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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Our little maid grows very wise,
In lore of signs and numbers,
And on her slate, with earnest eyes,
She works what she thinks wonders.
Beneath her touch, the magic lines
Will often bring her wishes,
But still refuse to tell the times,
"Mamma has washed the dishes."

Three times one, and seven times four—
And then the long years follow;
Enough to make the hair grow grey,
And rounded cheek grow hollow.
Among the plates, and cups and things,
The old cloth rubs and swishes;
While back and forth the problem swings,
Of "mamma and the dishes."

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

SPRING THINGS.

The warm days of last week brought out a profusion of "spring things," not only in shop windows but upon the individuals who compose the living tide that surges up and down the avenues and pauses to study and admire. Two-thirds, perhaps more, are women; to attract their attention the window-dresser studies artistic combinations of color and drapers and displays the choicest materials. Here and there Benedict the married man stops a minute before some unusually fine show, or is dragged to the front by Madame for a nearer view of something "too perfectly exquisite for anything," but generally it is the young ladies who do the raptures. But everybody uses his eyes. I recall so well my first visit to New York City, many years ago, and a promenade down Broadway. The windows we passed were dreams of beauty, glimpses of Aladdin's palace, but did I look? No sir! I had heard visitors to the great city were always distinguishable by their "gawping" at everything they saw. I was not going to shame my relatives and disclose my country bringing up by staring, not I! So I elevated my chin, turned out my toes and tried to think I looked like one "to the manner born" until my guide steered me up to a window full of exquisite laces, and called my attention to them. I soon learned all these beautiful things were put there to be looked at, and that everybody looked.

Well, about the spring things. The favorite wrap for misses and young ladies seems to be the cape, triple or quadruple or slightly gathered to a pointed and braided yoke. These capes are made of broadcloth, with pinked or stitched edges. A very pretty one worn by a tall slender dy had the fronts cut to form tabs reach-

ing nearly to the knee; there were three capes, or folds set on to simulate capes, finished with a black and white cord. Another was of tan colored cloth, gathered to a yoke braided with darker brown. For older ladies there are jackets with waistcoats set within revers, and mantles with sling sleeves, in cloth or silk.

Bonnets are gay, oh, so gay! The sober-minded middle-aged woman of quiet tastes stands appalled at the giddiness she is expected to place above her wrinkles and crows feet. But bless me, "when you're in Turkey you must gobble." So the woman of sixty tops off her grey hair with a navy blue bonnet trimmed with copper colored chrysanthemums—to typify that she is in the autumn of life's year, presumably—and "brightened" with a good deal of gold lace, and grandmother though she be, defies time, the thief, who stole her roses years ago. But you know there's a difference in women of sixty; some, sallow, wrinkled, sour, ought to be clad in penitential ashes and sackcloth; others, fresh, clear-eyed, erect, may coquet with the pinks and pale blues and lavenders of youth. Everything is trimmed with flowers. At Metcalf's a wide hat composed entirely of lace had for sole ornament a large cluster of pink and white English primroses and foliage, exquisite imitations, even to the blossom which had apparently fallen from its stem and lay loosely upon the brim. Another, a wide coaching hat, was of alternate rows of brown and white leghorn braid, and trimmed with a magnificent plume shading from brown to white, and a large bow of light brown ribbon.

Fancy openwork straws are favorites in both bonnets and hats. The bonnets are lined with a contrasting hue, and the favorite decoration seems to be a wreath of fine flowers around the edge. The popular shape is still low, broad and flat. Satin-faced velvet ribbon is used quite as much as grosgrain. Toques, the most approved round hat, sometimes have the crowns entirely covered with forward turning loops of velvet ribbon. Matronly ladies wear the toque by adding lace or velvet strings coming from the back. Lace bonnets will be again popular. A pretty model was of piece lace, shirred on wires and arranged so the scalloped edges, uniting in the centre, formed a ruffle down the middle of the crown. The trimming was *moire* ribbon, which is particularly pretty with lace, and old pink verbenas in a half-wreath across the front.

