

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

### A FREAK OF THE NORTH WIND.

BY K. L. BUTTERFIELD.

The November sun rose grand and bright,  
Shedding abroad his welcome light,  
But in the trackless sky he'd crossed,  
His face behind the clouds was lost.

When eve came on the North Wind blew,  
Whistled and sang as along he flew;  
Cracking his jokes on chins and cheeks,  
Respectful to none in his crazy freaks.

Gleefully, then, as if treasure he brought;  
But angrily too, as though evil he sought;  
He filled the air with the driven snow,  
Hurrying, flying, above, below.

When morning dawned he was yet at work,  
I grant you now he's never a shirk,  
For snow he'd carried to the window panes,  
Piled it by drifts in streets and lanes,

Borne it beneath the kitchen door,  
Scattered the flakes on hearth and floor;  
Whitened the boughs of the sighing trees,  
And vented his whims in tricks like these.

When with his storming he seemed content,  
Pretending no harm he really had meant,  
Off to the Southland to end his foray,  
He quietly, quickly betook him away.

### THE SALINE FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

On the morning of the 4th inst., the "editor woman" might have been seen, by any sufficiently interested observer, grip-sack in hand, with waterproof, umbrella and "gum shoes," en route for the Michigan Central Station and Saline. Whether it would rain or clear off was a conundrum for a time, but at last the fog lifted, and as the clouds of steam from the engine were whirled away glimpses of sodden fields, turgid streams and bare, wet woodland were seen from the car windows. It had rained the night before, like a second edition of the historic deluge, and the country roads we crossed were bare brown pathways of mud.

At Saline, nine miles southwest of Ypsilanti, and about the same distance from the "Athens of America," on the Michigan Southern railroad, we were welcomed by Mr. W. H. Bassett, president of the Saline Farmers' Club, Mr. Arthur Wood, and several others. Mr. Bassett took charge of the "editor woman," and a few minutes ride brought us to his pleasant farm home, not more than a quarter of a mile from the village, where we were welcomed by Mrs. Bassett, and presently presented to what the small boy of the story called "a bang-up good dinner." Will you believe, Mrs. Bassett had remembered Beatrix's predilection for chicken pie, and had made ready a most delicious one, and I

wish she would tell the HOUSEHOLD just how she did it.

After dinner, we went for a ride around the village, inspecting first the poultry farm of Geo. Nissly, which is quite a famed institution. A long low building contained the stock. The inside was divided off into yards or apartments by means of wire netting, with a passage way along one side and on the other doors leading into the runs outside, where the fowls had fresh air and fresh earth. The building seemed well arranged for the purpose, the yards are light and airy, and fresh water is conducted into each. We saw some fine Plymouth Rocks, in their suits of drab and white, and Minorcas, Langshans and Wyandottes, some of which had just returned from the Detroit poultry show, where they had won prizes. But the most interesting feature was in another building, where were the incubators and the victims whose ultimate destination is the gridiron. There were between 1,300 and 1,400 of them, and you just ought to have heard them "peep." The man in charge threw a bit of food into a few of the yards—for they are kept in lots of from forty up—and there was an unanimous appeal for more. "Me too, me too!" they chanted in almost deafening chorus. Just imagine you hear 1,300 chickens saying "Peep" in their peculiarly shrill treble, then multiply your conception by ten, and you have a faint idea of the racket. Up stairs were the little downy chicks, a week or ten days old, piping their shrill cries. Poor things, they never had a mother to scratch for them and call them to some choice bit—then conclude to eat it up herself—but appeared quite content with the artificial brooders, kept warm by hot air pipes. They seemed quite strong and healthy; I saw no signs of disease or decrepitude. Down stairs were the two large incubators heated by lamps with automatic electric cut-offs, so that when the temperature rises to a given point a cap shuts off the flame of the lamps and prevents a catastrophe in the way of roasted eggs. The man who has charge of the chicken house said there was no difficulty in hatching the chickens, the trouble was in raising them. At three months they are ready for the market. The growing of small fruits is combined with chicken-raising; every run has its trio of plum trees, and the curculio will have to fly high if he escapes the alert foragers.

