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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TIRESOME AGENTS.

For agents it wasn't an extra day,  
Only forty had come and gone away,  
But the farmer's wife was short of breath,  
And the farmer was nearly talked to death;  
Agents for fences, churns, and trees,  
Agents for books, windmills and bees,  
Agents for plows and rollers for clods,  
Agents for spectacles, grindstones and churns,  
Agents for soap and receipts for burns.  
But the last had gone, and the day was late,  
When lo, another one stops at the gate,  
And craves the boon of staying the night.  
The farmer asks with his teeth shut tight,  
"Are you an agent?" "Well, on my word,  
I am an agent of the Lord!"  
"Well then, come in; but if you're on hand  
Any new process or short cut plans,  
While you're welcome here to-night to rest,  
Let me say at the start that I don't invest."

### CONVERSATION.

To master the art of conversation, and be able to talk interestingly to people of all ranks of life, a very rare and wonderful gift is required. I do not know that I can define it better than by calling it a subtle sympathetic and instantaneous comprehension of the person to be addressed, which recognizes by a mysterious second sight or divination, his station in society, his mental calibre, and the topics likely to be interesting. I have known a few people who possessed this rare gift to a greater or less extent, and never yet have found one who, though conscious of its possession, could tell in what the peculiar "faculty" lay. All of them possessed that greatly-to-be-envied power of drawing out the best thought of the person addressed; whether they also possessed the ability to absorb these thoughts and give them forth again clad in more attractive guise, as did Madame de Stael, I will not say. It was to this power of drawing out the opinions of others and making eloquent phrase to fit them that the eminent conversationalist owed the reputation which she enjoys even to this day, of being the most fascinating talker of whom we have record. Her natural gift was augmented by study and thought. She also possessed the dramatic power necessary to tell a story effectively. Being a quiet sort of a woman myself, I have always believed the Madame to have been greatly over-rated. Think of one woman's monopolizing the conversation during the whole of a formal dinner-party, or inflicting a monologue nine miles long upon her companions during a drive! What were the feelings of other women in their enforced dumbness? Conversation

means an exchange of sentiments and opinions; that is not conversation where one individual does all the talking.

To tell the truth, there is very little real conversation, in the Madame de Stael fashion, in modern society. There is plenty of badinage, of gay *persiflage*, verbal shuttlecocks tossed here and there. I am inclined to think that in conversation, as in love-making, "two's company and three's a crowd." When you sit down quietly with some friend—just you two and the world shut out—you are at no loss for subjects to talk about. There is the bond of sympathetic attraction and mutual confidence and faith, and you talk of what is uppermost in your mind.

"But," I fancy I hear Jannette say complainingly, "this does not help me to talk to those whom I meet casually and must entertain."

Charles Lamb calls silence "eldest of things." I do not understand why, with such a venerable exemplar, we must needs talk so much. Yet it seems an unwritten but unyielding social rule that we must talk continuously, whether we have anything to say or not, when we are in presence of others; it seems to be thought uncivil and unkind not to keep saying something. Yet, if we think of it a moment, we see we like best those people in whose presence we can speak or be silent, as we please. I often notice the difference between men and women on the street in this respect. Two men will walk a mile in silence, or exchanging a few desultory phrases. I never yet have walked a block behind two silent women. I meet daily, two women on their way to work; they are always twittering away like the English sparrows around the puddles—and to about as much purpose. The truth is we talk too much and do not think enough; and a large part of the nervous exhaustion which accompanies the entertaining of company is due to the exertion we make to constantly be saying something.

