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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

Robin, holding his mother's hand,
Says "Good-night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall,
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair,
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer,
"Holy angels keep watch and ward,
God's good angels my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy in a wondering tone;
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he;
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindest voices and sweetest eyes,"
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried with a look of pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

OUR PROPER PRIDE.

I quite agree with El. Sec. in her views regarding the care we should take of ourselves "for appearance's sake." A friend said to me only the other day: "I do wish Mrs. — had a little more pride, and would not go on the streets looking so! Her husband is worth \$30,000 at the least; they haven't a chick or a child to leave it to, and she might dress suitably if she only would take the pains. She's a nice-looking old lady when she is fixed up, with her bright eyes and her silver-gray hair, but she usually wears a bonnet a wash-woman would disdain tied down with the remnant of a nubia, and a faded blanket shawl that makes her perfectly shapeless and—oh dear! I wish she could understand that her good sense and intelligence would be doubly blest to her friends if only she would make herself presentable."

It is such a mistake for a woman to think because she's married and middle-aged it doesn't make any difference how she looks, either at home or abroad. If she has children, it makes a difference to them; and it surely does to her friends, who, however they may love and respect her cannot help wishing she would conform more to the ways of the world in externals, and not make them—not exactly ashamed of her, but at least apologetic for her. They love her; they wish others to esteem her; and they know that her unepossessing appearance is greatly against

her in the eyes of those who, being strangers, must judge by appearance only. The moment a woman realizes she is growing old, that moment she should begin to "brace up," instead of letting the corners of her mouth take a downward curve after she says "It doesn't matter; I'm an old woman now!" She should hold herself more erect, dress more carefully, take pains to arrange her hair prettily, and not seek what she calls comfort at the expense of her appearance. I am strongly of the opinion that the woman whom El. Sec. depicts as going about in disgraceful *dishabille* was really no more comfortable than she would have been had she been dressed like a self-respecting woman. It is much more a matter of habit than of comfort. Accustom yourself to a pair of down-at-the-heel slippers, and even the softest French kid shoes feel uncomfortable.

It is a dreadful thing for children to feel ashamed of their parents, either because of their conduct, manners or appearance. We may say it is a shame to the children to be so unfilial as to entertain such disloyal feelings; but the fact remains that young people are very sensitive as to the opinions and comments of others, and want of conformity to established standards on the part of those they love and truly honor causes them pain. Have you not, dear reader, in your own youth, known a relative, dear and near to you, do something you did so wish he or she had left undone, and which you regreted because that person had so lowered himself in the estimation of others—not perhaps any better or as good as he, but who represented the opinion of your little world? I am sure you have; all of us have known that feeling; it is not exactly disloyalty to the love and honor we give our parents or friends; it is that we love them so much we cannot bear to have them appear otherwise than at their best and "like other people" in the presence of others. I would never try to weaken a child's regard for public opinion; it is one of the safeguards around his path, it is a strong restraining influence; and man or woman has lost much that binds them to decency and good order who can say and feel "I don't care what people say."

Some persons I have known seem to take pride in their carelessness, considering their defiance of the criticisms and the wishes of their friends as evidence of a noble independence of character. I call it a careless disregard of the feelings of others, an uncalled-for challenge to the public, and

see nothing independent about it. I name it rather a weakness than a strength.

Even little children notice the difference between a "nice mamma" and a slouchy, careless one. I've seen a nine year old boy put his arms round his mother's neck—very carefully, so as not to "muss her up"—when she was dressed to go out and call her his "pretty mamma;" and I know the loving act brought a glow to her heart as it did a becoming blush to her cheek. A blue eyed, fresh-faced lass who occasionally waxes confidential with me, said once: "I don't know what I'd do if my mother was like Josie's. She always looks so dowdy. I think Josie's ashamed of her sometimes. But mamma's nice and all the girls like her; she makes them feel comfortable, you know. I think mamma's real pretty, 'specially when she's fixed up."

It is such a blessing that any woman may be beautiful in the eyes of those who love her if she'll only take pains to make herself decently attractive. And it is not safe not to do it. We women need to bind husbands and children to us by every possible tie, neglecting no charm either of mind or person. Care for our bodies is a duty we owe to ourselves and our little world; we can never afford to say "It doesn't matter how I look." If we are old and homely, all the stronger the reasons why we should take more care of ourselves "for appearance's sake." Shakespeare makes one of his characters say: "Self-love, my lord, is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting."