Saline has four churches, two mills, a fine large school building with extensive grounds, and a number of pretty, cosy residences. The "show place" belongs to Mr. Davenport, the banker, and it is a beautiful

home, set in the midst of large, nicely kept grounds. The country about the village must be very pleasant in summer. The Saline river, just now a muddy and turbulent stream, frets over a dam and turns a mill-wheel, then flows away quietly through low-lying meadows, a favorite picnic ground. A steep hillside, clothed with young trees, would be, I am sure, the hiding place in spring of many a shy violet and blue-eyed hepatica. Pleasant farmhouses set among orchards and well-cleared fields betoken agricultural prosperity; and Saline, readers of the FARMER know, is a great place for the great American Merino.

The institute, the initial venture of its kind, which begun Tuesday evening and continued through Wednesday, was a great success. The neat little opera house, where the sessions were held, was well filled with farmers, some of whom had driven eight and nine miles to be present. Good music enlivened the exercises, and every person on the programme was on hand, prepared to fill the bill when called on.

Shall I tell you what I thought as I looked over the sea of faces in the audience? I lost the argument of the paper being read in speculating upon the changes which the past ten years have brought to Michigan farmers—changes which have made them more intelligent and consequently more liberal and broad; more polished; and which have done much to break down class feeling and prejudice. Here were men arguing the economic questions of the day with ease and ability, showing familiar thought. Many were self-educated—men whose culture came from observation, reading and reflection. There is but one objection to such mental discipline—it is apt to be confined to narrower limits, so that one forgets Sidney Smith's advice to "take broad views." Inclination and opportunity confine the student to one line of thought; when he gets wide enough to look at all sides of a question, its relation to other interests, the reciprocity which must exist in all our dealings with our fellows, then self-education makes a deep thinker.

The influences which have brought about these changes are various, but none has been more potent than that of farmers' clubs, stock breeders' associations and the like. These have brought men together and polished and refined and educated by the attrition of mind upon mind, which has rubbed off some rough edges and worn down some individual and class idiosyncrasies. Farmers are less a class by themselves than they used to be; it was always a mistake to suppose their occupation set them apart from other toilers in the world's fields of labor



The more we think of it, the more clearly we see the reciprocal relations of human lives, of families, communities, states and nations, and that damage to one is injury to all; and there is no question of more interest at the moment than "What is to be the future of the farmer and his family?"

BEATRIX.

#### THOSE TABLE MANNERS.

After reading the last HOUSEHOLD and digesting its contents (or trying to) I find the first article by Beatrix rather hard to swallow. This is supposed to be a farmers' paper, published for and read principally by the farming community. I would like to ask Beatrix how many farmers' families she thinks there are in the State of Michigan who live, or rather eat, in the style she has laid down for us to follow. She says to use the knife to carry food to the mouth is a relic of barbarism, an inevitable sign of having come from Wayback. Eating string beans and Lima beans with a fork reminds me of a young lady on being asked if she would have some of the beans replied, "A piece of one if you please." Now we farmers and farmers' wives look on this fashion of eating just as we do on any other fashion. We could not follow all fashions of the day were we so inclined. Take for instance a tableful of threshers coming right from their work, although giving their face and hands a good bathing, sitting down to dinner in their dusty clothes, tired and hungry. Just imagine how they would look spreading a nice white napkin over their laps, and eating all their food with a fork. On some farms the threshings last two or three days. Think of the tired housewife, with little or no help, washing two or three dozen napkins between meals, for I am sure they would not be fit to use the second time, then after the men had gone out seeing the need of calling in the chickens to pick up the crumbs. Ah, Beatrix, for all your usual good sense, I am afraid you are a little off for once.

BESS.

