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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WHAT DO THEY THINK.

Oh, what do the hungry people think
As they walk in the streets of the town at night,
And the hearth-fires glimmer and gleam and blink
Through many a window, warm and bright?
For they drift in the dusk like the flecks of foam
On the tossing waves of the turbulent sea,
With never a heaven and never a home—
The luckless waifs of humanity.

And many a mansion tall and fair,
Is lifting its head to the wintry skies,
A-blossom with all that is rich and rare,
That wealth can purchase or art devise;
And out through the portals come bursts of light,
And murmurs of music and laughter sweet—
Ah, what do they say to the homeless wight
Who is wandering past with his weary feet?

Did he ever think, when the winds are cold,
And the hunger causes a ceaseless pain,
And the storm is beating his garments old,
And chilling his heart with its dull refrain—
Does he ask how it is that in many a life
The roses are always in sweetest bloom,
While his are the longings, the endless strife,
The days of sorrow, the nights of gloom?

You may say they are idle, and weak and bad,
That pity is wasted on such as they.
Ah, many a vagrant, worn and sad,
Could tell you a tale, if he would to-day—
A story of failure, of hopes that fled,
Of toil and hardship and boundless woe—
Of wrongs that embittered, of wounds that bled,
And dreams that were lost in the long ago.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

When "Frank Leslie" died, some eight, nine or ten years ago, as the case may be—I'm sure I don't remember when it was—he left a periodical bearing his name and a business on the verge of bankruptcy. His wife, of French and English parentage and born in New Orleans, instead of giving the custody of affairs into an administrator's hands to be wound up at a loss of what was left, assumed the management, and by her business ability retrieved the property, enhanced its value, and finally sold *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Magazine* for a large amount, which, with sums received from other enterprises, made her independently wealthy and able to indulge a quite feminine fondness for diamonds and fine clothes.

Mrs. Leslie was one of the few women who, a decade ago, dared undertake such a herculean task—as it seems to women ignorant of business methods—and had the ability and foresight to carry it through successfully. She has been and is yet often referred to as an example of what woman may do; and her success has un-

doubtedly emboldened many of her sex to make similar efforts, and has made their path more easy through the precedent established. She has been held up as a model of business promptness and regularity, being always at the office at nine o'clock in the morning, and attending carefully to every detail connected with her several enterprises. She succeeded in establishing herself in one of the circles of New York's much stratified society, not the highest or most exclusive, to be sure; but sufficiently elevated to indicate that even a business woman, if she is sufficiently successful to order her dresses from Paris and buy an Empress's jewels, may yet be socially welcome among fashionable idlers. She traveled in Europe, and after the fashion of American heiresses in the Old World, was fervently entreated by a French marquis to bestow herself and her handsome income upon his somewhat impecunious self. He encountered the perils of seasickness for her sake, and pursued her to New York, but in vain. The keenness and hardness of character which made her a good financier, perhaps enabled her to estimate the depth of his alleged passion. At all events, he went away discomfited and she remains plain Mrs. Leslie. The average newspaper reporter is as I well know, an impertinent fellow. He asks heart-searching questions, and no ground is too sacred for his intrusion. Yet it seems as if no woman of real refinement could parade her loyalty to her dead husband as a reason for remaining a widow, even to an inquisitive reporter, or quote his last words to her to so casual and indifferent an auditor, as Mrs. Leslie is said to have done when interviewed in his city.

But Mrs. Leslie lectured in Detroit last Monday evening, and as I always like to see and hear the notables, I invested half a dollar in a ticket. I'm quite sure I did not get fifty cents' worth of satisfaction out of the sight of an elegantly dressed woman, glittering with diamonds, and there was little else to interest one. The theme of the lecture was "The Royal Leaders of Society;" it embraced references to the kings and queens of the Old World whose courts have been socially famous, "socially" meaning, in the lecturer's definition of the term, famed for lavish display in dress and entertainment. These allusions were principally in regard to the attire and jewels of royal personages. A brief account of present European courts, which somehow sounded some-

what like a bulletin of health, and the statement that the Prince of Wales is the acknowledged social leader of Europe at this period, and that wit and beauty rather than virtue and morality are passports to his favor, closed the foreign list; and we were told that the Father of his Country and Chester A. Arthur were the only presidents of our Republic to whom place can be given as social leaders. A few well worn anecdotes, including Beau Brummel's hackneyed reference to George IV. as "your fat friend," were sandwiched in, and then the lady abandoned her theme (to my disappointment; I wanted to hear her opinion of New York's select Four Hundred) and took up that of "to wed or not to wed." She deplored the present inclination of young men to avoid the responsibilities of matrimony and establish themselves in what are called "Benedict chambers" in New York, rather than in homes of their own. One reason of this, she said, was the fact that the dowerless daughter of the rich man expected her husband, who had yet his fortune to make, to support her in a style equal to that to which she had been accustomed in her father's house. Three years ago some disrespectful youth would have rung a "chestnut bell" during this period of the lecture, for it embraced nothing at all original or which has not been many times and much better said. Mrs. Leslie may be an excellent manager and good financier, but she is not a success as a lecturer, either as to the matter or the manner of her discourse.