BEATRIX.

PREPARATIONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

The year is rapidly nearing a close. The last page will soon be turned. We will put it behind us, the year that has been freighted with sorrow and trouble, fret and worry, blessings and disappointments. Thanksgiving is near, and while some will say, "there has been nothing for which to be thankful," the life is indeed narrow and stunted that cannot see some little ray of sunshine, some blessing for which the Good Father should be remembered.

The year has been unusually prolific. The harvest was bountiful. The farmer sees his granaries filled to overflowing, the housewife looks with pride at the array of fruit, pickles, etc., stored away for use when old Boreas blows his chilling blast over hill and plain. The pigs are fattening; the poultry of all kinds taking on commercial value daily. The corn crib is

swelling with its treasure of golden ears, the huge pile of pumpkins in the barn—ah! the year has been bountiful truly, and Thanksgiving is nearly here. The particular gobbler has been selected and the trio of chickens, and are treated to a diet of warm mush flavored with pepper and various spices, with an occasional "treat" of chopped onion and whole corn and barley. The very choicest pumpkin is made ready for the pies, for whoever heard of a Thanksgiving dinner without Whittier's famous pumpkin pie, rich with cream and eggs, golden hued, with a crust flaky and delicious! The mince-meat was prepared a week ago, the "Greenings," scarce this year, were saved especially for these pies; the biggest raisins were selected, for the children, bless their hearts, love these "sweet surprises." I can smell them now, so spicy, so redolent of everything good treasured up in the marvelous crust, done to a turn, sprinkled thick with sugar, glistening with pride. The pudding will be rice of course, for it savors of "old times" and father and mother like it so well—we will use the eggs that the old Brown Leghorn laid. Howslyly she hid her nest under the stairs in the barn, but the little boy found them and brought them to the house in triumph, just one dozen. Don't you detect the aroma of nutmeg? See the surface tinted as delicate and "fair as a sunset sky!" The cakes are selected as to relative merits, the pickles and jelly decided on. The bread sponge seemed to have an intuition that something out of the natural order of things was expected of it, for it rose and refused to be kept down, it is fashioned into mammoth loaves, delicate rusks, toothsome buns bristling with English currants. The biggest Hubbard squash, sweet potatoes, turnips, parsnips, cabbage-salad, cranberries, onions, lima beans, tomatoes, mashed potatoes and celery are made ready. How the old brick oven groans! How the kettles bubble and sputter and the coffee will not keep within bounds, it steams out with such fragrance it pervades every room in the house—Old Government Java, I know.

And now the table is ready; it will seat twenty or more. The turkey holds the place of honor. No one but mother can roast a turkey like that. What a crisp golden skin! The dressing is just right. The chicken pie is a work of art; the crust melts in your mouth. The oyster soup is waiting, and I hear the words: "Good Father, we thank Thee for these mercies." Yes, it is the minister. I am glad he was invited, for his good dinners are few and far between. The children are slyly pinching each other under the table; the pretty daughter, who expects to be Mrs. before another Thanksgiving rolls around looks blushing across the table at her adored, who is taken "on probation" and called one of the family. Let hungry politicians rave about the McKinley Bill; let care and want and hard times stare us in the face, for this one time we will "eat, drink and be merry."

"We hae meat and we can eat,
And so the Lord be thankit."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

MAYBELLE'S LETTER.

I wonder if all thereaders of the HOUSEHOLD live in its atmosphere as I do! Perhaps it is because I am in a measure isolated and the woods furnish little mental food. The opportunity of listening to a good lecture, attending a concert or anything pertaining to music, either vocal and instrumental, seldom occurs, or a chance to hear good speakers. At any rate, our little paper runs in my head from morn till night. I always despised anything shallow, be it spoken or written; light literature I never read or allow in the house. On the fly-leaf of an old book brought from my childhood home I find the following paragraph: "Reject all evil communication from your mind and heart; the bad will grow fast enough (like weeds) but cultivate all the good from acquaintances whose conversation tends to purity and elevation." It fills my heart with warmth and love when I come across any of those pasted slips. They call back to me visions of a noble face set in a frame of partially silvered hair. Kindness and benevolence shine out of those mild blue eyes and I feel again the same influence she exerted over us in days gone by. Oh! a mother's influence will never die, though years may come and go. Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood," describing the old mansion points out the attractions winning the eye, and says: "But stop, turn back. We have neglected the heart of the home; the mother's room. The temple has no such holy of holies as the mother's room. Here she came as a bride. Here only God's angels and her husband have heard what words the inmost heart of love can coin. There were the children born. Here in love were they cherished, in piety consecrated, and here Hope (the mother's prophet and painter) has filled golden hours with a wealth of expectation. If every child might live the life predestined in a mother's heart, all the way from the cradle to the coffin, they would walk upon a beam of light and shine in glory."