We belong to a Literary Society at home, and would like to join the HOUSEHOLD literary just for once. We would like to ask Beatrix a few questions on table etiquette. Will the food, deftly handled on the fork, make larger and stronger muscles, more solid and better bone material, or better nerve aliment, that our minds grow, expand and enlarge, enabling us to comprehend more, quickening our mental vision? Do we need a gauge, or spirit level to indicate when to give the fork a tip? Can't you invent a cheap machine for that purpose? We suggest that canvassers start before some inventive genius gets there.

The fork is a convenient and useful tool, especially for the farmer, we don't know how to dispense with it, but think some boarding house educators are making little too much ado over it.

Beatrix refers us to Prussian maxims. If we mistake not, Prussia is under the state and church regimen. At least Russia is, where even the family conversation (in some instances) is regulated by police sur-

veillance. Shall Americans pattern her maxims and laws? It would almost seem we were getting there if we could believe half the reports from Congress. Please give them a little forkful of etiquette down there. Pitch in right and left; most any slant of the fork will do if you stick it on the right side—opposed to church and state union.

CHESANING.

S. M.

I am glad to give place to the above criticisms, because they prove to me that what I write is read and thought about, and its adaptability considered. I have re-read, carefully, the article in question. There is nothing I wish to amend or alter. I know many farmers' families where the napkin is as essential as the teapot, and where the fork is used for its legitimate purpose, as matters of every day observance. I said nothing about providing napkins for threshers; I know very well it would be inconvenient and a source of extra labor at a busy time, but I really cannot see why even threshers, tired and dusty though they be, should not "eat all their food with the fork." It might be they would become so accustomed to shoveling the grain that habit would incline them to shovel in their dinners in the same fashion, but how about the men on the stacks? Now I want to ask some questions in my turn: Is there anything in the atmosphere of the rural districts, anything in country living, that makes it more fitting that farmers should eat with their knives when the custom of the rest of the world is to use the fork? Why must farmers' families have a distinctive code of table manners any more than a distinctive dress, or a class literature? Aren't good manners—manners other people practice—good enough for farmers? "On, we're farmers, we can't do that!" is the cry raised at any innovation, especially if it comes in the guise of a refinement, as if the conditions of farm life were against such things. Such ideas are mistaken. Farmers' sons and daughters are constantly gravitating to the cities. They have occasion to know the customs and usages of society; if they can learn them at home it is much to their advantage and ease abroad. I am inclined quite strongly to the opinion that refined table manners *do* make better bone and muscle, notwithstanding S. M.'s sarcasm. They tend to more leisurely satisfaction of the appetite, hence to better digestion, and thus to more complete assimilation of food.

In conclusion, "Some Don'ts for the Table" was written in response to a request for an article on table etiquette, made by a lady who says: "We have a family of growing children, three girls and two boys. We have means to educate them, but not many social advantages here. Our two older girls will go away to school this year and I want them able to appear well away from home. \* \* \* It is a great help to know the customs of other people, even if we do seem to be shut out of the world; we are six miles from a post-office." Now, I do not set the fashions in eating, and in stating them I assume no more responsibility than I do in telling how people dress. It is my business to state, correctly, the customs and practices prevalent; I can compel no one to follow them,

But I respectfully submit that no one—farmer or otherwise—can afford to despise or ignore the habits of good society.

BEATRIX.

#### COMMENTS.

I have just finished reading Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and its spell is still on me. It is a wonderful book, and I hope a prophecy. What if we find the solution of the troublous questions that darken our lives, in the simple triumph of common sense in all human affairs. I have tried to give an idea to those who have not read it, but I find my words only belittle it. Read it yourselves and not for the interest of the story only. Look deeper. The Bible justifies us in hoping for the thousand years of peace. Perhaps the long night is nearly done and the weary watchers for the dawn can perceive

"Eastward not now very far,  
A sound too loud for the lark,  
A light too bright for a star."