As there was not much to claim one's aural attention, I "took it out" in gazing at her costume, which was of black embroidered with gold, demi-train, decolette, with "real lace" sleeves banded with velvet. Considered as a display of jewelry the lecture was certainly a brilliant success. I never saw so many diamonds together in my life; she outshone F. G. Smith's exhibit at the Exposition. She wore the famous necklace composed of nineteen diamonds, each as large as a silver dime, with a diamond pendent, and the edge of the low corsage was a mass of jeweled sprays, brooches and medallions, the centre being the diamond-set medallion presented her by the Republic of Venezuela. A chain of glittering gems fell from this medallion to the waist line where was still another ornament in the shape of a bejeweled arrow. Three bracelets on each arm and rings innumerable on both ungloved hands, and emerald earrings set

in diamonds, completed an outfit which flashed and sparkled and scintillated at every movement. The wearer is, I believe, accounted "a beautiful woman," but her admirers shall not judge beauty for me. She has a homely mouth and a nose of Hebraic cast, and her eyes, which she used in many arch and "bewitching" glances at the small audience, were surmounted by a pair of heavily pencilled eyebrows. And oh horror! she said "wimming" for "women"—not once only, but twice! and more than once inserted a jeweled finger into her hair, an action unmistakably like that of the country school-boy under certain circumstances impossible to the social leader. Mrs. Leslie may be, as I have said, a good business woman, and hold a high social position, but these do not give literary ability, and I quite acquiesced in the opinion of the lady in the street-car on the way home, who announced that it was "an insult to an audience to offer such a string of platitudes and call it a lecture."

BEATRIX.

BULBS IN THE HOUSE.

When we make the first venture with plants, bulbs, seeds, or whatever is new to us so far as planting and cultivation goes, let us study the natural requirements of those in hand. For instance, hyacinths in the house bloom while yet the ground is cold, and peep through the earth while stiffened with frost. So observing this we infer in forcing them for winter they require no heat, but after potting and a thorough wetting, a cool dark place is requisite to gently form feeders or rootlets and strength for their season of bloom. All hardy bulbs—those that live in beds in the garden for out door bloom—require about the same method for forcing; that is, following as nearly as possible their habits out of doors. And as one unusually hot sunny day in spring will shrivel and ruin whole beds of bloom if not shaded in some way, or gathered and placed in water, so our potted treasures may be spoiled by rushing into close dry atmosphere, or a hot window. I have kept those delightfully fragrant flowers from two to four weeks, lilies included, by simply giving a cool room when in full bloom.

While few if any would think of taking hyacinths, narcissus or tulips from the garden for potting, but procure fine imported bulbs for the purpose, in potting lily of the valley they hope for success by taking clumps from the garden. This is a mistake. The pips are not expensive and can be had from any reliable florist. When potted as our Editor advises—given a good freeze and then the cool, dark retirement preparatory and necessary to success, they will repay all care.

Bulbs for forcing should be in a dormant state and are kept so by importers. While we may not succeed in forcing bulbs that have done us service in the garden, we may bestow our forced ones upon the border with certainty of seeing their bright faces again every spring as long as

they are properly fed and protected from injury.

In visiting Belle Isle recently, it was like seeing the faces of old friends to enjoy the beauty of the hardy annuals in such profusion. During many years of my life such beauty has surrounded my home. So very many of my old favorites were there and among them one that for some untold reason is seldom green. I refer to the *Gaillardia*. Here in some of those gorgeous beds I recognized my old pet in perfection, and resolved then when I next called on the HOUSEHOLD to recommend its flower lovers to include the *Gaillardia* in their orders for seeds next spring.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FOR APPEARANCE SAKE.