Lord Bacon said "Talking makes a ready man; reading a full man, and writing an exact one." To be a good talker one must have a quick wit and a good memory. There is nothing more exasperating than to think of the *apropos* remark or the witty retort we might have made, as we are going down the steps after dinner. I do not think it is the quantity or quality of what we read that helps us talk so much, as the retaining in mind the main points and having them ready for use when needed. Nor is it necessary to read all the new

books to keep *au courant* with contemporaneous literature. A good review, carefully read, will in fifteen minutes give us a good idea—if we are willing to take it second-hand—of the motive and merit of almost any book. It is in this way many "keep up with the times." A friend who is a very busy woman keeps herself "posted," as she expresses it, through the book reviews in the Sunday edition of the *New York Sun*. She reads and thinks and works, and when occasion offers can talk very amusingly and entertainingly. There are many people who think a person priggish if she talks of books or what she has read. With such people, one must come down to a housekeeping level, and be interested in a new way to pickle pork, if need be. And there are women with no more character than a jelly-fish, whose talk is the "damnable iteration" of which Shakespeare tells us, and who insist on leaving nothing to the imagination or comprehension; these must be talked to according to their folly.

We must have self-confidence and self-possession in order to talk well, and practice gives us both. We must have the confidence that is born of knowledge of our topic, and a command of language which enables us to present it attractively, and these also come by practice. And then we must adjust our conversation to the level of the individual with whom we talk—that is, select the theme likely to prove interesting, and "here's the rub!" Here is where tact and the "subtle divination" which I have mentioned are our aids. These are gifts, but a ready mind, quick to seize an opportunity, often stands in lieu of them.

M. E. H. advises, as an easy way out of the dilemma, judiciously assisting the people we meet to mount their hobbies and accompanying them on a conversational steeple-chase. But the person with a hobby has a set of opinions made up beforehand, like the spare bed, and too often compels facts to fit his theories to be a reliable teacher. I always give such people ample range. I am willing to die, but I don't want to be talked to death.

### BEATRIX.

HENRY STEWART says corn meal and cotton seed meal make hard, yellow, rich flavored butter; peas make yellow, rich and soft butter, and buckwheat bran, linseed oil meal, oats and bran and middlings, light colored, poorer flavored, crumbly butter. Therefore if your butter does not suit you as to quality, find out what the man of the house is using as food for the cows.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

In a former contribution to the HOUSEHOLD I gave a few ideas on the various motives governing marriages, let us now consider how a home which has been created through that chief of all motives—love—can be made happy, and so maintained.

It is said of one of the popes that while a cardinal he had his table, as a mark of humility, always covered with a net to remind him of his lowly birth as a fisherman's son, but after his elevation to the papal tiara he removed the net, exclaiming "It is no longer necessary to use it, for I have caught my fish." The carelessness with which some wedded persons trifle with the arts which originally made them attractive in each other's eyes is simply putting away the net "for I have caught my fish." The wives of the HOUSEHOLD can readily remember how very careful they were before marriage not to let their lovers see a curl out of place, or even the "bangs" or "scolding locks" not properly combed into subjection, while not for worlds would they have been caught in *deshabille*. Why not pay your husband the compliment of being as anxious to please him as when he was your lover?

Need I caution that care should be taken to prevent excess in evidence of attention and affection? My own observation teaches me that such excess is probable—in fact quite possible, for I lived in a family a short time ago where the affection of both husband and wife, although the union had been consummated a number of years previously, had assumed an inordinate and idolatrous character which became a source of annoyance to me and was certainly intolerable to strangers.

The sunshine of a happy home is good temper, which can not be cultivated to excess nor prized too highly. Fretfulness, peevishness, bitterness, sullenness and anger should be avoided as so many hissing snakes, and driven from every household which hopes to be happy. Self-restraint and mutual forbearance are, absolutely necessary when a couple are tempted to give way to ill-feeling; and, above all, a determination should be cultivated that both parties should never lose their temper at the same time; or in other words, when one brings fire the other should be ready with a supply of water. They should treat each other's feelings with lenity and learn to be, as occasion demands, deaf, dumb and blind—especially dumb. Not sullenly but serenely dumb. Not silent from moodishness and passion, but silent from reason and affection. A diversity of opinion or taste may give a relish to married life, but considerable wisdom will necessarily have to be exercised to prevent such diversities from causing nagging, irritation or possibly a downright quarrel. A certain Methodist clergyman, who has officiated at numerous weddings, is always careful to whisper in the bride's ear, as his parting counsel, "Be sure never to have the last word," but such good advice might have been sup-

plemented by counseling the husband "Never to have the first one."