"Don't be afraid of lace dresses. They're

too becoming to go out," says a French fashion journal. Last year the nets were all the rage; they made pretty, dainty, but rather unsubstantial dresses. This season there is a decided revival of flouncings, which are more substantial and suitable for general wear. The saleswoman at Taylor & Woolfenden's lace counter says she sells three patterns of flouncings to one of net. Nets range from \$1 up to \$2 and above; flouncings are more expensive but really better value; they sell, from 38 to 42 inches wide, at from \$2 25 upward. Those at \$2 75 and \$3 make handsome dresses, while a beautiful quality of silk run Chantilly can be had at \$4. It takes from five to seven yards for an "all-over" dress. The skirt is of course composed of the flouncing, the border or edge being used for the full fronts of the waist and the plain figured part for back and sleeves. Ribbons form an appropriate trimming, and many are brightened by moderate use of cut jet ornaments.

A rather striking plaid dress had a bias apron slightly draped across the front, over which was worn a basque with jacket front and back hanging in two very full box pleats, defined to the bottom of the dress skirt and forming its back; these pleats were not bias. Another was cut on the bias throughout—just a full round skirt, slightly caught up to disclose the straight foundation skirt on one side. What is called the English skirt is very popular for wash dresses; this has a six-inch hem at the bottom, or a bias fold headed by a piping or a narrow edge of embroidery. Another way, which requires a foundation skirt, has five breadths of yard-wide goods laid in four pleats in front, meeting in the centre, and gathered elsewhere to the belt, then lifted at the side on one place only by a single deep pleat, to show the gathered flounces on the foundation skirt. The skirt with a deep Spanish flounce is again worn; this has a deep flounce on the front and sides, meeting two straight breadths in the back; this flounce is set on ten inches below the belt, with a standing frill or gathered puff; the space above is only half as full and is gathered or tucked. The waists and sleeves of wash dresses carry all the trimming, whether it be embroidery or ribbon. Ribbons matching the darkest color in the dress are much used. They are two inches wide, of velvet, satin or grosgrain. A two inch ribbon is folded through the centre, laid on the high collar, crossed in front, with four inch long ends. A band of the same covers the wristband

and is tied in a little bow on the inside of the sleeve. The belt ribbon ends in a rosette on the left side; or is four inches wide, made the full width in front, narrows on the sides to a point in the back, where it hooks under a bow with short ends. What is called the Elizabethan waist has full fronts without darts drawn in folds from the shoulders to a point at the waist, with a flat vest of embroidery in the middle space. The back is pleated from the neck to a point also. A narrow side form is necessary under each arm to fit the waist properly. Collars are high, and folded over as described in a previous *HOUSEHOLD*, or a pleated frill, wide at the back and narrowing in front, disclosing a little of the throat takes its place; these frills require wiring to keep their place. Turned over collars are also worn.

In making the straight skirts the full undation skirt is omitted, and a single back breadth with a ten inch steel crossing it half way down is sewed down the sides of the skirt, under a fold on one side and with a seam of the skirt on the other.

Wash silks are shown in abundant supply and in exquisitely dainty colorings, in stripes. These, and the China silks, though they make lovely dresses, are imitated so closely in coloring in cheaper cotton material that it is often difficult to tell which is silk at a dollar and which satteen at thirty cents.

THIS WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Dear friends, do not think I come to this little paper always to upbraid the correspondents for what they have written, but I am grieved when I read the sad letters that have occupied a portion of our paper.