It is one of the most sacred duties imposed upon us—that of rearing our little ones. It makes my heart ache when I see the Sabbath spent the same as other days; the parents omitting to train the innocent minds in the way of beauty and holiness. Good books are true friends, royal friends. "Norwood" is deep and grand. One can judge a person by the reading he procures for himself and family. I cannot bear to starve the mind. We need mental as well as physical food. I believe the *Youth's Companion* to be one of the best papers published, for the entire family. It points out the great need of education; paints in vivid pictures the humiliation, inconvenience and discomfort arising from ignorance and lack of proper education, also that a mind, void of deep thoughts and noble desires (with no storehouse to draw upon), is filled with suspicion, doubt and jealousy because it lacks food for higher, nobler, better thoughts which may be gained from good books and other reading matter.

Where a love of reading has been ac-

quired one usually finds delight in window gardening. Our thoughts turn instinctively to the good, the pure. How sweet to note the opening of a beautiful blossom! Money could not buy of me the privilege of caring for my thrifty, growing treasures. They bring no word of gossip or malice to my quiet home; they speak, in their way, sweet and comforting things to me. How true the lines,

"Happy the heart that with sunshine is filled,
But sad is the heart that with coldness is chilled."

I echo the words of Hannah regarding culture and refinement among children. I do not consider table etiquette of as much importance as the extermination of the slang words so common nowadays, and also coarse uncouth language.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

A CHATTY LETTER FROM "BESS."

As this is a dark, lonely day, and I have been looking over some of the late HOUSEHOLDS, I would like to come in for a few comments on a variety of topics. I have been much interested in A. L. L.'s travels, but decided were I to go on such an excursion I would not go where there was such a tumult underground. Why, just reading her descriptive letters made me dream of earthquakes and cyclones.

I agree with Ungracious as to "going a-visiting." It does seem as though every body is too busy and too tired. I recall years long past when we often went out to spend the afternoon; now it is quite out of the question. There is not time, even with all the labor saving inventions of the present day; instead of more leisure, there is much less. Why is this so? I have asked myself this question over and over, but find no satisfactory answer.

I am sure some of my neighbors recognized an old acquaintance in E. L. Nye's mopstick man. Why did not M. E. H. tell us about that farmers' picnic she had in progress? Three cheers for Grandpa; long may he live.

As Christmas time is once more drawing near, will some of the writers tell us about the pretty things to be made for that occasion.

We have had threshers, with napkins on the table, and although they were of damask linen with a wreath of wheat heads in the center, would you believe me, not one of them was used.

I have a very nice wax vine started from a slip eight years ago. I do not think it has ever lost a leaf until about one month ago the leaves began to turn yellow, and a great many have fallen, and many others are yellow. It is in a box that holds three pails of dirt, has done well and blossomed twice last spring. I have always kept it in the house close to a south window, with plenty of light, water and air. Will Mrs. Fuller tell me if there is something wrong in the treatment; or do the leaves "have their time to fall and wither at the north wind's breath?"

I heard a controversy at the fair in regard to the origin of the Plymouth Rock fowls. Will Geo. J. Knissly, of the Michigan Poultry Farm, give us his theory as to the origin of both the Barred and White

Plymouth Rocks? In my flock of White Plymouth Rocks I have four dandies marked with green paint, known as the Knissly brood.

I have been reading the talk in the Liberty Farmers' Club, where one says we are too apt to compare the past with the present (see FARMER of Oct. 18th). One of the first settlers of this township drove to Battle Creek, a distance of twenty-five miles, with pork and sold the same for \$1.50 per hundred and bought nails with which to build a barn, paying twelve and one-half cents per pound. Another sold the first wheat raised on the new farm for forty-nine cents per bushel. Which suffers most in comparison?

BESS.

FLAINWELL.

HELPS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

A pretty work-basket is made by using four small strawberry boxes. Paint them on the outside with enamel paint of any color preferred, and line the inside of each with silk, satteen, or whatever material you wish to use. Set them together in a square and fasten them firmly together where the four corners meet in the centre, under a full bow of ribbon.

