end, in each seam, close to the neck, and cross the strips, surplice fashion. The skirt, set up over the bottom of the basque, holds them in place. The V-shaped opening at the throat may be filled in with a ruffle of the goods which extends around the neck instead of a collar, and within which is set a frill of pleated lace. Sleeves to such dresses are made moderately full, gathered into the armhole on the shoulder, or tucked a third of the length from shoulder to elbow, and again at the wrist; these full sleeves are sloped to give less fullness at wrist than at the armsize. Black lawns will be made up in the same style, except that a foundation skirt of double-faced cambric—white on one side, black on the other, supports the full breadths and holds the steels, which despite the prophecies of the prophets, are still seen, though very much reduced in size.

BEATRIX.

## CROCHETED COUCH COVER.

In reply to the inquiry of C. C. in the HOUSEHOLD of June 1st, with reference to a crocheted couch cover, I would say that the young lady of our family who crochets has not long since completed one which proves very satisfactory. Material used, two and one-half pounds best quality unbleached prepared carpet warp. This cover is made in close shell work, each shell made of six stitches, and twenty shells across. Beginning at the head of the couch, narrow off the foot to fit that end of the couch, but scatter

the narrowing through the center instead of putting it all at the edge, leaving the edge smooth; then put a pretty border clear round—ours is about two and a half inches wide—by so doing it may be turned over when 'tis best; and the border on the back is nice to tuck in, thus preventing the cover from slipping. Care is needed that it be not made too long, as it stretches in washing. We are careful to wash so as to bleach as little as possible. If it is not thought desirable to stretch the end somewhat to fit it to the head of the couch, two more shells may be added at first and narrow three times before reaching the seat. Some make these covers in fancy, open-work pattern, but I much prefer the close work, as protection is what I want.

I too feel like saying, not "thanks," but "I thank you" to Evangeline for the many, many helpful things she is telling us all along, and would second the able defense of her work made by L. C., of Detroit. I look upon her not so entirely as a "woman of great executive ability" as one who possesses within herself unbounded resources—a sort of encyclopedia of practical information, and not to be put under oath with reference to time and space. It is not needful I should endorse all her sentiments expressed, which I cannot; neither is it necessary that I should adopt all her methods. Many of them have proved helpful to me while still others may benefit others. She is evidently possessed of that grand, noble nature that can endure repeated abuse "beautifully," and return us only a continuance of her helpful words.

I would like to know how to care for a smilax vine. Are they short lived, or does their longevity depend upon their treatment? I have lost two after keeping each little more than a year.

E. B.

OCEOLA CENTER.

## AN OUTLET FOR SURPLUS BUTTER.

Butter, during the summer months, is almost invariably a drug in the country markets. Prices are so low that it does not pay to make it, if one's labor is valued at all, unless he has a city market or private customers, and makes a first class article through the use of the best dairy methods and appliances. Not a few good farmers save much unprofitable work to their wives by feeding the surplus milk to calves and pigs, but others think this "wasteful" and expect it to be manufactured into butter even if it brings but eight or ten cents a pound "in trade" at the village grocery. Any person whose butter does not command a higher price than this can profit by the suggestion made by the correspondent of an exchange, who says: "Any butter-maker so unfortunate as not to have a creamery or proper conditions for keeping the milk cool and sweet while the cream is rising, only helps overstock the market with an article which soon turns rancid and becomes unfit for cooking purposes. As lard usually sells at retail from 12½ to 15 cents per pound, and makes a poor substitute for butter in many kinds of cooking, here is a method for making butter for cooking purposes that will keep fresh and sweet for months and will enhance the value of low grade butter at least one-half.



When churning is done (and it makes no difference whether butter is made on the granular plan or in the old dash churn, only the granular butter is easier washed) and the butter is washed, put it into a clean tin pan, set it on the stove and let it boil for an hour, slowly. Care must be taken to stir frequently while boiling to prevent scorching. When taken off, let it stand to cool and settle, then pour into a crock and cover with paper and a cloth. Butter put down in this way will keep perfectly sweet without salting, the boiling expels the elements in the butter that would cause it to become rancid. This kind of butter is equal to lard for general cooking, and far superior to lard in many kinds of pastry cooking."

We do not think the direction to let the butter boil for an hour is essential. The application of heat is for the purpose of separating the oil or pure fat from the caseine and other elements present in butter, which through exposure to air become rancid. A thorough heating to boiling point, causing this separation of the oil, is all that seems to be necessary. Then, carefully pour off the fat, or oil, which can be used for shortening. It is better than rancid butter for culinary purposes, but lacks the "butter flavor" which is imparted by an aromatic principle volatilized by heat. Except for table use and for seasoning vegetables, etc., it can be acceptably employed in cooking.

#### A CLOUDY WEEK.

(Continued.)

This has been a rainy day. Not one of those warm, soft rains that keep everything growing and the birds singing and people happy through it all; but a chilly, disagreeable, pinching sort of a sloppiness that seems to soak through everything in the house. After breakfast Simon said he was going to take a rest, and I knew when I heard that that it was going to be a hard day for me; for if there is any one thing more trying to my patience than another it is Simon's rests. I washed the white clothes and put them in the rinse water, ready to hang up as soon as the weather cleared. Phil, the twelve-year-old, pumped the water for me and started to wring out the clothes, but got to experimenting with the wringer and broke it, so I had to finish by hand. Before leaving for school he was carrying out some dirty suds for me, and left a pail full of it where the three-year-old baby set over backwards into it, fitting so tight that I had to turn the pail over to get him out. He was wet through, and I had to drop everything to hunt up a change and put it on him. All the time he screamed, and I scolded, and kept telling myself how thankful I was that the water wasn't hot. Meanwhile, Simon began to grease boots. He got about a dozen pairs together, of different sorts and sizes, and warming the black, nasty grease by the cook-stove, began to rub it over them with his fingers, dropping some on the floor and whistling all the time as happy as a lark. Then he daubed some on the baby's nose for a joke, and I got crosser all the time, for everything and everybody kept making me more work.