Mothers, of course your little ones are very dear to you; you love them as only a mother can. They have your undivided attention to make them happy, comfortable, guide their feet in the path of right and prepare them for what they will meet in this cold, fickle, changeable world; there is a wide gap when they are called to that place of endless comfort and happiness, where sorrow, sickness, and death never enter. You realized that when the tiny coffin lid was placed upon the little casket you would not see that face again until you met it in heaven, but did you realize the full meaning of your words when you said that without that little child, life seemed a burden, or that you could never be happy again? Where is your husband? Did you forget him, he who was once your joy and comfort? Was there not once a time when in his presence you were perfectly happy; once when with him the darkest day was bright? Once he was a first consideration. Then do not let anything, no matter what, come between you now. Do not let the death of a child darken and sadden your life forever; turn to him for comfort. "Self judgment is righteous." Think how you would feel if he said the very same things! Would they not make you feel badly and perhaps start the first cold wave between you? Once you loved him best, so let nothing come between you now that can claim more of

your affection than he; think him perfect and that with him you can always be happy. Neither the words you say nor the warm tears of affection can bring your darling child back to you, so do not wound another life. Be cheerful and do what you can to make home happy and retain your husband's affection. Love him best, your children next. Undoubtedly all was done that was in your power to do for your child, when it was with you, and heaven is the only place for your pure innocent babe, so now give your attention to those remaining, and remember "As you sow, so shall you reap."

In response to a letter by Fidus Achatius, on the "Two Kinds of Schools," I think if the majority of young people looked upon marriage as the most important step of their lives, would study more carefully their plans, and if girls were less afraid of being old maids there would be more happiness in this world. Now I'm not selfish, I like to see others have, do for them, and see them happy, for I value my happiness and think more of a happy home than I'm afraid the average world gives a girl of my age credit for. Who had not rather be an old maid than an unhappy wife? I see nothing so bad about remaining single that should cause a girl to wreck her whole life and be forever unhappy. So let us look upon an unmarried woman as a favored being in this world. Now remember I do not speak from experience of what I have written here; I do not say what I will do and what I will not, for I find out it's the easiest thing in this world to be mistaken. I have heard people make those same brags, and if they got the straightest stick after traveling through the woods, I'll take my old "Dame Rathe" (a name given to a cane I found when a child) and be "an old maid."

WHITE LAKE.

NETTIE.

GOVERNING CHILDREN.

I have been a constant reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for three years, and woman-like, can keep still no longer and let the rest of you do all the talking. One of the topics now under discussion I am, and I think every mother ought to be, interested in—that of governing the children. I do not believe in governing by love alone. I think it very seldom you find all the children in a family can be governed entirely by love. For the first five years at least they mind because they are obliged to, not because they like to. I think there are no two children who can be governed alike.

I wondered as I read Ruth's article what Master Six year-old would do if requested to put in order the room he and his little sister turned upside down while his mother was reading.

Would he do it to the best of his ability, showing that he was in the habit of doing as he was told, or would he say (or act at least) "I don't have to" and stick to it? Ruth would have to do it herself; she would not want to use force for fear of making an ill-natured, sulky child of him.

Keep your children's confidence by all means, and do not expect them to be like

grown up folks but be sure that they obey you. I think love and respect will surely follow in the path of strict obedience. If we will notice we usually find the children that make the teacher the most trouble in school are those who are governed by love—or I will say not governed at all, at home. Their parents did not believe in the use of the rod.

No, Beatrix; I do not think any new translation of the word rod in Scripture is necessary; peach sprout is good enough. Right along with the list of gentle, loving natures that have been spoiled by the use of the rod, I would like to place a list of bad dispositions that have become worse because the rod had not been used. What hurt would the rod have done that little "Chicago terror" that Beatrix described about a year ago?

I would like some one's idea of children helping to do the work of the home.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

GRANDMA.

CARING FOR THE SICK.

An inexperienced woman is apt to be afraid to do much for a sick person lest she do harm instead of good; but as the main point is to spare the patient's strength, anything which rests and soothes him will help. When there is much fever and restlessness frequent sponging of the hands and face and brushing of the hair is needed; a cold wet cloth should be kept upon the forehead, and sometimes the patient will like to hold one in his hands.