Where two independent wills are united some arrangement is necessary to provide for the settlement of practical questions on which a difference of opinion exists, and just here is where the great question of obedience arises. But should the home be presided over by the angel of Love, trouble on this score will be readily and easily surmounted. A kind husband will be loth to strain his authority as the "lord of creation" on all trivial points, while a wise wife will command respect by her prompt and loving desire to meet and anticipate her husband's wishes. So great is the effect of wifely obedience that it is now recognised as an indisputed fact that the wife who gives her husband *his own way* the first year after marriage will have *her own* ever after.

Married life is not always a state of unbroken tranquility, but, exposed to agitation as it is, it is quite essential that husband and wife should possess qualities fitting them to be really helpmates to each other. In how many homes, during sickness or adversity do we find the wife falling far short of what should be her true character, thus, unconsciously perhaps, evidencing the truth of the Latin maxim "Love freezes without a supply of bread and wine," or its parallel, "When want comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

The union that has been founded on selfishness may be said to find the seeds of dissolution in the very ceremony that has brought the two together, but do you recall the words and conditions: "In sickness and in health, in poverty and in wealth?" With a determination to make the best possible showing under any or all of these conditions there will spring up a fountain of love whose waters will go on deepening and widening until the earthly scene has terminated. I have heard men explain the hideous disparities in marriage, by quietly receiving it as an ordination of Providence that it should be so, in order that, by an amalgamation of the rich and the poor, the tall and the short, the good and the bad, an average might be sustained, but I do not believe a word of it. I believe that marriage was instituted to produce the highest degree of happiness, and that Providence has nothing at all to do with the fearful disorders and imperfections of the marriage relation; which are really instigated wholly by prejudices, passions and weaknesses of men and women. There is no anguish that will surpass that inflicted by severe disparities in married life. An accident, or an overpowering vanity, a whim or a fancy is allowed to set the seal of life. When a man buys a house he takes counsel, and when he buys a horse or adds a cow to his herd, he asks a friend's advice, but in that great affair of life, which makes the life of life, he seeks no oracle. I recall a case in point. An acquaintance was very much incensed over an accidental termination of his first suit, and while in a revengeful mood allowed himself to be led into a hasty marriage which he has never ceased to regret,

thus suffering himself to be the sport and victim of spitefulness. How much of his misery could have been obviated had he sought a woman who would have been the friend of his maturity, who could have sounded the depth of his affections, given impulse to his highest aspirations, been his counselor in perplexities, and then stood behind him with the gentleness and self-renunciation of a loving wife! As it is, his conscience is ever reiterating to him his rash marriage vows. It is always surprising, but none the less a comfortable fact in human life that no sooner does an event become inevitable than all the hopes and projects that hung upon its decisions are subdued to acquiescence. A sailor will go calmly down in the ship from which there is no deliverance, a criminal will accept the rope he cannot avoid, and millions "die with resignation" when death becomes certain; and to resignation to death in life in the indissoluble compact of marriage, the inevitable is the great argument.

But this is a theme upon which one might dwell for hours, and fearing that Beatrix may condemn me for having overdone the matter by exceeding the limits of her request for "something more on the same subject," I drop the question here until some other opportunity arises in "an aching void in the HOUSEHOLD."

DETROIT.

OUTIS.