"I care more for comfort than style and dress accordingly," was the brief apology of a lady where I called one day and, knowing it to be her way, I was not at all surprised to find her with a loose dress, no corset, waist unfastened at the neck, with no sort of collar or bit of ribbon, skirt very short and large slippers, all suggestive of ease but not of good taste, although she was engaged with dainty fancy work, and I wondered if we really have a right to be so selfish as to remember only ourselves in matters of dress? Her husband is a prominent man in business and social circles, and I cannot but wonder if with all his love for her there is not a tinge of regret that she never cares to make herself more presentable. When he comes home from the store, where he has seen nicely dressed ladies all day, does not the wife sitting across the table from him suffer a little in the comparison? Would he not be better suited with a little less time spent over the dinner and a little more devoted to arranging her hair in some becoming style? I often think so, but no word of complaint is ever uttered, for he loves her truly, devotedly; yet I know they are not as happy together as though she would go out to evening entertainments with him dressed like other ladies in their circle. The nearest he ever came to making complaint was: "Mary never cares to go, and it makes a fellow feel so to be alone when other men have their wives with them."

Then her two boys, just reaching manhood! Young lovers they are now, but will they not some day feel ashamed of their dowdy mother? They are just going away to college, going out into the world that lays great stress on style. Will they come back just such rollicking, mother-loving, kissing boys as now? When the mothers of their chums go to their receptions and are proudly presented, how will it be with this one, who might look as well as any of them if she only would?

In another family the wife told me, confidentially, that her one great and almost unbearable trouble was her husband's lack of pride. "Oh if he would only get a new suit, brush up, put on collar and cuffs and look like other men how happy I could be!" I tried to convince her that if she had only one trouble she was favored

above most women, but she said: "This is so needless. If he had no money, or time, I would call it one of my crosses and bear it like a martyr; but there is no earthly reason, so it is a constant aggravation." If that man really loved his wife as he ought would he not do this for her sake, simply to please her, if he cared not at all for himself or for others?

We depend on each other so much can any one stand independently and say "It is no one's business what I do, so long as I do no wrong?"

This matter of dress is really important. It is not necessarily because she is proud that a lady devotes some time to her mirror before she goes on the street. One never knows whom she may meet, and the feeling that some one might be ashamed of me or hesitate to introduce me to their friends is greater than the personal care for appearance.

Teach the boys and girls to take pride in their dress. Not to be vain and giddy but particular to always look tidy and fashionable, as far as is consistent; not following every freak and change of the changeable times, but so dressed that there is a hint that they know the latest but do not choose to wholly adopt it. Do not tell them that a shoe with some buttons off, gloves ripped or none at all, is "well enough." Teach them to look after such things themselves and that they are of great importance. Boys who have leisure can take care of their wardrobe as well as girls. There is no reason why an overworked mother should sew on all the buttons for her sons more than her daughters.

Mothers will say "Oh, but there's such a difference! Some need restraining while others require urging and even pushing." Ah, yes! and that is where the mother is needed by her children. A teacher can give them general instruction, but not just that part suited to their varied temperaments.

One woman said to me: "I don't mean that my children shall grow up to be ashamed of their mother. Whatever studies they take I take the same; not devoting the time that they do, but enough to talk understandingly with them about their lessons, and it is so in politics. I really haven't much interest, but husband has; and I mean to be intelligently interested in anything that he cares to talk about." A man will hardly devote his evenings to a wife whose only reply to such things may be "Oh I can't see any sense in it." It is so much more pleasant, it proves the love on both sides, to do things that we do not care for just to please the other. True, sometimes it is not appreciated, but in a majority of cases it will be, and is always worthy of the experiment.

ROMEO.

EL. SER.

ETHEL, of West Groton, Mass., asks if some of the HOUSEHOLD readers can give her a recipe for buckwheat pancakes which will be light and puffy without milk, as it seems impossible for her to obtain that article, either sweet or sour. She also wishes directions for making wheat bread with water.

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

The above quotation from Pope's Essay on Man, which I used to read sixty years ago in the old English Reader, seemed strange and unreasonable to me at that time, no explanation being given of its significance; but later in life, when I began to reflect upon the matter, and understood it to mean that whatever is of divine origin, whatever is beyond human agency and control, must of necessity be right, even though this includes sin and death, the meaning of the saying became clear to me. Because an All Wise Creator permits sin to be in the world, and is the creator of evil, as He expressly declares when He says "I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil, I the Lord do all these things," it by no means follows that it is right to sin, nor that we are justified in doing evil.

