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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GUARDING THE TONGUE.

If each of us, as we pass through life,
Would bridle and curb the tongue,
And speak of only the pleasant things
To be said of every one,
What a wonderful difference there would be,
Between this world of ours
And the paradise it would become
With all pathways strewn with flowers.

How surely a little reflection
Will show us as plain as the day,
The mistakes we made when we hastily
Allowed our tongue full sway.
When the day is done and we think it o'er,
Ah me! that it should be true,
There are few of us who can honestly say
There is nothing we would undo.

Too often the faults we clearly see
In others are faults of our own,—
And those who dwell in houses of glass
Should be wary in casting a stone.
So, have charity, much charity,
The loveliest virtue of all,
And look well to the member unruly,
For it's prone to slip and fall.

—Good Housekeeping.

DISAGREEABLE MANNERS.

Some one has said that a beautiful form is more attractive than a beautiful face, and a beautiful manner more attractive than both. Yet how differently we look upon them. Beauty of face and form is looked upon as Nature's dowry, while that of manner is attributed to the effort and perception of its possessor. This rule reverses too; no one is supposed to have chosen a set of plain features, a bodily deformity awakens our considerate pity, but a disagreeable manner! Who has any patience or pity, or anything but blame for the unfortunate who spends her life under its ban? We say she could be agreeable if she tried, there is no sense in hitting everybody's angles, while we might just as reasonably claim for another the power to change her features or straighten the curved spine. If any who chance to read this are strangers to the drawbacks, the discouragements, the stubbornness of an ungracious manner, let them thank the lucky star of their nativity, but call this sketch no libel, for the writer knows her subject well—having felt its fetters on her life for nearly half a century.

From early youth, one with this affliction will be regularly conscious of something wrong, but it usually takes years and years to make her fully realize why she is so sadly out of tune with the mass of mankind, and then she finds it impossible to make a change. She knows that a forced smile expressed more of idiocy than mirth, to flatter

and fawn lowers her self-respect, and she finally gives up the art of sugar-coating as one forever lost to her. But her influence is crippled, and she is constantly misunderstood—from her very nobility of thought and purpose. She is lenient to the weakness and errors of her own sex, and thinks so much less of them than people are expected to, that when a friend suddenly shrinks away with hatred in her eyes, it takes her some time to realize that it is because she has touched a cankerous sore in the past—one she thought of too little importance to remember. She reaches forth her hand to the needy, and as soon as they cease to be needy they turn from her to seek the company of those who stood aloof. If she tries to rise above the gossip of her neighborhood, she thinks herself smarter than the rest; if, to play the agreeable she takes an interest in the common themes, her words are perverted, repeated and returned with a suggestion that she has been meddling with other people's business. Unless she tries to lead in public matters she is called selfish, and if she does try she is soon given to know that but few will follow; indeed in most any case where she attempts to do good she is very likely to do harm—a true feminine throw, hitting what she never thought of aiming at. When, little by little, she comes to see all this in its true light, whatever may be her ambition, however high her purpose, she feels that the less she attempts to do in the world, the better suited the most of the world will be. The most, but not all, for to the disagreeable woman is given what is denied to many more popular, viz.: A few staunch friends, who, in spite of all, love and trust her always; for while nobody can be always sweet, lovely and gracious, the disagreeable woman can be relied upon; she varies but very little, and that little is apt to be an improvement. UNGRACIOUS.

MAKING SUNDAY.

I believe the Sunday question is declared closed, but as some other reader may live out of reach of church and Sunday school, and be puzzled to distinguish that day from the rest of the week, especially if she has children growing up about her, perhaps the Editor will allow me to tell some of my ways of making it pleasant and teaching a fondness for the one regular break in the routine of toil.

