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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES: MUTUAL FRIENDS.

Said Miss Malvina Trotter to her neighbor Mrs. Potter,
Together sitting on the porch one pleasant summer day,
"There's quite a startling story about young Mrs. Corey—
Don't tell that I repeated it—or that's what people say."
"They quarrelled with each other over one thing and another
Till her husband threw a cup of tea full in her face one day;
And vowing she would grieve him she now declares she'll leave him,
Intends to sue for a divorce—or that's what people say."
"Do tell!" cried Mrs. Potter. "But I'm not surprised, Miss Trotter,
I've thought they weren't quite happy. Now don't you breathe a word
From me; but Deacon Draskitt stole a neighbor's bushel basket,
And sold it for a quarter—or that is what I've heard."
"And his wife she is so cruel to that poor Pepita Buel,
Whom she took from out the orphan's home!
It actually occurred
That she called her 'lazy sinner,' made her go without her dinner,
And whipped her, whipped her dreadfully—or that's what I have heard."
Thus Miss Malvina Trotter and her neighbor Mrs. Potter
That lifelong summer afternoon with converse sweet beguiled,
Till no matter what their station not a shred of reputation
Was left in all that goodly town to woman, man or child.
"Dear me," mused Mrs. Potter when Miss Malvina Trotter
With many a lingering last "good-night" had homeward turned her way,
"It's positively inhuman for any decent woman
To be forever talking about 'what people say.'"
Thought Miss Malvina Trotter as she left the house of Potter,
"It's sad how many dreadful things have in this town occurred;
But worse than all together it puts in such high feather
That gossip, Mrs. Potter, to tell 'what she has heard.'"

—Mary, Clark Huntington.

FOREBODING.

I used to think I should be glad,
When my baby learned to keep
Silent o'er things which made her sad
And steal away to weep.
But now the turn to hide a tear,
The tell-tale lip and eye,
Bring sharper pain and keener fear,
Than did her infant cry;

For it is proof she holds the key
To woman's wide estate;
And all the griefs I seem to see
Which on her pathway wait.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

COMMENTS ON CORRESPONDENCE.

If I were disposed to take a mean advantage of our readers, how easily I could "say my say-so" on every topic pre-ented in advance of any one else! I am going to do that very thing this week, and plead in extenuation that the HOUSEHOLD pigeon-hole is a wooden Sahara and my own head as barren of ideas as the sky of rain-clouds at the time of writing.

For S. J. B.'s benefit I will say that E. S. B.'s bread recipe, as published in the HOUSEHOLD of Aug. 24th, was accurately copied from the HOUSEHOLD of Feb. 18 h, 1884—which by the way was the first issue in its present form—in which it first appeared. In the issue of April 8th, 1884, L., of Climax, gave a modification of the recipe which dispensed with one kneading, and allowed the sponge to be set over night, which E. S. B. says should never be practised. It is probably L.'s formula which S. J. B. has preserved in her scrap-book.

About the flour: It is the practice of millers to mix different varieties of wheat—a certain per cent of hard white wheat with soft spring or red wheat—to produce the various grades of flour they manufacture, claiming that the quality is thereby greatly improved and the bread much better than where but one variety of wheat is used. They also claim that nowhere is the judgment and skill of a good miller so manifested as in this mixing to produce the best results under the baking test. The manufacture of flour has undergone a great change within the past fifteen or twenty years. The roller process has superseded the old buhr-stones, and a finer and whiter flour is made. As S. J. B. says, there is a difference. Generally speaking, the farmer does not get his own wheat in flour from the mill, but he gets better flour than his own wheat would make. Many house-keepers think the bakers' patents make better bread than the finest roller process patents, which they use for pastry and cake-making. I dare say somebody will rise up to remark that the bread nowadays is not as sweet and nutritious as it used to be "when they were young." But they were young and hungry then, digestion

good and nerves of taste not jaded and dulled by use, and spice and condiments perhaps tobacco or gum. I ask no sweeter, more palatable bread than is made from our flours, as manufactured at present, and can occasionally eat a slice with a sprinkle of sugar, just out of liking for the "bread taste."