Fidus Achatus, "true friend," surely you do not believe anything comical is necessarily displeasing to God. It is not impossible that our Father in Heaven has a sense of humor too. Quite possible when we know that we are made in His image. By the way, what a trial a person is who never knows whether anything is funny or not. To make a joke and then have to draw a diagram of it and drive four stakes at the corners to show just where it is, is disheartening.

That hole in the fence is not for speaking purposes, it is to go through. Just the dimensions of the aperture that is required to pass me without tearing my dress I decline to state.

Ungracious, you have given me a new idea. I have always thought that kindly feeling found its natural expression in winning manners and it was a hateful spirit only that made any one disagreeable. Perhaps there are people who make themselves avoided because they have not the intuition that knows just what would be agreeable to others, and so must, socially, walk the earth blindfold.

E. L. Nye, you would appreciate "Looking Backward." Do read it if you haven't already.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

#### AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Will the Editor please explain the cause of the recent split in the W. C. T. U., referred to by Brunefille?

BESS.

The trouble arose from a disposition on the part of the leaders of the W. C. T. U. to pledge the organization to the support of the third party (Prohibition). This has been vigorously opposed by the Iowa delegation, headed by Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of that State; and at the last National Convention at Chicago, when the protests of the minority on the point of difference, as above stated, were disregarded, those opposed to it withdrew, and in convention at Cleveland, last month, organized the National Temperance League, pledged to the purposes of the W. C. T. U. so far as temperance is concerned, but owing allegiance to no political party.



## BAD HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

[Paper read by Mrs. Kittie Preston, of Grass Lake, at the Farmers' Institute at Concord.]

With the fall of man in the garden of Eden began the bad habits of society. If eating of the tree of knowledge opened the eyes of our first parents "to know good and evil," it is evident that they made the evil their choice, until from perfect innocence their retrogression reached total depravity. It seems strange, when we think of it, that society should have become so corrupt; and that God should have again replenished the earth with those who should in the course of time and events seek to raise the standard of society.

It would not be safe to say that each successive generation has been better than the one preceding it; but standing where we do to-day, and with a retrospective view of the long line of centuries, we do claim that there has been progression, onward, upward, to a higher plane of thinking, acting and living. Such is the society we boast to-day. We call it good; we are glad that we live in this enlightened age; but good as it is there are little vices, there are deep rooted sins and long standing habits which permeate this mass of humanity and make it far from perfect. Christianity and knowledge are the leavening forces which have wrought society to its present level. The development of each has been slow. The civilized world has been rent by petty jealousies, and by conflicting religions, all taken from the same great Revelation. It was not the fault of the Revelation, but the narrow-mindedness of man; and we rejoice that the different bands are drawing closer together as they recognize the same banner over all, "For Christ and Humanity." And Knowledge, the tree whose branches bear fruit in the world all about us, high in the heavens above us and low in the depths of the earth at our feet! Oh how long was man content with the mere wind-falls from this wonderful tree! As his narrow mind expanded, he was able to look higher and grasp the fruit from the tree itself, climbed here and there among the branches and new surprises awaited him, higher yet and his astonishment was complete, and for his thirsty soul there are heights, depths and breadths still unexplored. The millennium has not yet arrived. Christianity and knowledge have bridged the sloughs of superstition and ignorance. Together they can make man as God intended he should be, "but a little lower than the angels."

A general relaxation of the old Puritan ideas of liberty has come with the development and advancement of our country. And while we take progression for a guiding banner, it is well for us as a nation to look out for the stumbling-blocks which might turn the wheels of progress down grade. We can take a broad or a narrow view of society. We can call it our nation, or on our fingers count our favorite associates in our respective neighborhoods; and again we can cipher it down and say society begins at home. It is necessary that the home life be pure, that children be reared with due regard for their Maker, for the laws of our country and for themselves. The first will make them reverent and courteous; the second law-abiding citizens; and the third