In summer we usually have Sunday school; if not, it is easy to mark the day with a ride or walk; but when winter storms shut us within the house and we have no

hope of callers, it requires more effort to make the time pass pleasantly. At our house there is always a suit, or some part of one, known as "Sunday clothes," and the day's distinctions begin with the morning toilette. We try to have those clothes just comfortably nice—not of the kind to demand any extra care or fret from either mother or child. The few extra dishes are used, the table set with care, and if possible some treat added to the bill of fare. Our one closed room—an embryo library—is warmed and opened, and the children have the liberty of the books there "for that day only." This of itself seems to be such a treat that the hours never drag.

Many years ago I spent a Sabbath in an isolated home, where the father was Scotch and the mother German. There were several children, and I saw nothing to denote the day until afternoon, when a table was quickly cleared, all took their places around it and a chapter was read from the Bible—each in turn read a verse, the mother using a volume brought from Germany—and when it was finished the father shut the book with a slam and rose in haste to get at the chores, remarking to me as he went out that he thought it did "the bairns na harm to have a bit o' the Scripture on a Sunday." I have never questioned his wisdom, but think that where the children's age permits, this exercise followed by a hymn or two, or a dozen, would be a pleasant exercise.

A beautiful service in a beautiful church, with its music, its oratory and wisdom, is a rest and inspiration to the wearied soul; yet if shut away from it, let us not regret it too much, but seek similar rest and beauty in other things. "The groves were God's first temples." What lover of nature ever sought pleasure from a ramble there and found it not? The flowers are

"Living preachers,
Every cup a pulpit,
Every leaf a book."

And regarding prayer, Victor Hugo says, "Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what attitude the body may assume." THOMAS. A. H. J.

A REQUEST.—Will some one please send a few quotations from Josh Billings. I am in great need of some and know not where to obtain them unless it be through the kindness of the readers of our little paper. A FRAUD.

[Any one who can comply with the above request may send such extracts to the HOUSEHOLD Editor, and they will be forwarded to "A Fraud."]

MORE APPLE BUTTER.

I think there is considerable apple-butter made in Michigan, and nearly as many different ways of making as there are makers. The requirements for the good old-fashioned article are a good supply of patience, a strong right arm, sweet cider just from the press, sweet apples, a large copper kettle and a stodger. We always pare the apples the day before we are going to boil, as we begin by taking the day by the foretop. The kettle is hung so that it swings either way; when the cider boils the apples are put in, then when this boils up again we begin stirring. The stodger is a board about eight inches wide and about eighteen or twenty inches long, bored full of holes and resembling somewhat an old-fashioned board mop; into the end of this is fastened a handle six or seven feet long, so that your clothes do not come in contact with the fire. This stodger is constantly kept in motion by moving backward and forward over the bottom of the kettle, which prevents the mass from burning to the kettle; which is kept boiling until the cider is all evaporated. This is the hardest part of the business for the novice to determine. About an hour before removing from the fire the spices and sugar are added, if sugar is needed, which is generally the case, as the sauce will be quite acid though the apples and cider may seem quite sweet and pleasant before boiling. The sour, acid apple-butter which sets your jaws, yet which we sometimes find, is but a poor excuse for apple-butter for me. One large kettleful when boiled down will make several gallons of rich, toothsome sauce, which we find no difficulty in disposing of at from seventy-five cents to one dollar per gallon.

It needs no canning, but will keep in open jars for several years. I have some left from last year, though I did have some difficulty to keep it, as our old customers seem determined to wrest it from us, but next year we expect to make again.

OLD HUNDRED.

ADVICE TO SISTERS.

I liked Mrs. Hutchins' article on farmers and fashions very much. Why should not their wives and daughters be stylish as well as any one? If you are gifted with good taste, by all means display it in every way, wherever you live or whatever your station.

The lady did not speak of farmers and their sons. Does not fashion extend to them also? I think it does; we need their help in all our efforts for improvements. There is something incongruous about receiving your friends in a tea gown of the latest cut with fathers and brothers uncouth, awkward and outrageously dressed, by your side or hiding in the back kitchen.

I am writing this for the sisters troubled by rude, rough brothers. I want you to know my way of civilizing them; the directions can be applied to various members of the family, if need be.