These things are in the world that we may be free moral agents to choose the good from the bad. Of necessity must they be in the world, but it is not necessary that we should indulge in them; and woe be to him who does so indulge. Because a loathsome quagmire impedes our progress to some desired object, it does not follow we must plunge into it; we can and ought to go around it.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

AFFAIRS UP NORTH.

Yes, the canning, preserving and pickling is over, but the visitor from the south for the hunting season is just beginning to get numerous. There is a strange uniformity about him. He praises everything; the pure air, the clear water, the beautiful scenery, the wonderful root crops. "Never saw such potatoes and 'bagas grown in my life before." He takes home with him six barrels of the latter and is never seen here again. Nothing earthly would ever induce him to live here.

When I read of the scarcity of fruit elsewhere I wish that the thousands of bushels of berries I saw go to waste this summer and fall could have been used by those who need them. First the red raspberries, we used all we could of them, but there are only a few families here, and all of the wild land that is not woods naturally grows up to some kind of wild fruit, and what we do not use there are no other hands to pick. We are too far from market to make a business of selling them, and besides have not time from our own farm work to pick other than for our own use. "Why don't you make a couple of barrels of wine," remarks our hunting season visitor, a very useless suggestion to a W. C. T. U. woman.

In all our talks of the training of children I have never dared write a word, because I can look back on so many mistakes of my own. I applied all the rules to the bringing up of my first baby, and that she is now a good wife and mother in her own pleasant home, and a credit to me, I attribute entirely to good luck, not to her training. Once when she was little I whipped her, merely because some one else

thought I ought to. I shall carry the marks of those blows on my own heart while I live. Then I made different, though just as bad mistakes with my two little boys. Then after ten years my third little boy was laid on my arm, a little bundle with only the top of his bald head and his eyes and nose showing over his flannel blanket. From the first moment his brown eyes looked in mine, my boy and I have understood each other entirely. There has never been any trouble about his wanting to go with me, for I have always taken him except on very rare occasions. Then I have talked it over with him, some times the day before, and we have both been sorry for the necessity, but when the time came there has not been a murmur from him, for he knows I am as sorry to leave him as he is to be left. There is also a baby girl in the family "just free years old," and much to my astonishment she is a new conundrum in family government, and makes me think in extreme cases where a fault if not corrected is going to spoil the child's happiness, perhaps a spanking might be the correct thing. But if we mothers talk about our children, we shall soon overflow our little paper. My space is filled.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FASHIONS.

Although November is usually reckoned among the fall months, we find furs and heavy cloaks by no means uncomfortable even before what the little boy called "Thank You Day," and if one must buy before the holidays it is perhaps as well to buy early and have the use of the garment. Money is often saved, especially in the purchase of ready made wear, if one can wait for the marked down sales which take place after New Year's, merchants preferring to make a reduction in prices rather than carry the goods over.

Jackets and shoulder capes have been the leading styles for autumn and bid fair to continue such during the winter. They enable ladies to display the pretty dresses which are invisible under the long cloaks. Some very elegant carriage cloaks of brocade and plush and sealskin are shown, beautifully trimmed either with embroidery, passementerie or costly fur. But the great mass who travel on foot, principally, wear the convenient and comfortable jackets, which may be as simple or as elaborate as taste and means will permit. Middle-aged and elderly ladies prefer long cloaks which are made in Directorate styles with edgings of fur down the fronts and with fur revers or vests. Double breasted cloaks are popular among the plainer styles, and have large buttons to close, and to ornament the long straight back seams.

Jackets of smooth faced or diagonal twill are made longer than heretofore, curving over the hips and fitting closely to the figure; they have very high curved collars, copying the Medici styles popular on shoulder capes, and the high sleeves. The sleeves and collar are often of Astrachan, which is much used on dresses also. Velvet sleeves, collar, and deep coat-like

revers are also used on cloths, and braiding has by no means gone out. The entire body of a jacket is braided, and the sleeves, etc., made of plain velvet; or the cloth sleeves are braided heavily, a work easily done on a machine. Jackets to match suits have rolling revers faced with velvet of the same color, or of black, and vest fronts closed with tiny buttons; they are very stylish.

Shoulder capes are "dreadfully common," so say the exclusives, who take their revenge on their more impecunious sisters by ordering those of the costly Russian sable, black bear, seal with Persian lamb collar, etc. Many mink capes are worn by ladies neither young nor yet hopelessly middle-aged, this fur having been restored to fashionable favor. Younger ladies wear astrachan, Persian lamb, seal and gray krimmer, with muffs to match. The muffs are a little larger this season. Long fur boas are worn, and also collarettes, the latter being newer, the former more graceful and dressy. Feather boas are beautiful, as also the ruches or *tours de cou* of ostrich feathers which surround the neck and are tied with ribbon bows with long ends.