When a chill occurs the bottles (mentioned in a previous article) should be filled with hot water and placed around the body, while hot drinks are given frequently. Hot dinner plates may be placed around the body, with a quilt intervening; a two quart can fits better under the knees; and when a hot application is needed in haste, a stove cover wrapped in a newspaper answers very well. When a chill is feared, the bottles and cans should be kept somewhere about the stove, filled and ready to apply without a moment's delay. When hot cloths are applied for the relief of pain they should be changed every few moments, and it is much easier to heat them in a steamer than to wring them out of water every time.

Flax seed meal is considered the best material for a poultice, but wheat bran or corn meal is a fair substitute. The poultice should be generous in size and an inch or more in thickness, and have sprinkled over its surface enough mustard to cause an irritation. As some persons blister more easily than others, no rule can be given for this, but it should be carefully watched, as a blister is too cruel a thing to be raised unintentionally. When a "sinking spell" occurs the patient should be given brandy every few moments, as much as can be borne without producing nausea; while the hands, arms and as much of the body as can be reached without causing chilliness, should be vigorously rubbed with hot liquor of some sort. As it evaporates rapidly it is best to heat but a small quantity at a time. If the patient complains of being uncomfortable from pro-

fuse perspiration, the body may be wiped with a warm soft towel, taking care that the cold air is not allowed to touch it. When the patient lies upon his back and is unable to change position, much rest may be given by kneeling by the bed and slipping both hands under the spine for a few moments at a time; the shoulders may often be rested in the same way; while to one perfectly helpless, slight and frequent changes in the position of limbs and head are usually restful. They must be made however, in a quiet, not fussy way and the patient watched to see if they suit or not. If the medicine is bitter, a little strong cold tea is the best of anything we have found to take away the taste.

When disagreeable tasks fall to the volunteer nurse, there should be no show of shrinking or distaste; but a ready performance of them in a matter of course manner. The perceptions and sensitive feelings are apt to be keener in sickness than in health, and the patient should be spared, so far as possible, the pain of feeling himself a burden to his friends. For the same reason we should be careful of what is said in the sick room, even when the patient is in a semi-conscious state, and hide any alarm, or even knowledge of a change for the worse. Indeed, one of the greatest necessities in extreme sickness is self-control.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

BRINGING UP THE CHILDREN.

We have only taken the FARMER this year, but I am quite attached to the HOUSEHOLD already. The only articles I do not read are those relating to fashion, still I do not wish they were left out, for I know there are others who enjoy them. I take great pleasure in reading such pieces as "A Mother's Influence," "Parental Example," etc., and hope to hear from "One of the Mothers" again. How I wish the HOUSEHOLD went to every home in the land, and every mother would read what Daffodilly wrote about "Air and Water" and if need be profit by it. In some cases where people are so poor that no help can ever be hired, I pity the mother who (half sick perhaps herself) is compelled to neglect her children, but when people are well to do, have money to build nice houses and wear fine clothes, it is quite different. Under the latter circumstances if any mother neglects to do all in her power to make her children well so they can enjoy the blessings of good health she does wrong; and how anybody can be happy in continual wrong doing is a mystery to me; and a still greater mystery is how they can expect to inherit eternal happiness in the life to come. I think they feel too sure of gaining heaven, rely too much on their faith in Christ to save them.

I wish we could all more fully realize our need of careful thought and study upon the question of *right* and *wrong*, so that we can rely on our judgment and feel sure it will not fail us; or in other words know just what is right and then dare to do it, no matter whether we are going to gain favor or not. I do not mean

to say that careful thought and study upon the questions of right and wrong, that is, the exercise of our reasoning faculties, will render our judgment absolutely perfect, but am sure it will improve it wonderfully. As parents, it is our duty to make good men and women of the children given to us; of course there are exceptions to all rules; and some people are born of such wicked parents and brought up under such evil influences that they try to see how much harm they can do, and how far responsible they are is a problem I cannot solve. Yet I still claim that parents that are born and brought up under at all favorable circumstances, should consider it our duty to make good men and women of our children, and feel sure we can if we will but make this subject of more importance to us than anything else; and then begin our work where we ought to, and that is with ourselves. It is not enough for us to know that we should not lie, cheat, steal, or in any way wrong our neighbors. With whom do we deal most? Is it not our children? Then let us be sure that we do not wrong them. Let us not lose our patience and get mad at them, for we all know a person is not likely to do right while angry.