A plant which is in bloom is sometimes wanted for the dining table or for the place of honor on the centre-table, and the red clay pot is hardly decorative enough for its exalted position. Rip up a couple of old straw hats, first wetting them to prevent the straw from breaking, and sew in a shape which will slip easily over the pot, making no bottom. When finished give it a coat of gold paint, and you have quite an ornamental affair, an improvement on the strip of wadding sometimes used for the same purpose.

Little fingers can manufacture a coffee-pot holder. Crochet a square in star or any fancy stitch, or even in plain knitting. Crochet an edge of shells round three sides; and gather the fourth side close, which will fit over the handle and so keep its place.

A bag for dusters may be made of fancy ticking, its stripes feather or briar stitched with gay crewels. Make it with a broadly pointed bottom, and flap following the same outline. Procure six good sized brass rings, and crochet over them with wool matching the general tone of the bag; then draw long strands of the wool through every stitch almost half way round the rings, to form flat tassels. Fasten these at the points and corners of the bag. The word "Dusters" in irregular letters may be outlined on the front of the bag. One of the large bags in which fine dairy salt is packed can be used in place of the ticking and powdered all over with irregular dots of old blue and pink wool, with tassels made as directed above.

Bolton sheeting, a heavy twilled weave, can be used for a cover for a table in the sitting room or a bedroom, and as it is easily laundered may be always fresh and dainty. Cut round or square, as preferred, and outline a showy pattern in heavy linen floss. If you cannot get it stamped, or do not wish to be at the expense, quite a

pretty border can be designed by drawing intersecting circles, using a small cup or tumbler as a pattern. Or a leaf border may be drawn, or single leaves scattered over the surface. A spray of horse-chestnut leaves, which are five in number on one stem, makes a pretty, showy pattern. If square, the spread may be simply hemmed; if round, hem very narrowly and tie in a fringe of white or cream knitting cotton with a few threads of the colors used in embroidering the design.

Pull a banana skin apart very carefully, lay the pieces on paper and trace them. Cut them out and with these as a pattern cut similar pieces from yellow silk or satin, allowing half an inch to turn in, and stitch them neatly together. Fill with bran, and with green and brown water color paints imitate the spots and streaks of the skin. Finish with a loop and tiny bow to hang up by. This makes a banana pincushion.

A unique splasher is made of three palm-leaf fans, tinted in oil colors according to the coloring of the bedroom. If blue, use three shades of that color, one very deep and dark, one bright, the third pale blue. Tie them together in the shape of a large clover leaf, under a ribbon bow.

Good Housekeeping tells us how to make a butterfly lamp screen: Cut a paper pattern of butterfly's wings, each about four inches across; lay this on rose colored China silk and cut four pieces, allowing a narrow edge to turn in. Stitch together and run round the edge again, and through the slip thus made run a slender wire to keep the wings in place. Make the body of a coil of wire covered loosely with the silk, and to it stitch the wings. Touch up the body and wings with darker rose in water color, and add dashes of gold paint. Make feelers of two long bits of wire, and fix a loop of wire near the head by which to hang the screen to the lamp shade.

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

"A Young Housekeeper" asks what causes stovepipes to drip, and if there is a preventive or remedy. She also inquires how Russia pipe which has been stained by the drip can be cleaned.

The deposit of black sooty water which is so annoying is due to the condensation of moisture in the pipes and the only remedy we know—if indeed it is a remedy, is to keep better fires, generating heat enough to carry off the moisture. It will be noticed the drip is troublesome principally in spring and fall, when not much fire is necessary, and disappears with colder weather.

We know of nothing which will clean Russia pipe thus stained. The corrosive element in the drippings seems to cut the polish off the iron. The only way we know of to remedy this in even a slight degree is to rub a little kerosene on the stained places, repeating the application at intervals, and when the oil has quite disappeared, apply a little stove polish.

If any of our readers can give further light on this subject we shall be glad to hear from them.

CHAT.

When the FARMER comes, I first turn to our little HOUSEHOLD and see what Beatrix has to say; also El. See and Ella R. Wood interest me very much. I agree with Beatrix on dress reform; there is more hue and cry about women's dress than need be. I took much pleasure in A. L. L.'s notes of travel, imagined myself with her more than once during the trip. Ella R. Wood has expressed my "sentiments tew" on the suffrage question. I think that every woman, even if she be illiterate, is fully as competent as a man who is half drunk, and whose vote may be bought for a drink of whisky, or several of them as the case may be, to judge whom to vote for. I had a hearty laugh about Sister Gracious' canary putting his head into the ink. E. C.'s "Fantasma" was also very interesting. I cannot understand the false pride that let the "pert young miss" room with the "worker," while she would not be seen on the avenue with her because "she works for a living."