## SUNDRY MATTERS.

I was glad to see in the last HOUSEHOLD some hints for Christmas. I think they are none too early, so I will add my mite. For a pair of mittens for a gentleman get two skeins of Spanish knitting yarn and knit with two balls as our grandmothers knit the striped mittens, only have them both of one color. I prefer black. By a little patience and care you can soon learn to knit these if you can knit any kind of mittens. Twenty-eight stitches on a needle are enough for a common size; knit a good long wrist and you need not be ashamed to present them to any one. I knit them of finer yarn in this way for myself; they are so nice and warm.

I was glad too, to know how Ella R. Wood entertains her morning callers. That is just my way, and I think much more sensible than to put off your work till they are gone. I wish every one knew how handy it is to have soft and hard water come into the house. It costs so little when you are building to arrange for it, especially if you already have a windmill. Our well water tank has a division through the center, one side is for drinking water, the other for setting the milk cans in. Try it if you want a good and cheap creamery.

If our friend who asked how to remove stains from tablecloths, will first wash them, then put them, together with any other pieces she may have that are stained or yellow, in a jar—turn a plate over with a weight on to keep them down—then cover with sour milk and let stand a week, turn once or twice and the next washday rinse till the milk is all out, wash, and she will find them white as snow. I think this will remove everything but iron rust.

MRS. NOMER.



## ABOUT THE BABIES.

Daisy wants some one to tell her why her baby does not sleep more. I do not think it is the fault of the whole milk, but if blame is to be laid upon the diet, certainly the beef and chicken should bear it. "Milk for babes, strong meat for men" is as true of diet as of doctrine, and the practice of giving solid food to children before they have teeth to properly masticate it, or the stomach is prepared to digest it, is productive of numberless infantile ills. Without knowing more of the temperament of Daisy's baby and its condition, I should hesitate to assign a cause for its wakefulness, but I would give no solid food to a nine-months' old child under any circumstances whatever. "But," says some tender-hearted mother, "the baby wants what it sees the rest of us eat, and cries for it." But baby will cry for the lamp, for the looking-glass, the fire, the mouse-trap, the scissors; we do not give it these harmful things, but if we should it would try them by the baby's infallible test, the mouth, which forms a very important factor in his self-acquired education. He reaches his little hands for many things—it is his way of learning. How does he know a potato is more edible than the dish till he is taught the difference?

I have seen a baby sucking a pickle-end—and pulling a wry face over it, too, and the unthoughtful woman who gave it wondered why he should have such dreadful attacks of colic. And I have seen meat chewed in the mother's mouth put into the baby's—received, I am glad to say, with a little protest of disapproval—the baby only just able to sit alone. Think of that mouthful of indigestible food saturated with saliva from a mouth filled with decaying teeth, tartar-covered, perhaps foul with the emanations from a disordered stomach, introduced into a sensitive stomach not yet prepared by nature to digest it!

Our cemeteries are filled with little graves. At Woodmere I chanced one day upon a spot where a sunny slope was literally covered with the low green hillocks, rank on rank, marked with rude crosses or white wooden slabs, some with the little chair or the rocking-horse or the doll which was the child's cherished possession laid upon them. And I remembered that from July 9th to July 16th of the current year, 150 children under five years of age died in this city of cholera infantum, a disease superinduced by improper or vitiated food.

I do not believe in these "infant's foods." Good wholesome cow's milk is much better. The patent foods lack some element of nutrition supplied by milk. The babies Dill told us about died of what the doctor called marasmus, which is a wasting away, usually due to lack of assimilation of food. The child should have the milk from one cow; and the cow should be healthy and well fed on good hay and grain, or grass, with pure water. Perfect cleanliness about all the utensils used in feeding the baby is also an important requisite.