of course pertains to the laws of health. Perhaps the bad habits of good society are only against the first and last. The desecration of Sunday is one of the greatest evils of the first, and it is a growing habit among all classes. Sunday excursions, Sunday visiting and recreation are not what is meant by "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy." Upon many of our national coins is this inscription "In God we trust." I would it were indelibly engraved upon the hearts of our people. It accords with the sentiment of the Psalmist who tells us "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." To those who would complain at the restrictions of Sunday, I would answer in the words of Henry Ward Beecher, "It is only the liberty of the senses that suffers. A higher and nobler civil liberty, moral liberty, social liberty will work out of it. Sunday is the common people's Magna Charta." Impurity of speech is another bad habit in this class. By this we mean the slang phrases and by-words which are thought by many to be so cunning. In some instances they seem to denote great mental calibre, at other times when they overreach the sublime to the ridiculous they sound decidedly vulgar. Then there come slander and flattery, that always go together clothed and disguised in many ways, but ever present in the best society to puff one up and push another down; telling big lies and little lies, black lies and white, to suit the occasion or gain the end in view. Just call to your mind the tea-table gossips and campaign orators to be convinced of this.

Luxurious living, late hours and intemperance in a broad sense are the bad habits which sap the health and strength of society. Our country's prosperity has made it possible for all who will work for it, to live in some degree of luxury. We are glad of it, we are proud of it, if it comes within our means, and does not lead us to extravagance and bankruptcy. Bill Nye says: "It is only a step from a hoe-cake to a plum pudding, but a half a mile back again the nearest way we can go." As the cry of "hard times" is so often heard, the query is, Are not the farmers just there? Can't find the way back to the hoe-cake, or rather to prudence and economy. However, frugality is honorable, extravagance is sin.

We are glad that physiology is taught in our schools. By the study of it the youth of our land are better able to see the dangers to health that arise from the use of tobacco, intoxicating drinks and other kindred evils. May the day hasten when men and women shall have moral courage enough to throw off the slavery of appetite and be free! Is it not pitiful to see men, the acknowledged lords of creation, chained to a vile weed or a burning cup?

These bad habits which I have mentioned are those which predominate in good society, and are decidedly injurious to our moral and physical natures. To be sure there are many more; some are like contagious diseases, catching, from city to town, and from town to country until their course is run; many of our popular amusements have had such a course; others become chronic, and are more or less injurious according to the power they have over us. So

it is important that public opinion should be educated aright, that it may battle with the wrong and uphold the right. Every individual has a place to fill and may each one feel the responsibility and with Divine help try to do his best. It is said that the human body undergoes a complete change in the course of seven years. Now does not society undergo a similar change? The leaders, whom we feel we cannot spare, die or are for some cause removed; others step into their places and the mass of humanity moves on as before. It is an acknowledged fact that the farmers not only clothe and feed the cities, but also send their healthy, vigorous children there to replenish their wasted strength. Yes, they need them in all the avocations of life. Let us then make our farm homes the model homes of our country; not of pampered luxury but of moral purity, and sound mental and physical culture.

## THE HAND ON THE LEVER.

The majority of women in this State have the privilege of voting at school meetings. With this power comes responsibility. I wonder if it is generally known to what an extent our schools are becoming Godless, that the moral character, with truth and sterling integrity its motive, is being put aside. Thirty years ago our readers contained much moral and some religious teaching. So quietly has this been dropped out and fine literature substituted that the change has passed unobserved.

It has been a good many years since I was one of a long class which sat on a seat against the wall of the old school house to be inspected, and the inspector asked questions from a book and said next, next, until he received an answer to suit him. There has been much talk about improving our schools, yet recently when I visited a district school I saw nothing but what I saw in my early school days.