Camel's hair or other soft wool dresses are stylishly made with bodices which are slightly pointed, with folds coming from the shoulders, filling the V thus left with a silk vest which hooks on the left side under the folds. Put two rows of gimp from the under arm seams pointing diagonally down the front. Cover the high collar with passementerie and put a row round the bottom of the sleeves, which may be of silk to match the vest, and are close-fitting on the lower arm, loose and full above the elbow and puffed into the armhole. In cutting these high sleeves the lining is cut as for a close sleeve, and the dress material cut enough longer and with fullness enough to form the puff. The skirt has the usual foundation, on which is set a bias silk ruffle. Over this is hung the straight skirt, which has a five-inch hem turned up on the outside, and an edge of the gimp, or a piping fold of silk or velvet may be set in; catch up the skirt on the hips to show the silk ruffle below.

A more elegant dress is of wool goods, with a straight skirt having as its only decoration an inch and a half wide band of velvet straight round it, about five inches from the bottom of the skirt. Above this on one side five large velvet-covered buttonmoulds are set, and again on the same line, just below the waist, five more. The bodice is cut with jacket fronts having a wide velvet collar which is continued to the bottom of the fronts, narrowing below the bust to a mere fold or piping which extends round to the back, where the skirt is set upon the bodice under a couple of velvet-covered buttons. A waistcoat of figured silk, green and gold in the model, hooks under the left front, and over a pleated vest of soft silk, of which the high close collar is also made. The sleeves have velvet cuffs, with two silk buttons on the outer seam, and a velvet covered button is on each corner of the fronts at the bottom. Many dressmakers have discard-

ed the old-fashioned dress braid, and use instead a two-inch facing of velveteen, stitched on like a braid, then felled neatly to place on the wrong side. This, they say, while it protects the skirt quite as well as the braid does not wear out so soon, nor does it wear the shoes across the instep so badly.

A pretty dress for a young miss is of plaid goods, with a skirt cut bias, and arranged with all the fullness at the back, where it is pleated into a narrow space to give a fan shaped effect. The pointed bodice hooks in the front; over this a full front fastening with hooks and eyes on the side and shoulder is arranged; the back is plain, slightly pointed, with a large rosette of folded loops of the goods on the point.

Young ladies are wearing velvet colarettes separate from the dress, for street costumes. They are two ruffles of bias velvet, doubled, each four inches wide when finished, sewed on each edge of an inch wide silk band, which is concealed by narrow ostrich plumage. They are usually worn in black.

To make one's best plain wool gown dressy enough for a little party, a trellis pattern of black velvet ribbon is made for a border across the front of the skirt; a pointed velvet yoke and cuffs, and corselet if suitable, for the waist, and epaulette bows of velvet ribbon for the shoulders. Such a trimming is easily tacked on the skirt and waist when desired, and will completely change the appearance of the dress.

ASSISTANCE WANTED.

Another reader of the bright little paper, the *HOUSEHOLD*, wishes to become a member of the band. I too, like Rebecca, have often intended to write but have deferred doing so for some reason or other. I cannot express how much I enjoy reading the various letters of the many contributors. I especially was pleased with the description Beatrix gave us of her eastern trip during her vacation the past summer, also A. L. L.'s tour to Alaska; it was next best to going one's self to read her account of the many pleasant incidents of her journey. I think it very kind of them to make us in a way sharers of their vacations.

I wish some of the readers who do painting would give us some of their ideas on the subject; also tell of some of their copies. My first attempt at painting came from reading a letter telling how to commence, also what paints and brushes to use. I procured the paint and brushes and have been quite successful as an amateur.

MARIE.

KALAMAZOO.

CORRECTIONS.

In looking back over my "Notes of Travel," I find some mistakes, but they are generally of little importance. There is one occurring in the last installment that requires correction. It is stated that "Mary's mountain in the park is 18,500 feet high." Please omit the first figure and it will be correct. I will not charge the mistake to the office, as I am probably the party re-

sponsible, but it is too much of an increase to leave undisputed.

In the description of our Alaskan experiences, I spoke of a "prospector" being put off the steamer in his own boat at a most desolate spot, "where mountain and water comprised the landscape." I said "two or three huts were visible at the mountain base," but when I saw it in print "two other huts were visible," etc. I thought perhaps I had better explain, that our readers might know that I had not intended to convey the idea that the prospector was a "hut," even if he did incline to visit a desolate shoe. Some did say he was a "chump," but this did not agree with the definition of this word given by a lady we met in our travels. She said a "chump" was a person who would pay fare on a railroad, when a free pass could be procured that would give equivalent service.