Some children are more restless and sleep less than others. I would advise

Daisy to see that the conditions are favorable for slumber, the room darkened, the air pure, the clothing loose and comfortable, the child not covered too warmly; then if not inclined to sleep, and still apparently healthy, I should not worry about it. I should avoid all excitement prior to the usual time for a nap. Coming into the city on the train not long since, I noticed a six or eight months' old babe, in charge of its mother and some relative. The child was bright, excitable, full of play, and the trio had a great romp in which the little fellow was tossed and teased and tickled till it was easy to see he was becoming hysterical. Every time he had showed a disposition to relax in the play, he had been stirred up again, until at last the reaction came and he cried as hard as he had played. He was thoroughly tired out and exhausted. Such treatment of a child is worse than injudicious, it is cruel and heartless; none the less so because it is due to ignorance on the part of parents. Never play with a child until he is tired out. When you are wearied by excitement or unusual exercise you are nervous and irritable in consequence. So is the baby.

And do not, as you value the future health and strength of your children, impair their digestive powers and lay the foundation for chronic stomach troubles in the cradle. "Paste this in your hat." No solid food until baby has teeth to chew it.

BEATRIX.

## AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Mrs. H., of Northville, wishes to be told through the HOUSEHOLD what will destroy the little brown fly that infests her houseplants, and which she thinks is the cause of the small white worms in the earth in the pots. The fly is probably the winged form of the aphid which is so destructive to houseplants in a warm atmosphere, and the best remedy is smoking the plants. This is done best by putting them in a box or barrel, or if only a few are to be smoked cover them with newspapers to confine the smoke, and put a few moist tobacco stems on live coals, letting the plants stand in the smoke till it has nearly disappeared. Then give the plants a good syringing to knock off the half dead insects. A single plant may be covered with a paper bag or a newspaper funnel and smoke from a pipe blown under it. The syringing is a very important part of the plan, as otherwise many of the half dead insects will revive. To keep them free from the insect, take them to the kitchen on wash-day and give them a good showering or syringing; and keep your room at as low a temperature as is consistent with comfort. For the little white worms put a tablespoonful of lime water into the water given them. Do this once, unless they are very bad; if necessary, repeat after a week.

The calla should have "rested" during the summer, that is, should have stood in the shade without water for a month or six weeks. Then water sparingly until growth begins, repeat, give water more abundantly and it will bloom during winter. Too much water will produce luxuriant leaves

and no flowers; let them have enough, and not too much, and the bloom will follow. Use tepid water for watering and showering.

B.

## A VARIETY OF THINGS.

I must introduce myself this morning for the first time to the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD. I've never had my say before, and we have taken the FARMER many years. I enjoy very much reading the little paper, and sometimes wonder who is Beatrix or Simon's Wife, or Evangeline. I am a stranger to all but Evangeline. Well, I hesitated about a subject but finally thought I would choose the one named above. I'm a great talker and have got many things to say, but I don't want to be tiresome. First I want to say a word about an old subject. Some will say "Why not try something new and not rake up an old subject?"

About mother love: If we love our husbands, though we love them ever so much, in time perhaps we may find a substitute, though may be a poorer one; but if we lose a child, and others no doubt are as unfortunate as myself and have but one, nothing can ever take its place. The dark cloud that settles over the home to crush our hearts, never seems to be entirely lifted again. The picture of my mother's death bed comes to me as I write. That, if nothing else, would prove to me how true my assertions are when I say there is and can be no love, unless Omnipotent, like a mother's love. How she took me in her arms, although grown to womanhood, and wept over me and told me how she loved me, and also how she hated to leave me; called me every dear name and clung to me, and prayed over me, and then commended me to Him, who at the Resurrection would let us meet again! What a scene! and every day there are others like it!

What supreme joy first comes to every mother's heart! Then as the years drift by, anxiety about the child comes, and all the while how sad a love! If you love them this stanza explains it all:

"Sad shift of love, the loving heart,  
On which its aching head was thrown,  
Gave up the weary head to rest,  
But kept the aching for its own."

I am a farmer's wife and think our class of people earn all they get. I like a large farm and good stock of all kinds, and think the best pay the best. We do not keep much stock, but what we have is the thoroughbred. Chickens pay well, but few know how to make them pay. Turkeys do not pay, they eat too much. Eggs should be packed (in salt is my way) after the middle of August and kept for the winter market.