Why? The first demand is for better educated teachers. A large per cent. of our teachers have never been to any but a district school, never even attended an institute, and take no educational publication. I know whereof I affirm; if you doubt go to the office of your county secretary and see the blanks furnished by the State for each teacher to fill out. Just as well might the mathematical professor try to lift himself by his bootstraps as for such teachers to try to improve our schools. In over one hundred papers not one teacher in ten could give a clear, concise answer to the question, "What is the equator?" and when they came to the other lines general distress prevailed. Shame, mortification and indignation filled me as I looked the papers over. First, let examiners come to the standard required by the State, if half the schools are closed. Grade teachers' wages according to preparation and experience. Let apprentices begin as in other trades or professions, and in each town appoint some one (often a woman would do best) with the same power the principal has in graded schools, to classify, examine, and arrange studies; this person to know the standing of every pupil in the town by records in his possession made



from examinations. When the term closes, the teacher furnishes this superintendent with a programme for a day, the names of the members of each class and where last lesson was learned. Then, even if there is a change of teachers, there is no demoralizing breaking of rank, no unnecessary putting back, but every class is ready to *move ahead*. Giggling girls of seventeen, with their heads full of fashion and beaux, now get certificates, and boys who smoke, talk cards and horse races, and have no more idea of our form of government than they have of the politics of Central Asia, yet we place our children in their care during their most impressible years.

I do not mean to include all teachers. I too know well the self-denying, conscientious, earnest teachers, giving themselves for the good of others, but they are not the ones who need improving, hence are omitted in this discussion. When you hire a teacher see the certificate which gives his standing; find out what the State allows you to demand, and accept no less. Visit the school; watch your children to see if they advance; in fact, look after this with the same energy you do your other business.

MRS. SERENA STEW.

#### BUTTER-MAKING.

In my former article I did not give our exact manner of handling butter in the creamery, but a modification I thought suited to small churnings. We wash a little more than mentioned there.

We have about twenty-five cows on our farm, several only two years old, and my father, living opposite, has fifteen. The milk is brought from the stables as fast as milked, and strained in Champion creameries. The merits of this style creamer are, no lifting of cans, no dipping off cream, no tubes to clean, and no sharp angles. The ice is put into the tanks before the milk is strained, a point which is very essential. We use the Davis swing churn, and all the packing of the butter together is done with heavy pounder on the bottom of the churn. We drain with the butter in the lower end of the churn, then draw up a few pounds at a time, press into sheets an inch thick and stand on edge in the upper end of the churn. After a few minutes, we must press once more, sopping off the brine with a wet cloth, and it is ready to pack. I think that with care the butter could be pressed by revolving the churn, if a barrel or rectangular churn is used, or it could quickly be done on the bottom of the other churns with paddles removed, but the Davis swing seems most convenient.

We used a butter worker and re-worked for some time, but now a few cents' worth of salt for the brine salting relieves us of several hours' hard work, and the butter worker is in the attic, with no disadvantage to the butter. We use no power, but it requires two men when there is a churning of eighty pounds which we sometimes have.

Our cows are half and three-quarter blood grade Jerseys, some of them fresh milch nearly every month. At present our make is two hundred pounds a week, but we have a man now who does the entire work.

FAIRFIELD.

J. M. W.

#### CHAT.

A dark, cold, windy, disagreeable day; everybody and his neighbor wrestling with la grippe. Makes me decidedly blue. So I look over this year's HOUSEHOLDS to see what they are all talking about. First, where, oh where is Evangeline, El See, Old School Teacher and several other absent friends. I want to tell Bruno's Sister that my sympathies are with Bruno. Why not carve the chicken before setting it on the table? Does she give presents for what she expects to get in return, forgetting that it is more blessed to give than receive? Just one word in secret; when I visit Detroit I shall call on the Editor, but I shall not stay to dinner; no, excuse me; I am sure she would watch me too close. If you are going to color carpet rags this spring, use Cushing's Perfection Dyes. You can get the genuine turkey red, and other colors equally as good. The latest plan to smoke hams is to smoke the barrel; by placing it over a good strong smudge, then packing the hams at once it gives the meat a nice flavor of smoke with very little work.