Let us take the boy we are to make a take-off-your-hat-gentleman of, and see what he has to wear in the first place. But never mind; I know. Father got him a dark, thick, serviceable suit, good and warm for

winter, that he will wear for picnics and elsewhere next summer. It was altogether too large, but the clerk said it would shrink, and boys grow so, any way, it didn't matter. Now this was supplemented by a celluloid collar, quarter of an inch too large or too small, a hideous, unsaleable necktie thrown in with the clothes, and a pair of tight, squeaky, heavy shoes, that about completes his outfit. Now he will act just as he looks, and who can blame him?

Girls, it is for you to see that he has handsome, fine, well fitting clothes, easy, "quiet" shoes, irreproachable linen, pretty, dainty neckties and handkerchiefs, suitable gloves and hats, etc. The amount of pride a boy will display in matters of dress, if permitted to do so, is quite astonishing. But you say, "It is so expensive, father wouldn't let me." Oh, yes, he will. Did he get you a parlor organ or piano? Well then, he will do this too, and if you earn money in any way you can help him.

Now, after you have done all this and he has recovered from his astonishment, you may bring out the etiquette book and proceed with the good manners part.

It would not be surprising if he receives your first lesson in deportment with the most shocking ingratitude, and shows his contempt of such "foolishness" with the greatest rudeness. However, he will think of all you say while he is "doing the chores," or going to school. Genuine unselfishness is seldom lost on a boy; keep right on, there are many other points to be considered, among the first, cleanliness and neatness; encourage and help him to look well every day; if possible (and it generally is), make a friend of him, be good to him; it is a duty and is to your own interest also, for his future will affect you, whatever it is; he is your brother, and his honor is yours. All this aside, there can be no greater ornament in your home than a bright, clean, intelligent young man, with fine manners and plenty of good clothes. I hope you will try; you have my best wishes.

AUNT YORKE.

LECTURE COURSE.

From the fact of my living away out in the country, I have often felt a little envy rising up in my rebellious nature whenever I read of a good play, opera or lecture being given in our cities, toward those more fortunate persons who live at least near enough to once in a while avail themselves of the opportunities presented without being away from home two or three days. But this winter times have changed. Owing to the energy of a few young men of one of our towns we are being treated to a rare lecture course, comprising five lectures or entertainments by some of the best of talent; and the cost of the whole course is within almost any one's reach, being one dollar and a half, or fifty cents per single lecture.

We have had Frank Beard, the wide famed caricaturist, in a jolly chalk-talk; he will make such funny pictures and get off such funny jokes that one finds it almost impossible to keep their seat; he says it is a very hard matter for one person to make a genuine new joke, and especially if one's bread and butter depends upon it.

The Boston Ideal Banjo, Mandolin and

Guitar Club was our last entertainment, and they were splendid. They made such sweet music on their strings that we could almost imagine ourselves in fairy land and being lulled to sleep by innumerable numbers of fairies playing upon silver stringed harps.

The next number calls for Mrs. Livermore, whose advent I await very impatiently.

A FRAUD.

TENDER WORDS FOR THE LIVING.

"If we knew whose feet were standing
Close beside the silent stream,
If we knew whose eyes were closing
In the sleep that knows no dream,
We should be so kind and tender
Lightly judge, and gently speak;
Let us act as if our vision
Saw the links that swiftly break."

The above lines, from the pen of Mary T. Lathrop, President of our State W. C. T. U., are so sweet and truthful that I copy them for our HOUSEHOLD readers. Many are the hearts saddened amid the Christmas joys because of those who have gone out from the home circle to return no more. Bitter indeed are the memories of harsh words or unkind acts to the departed, but unavailing are all our tears or sorrows now. They are gone forever from this world of care and trouble into a world of light and rest and peace, leaving us so sad and lonely. Time, with gentle touch, softens the grief, yet how we miss them at this holiday season; those who were so kind and loving to us, who looked so lightly upon our faults or chided so gently. And yet we have other dear ones to live for. Life with its cares presses upon us, bringing daily the little trials; but let us not forget to be kind and tender, true and faithful, to the charge given and at the end we shall reap the reward.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

SUGGESTIONS.