Much has been said on the butter question. I churn often, use a barrel churn, wash well in cold water while in the churn, work little, use good family salt, and have kept butter a year and a half, good.

One of our merchants' wives said to me not long ago, "I pity a farmer's wife, there is so much drudgery in the house." Now we all know a farmer's wife must be a good manager to make farming pay; then two-thirds of the men don't think

what a woman does amounts to anything, or that she needs anything, yet are ever remarking how well dressed some other woman is, though his own wife who has shared the burden and heat of the day has not a decent dress to wear, and his stinginess often makes thieves of his wife and children.

Don't be fussy, and do so much needless work that you can never find a minute to read or ride, or enjoy a great many things God gave to enjoy. And above all else, don't let us be too worldly, but forget self, and as Thanksgiving is so near remember some one poorer than ourselves.

I do not iron common sheets or bed spreads, and do not think any one would notice but that I take great pains with them. Nor do I pare apples for sauce or pies or mince meat, and think it much nicer and saves time.

When I fry cakes I put a tablespoonful of vinegar in the kettle with the lard, and no grease will fry into them. There are a great many things I would like to say to you, but if I am welcome will come again.

BATTLE CREEK.

MRS. VARIETY.

#### FOR CHRISTMAS.

Cushions of various sizes and materials have now so many uses that we can hardly go amiss in making one for a friend's Christmas. Make a square cushion covered with brilliant red satteen and filled with curled hair. For this crochet or knit a cover in macrame twine or the softer cord that comes in balls, choosing a soft grey or tan color; one side is left open and tied with ribbons, so the cushion may be removed and the cover washed whenever necessary. This is one the "men folks" will appreciate, as no "Don'ts" go to its use.

A beautiful pillow for a lounge may be made of plush, ornamented with arabesque designs also in plush. The pattern for the designs is drawn on tissue paper, which is gummed on the back of the various colors of plush to be used; the patterns are then cut out, basted lightly on the groundwork, and sewed down with fine sewing silk. The paper on the back prevents raveling, and the stitches are entirely concealed by the long nap of the plush.

A set of table mats is an appropriate gift to a housekeeper. For the largest one, make in solid crochet a plain oblong piece, four inches wide and eight or nine inches long. Then make enough crocheted wheels to border it, sewing them firmly together and to it; around this crochet three or four rows plain, and finish with a shell border, which must be made to lie perfectly flat. For the vegetable dishes make three smaller mats, with square or oblong centres, according to the shape of the dishes; starch slightly, and they will look very nice.

A table centre is another nice gift for a housekeeping friend. They are of linen, powdered all over with stemless flowers, as buttercups or daisies worked with yellow silk in close Kensington stitch; have an inch wide hemstitched hem, and if you

choose a flat edge of Cluny or antique lace with mitred corners.

Napkins for the dishes in which boiled eggs, baked potatoes, tea biscuit, or corn on the ear, are served, are squares of linen with narrow hems or fringed edges, with the four corners folded over envelope fashion. These corners are appropriately decorated either with outline designs or mottos.

Shopping bags of plush or satin are much carried, being such convenient receptacles for the little packages and the box of bonbons with which Madame provides herself while down town. They are quite sizable, lined with surah and furnished with ribbon drawing-strings. One I saw the other day was of black satin lined with pale lilac surah. The lower half of the bag was powdered with knots of black jet beads, three to a knot, set on diamond fashion. A bag which would be found very useful to those who must drive to town is like a long purse with two rings of brass or nickel in the middle. A broad band of ribbon half a yard long should be sewed to the rings, and forms a loop by which the bag can be secured to the corner of the carriage. It should be a yard and a quarter long and from fourteen to eighteen inches wide, and may be made of as rich or as simple materials as one pleases. A long opening is left—purse fashion—in the middle, through which to slip the parcels. One end of the bag should be drawn up under a tassel, the other left square and finished with fringe or small fancy tassels.