Why do I say an oilcloth in place of a tablecloth is an abomination? Because it is a step backward in refinement. Retrogression is always unsatisfactory. Once, food was piled in great platters on bare tables, and each man carved for himself, using knife and fingers. And I think if I sat at an oilcloth covered table, I should expect the snarling dogs under it, wrangling in the straw and rushes for the bones flung down to them, and all the rest of the table manners of those times. Oilcloth would save washing, but so it would save in the same way if, like the Russian peasants, we wore our underclothing without a change till it was worn out. A bare floor may be kept cleaner than a carpet, but it is not prejudice makes us prefer the carpet. Moreover, there is no sense in soiling table linen in one day, or three days, so it is at all objectionable if people will eat like Christians. And the children, if they know they can muss and be untidy on an oilcloth because it can be cleaned so easily, will be as untidy on a damask cloth. And I've said so many times that table manners are the truest measure of refinement, that I expect some one will say "Chest-nuts!" and it really seems as if HOUSEHOLD readers must believe I mean it, and hence train their children more carefully in such matters. No, S. J. B., I don't think I abominate substitutes for a tablecloth out of prejudice; it is only that I believe whatever goes to make food more appetizing is a benefit, even if a little more trouble; and I'm sure a dinner would not taste good eaten off "county-house table linen."

I cannot imagine what can be the trouble with Mrs. E.—'s fruit, unless it was insufficiently cooked, or air bubbles left in the cans in filling. I can sympathize with her, for I too have suffered, and that when every can of berries meant a hot, dusty tramp round the fields to gather them. I used sometimes to take a can just beginning to ferment, heat it boiling hot, add more sugar, converting it into a jam or marmalade, then seal in a smaller jar or in cups or bowls and it would keep till I had occasion to use it. But it is not the nicest way to make jam; and besides, one dislikes

to be conquered by the little atoms which cause what we call "working."

I am heartily in accord with Polly on the scandal question. It is impossible for us to realize the misery and unhappiness which come from the disposition of both sexes—for men are exactly as bad as women—to attribute the worst motives to the thoughtless acts and indiscretions of others. It is a grand gift to know where our own business leaves off and other people's begins. And there is nothing grows faster than evil report. Children sometimes play a game called "Scandal," in which one whispers a sentence to his neighbor, who in turn tells it, as he hears it, to the next, and so on round the circle, till the last one repeats it aloud. Then the original statement is repeated, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred it would puzzle a lawyer to connect the two in any way. So it is with gossip; every one adds a surmise or an assertion, and cruel wrong is often done as the mass of exaggeration and misstatement circulates through the neighborhood, blighting a reputation as it goes; while the victim can only guess from averted eyes and frosty greetings that in some mysterious way her acquaintances have been prejudiced against her. I was told, the other day, with all the gravity befitting so important an announcement, that "Mr. ——— saw Mrs. Blank walking with a gentleman and talking and laughing with him very familiarly, while Mr. Blank was out of the city." "Well?" I said with an inflection that said also "What of it?" My answer was "Why!" as much as to say, "If you don't see the enormity, from the simple statement, there's no use of my saying more." Give that much to a scandal-monger, and let her tell it with shrug and suggestive wink, and in thrice telling you would have a story justifying a libel suit. I say, and most emphatically believe, that no man or woman whose own life, in thought and deed, is pure and upright, will attribute unworthy motives or suspect evil of another except under direct and indisputable proof. Those who are themselves evil-minded are ever the first accuse others of evil. It is so easy to misconstrue, to judge hastily, to condemn unheard; and so hard, seemingly, to defend the absent or plead for suspension of a harsh verdict.

BEATRIX.

S. J. B.'S QUESTION BOX.

It has been so long since I visited the *HOUSEHOLD* that I feel almost like a stranger, but would like to come once more, and bring my question box with me, if the Editor is "willin'."

In the first place, I wonder if that bread recipe has not undergone some variations since the original was published. I have in my scrap book a recipe, which I was almost sure I had taken from the *HOUSEHOLD*. There is but very little difference in the preparation of the yeast, but it requires no sponging, or second kneading. The flour is stirred in the yeast, and it is immediately moulded into loaves, and as soon as light is ready for the oven. I am

not going to claim even one little posy from that Sunday bonnet, for we use salt-rising bread, generally, as my bigger half—Mr. Buttercup, ladies, excuse me for not introducing him before—likes it best of any, but this bread is so easily and quickly made that I like to have it sometimes for a change, and Mr. B. is almost sure to say "Susan Jane, this is pretty good—for yeast bread."

For my own part I must confess that I like the genuine old fashioned hop yeast bread, such as Mr. B. calls tough, but is so spongy, flaky, and altogether delightful. But alas, I can not make it from the flour that we get in exchange for our wheat, and that brings me to one particular point that I would like answered. We get good flour, but there is a difference, and I would like to know if the extra superfine in the market is made from our own wheat, or that raised somewhere else.