I enjoy reading the HOUSEHOLD each week more than I can tell. It is a perfect little gem. Every bit is good, only please do not advise wine or any other intoxicant as a condiment in cooking recipes. I fear you do not realize what the result might be, either in awakening a slumbering appetite or creating a new. We cannot be too careful in these little matters, for they sometimes grow to pretentious size.

I saw an article lately which said: "Girls, if you insist upon wearing dead birds upon your hats, choose English sparrows." But why decorate with birds at all? Are there not plenty of far prettier decorations for the feminine sex. For one, I never admired birds on hats; I do enjoy them as well as any one can in their native element, living and free, their little breasts full to overflowing with warble and song. Rather than sacrifice the lives of those innocent, harmless little creatures, let us devise some other and better way of bedecking ourselves.

To remove fruit and other stains from table linens, soak the spots two or three hours (or a less time will do) in sweet skimmed milk; rinse out in clear water and put into the wash. It has never failed me in many years' trial, is very simple, and easily done, and equally good for prints and muslins. A solution of oxalic acid will remove old stains that are set in the goods, and iron rust, by dipping the goods, then exposing to a bright sun or near a hot stove.

SALINE.

MARY.

OF WHAT USE IS IT?

[Paper read by Mrs. M. E. Henry, of Albion—known to readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* as "M. E. H."—at the Farmers' Institute held at Concord, Jan. 15 and 16, under the auspices of the Concord Farmers' Club.]

I do not propose to say anything to you at this time of monopolies, trusts, tariff or protection, nor of Henry George's scheme for the amelioration of the laboring people. I propose only to say a few words of encouragement, to remind you of a few of our privileges and blessings; to cause you to forget for five or ten minutes the clouds which lower just above the horizon for many farmers.

We need to be reminded often that there is a silver lining to every cloud; we are such a hurrying, jostling, ever-busy people; we never take time to sit down and study and consider things coolly and leisurely. We need reminders continually; from the bit of red string tied around the child's finger, the memorandum carried in the vest pocket or shopping bag to the notes taken by our literary people to supplement memory, and the minister in the pulpit who as often as one day in seven reminds us of those truths which the masses in their hurry and scramble for wealth, honor and position would soon lose sight of.

Farmers have plenty of hard work; we'll not think of their trials now, but work is one of their blessings. I will quote from a few noted persons to prove this assertion. Carlyle says, "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness." Chauncey Depew says, "The only real and lasting enjoyment is to be found in work." A Swedish author says of work: "Happiness, independence, respect and reputation are what work bestows." "Work is life." "One who finds life empty, bitter and burdensome has still work, in which is consolation." Surely I can add nothing to this.

The farmer is not confined to his work from whistle to whistle as are most laborers; he can manage to secure a goodly amount of time to give his papers and books and social intercourse; with this time at his disposal and the world so full of books, he can inform and educate himself just as highly as he chooses, there is really no limit to the possibilities before him.

Is it not high time the dormant faculties were aroused? In fact are we not waking up to the necessities of the times, and the need of informing ourselves? Many parents are making sacrifices to give their children an education, which will be a foundation for that which will fit them for the possibilities or necessities which may arise. What are they doing for themselves?

In the years that have passed away few farmers (in comparison) read anything but their own local paper and almanac, a few their Bibles and hymn books; there were no associations like our farmers' clubs, and other organizations of the present. There were no agricultural papers like our own *MICHIGAN FARMER*—"long may it wave" and every success attend it in its good work.

What a change the years have brought! Now we have our farmers' clubs which are really of great good; and that just in proportion as each member is interested, and

makes an individual effort to make it a success. Every member of the family can help to bring in all the bits of wisdom they possess, or can glean from other sources; and to assist in the music and the recitations, and all the experiences of the home and farm.