A pretty tidy of linen scrim is a yard and three-eighths long. One end is finished with a band of drawn-work, a hem-stitched hem and a row of wheels crocheted out of linen thread, with fringe tied in the lower halves. The other has a V-shaped point of wheels sewed together, the scrim being cut away to allow its insertion; the lower row of wheels borders the entire width of that end, and fringe of the thread is tied in the lower part of the wheels.

Any size or style of basket, flat, deep, square or round, for almost any purpose, can be made by crocheting macrame cord or seine twine in the desired shape, drawing it over a box, pail, pan, bowl, etc., to shape it, and rubbing it over with stiff starch. Let this dry, then paint—while still on the form, and then varnish. Ribbons can be run in spaces crocheted for the purpose, and the little baskets made very dainty and fanciful.

The "saddle-bag" chair cushions to throw over the top of a chair, now have one half made with a pocket. The cushion which comes on the back of the chair is made thin and flat, and a pocket of the same size formed by folding an extra length of the goods over one side. This forms a pocket in which Madame may deposit her fancy work, her book, her bonbonniere, or her handkerchief, or may, if literary in taste, keep blank book and pencil for use while reading.

VASELINE is highly recommended as a dressing for shoes; and is said to soften the leather better than any other application. Apply with a cloth, rubbing it in well.

#### COMMENTS.

May one nearly sixty years of age come and try to say something? I have had the *HOUSEHOLD* from the beginning, and now it is as welcome as ever. Of all the "weeks" written I like Keturah's the best. I think a plain meal well cooked better than such a variety. Evangeline's "week" made me tired to read it. I thought how could she cook so much. Those cookies! Why will women bend over the kneading board and heat themselves over the cookstove, to make them to put on the table three times a day, to be eaten by the children between meals, when for their health a piece of bread would be better.

I think if Simon had thrown away his pipe and given his wife the money he spent for tobacco to be used in the family, her "week" would not have been quite so cloudy.

I neither like an oilcloth nor a dirty tablecloth, so place under each man's plate a towel three-fourths of a yard long, letting it fall a little over the table, and when dirty change for clean ones.

Y PSILANTI.

#### DAISY'S BABY.

Daisy's appeal excites my sympathy, and my conscience will not let me keep silent. The diet of a nine-months-old infant should consist of milk, (whole milk if it agrees), and some of the grains. No meat should be allowed until two and a half or three years old, or until the grinders have made their appearance, that it may be well masticated, for the delicate organs of digestion should not be overtaxed with unmasticated food. The Sanitarium Health Food Company, of Battle Creek, manufactures a food expressly for infants, which would no doubt give satisfaction. It may be used with or without milk, and can safely be relied upon as the sole nourishment of the child if necessary.

The diet is undoubtedly the cause of baby's wakefulness. Regulate the diet as to quality, quantity and time. Bathe regularly, and I think you will be rewarded with longer naps.

MRS. G. C. B.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**RAISED CAKE.**—Two cups sugar; two cups bread dough; three-fourths cup butter; one cup raisins; one egg; half teaspoonful soda; nutmeg; cinnamon. Add more flour if the dough is too thin.

**LEMON PIE.**—One lemon; one cup sugar; three eggs; one cup water; half tablespoonful cornstarch; one tablespoonful flour. Cook over a kettle. Bake crust separate. Frost with the whites of the eggs. HANNAH.

**SPICED MOLASSES CAKE.**—One cup sugar; half cup butter, stir well together; three eggs; one cup molasses; one cup sour cream; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cloves; nutmeg and cinnamon; two and a half cups flour. AUNT MAGGIE.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes Mrs. Fuller, or some one else, would tell her whether soot from chimneys where coal is the only fuel used, is as beneficial as a fertilizer to houseplants as that from wood.