Some parents say, "Well, I will bring up my children as well as I know how, and then if they don't do right I'll not be to blame." Let those same parents ask themselves these questions: "How well do I know how?" "How much time and thought have I given this important subject?" And if the answer comes to them like this: "I have given this subject comparatively no thought, my mind has been filled with thoughts of money, popularity, fashion, etc.," can they still say "I am not to blame?" When they stand before the impartial Judge, will He say to them "Pass on through the pearly gates into everlasting bliss;" and then when the wayward son or daughter comes along will He say: "Stop! ye can not follow after thy good Christian parents, ye must go the other way and suffer eternal punishment?"

MELORA.

HOW THE "HOUSEHOLD" HELPS.

Seeing that my first literary effort was accepted, encourages me to try again, and who knows but that like Byron, I may "wake up and find myself famous" also? But while waiting for my star of fame (?) to rise, I would like to tell how much comfort and benefit the HOUSEHOLD has been to me. Three years ago I was called home from my work by the illness of my mother. She became an invalid, and the whole care and responsibility of the house fell on my shoulders. My knowledge of cooking, in fact any form of housework, was as scant as Flora McFlimsy's, but mother's stock was unfailling and infallible; and to her I went for instructions and with questions about everything I did. But we laid her to rest a few months ago, and while I have learned much in the few short years of experience I have had, there are many things I do not know, and there is no "little mother" to tell me. Then came the

HOUSEHOLD, truly a messenger of peace. Mother had nearly all of them on file since 1885, and I have read and re-read them, gleaning, gaining and treasuring up. There were words of sympathy from the "Old Teacher;" she too had stood with aching heart and stifled sob by the bedside of her, whom we loved so dearly, and skill and prayers alike had failed to stay the weary feet from passing over "the dark river;" and our cry "O mother, mother!" fell on ears that never failed to answer to our call before. There were helpful words from Evangeline; wise, instructive, practical talks from Beatrix, useful chats, hints, suggestions and recipes from all the members; so I was encouraged and cheered by that blessed influence that one true loving heart always has upon another, even by kindred thoughts, for it is not always the depth or the novelty of a thought, which constitutes its value to ourselves, but the fitness of its application to our circumstances.

Our influence can never be measured until "finis" is written across the last page of the Book of Life, and the last soul stands to receive its reward; for, as you (each member of the HOUSEHOLD) have influenced me, I through your thoughts will influence others.

And though many times your "bread cast upon the waters" is so many days returning that we do not live to see its fruits, the reward will be yours none the less though you receive it not till God shall say Well done thou good and faithful servant.

GRAND RAPIDS.

BIDDEE.

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Easter morning! What a sermon is in those words! What thoughts throng the mind! Vague and undefined though they are, they crowd out all unworthy subjects, leaving only a feeling of peace and joy at this glad season. Immortality becomes a realized truth, not the uncertainty that it seems to us at other times in our busy lives.

The spirit of universal love and goodwill possesses mankind, destroying the prejudices that mar our lives, and elevating and broadening the whole course of our existence.

My heart went out to M. E. H. as I read her letter in the HOUSEHOLD for April 5th, for an experience had lately come to me that it seems now as if I should always remember, and never forget to guard well my thoughts lest I should unintentionally cause others to suffer. Only one innocent but thoughtless action, caught up by a well-meaning but fun loving acquaintance, and given an unlooked-for meaning, thus placing me in a false position before a dear friend, caused many, many hours of unhappiness.