Now I come to my third query: Beatrix, a long time ago, in an article on table linen, declared the use of oilcloth an abomination, and I wanted, but neglected, to ask her why? It came to my mind again a short time ago, and the same query would not be banished, why? Now I'll confess that I have always had the same feeling, but never could find a reasonable excuse for it, so have called it prejudice. If Beatrix can do better, please let us hear from her. Have thought a good many times what a saving of work it would be, besides being always fresh and clean, so much cleaner than a tablecloth that has been in use, even one day, and we farmers' wives can not afford fresh table linen every day. Then of course we all know that accidents are especially liable to happen to a clean tablecloth. Now, wouldn't a nice white oilcloth from which all traces of food could be removed after every meal, be really more wholesome than soiled linen? If not—why?

S. J. B.

POLLY'S OPINION OF SCANDAL.

I should like to know what the world is coming to. I never heard of so much scandal as seems to be floating around, or should I say flying about? I have heard it said that "scandal has wings." It used to be the young unmarried people who were talked about, but they must have all reformed, or are having a rest, for it is the married people who are having their characters smirched this year; and they those with children!

Perhaps you are querying is there any truth in the stories? I reply, I have seen no fire, but hear the crackling of the brush, or in other words, I hear the stories, and to tell you the plain truth, I think it is none of my business, so long as I'm not mixed in; and let it be true or false, if every one kept as busy as myself attending to their own affairs, no one but the persons personally interested would know anything about it. If I chanced to see my neighbor man on my right hand, very friendly with my woman neighbor on my left, is it any of my business any way? I think not; although I might to myself question the good taste of the proceedings. Isn't it

largely jealousy that starts this kind of gossip? After it once gets afloat, it is so easy to misconstrue every look, and every little action which otherwise would never be noticed. It seems strange to me that people who in all other matters exercise good judgment, in this are foolish enough to give people a chance to talk.

Are the people who set the gossip flying, or those who keep it going guiltless? How many reputations are blasted for life by scandal mongers? How many bitter tears shed? How many heartaches caused by thoughtless tongues?

Should we not discountenance the repetition of such reports? And also deny ourselves the "pleasure" of repeating them? I say yes! emphatically yes!

Here is my hand, Laurel, if you wish to shake; but I'm not "Simon's Wife," nor the author of the "Cloudy Week;" I do not indulge in that kind of dissipation, to that extent. I sometimes have a "cloudy morning," or perhaps a "cloudy day," but am too much of a philosopher to "cry for spilt milk," or sit down in the ashes to mourn over what can't be helped. I find it pays to whip over on to another tack, and make myself as comfortable in mind as possible. And you need not "split your ticket" to vote for me for pathmaster, but if you do I'll pledge myself to not turnpike a strip of sand, for between you and I, I do not think it any improvement; but like some of the men, I have business of more importance to me to occupy my time.

A. L. L. wonders why the poor wives with good husbands do not give an account of their prizes. Such wives as she tells of are too selfish to know or appreciate their blessings, and there is a query in my mind whether those husbands are very wise.

Yes, there are two sides to most questions. I have seen a few husbands who are as servants in their own houses or homes. One man who did the work of two men all the time he was paying for his farm, would not dare to cut a pie or cake if he came in, in a starving condition. A neighbor called there one day and asked him to ride over to an auction some miles away; as it was near noon he invited the neighbor to go in and take a bite before they started. He had taken many lunches with the neighbor. They went in, he said: "Fan, can't you give us a bite of something before we go? it does not matter what." She set down some bread and milk, and after a little a plate of cheese and a few fried cakes; "Thank you, Fan; thank you!" Draw your own conclusions.

Beatrix, try "We Two" and "Knight Errant," by Edna Lyall; also some of Amelia Barr's books, "Master of His Fate," "A Border Shepherdess" and "The Bow of Orange Ribbon." POLLY.

THE nasturtium, besides its brilliantly bizarre flowers, furnishes us with a very good substitute for the capers which are the time-honored accompaniment of boiled mutton. Take the green seed pods, before they begin to harden in the least, and drop them into a bottle of vinegar. Nothing more is needed; they are soon sour and spicy.

FARM HOSPITALITY.

Some weeks ago, Bess, I believe, asked the opinion of readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* as to the obligation of farmers to invite the men who chance to call on them on business, to stay to dinner. I have looked every week for some one to venture an opinion, but we are either afraid to seem inhospitable or else modestly waiting for some one else to take the initiative.