A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

HELP FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The holiday season will soon be here. Those who have many gifts to make are already considering ways and the not less important adjunct of means. Where one's own ingenuity must supply the place of money, things we can make are necessary, and hints as to what can be made with reasonable expenditure of time and money are helpful. A hanging case for umbrellas, canes or parasols is a convenience. Make of an oblong piece of heavy linen, canvas or cretonne, lined with something stiff to make it hold its shape. Cut three pockets long and large enough for your umbrellas, bind them with bright braid and stitch them on the back, turning the bottoms to make them pointed. Bind the back with the braid, and provide heavy cords at the upper corners to hang it up by, which are fastened on under ribbon bows.

A centre piece for a dining table is a suitable and acceptable gift for a housekeeper. Hemstitch a piece of linen, making it 27 inches square after a two inch hem has been taken off. Select a small, well shaped grape, maple or ivy leaf, and with this as a pattern draw leaves irregularly over the surface, grouping them somewhat in two opposite corners, and putting in the principal veins after you have drawn the outline. Work these in white silk, or if preferred in colors in wash silk; yellow is beautiful on white, and is very fashionable at the moment. Make doilies to match nine inches square, fringing the edges and drawing threads for a row of hemstitching an inch from the edge, and vary them by arranging the leaves differently.

Good Housekeeping tells how to make something very elegant in this line. To make a centre piece and doilies to match, cut the linen in a square the size wished for a centre piece, or in an oblong scarf-shaped piece, if that is preferred. Gather grape leaves, rather small sized ones, and lay them about the edge of the centre-piece, the leaves always touching, and sometimes overlapping each other. With a sharp pencil trace the outlines of the

leaves, and add a few graceful tendrils, curling inward, here and there. Find a leaf large enough to serve as a doiley under a dinner-plate, and trace its outline upon twelve pieces of linen, somewhat larger than the leaf. Buttonhole white purl cord, No. 6, around the outlines of the leaves, with dark olive embroidery silk. Take a very much lighter shade of silk and fill in the leaves with fancy stitches, until they are almost solid. Work the veins in outline stitch with the darker shade. With a sharp pair of scissors cut out the leaves, so that each doily looks like a grape leaf lying upon the tablecloth, and cut the outside edges of the leaves in the centre-piece. The effect of this set will be very satisfactory. If having the set stamped at a designer's is preferable, there are more elaborate designs, with very much more work. A very beautiful centre-piece, of recent introduction, consisted of grape leaves artistically arranged to cover the entire piece of linen, with the exception of a small circle in the middle, which was outlined by the vine itself, coiled in a graceful circle. The leaves were filled in with a great variety of stitches, and the general effect was that of solid work. The stems were button holed over purl cord, and when the work was done, all the rest of the linen was cut away with a sharp pair of scissors, leaving only a wreath of grape leaves, with their stems and tendrils, to lie upon the white tablecloth. Not the least charm of this beautiful piece of work was the exquisite neatness and regularity of the stitches. Another pretty design has grapes mingled with the leaves. The leaves are filled in with fancy stitches, and the grapes are outlined by close buttonholing over the purl cord.

A case for the pillow of the couch, which is in constant use and hence should not be too dainty and delicate, and which needs to be frequently freshened, is made of two pieces of unbleached linen. This case is not meant to entirely cover the pillow, but to show some of it at each end.

A good size for a pillow is 23 inches in length and 18 inches wide; for that size the protector should be 15 inches long and of course the same width as the pillow. Hem the sides of the two pieces of linen; cut each end of each piece in three large scallops and buttonhole them with linen floss, choosing a color which matches or contrasts with the covering of the pillow. Cut a slit an inch and a half long in each scallop and buttonhole it. Embroider or outline a vine or any desired design on the cover. The two pieces of the protector or case, are joined by passing ribbons through the slits and tying them in small bows, thus making three bows on each side of the pillow. These are easily removed when it is necessary to laundry the case.

Useful Recipes.

TOMATO PIE.—A pie only equalled for richness by one made out of mince-meat is made of tomatoes. The crust should be rich and flaky. Line a deep pie tin with the crust not rolled too thin; fill with thin slices of tomato; plenty of sugar, about three tablespoonfuls; a lump of butter as big as a hickory nut; and spice with nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve perfectly cold.