Yet when my eyes unclosed to the beauties of the Easter morn, all resentment vanished in a flood of joyful thoughts. On picking up the latest paper, the first words that greeted my eyes were these:

"Before the dawn of the Easter sun,
Hide deep in the mold the dearest sin;
The unnoted lie, or the wrong begun,
Let the shadeless light once more begin;
Bury the pride that has sprung from naught,
The envy and hate of a blackened hour;
Arise to the Christ-life, purely fraught
With love as white as the Easter flower."

BATTLE CREEK.

HARRIE.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

Some time ago one of the HOUSEHOLD correspondents, I think it was A. L. L., told us how to wash linen, and a very good way it was, but why does she not tell us how to iron it? Now I am a woman of many weaknesses, and one of my especial ones is for a dainty looking table. I very much prefer a red tablecloth to none at all or an oil cloth, but want, oh! so much to use white ones. Yet where there are hired men and many little children, it seems as though the washings are about as large as can be gotten through with, yet that is comparatively nothing by the side of the ironing.

I believe it was Mrs. Garfield who gave us this lovely example: She found herself obliged to make the bread for her family one summer, and right away set herself about trying to see what nice bread she could make, and before the summer was over found herself taking much pride and enjoyment out of her forced employment. Now I have tried to profit by Mrs. G.'s example, and tried to think because I had in use red table linen I would try and like it, and took especial pains with glass and silverware and other little accessories of the table (napkins are a necessary fixture with us) but all to no purpose; that red tablecloth, like our national emblem, was "still there."

My mode of laundering linen is to take it from the last rinsing water to the ironing board and there iron till thoroughly dry. Of course the more it is ironed the glossier it becomes. Take only one thickness until all ironed and ready to fold. I do not think it any more work than the old way of drying and sprinkling for it must be thoroughly dampened anyhow, and it has two things to recommend it; first the linen is stiffer and will keep clean longer; second it saves the wear and tear on the line, which is no inconsiderable item and in small articles it saves time and in cold weather stinging fingers. If I have time and feel so disposed (which I seldom do after washing) I iron them the same day, but if not I let them stand in same brass or earthen utensil till wanted. I know linen will keep beautifully white until worn out if properly washed, and think it could not be made to look nicer, but is there not some way that is easier and just as good?

DILL A. TORV.

CARPET RAGS AND BAKING POWDER.

My threatened rag carpet is nearly ready for the weaver, and I wish I could exhibit to the HOUSEHOLD that shingle wound with the stripe. I used the Cushing Perfection dyes, and they are very good. I do not like to do any free advertising, but it is important to know how to color bright turkey red that will not fade on cotton; and this dye fills the want. After coloring red, anything dipped in the same dye will be a pretty shade of pink. The dyes are ten cents per package. One good of a rag carpet is the using up of the rags that accumulate. It is a perpetual surprise to me

that while we do not buy any new clothing—hardly, to speak of—yet the carpet rags accumulate at an astonishing rate. I am a convert to Beatrix's idea of cremating most old things there is no use for, instead of keeping them seven years in hopes.

I suppose I am the only one of this HOUSEHOLD who ever bought a pound of baking powder with a beautiful set of glassware attached. I know I am the only one that will own up to it in print. Still, as that glassware does not try to imitate cut glass, looks like pressed glass and actually is, I do not see anything dreadful in using it. As for the baking powder, I tried this experiment, in making biscuit. I made one half the quantity with my prize powder, the other half with the kind no prize comes with, and that describes its own purity, in its advertisement, by a very short black mark. Both were baked at the same time and were precisely alike. I believe most baking powders are made on exactly the same formula, and could be sold at half the price, and still give a fortune to the manufacturer. It is nonsense to speak of any particular kind as the "purest," when we do not know what they are made of. I do not believe any of them are very wholesome to use much of, and we farmers' wives, with plenty of buttermilk and cream to use, can dispense with them. This is said to be a good baking powder recipe: Soda, nine ounces; cream of tartar and tartaric acid, of each four ounces; wheat flour, ten ounces; mix thoroughly.