Isn't the farmers' club as good or better than the Grange or Patrons of Industry for the general class of farmers? Can they not secure all the advantages of the latter, without the expense of a charter and an organizer, and no assessments to support State organizations, which such farmers as cannot afford an agricultural paper could ill afford to pay in assessments? One of the great benefits to be derived from our clubs is the cultivation of the social faculties. The "getting together," as Edward Everett Hale calls it in a recent book of his, a story written to show the advantages to people in remote localities in having something to draw them all together, for instruction and recreation. People who live in isolated neighborhoods secluded from all society, grow narrow and still more narrow with each succeeding year.

Horatio Seymour left on record these words: "During a long life, I have learned that people who have the healthiest and happiest minds take an active part in every thing which concerns their community, their State, or their country at large. A proper interest and sympathy for others give men vigorous minds." Do not our own experiences teach us that no one should live an isolated life, with no thought or interest but for our own round of labor and cares?

Let us look for a moment at the farmers' club as an educator. What is the exact meaning of the word education? James Freeman Clark defines education as "the unfolding of the whole nature of man." Webster's definition has the same meaning, but is much more voluminous in number of words. Mr. Clark says also: "Outward circumstances, inward experiences, and social influences, make up a large part of our education." Circumstances are not always such as to develop the best in mankind; but man was given the ability and power to largely control circumstances, and direct the course of his life. He can by effort and thought acquire knowledge, become accomplished, refine and purify his nature, develop his powers, and strengthen his character; and because he can do this, it is his duty to do it.

This is the lesson taught by the parables of the talents and the pounds in the New Testament. It teaches us it is not enough to render back to our Maker just the talents He gave us; we must add something by our fidelity to what has been intrusted to our care. It teaches us also, the more we gain by our industry the more will be given us. Do you not see the necessity of a greater effort in this direction? Do you not see we must use and improve our talents or lose them, as did the unprofitable servant, who because he had but one talent, digged in the ground and buried it; and when the Master came He took from him the one, and gave it to him who had ten?

Let us use and improve our memory, our perceptions, our understanding, ere we lose

them; let us use and improve the conscience, or it will grow torpid; use and improve the powers that look up to an infinite truth, beauty and goodness, and they will lift you toward them. If man is given the power of self-improvement, this power is a talent confided to his care. Let these words ring unceasingly: "Use and improve."

What an educator are the discussions of the clubs! We not only get the benefit of the experience of others, but we get the benefit of the effort we make in trying to tell our best thoughts plainly and connectedly; every effort we make we gain a little more confidence; and this effort is also a discipline to the mind; teaching it to present our best thoughts on the instant we wish them, in place of their coming and going at their own sweet will. What a stimulant to mind and memory is the preparing of those essays called for by the club? We may read much, but if the ideas gained are not fixed or utilized in some manner, they sink from memory, and are lost to us. In trying to write these papers, the mind exerts itself to gather up all the ideas it can force the memory to disgorge; and it is necessary to read and study. Our own thoughts on subjects with which we are familiar are good as far as they go; we need also to know the ideas of those wiser than ourselves, and whose experience and observation has been more extensive than our own.

I might ask who write the most of these essays, and tell you that they show that men and women read and think of something more than the latest fashions, the weekly locals, crop reports and cooking recipes, etc. Not that these need be omitted; but there is another side to our nature that has developed strength enough to clamor for attention and for food. This attention we call self-culture. Now while cultivating this side of our nature, all the pure, good and noble instincts or germs in our hearts, do we not dwarf, if not wholly eradicate the weeds of envy, jealousy, and discontent? Does it not also tend to smother the narrow, petty rivalries and ambitions which so often spring up among neighbors?

Culture broadens and develops the nature, expands the understanding, polishes the rough surfaces, rounds the sharp corners, and makes men and women more lovable, more respected, and more self-respecting.

And this is the use of it.

Mrs. T. C. M., of Romeo, asks for a recipe for destroying moths in furniture. Benzine is the usual specific for such troubles. Put a quantity in a watering-pot with a fine rose, and sprinkle thoroughly. The benzine will soon evaporate, and the odor disappear. Do not be afraid to use plenty. Furniture dealers have a tank in which they put the pieces when they suspect moths, and saturate them thoroughly. Take the furniture out of doors for this treatment. To cover an infected piece with salt is also said to be a remedy. Coarse salt scattered on the edges of a carpet and under heavy pieces of furniture will repel moths.

A QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.—At a party or social gathering, say good night to your hostess and express your pleasure at the entertainment she has given you in the parlors before going to the dressing-room for wraps, etc. You should not appear in the parlors in your wraps at all. [For "Greenhorn."]

WASHING WOOLENS.

Owing to the serrate formation of wool in which each woolly filament is covered with minute scales, a decrease of temperature while wet causes a contraction of the fabric whereby these little scales are closely knitted or hooked together, and this condition is not overcome by a corresponding increase of temperature. Each contraction causes a proportionate shrinkage. Therefore woollens should be washed in water of the same temperature as the surrounding air. In no case should they be subjected to a lower degree of air or water. Observe how flannels washed, perhaps, in hot water and hung out doors on a freezing day will contract almost perceptibly.

Woolen goods should be squeezed and pressed until clean. Rubbing them causes the scale-like fibers to become matted together and the fabric is thickened, hardened and shrunken. Examine the seams, which have been much rubbed by wear, of a wool dress and note how they are literally felted together.

Borax, because of its strength and yet mild uncorrosive nature, is the best alkali to use. Ammonia, washing soda, etc., are too harsh for flannels. Dissolve the borax in either hot or cold water and bottle for the purpose. Hot water will absorb about six times as much as cold. The quantity to be used depends somewhat upon how soiled the articles to be washed are. It is better to use plenty, as it cannot injure the fabric and the dirt can be removed with less handling. Allow the goods to soak in the borax water or soapsuds several hours, press and squeeze until clean, rinse thoroughly several times, adding a little bluing to the last water if desired; at this point, after the water has been wrung from the flannels, work and press into each piece a few drops of glycerine. The quantity is not arbitrary. One-half tablespoonful to one pound of dry flannel is an average quantity. The glycerine supplies the original natural oil of the wool and its use was suggested by the fact that sponge pillows and mattresses are treated in this way to make the sponge soft and elastic. Wool, at one point of the preparation for weaving, is sprinkled with olive oil. After adding the glycerine, pull and shake each piece into shape and hang to dry. Shrinkage seems to be somewhat diminished by this pulling, as wool goods while wet may be shaped and stretched, to a certain extent.

If white flannels are old and yellow they may be beautifully bleached, and for this purpose should be taken when about half dry, hung on cords stretched in a tight box, barrel or portable wardrobe. Sprinkle sulphur on a few live coals placed in a flower-pot saucer, set on a brick in the bottom of the barrel, which should then be tightly covered. The articles must not be hung too near the coals to scorch. Sulphur fumes are very corrosive and the bleaching should be done outdoors or in a room with doors and windows open. Too much sulphur will rot the fabric. One-half or one teaspoonful in a barrel is a fair quantity. After bleaching half an hour the articles will be, if the directions have been followed, just damp enough to press nicely. The irons should

not be too hot and a piece of muslin should be laid over the goods while pressing. If a smooth surface is desired, press until perfectly dry; if the nap is wished raised, remove the muslin while the steam is still rising. Blankets should not be ironed. Flannels are warmer before ironing, as there is a greater amount of air space between the fibers. For this reason the same weight of fluffy, loosely woven wool is much warmer than when closely woven, though the latter is stronger. Old shrunken baby flannels, too good to throw away but too hard and yellow to be presentable, have been washed as described and made as soft and white as new.

If the above directions are followed the bleaching process will not often be necessary. Some shrinkage is inevitable, though long, hair-like wool, which has fewer serrations, shrinks least. Some of the imported wools for knitting and crocheting are of this quality. Flannel containing part cotton usually shrinks less than all wool.