After dinner and its work was over I

I thought maybe I was going to have a little peace, and perhaps sew on the dress I am making for Lou; but just as I had washed my hands Simon brought in a half-dead lamb to be fed and warmed. He also brought news that the old hen turkey that had begun to hatch yesterday was bound to leave the nest with her brood. It always riles me to see anything or anybody that don't know enough to take care of their young; but there is no reasoning with a turkey, and the rain would be sure death to her brood, so we brought them in by the stove, too. You can't make them comfortable enough to stop their yelping, the lamb got so it could bleat, and so we had music and fragrance, too. And to cap the climax Simon brought in the work harness and spread it all over one side of the kitchen to mend it. I had to hunt up a darning needle for him, then some twine, and hand a knife now and then. It wasn't much, but somehow I could not get any sewing done.

When the three children, Phil, Lou and Kate, came from school they brought in a load of mud and more drying. They also brought me a letter from sister Maud. She is going to spend the summer at the seashore, and enclosed samples of half-a-dozen new dresses; and she tells me that her husband surprised her with a set of pearls on their wedding anniversary. Well, I'm not naturally envious, but I've always hankered for a sight of the sea, and imagine it would rest me clear through to hear the roar of its waves. And then that wedding present! I don't want the pearls—but the remembering—that must be nice! I'm sure that if Simon Snail had to give the date of his marriage or die, it would be die. Still, he has never been mean enough to let on he regretted the day, if he can't find it in the almanac; and I wouldn't trade him anyway and take the chances. Poor Maud! She has no children; she has never known that love and joy which seems to awaken to its fullest at the sound of a baby's first cry, yet grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength through all the years. I soon reasoned myself above the mean feeling, and was glad Maud had the sea-shore, the dresses and pearls, and that I had my noisy, ruddy children, Simon, the turkeys, the lamb and even the harness. It is not for all of us to be blessed alike.

To be Continued.

#### SUMMER SHOPPING.

I wish to say to ladies who want shopping done in this city, that after the Fourth of July, it is the custom of our merchants to reduce stocks by marking down all cotton dress goods, pattern dresses, all-over embroideries for dresses, light weight wool goods in colors, and to put upon their bargain counters remnants and short lengths at reduced prices. Those who need such goods later, or who can hold them over till another season, will find it very advantageous to wait for these sales. It is impossible to send samples; the goods would probably be gone before an answer could be received. The best way would be to write directions as to what is wanted, color, material and quantity, and price you wish to pay, and let the buyer use her judgment in

selecting. To state the complexion of the person to wear the goods, and such particulars, aids a selection sometimes. To the question whether anything can be saved by sending here, and paying commission and mail or express charges, I would say that I think perhaps those who can buy in a large town or city, where competition keeps down prices, can do as well at home, probably. But those who must buy in small towns can save money on dress goods, trimmings of all kinds (I do not mean linings), ribbons, laces, gloves, etc. "Better quality for less money than I would have paid here" has been the return from many orders already filled.

BEATRIX.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

**STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM.**—The juice of one quart of strawberries and one pound of sugar, let the sugar dissolve in the juice, then add it gradually to a quart of cream. Freeze quickly, or the cream will change.

**STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.**—To a quart of fruit allow three-fourths of a quart of sugar and half a pint of water. Boil the sugar and water to a syrup, put in the berries, cook twenty minutes, and seal. Nice for tarts.

To make a paste which will stick paper to tin, make a thin solution of glue and thicken it with wheat flour until it is the consistency of paste. Put the paste on the paper and apply to the tin, and it will "stay put."

To keep salad plants, like lettuce celery and cress and fresh and crisp, do not put them wholly into water, but wash them, wrap them in a wet cloth and lay next the ice or in a cool cellar. Sprinkle peas, green corn, beans, with water, throw a wet cloth over them and if kept in a cool place they will be fresh and crisp when wanted.

**CUFFS** that are laundried at home often fail to please because they are ironed out flat, and when the buttons are put in the cuffs blister and wrinkle. This can be avoided, if the laundress only knows how to iron the cuffs until they are perfectly dry, and then takes the broad end of the flat-iron, and, pressing very hard on the edge, slowly goes over the length of the cuff. The cuff will roll as the iron leaves it. This is so simple an operation that one is likely to succeed the first time she tries to do it.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**GINGER COOKIES.**—First boil one cup good molasses, remove from the fire and stir in one cup sugar, one tablespoonful soda, and one of ginger and two of vinegar; when cool beat an egg and stir in. Stir up stiff with flour and let stand awhile before rolling out. This is the recipe which was lost.

**CARAMEL FOR CAKE.**—Boil two cups best brown sugar with a piece of butter the size of an egg and three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk; boil 12 minutes, stir constantly, strain, beat till cold and thick, add tablespoonful vanilla. This is for a white cake of four layers. Cream may be substituted for butter with good results.

DILL A. TORY.

CHARLOTTE.