In regard to dependent relatives, it may not be pleasant to have some one in the family and not of it, but it must be much harder to be dependent and homeless, and to eat the bitter bread of charity grudgingly bestowed. Let pity help you to patience. If you need an example of how you should treat an alien in your family read Josiah Allen's Wife's account of her trials with the Widder Doodle. It actually helped me once in a somewhat similar place.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

At the flower festival which opens at the Detroit Rink on the 22d and which doubtless many of our readers will visit, the ladies of Fairbanks Relief Corps, of this city, will have charge of the Mexican booth, and will offer for sale specimens of Mexican handiwork and curiosities from that country. It is perhaps not generally known that Mexican wares are quite rare in the United States, especially at the north. Goods from France, Italy, Switzerland, China, Japan and other far away foreign lands are plentiful in the great markets of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, but Mexican wares are rarely attainable short of Texas or along the border. Specimens of the famous feather painting of the natives, who make pictures using as colors the fine plumage of birds, Mexican pottery, jewelry, and other articles adapted for souvenirs will be on exhibition and for sale, and also specimens of the curious Resurrection Plant, so often mentioned in floricultural literature. The ladies are to dress in an adaptation of Mexican costume, and the booth will be hand-

somely decorated, conspicuous among its decorations being real Mexican blankets given by Gen. Logan to Gen. Alger, of this city.

A. H. E., of Saranac, wishes to know if there is anything silkworms can be fed upon, except osage orange and mulberry leaves. The worms can, it is said, eat lettuce leaves without injury, but only a diet of mulberry and osage orange leaves will enable them to produce silk of fine quality, and which will command the highest price in market.

Mrs. FULLER wishes to say she will fill orders for plants and roots about the 21st. She has roots of *Clematis Jackmanii* and *Ampelopsis Vetchii* for sale at one dollar each.

THE stout paper flour sacks are excellent to keep smoked hams in. Put a string in the meat to hang it up by, slip the sack over the ham, tie the mouth securely, and no bug or fly can get in.

Useful Recipes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup butter and one cup sugar, mixed well together. Three te eggs; one cup milk; two table-spoonsful ginger; one cup New Orleans molasses, in which dissolve one teaspoonful saleratus. Mix well; flour for a moderately thin batter. Bake half an hour in a quick oven.

IMITATION BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart brown flour; half pint white flour; one gill cornmeal, two gills yeast. About nine o'clock in the evening mix these ingredients into a very thick batter, using milk and warm water. Set the batter where it will keep warm. In the morning when about to fry the cakes, stir into the batter a level teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, and thin with sweet milk to the proper consistency. Use the brown flour of which brown bread is made.

ICE CREAM CAKES.—Beat thoroughly to a cream half a cup of sweet, fresh butter with a cup of fine white sugar. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and beat again to a smooth, light cream. Whip the whites of the eggs perfectly stiff; sift a pint of flour, with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in it, twice through the sifter. Grease some round pans, and see that your oven is hot—not to the scorching point, but "a quick oven." Then, all being ready, dissolve half a teaspoonful of soda in a table-spoonful of warm water; add as much milk; then put it to the mixture, putting in flour and white of egg alternately, and stirring the whole smoothly and lightly together. Even in mixing cake, there is an art, or at least a "knack" of quickness and dexterity, by which it is kept soft and even. Lumps when formed it is almost impossible to get rid of. It is well to put the flour into a shallow wooden bowl; then when the cake is a stiff batter, pour it into the flour; sit down and take it in your lap if you like to do your work easily, and knead the rich, crumbling paste together until it adheres in a smooth, firm mass. It will hardly take as long to do it as it does to tell how. When perfectly smooth but soft, you may use a little more flour if necessary—break off pieces as large as an English walnut, roll them round and slightly flatten between the hands and put them far enough apart on the pan to bake without running together. They will spread and make a cake about the size of a macaroon, but a trifle thicker. Country Gentleman.