So far as I am concerned, I object to running a free hotel, and it is against the law to run a paying one without a license. But I think our husbands ought to make a distinction in extending hospitality, the burden of which falls on their wives. When men come to our farm to buy stock or for other legitimate purposes, it is all right enough to ask them to dinner; though I know such hospitality is sometimes abused by men who make business a pretense to get a meal without paying for it. But I never grumble, for my husband says it is in the way of business and often helps a sale, as after a good dinner a man will conclude to buy who before seemed a doubtful purchaser.

But I do not believe it is incumbent on a man to ask the insurance man, the lightning-rod agent, the hedge fence talking-machine, the tin peddler, the book canvasser, or the man with a double back action reversible nickel-plated patent geared perpetual motion jaw which he uses to extol wares he sells for his own benefit, to dine with him without a due equivalent in the way of cash. The man is working for his own profit, and ought to pay his expenses out of his own pocket. Many such agents are allowed a certain sum for expenses, and whatever they can save out of that by getting free meals out of farmers, is so much extra.

As for the peddlers who call on us so frequently, experience has taught me never to deal with them nor even allow them to show their wares on the premises. It is hard to get rid of them, unless you buy, and if you buy you are invariably cheated. They always want to pay you for their dinner in goods, and put a double value on everything you want. I have known a tin basin and a dipper which could be bought for twenty cents of any regular dealer offered to pay for a man's dinner and the feed of his horse.

I don't know how many times I was beguiled, in my early days as housekeeper, into buying some everlasting "stick-me-tight" cement which wouldn't stick; polishing powders that turned out to be Bath brick pounded fine; wonderful cleansing soaps that somehow wouldn't clean anything after I bought them. One member of the family once bought a dress pattern of a peddler; it was a rather scant pattern anyway, only eight yards, as he measured it, but she liked the goods and the color, and so took it. We found when we came to make it up that that peddler's thumb was of much more use to him than ever "Bob Jakin's" was, and that there was actually only a few inches over seven yards. The head of the family put his foot down

emphatically on any further dealings with peddlers; and when our neighbors boast of a great bargain they got from one of the tribe, we always want to see the goods measured, or know how it bears washing.

SALOME.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Dear ladies of the *HOUSEHOLD*, I am in serious trouble, and being a constant reader of the little paper, know that when any one comes with questions, or any other trouble, you are all ready and willing to help, so would like to ask did ever any one have trouble like unto mine. As much as two-thirds of the fruit I have canned this season has worked. My covers are good; I bought new rubbers, and never took as much pains as this year. The cans seemed perfectly tight, and I turned them upside down and left them to cool, and not one bit of juice oozed out, but in a few days I would hear that peculiar "siss," and would find the fruit on top worked, until now I actually dread to go down cellar! Now do please some one come to my help immediately, as I have a little fruit yet to do up, and would like to have it stay in the cans a little while after taking trouble to put it in.

MRS. E.

GRAND BLANC.

A FARMERS' PICNIC.

Saturday, August 24th, the Farmers' Picnic came off and as I was able to get there in good time, I would like to tell the *HOUSEHOLD* just a little bit about it.

The attendance in the forenoon was not large, but we had a few short speeches, with music by the Juvenile Band from Plainwell and singing by the Glee Clubs of both Otsego and Gunplains townships; then dinner. We shoved three or four of the seats together, spread our tablecloths thereon, and set out our dinner; the seats were all used in this way, while some spread their cloths on the grass. Our table represented four families, with a few invited guests.

As it appears to be quite the style to tell what we have to eat I will give you our bill of fare for dinner: Baked and fried chicken; boiled beef, sliced; biscuit; butter; cheese; honey; radishes; pickles; mince, cream and lemon pie; chocolate, cocoanut, hickory-nut, layer and marble cake; cookies; ginger-snaps; cold tea and water.

In the afternoon the crowd had materially increased. We had more music and singing and listened to speeches from two divines, on different subjects, principally farmers and farming, of course. They fed us largely on taffy, as I suppose they felt in duty bound to do. We swallowed it all, and were just complacently smoothing our plumage when a call was made for volunteers to take the stand; as no one responded a farmer who had grown gray in the service was called upon; he asked to be excused, saying for him to make a speech was too much like farm work, up hill business, but as no excuse was accepted, he came to the stand, and being of a humorous temperament (and knowing just how

it was himself), by his comical handling of the subject of farming, "brought down the house," and sent us all off laughing, but we knew it was all too true.