For washing woollens which are but slightly soiled, or outer garments which cannot well be taken apart and pressed, benzine or gasoline is excellent. Use a sufficient quantity to cover the articles, press and squeeze until clean. Work fast that as little be lost by evaporation as possible. Wring and pour the benzine remaining in a bottle, and cork. If the garment is much soiled, rinse in more benzine and save what is left. The impurities will settle, leaving the clear benzine to be used and re-used as long as any remains. The articles washed in this way should be taken and hung in the air to lose the disagreeable odor. A little pressing will complete this process which, owing to the volatile and explosive nature of both benzine and gasoline, should not be performed in a room where there is a fire or a light.—*Good Housekeeping.*

WORK FOR WOMEN.

The *California Fruit Grower*, in commenting upon the just received card of a Los Angeles firm dealing in crystalized fruits, marmalades, jellies and preserves, gives the history of the rise of the firm, as follows:

"The real originators of this firm's business were some young ladies (sisters), of education and refinement, whose wise mother, herself a lady of highest cultivation and a perfect housekeeper of the best Old Maryland type, had thoroughly taught her daughters the art and mystery of all branches of housekeeping, among the rest, the handling of fruits in all forms. Coming to California a few years since, they found their pretty rancho near Los Angeles furnishing a much larger supply of fine fruit than the family could use or give away to neighbors. These spirited young ladies, not being of the hammock-swinging, lazy hand-holding, dawdling kind, set at once to work to make up the family supply of jellies, marmalades, etc., and taking a hint from an elderly fruit crank whom they met on their journey to their new home, they made up a small line of those delicacies for sale. As soon as shown to dealers they were promptly bought and more asked for eagerly, whereupon, taking into partnership some

gentlemen, they engaged regularly in the business, under the gentlemen's name as per their card. Their local fame and business grew and finally their goods reached San Francisco, where they took rank among connoisseurs ahead of the imported Crosse & Blackwell or Keeler's celebrated goods. They did this simply because they are better than imported goods, by reason of being made where the fruit grows and made with skill, nice appreciation of quality and flavor, and exquisite cleanliness, which cannot be matched in a dingy 'jam factory' in London or Glasgow." And the *Fruit Grower* sums up the "woman's rights" problem briefly and to the point: "Any woman may now do any work of which she is capable, and if it be as well done as, and costs no more than man's work, the world will take it at market price and care nothing for the sex of the one who did it. Only physical limitations will restrict her now to such work as she can do with such strength as she has."

CHAT.

A stranger would beg permission to step quietly in and find a seat in your charmed circle near Mrs. J. M. West, and ask her about her butter. I want to know if after it has been packed two or three months it still has the same fresh sweet flavor, or has it a packed (not frowey) butter taste. If not her plan is worth a price for those having Jersey cows, for it requires lots of muscle to handle their butter the second time.

I also would offer sympathy to Huldah Perkins in her lonesome hours. If that nine years of reserved talk has kept well, would like to have her live near the hole in our back fence. Although we do not live in a new place, but have a beautiful little farm home of fifteen acres in the suburbs of a city of about three thousand inhabitants, yet we would gladly sell it and go west to spend about a year, that we might once see the Rockies and the Golden Gate, and breathe the inspiring atmosphere of the sunny Southwest.

I will close, by wishing the HOUSEHOLD the best of all good things.

LAPEER.

MRS. W. P.

Contributed Recipes.

EGGLESS CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter—scant; one and a half cups of sour milk; one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg; one teaspoonful of soda; three level cups of flour; one cup of chopped raisins. This also makes a good fruit cake by putting in all the kinds of fruit usually found in a cake of that kind.

A FRAUD.

BAKED APPLE SAUCE.—Cover the bottom of a deep baking dish with nice tart apples, pared and quartered; spread sugar over them with a liberal hand; add another layer of apples and then of sugar until the dish is full, finishing with sugar, add no water, but bake thoroughly and you will have a dish very much nicer than stewed apple sauce.

FILLING FOR LAYER CAKE.—A cheap and easily made filling for layer cake can be had by leaving a small quantity of dough in the mixing dish; turn enough boiling water into it to make the filling. Stir smooth, sweeten and season to taste. Half a cup of chopped raisins stirred in at last makes it extra good.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.