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

After reading Olive L. Burnham's ways of preparing birch bark, I will give my way of making an autograph album. I choose a leaf to my satisfaction, and cut a pattern from it, enlarging it to the desired size. Cut from this pattern the thin pieces of bark. Any number of leaves can be cut. In laying the leaves together place the light side of the bark so it will come on the right hand side, and with a small harness punch make one perforation each side of where the stem should be, and tie with a narrow ribbon.

OAKWOOD.

BON AML.

#### HOME-MADE MUFFS.

*Good Housekeeping* gives the following directions by which muffs for the children, or to match any costume, may be made at home at small expense and not much trouble. The directions, though seemingly complicated, are really simple when you understand them, and get at work.

The plainest styles of home-made muffs have a cozy and warm appearance, and are almost indispensable to children, while the more elaborate and costly ones are a very pretty adjunct to one's toilet. They are more than half cheaper than those bought at the stores, and can be made to correspond with any costume. If a simple school muff only is desired any pieces of colored goods can be used. Dressmaking and millinery are so often done at home, that there is usually a plentiful supply of remnants of all kinds, strips of plush and astrachans, velvets, serges—or in fact, any woolen goods may be used—with merino or silks for the lining. Solid velvet and heavy satin are most suitable for dressy muffs. No brocaded goods should be used. If preferred, a little pocket of the same material may ornament one side. This pocket looks cute and pretty, and answers in place of a purse. The same foundation applies to every style of covering, although the size must necessarily be larger for a grown person than for

a child, taking the wadding and covering all in proportion.

For a small muff for a child take three layers of dark wadding, sixteen inches square. In the center of the width and the whole length of the wadding place a layer of moss or stuffing of any other kind, over this fold the wadding in each side, making the width eight inches. When this is arranged take a few stitches here and there to keep the stuffing in place. Fold into muff shape and secure with a few loose stitches with coarse thread. This done, prepare the lining. Measure it fifteen inches in breadth and sixteen in length, join the ends in a seam, then fold down backwards on the wrong side three inches, and seam a hem two inches wide. Instead of sewing this down, turn the edges again for a second fold, this one to be only three-quarters of an inch wide. Run a gathering thread round the rough edges. This small fold makes a beautiful frill, while the wider one is for the elastic, which must be put in last. Now slip the lining through the muff. Draw the rough edges of the runner well up over the muff, and secure it to the muff with fine basting stitches, taking care to leave the stitched runner exactly at each edge of the muff, which now only needs to be covered. For the cover take one piece of goods sixteen inches long by eight wide—or it may be made of a strip of plush or velvet—with wool on either side—to make the required width. Join the ends, and draw it over the muff, and sew neatly close inside the stitched runner. Be careful to sew each side even, or the cover will draw. Now draw ribbon or elastic through the stitched runner, and finish with a bow on each side. Add the little outside pocket for the handkerchief or purse. To make it, cut the material nine inches wide at the top and round at the bottom, face with the same lining used for the muff. One-half inch below the edge run two rows of stitching for the elastic, which gather into a little frill. Fasten this well over the seam in the muff to completely hide it. At the bottom cut a few loops of ribbon. For a large muff increase width and length in the same proportion.

Mrs. J. H. wishes a lace pattern that will be nice for a white shawl, to be knit of silk or wool.

Mrs. E. C., of Webster, asks if some flower-loving lady will tell us just how to raise Christmas roses, how to care for them, and where to obtain the plants. In reply, we refer our correspondent to the *FARMER* of Jan. 11th of the current year, in which directions for cultivation are given. In as northern a latitude as ours, it would undoubtedly be necessary to place a frame over them, as suggested, to secure bloom. They are classed with hardy perennials, and need little care. Like the chrysanthemum, coolness and dampness are essential, hence they are not good house plants. The name "rose" is really a misnomer, though the bloom somewhat resembles a large single rose. We think the stock may be obtained of Wm. H. Maule, of Philadelphia, or of Samuel Wilson, Mechanicsville, Bucks Co., Pa.