The songs were splendid, and appropriate for the occasion, and everything passed off pleasantly, with only one drawback, the dust here, dust there, dust everywhere, all crying for rain.

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

COMMENTATORY.

What to write about has been for a long time a question with me, but the drouth and the appeal it has called forth has led me to don my thinking cap, and thus ask for a place among the writers of the *HOUSEHOLD*. It was with pleasure I read that most sensible article, entitled "There's no Place like Home," in the last issue. I swallowed it all as I would some delicious morsel, and I am sure it proves not alone pleasant, but nutritive in all of its qualities.

It would be a sorry accident that failed to bring the *HOUSEHOLD* each week with its feast of good things to us. It is strictly helpful with its words of cheer; for "Words are things, and a small drop of ink falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

OLIVE.

YPSILANTI.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

Probably there is no article of such universal consumption which is so much abused in the making as coffee, unless indeed it is bread. Few know the especial qualities of the various brands of the berry, but it is worth while for the housekeeper to make herself familiar with the properties of each. Miss Parloa thus classifies coffees: "There are two kinds of coffee—the strong and the mild. To the first class belong the Rio and the Santos; and to the second, the Java, Mocha, Maracaibo, and, indeed, almost all the other kinds. When a rich, smooth beverage is desired, a combination of Mocha and Java—or some coffee that has the qualities of Java—should be used; but when a strong flavor is liked, Rio or Santos should be taken. The supply of Java meets only about one-fifth of the demand. For this reason many other mild coffees are sold under the name of 'Java.' Good Maracaibo is equal to Java, and is constantly sold under that name. A combination of one pound Mocha, one pound Rio, and two pounds Java or Maracaibo will give a rich, strong-flavored drink, but not so smooth as if the Rio was omitted. When buying the berry, pause for a moment to think how you like your beverage. Do you want it smooth and of delicate flavor? Take one-third Mocha and the rest Java or Maracaibo. Do you want it strong? Use all Rio, or temper that brand by combining it with some one of the mild kinds."

Knowing these properties of the various brands, it is easy to make a cup of coffee which shall suit one's family and be of uniform excellence day after day. To each cupful of ground coffee allow one quart of water—and do not guess at it;

measure it. Do not grind the coffee too fine. If you have one of the arrangements for making filtered coffee, you can save eggs; if not, a part or the whole of an egg seems almost indispensable to settle and make it smooth and rich. Stir the egg into the coffee, add boiling water in the ratio of a quart to a cupful of coffee, let it boil up, stir the coffee and egg down, and let the contents simmer for five or ten minutes. Add a gill of cold water, let stand five minutes on the side of the stove or hearth, or where it cannot boil, then it is ready to serve, a strong, rich infusion, agreeable to the palate and without the rank taste common to that which has been boiled too long.

The whole process of coffee-making, from the ground coffee to the table, need not occupy more than fifteen minutes. Yet many housekeepers let it boil half an hour or even more; others let it "steep" while they get breakfast, an indefinite process which may take anywhere from an hour to half that time. The coffee is never twice alike, and the maker never knows why it is good one morning and bad the next. There is no need of having muddy, weak or insipid coffee, if we will but follow these simple instructions.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

You will make no mistake by selecting cashmere or camel's hair for a fall dress. Serges are also fashionable; but Henrietta seems less popular, probably owing to its proneness to grow shiny with wear. The favorite trimmings for such dresses are velvet, and black passementeries of silk cord, which are used on all colors. Velvet will be worn as skirts, over which are draped long skirts of the wool, disclosing very little of the velvet. The passementeries are used as borders on the bottom of skirts and to make pointed yokes for the waists.

Waists are cut round, and slightly pointed back and front; very few are more than two inches in length below the waist line, and no darts are visible, the fullness of the goods being drawn toward the front in gathers, or fine pleats. In fitting dresses nowadays the back dart is very wide, or deep, five or six inches deep, sometimes, while the front dart is little more than a seam. The very deep back dart enables the dressmaker to obtain the desired bias effect under the arms and also to ensure a more perfect fit over the hips. A new style of waist, "French," of course, does away with the many seams which have heretofore been features of corsages, but is not likely to become popular at once.

Foundation skirts are made on the usual models, and have two short steels at the back to support the fullness of the outside drapery. In spite of the predictions that "the bustle must go," it does not go. It is inconspicuous, unobtrusive, but it is there. And in its modified form it is becoming to everyone. And the short skirt steels do away with the wearing of many skirts and are a blessing in that respect if no other. Straight and narrow effects are still sought on the front and sides of skirts.

A neat black dress seen lately was laid in regular box pleats four inches wide on front and sides of the skirt, and bordered with three rows of velvet ribbon set on round the bottom. The back was nearly straight, a few slight jabot folds breaking, the outline. The waist was short and pointed, with a vest of cream colored surah framed in a double fold of velvet on each side over which was laid a strip of the goods laid in folds at the shoulder seams and narrowing to form a point at the bottom of the waist. The sleeves were mutton-leg, with deep velvet cuffs. The same idea was seen in another dress of deep blue serge with watered ribbon instead of velvet, a blue silk vest with folds of cream surah under those of the goods, and cuffs of the goods with ribbon outlining the edges. The skirts of dresses should be permanently attached to these short waists at the back and sides to prevent slipping down. Three inch wide ribbon is folded to a width of two inches, and laid smoothly around the pointed end of the waist, fastening with a square bow without ends. Foot pleatings are abolished, a band of the dress goods, doubled to be an inch and a half wide, is stitched on the foot of the skirt, its lower edge coming just to the braid; the skirt falls to the edge of this.

Sleeveless jackets of velvet or moire will be worn this fall, and afford the economical girl a chance to stylishly renew a silk or wool suit of last season. They may be black on colored dresses, and should then have the fronts faced with thin silk of the color of the dress, or may be black over black, with colored revers, and cord finishing the edge. The jackets are cut to reach only to the waist line in front, with square corners, and open to show the front of the dress, which is shirred top and bottom; in the back they are square across, or some have a basque back. Full sleeves of the dress goods are worn with these jackets.

Dressing becomes every season more and more of a fine art. Our best dressmaker would no more dare to make two dresses alike than they would dare to repeat a fashion of last year. "Something new" is ever the cry, until dress has attained an individuality never before known. Thirty-five years ago fashion varied in the width of a skirt or the cut of a sleeve, and in all other particulars models were identical. Now you may walk the Avenue a day looking for two dresses which shall be alike in any two respects. The studied plainness of many dresses is the perfection of the modiste's skill; the absence of ornate decoration is elegance; the air with which a garment is worn and its correspondence to the wearer is style.

A pitcher scarf is the latest decorative trifle on which to expend needlework. It requires one-third of a yard of butchers' linen, the width of the linen being the length of the scarf. Hem the sides—hem-stitch them if you please; finish the ends with knotted fringe, and its use is to throw over the top of the pitcher, to keep out floating dust which would otherwise settle on the water.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CLOTHS, flannels, dark cotton goods, etc., should always have a suds made specially for them, as if that which has been used for white cotton or woollen clothes is used lint will be left in the water, and cling to the cloth.

It is said that a piece of cloth saturated with turpentine hung in a closet where there are moths or in a room where flies are troublesome will kill the moth-miller and banish the flies. Twenty drops of carbolic acid evaporated from a hot shovel will go far to banish flies from a room, while a bit of camphor gum the size of a walnut held over a lamp till it is consumed will do the same for the active mosquito. This amounts to a choice between two evils, a disagreeable odor or mosquito bites.

To clean a suit of clothes of cassimere, broadcloth, or diagonal, which is soiled and worn shiny, the scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them, and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam rises, and brings the nap up with it. Good clothes will bear several such washings. Thus, with pockets, facings, buttonholes and bindings renewed, a pretty badly worn suit can be made presentable again.

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED BEETS.—Peel, cut in thin slices, boil till done; then drain off the little water left; chop fine; season with salt and pepper and fry in ham fryings, adding a spoonful of vinegar before serving. DEBORAH.

CHILI SAUCE.—Skin a peck of ripe tomatoes by throwing them in boiling water and then rubbing off the skin; slice them; peel and slice eight white onions. Cook them fifteen or twenty minutes without adding water. Put the boiling mixture through a colander and add a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful each of ground pepper, cinnamon and allspice and a teaspoonful of cloves. Cook this mixture for four or five hours till quite thick; then add a tablespoonful of ground mustard, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and two teaspoonfuls ginger, and salt to the taste.

DRIED CURRANT PIE.—One pound English currants. Pour boiling water over them and let stand an hour; then rub through your hands and the dirt will come off easily. Wash through three or four waters, then cook two hours in a little water. Let cool, then fill into tins lined with pie crust, add a couple of tablespoonfuls sugar, and flour enough to thicken the juice; cover with a top crust and bake. S. S.