NORTH BRANCH.

LUELLA.

COMMENTS.

Hannah thinks the inaccurate expressions of children worse than faulty table etiquette, but why neglect one for the other? A mother with whom I spent some time was very particular with her three little daughters in the matter of speech. She was a devoted Chautauquan, and all the later pronunciations were insisted upon, but such children at the table! The eldest, a bright girl of seven, helped herself to everything within reach, poked her food upon her knife with her fingers, then wiped them on the tablecloth, and kept up a continual drumming on the under side of the table with her feet, while the two younger ones were following her example. But, so long as they used proper language, the mother thought she was doing her whole duty. Do we not all have hobbies, and can we not always find time to do the thing in which we are most interested?

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

PAPER is cheap; and it makes no difference whether you write to the HOUSEHOLD on your very best linen laid stationary or clean yellow wrapping paper cut to commercial note size. But *please* do not write on both sides of the paper, and *please* do not wind your closing sentences around the margins of the page to save another half sheet. A little poem that might have received "the baptism of print" goes into the waste-basket this morning for the first reason only, and the editorial brow has a new perpendicular wrinkle born of following and copying the *finale* of an article that wanders up and down the margins of a couple of pages. If you have but a few words more to say and do not wish to begin a fresh page, fill out the last page and write the word "over" in parenthesis, thus (over) the last word in the last line or under it, and turning the sheet over and upward write the conclusion on the reverse. Thus the Editor and the compositors shall bless your thoughtfulness.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

It is pretty certain that the millenium will not come till women are accorded the same rights and privileges claimed by the self constituted "lords of creation."

"And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion, etc."

"So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." And what God has made equal, in His own image, let no man presume to put asunder.

Give woman the same rights granted to man, and then let her choose to enjoy them or not, as she pleases. It does not follow that if the right of suffrage be granted to women they must of necessity exercise it. Remove all restrictions on account of sex, and the feeling of inferiority will be removed, and the future race thus be improved.

Because woman is the "weaker vessel" physically, it by no means follows she is weaker in general. On the contrary, she is man's superior in intuitive perceptive faculties. She will jump at conclusions intuitively and correctly, while man will beat all about the bush with his syllogistic reasoning and make many mistakes; and woman will say, "I told you so." When women are accorded equal rights with men, let them stand right up to those rights and not claim any privileges on account of sex.

GRANDPA.

MUSKOGON.

TO MOVE OR NOT TO MOVE?

In spring, when a fresh life starts everywhere, there often comes to a person who has lived many years, perhaps all his years in the same place, a feverish restlessness; a feeling that the old ruts will no longer do for him; that he must try a new life in some new spot. The woman with a towel tied over her hair and her nose decorated with smut, cleaning the same rooms she has cleaned semi-annually ever since she can remember, and putting back into the same old corners the same old pieces of furniture, will often pause in her work to inventory the contents of a passing wagon—soap keg, washtubs, baby cab, and numerous other household goods which go to make up "the last load," and envy the woman who sits perched on high, with her feet in an inverted table, and the parlor lamp-globe in her lap. Perhaps into the midst of her yearning drops a wonder what she should do with all the stuff she has gathered about her if she should chance to be called upon to move. Well, the kaleidoscope suddenly turns, and she finds herself face to face with the oft-times longed for move. This is quite apt to occur when she least wishes for it. Perhaps in late autumn, when, at peace with her neighbors, with rooms newly painted and papered, and the garnered stores of the season in the cellar, she feels most like building a good fire and snuggling down by it for the winter.

But she has always rather prided herself upon her good sense and practical way of

managing an emergency; so she soon decides that if she must move she shall do it in a systematic manner and do away with the confusion which seems to trouble other people. She starts in all right; a box as soon as packed is numbered and an entry made in her note book to the effect that "No. 1" contains cooking utensils, "No. 2" Fred's heavy boots, "No. 3" John's blue shirt with brown patch, etc., etc. But time flies; confusion creeps in, and she soon sees that to carry out her plan she needs the service of both clerk and bookkeeper, and begins to put things in as they come to hand, and after this, could her household goods talk, they might assert that moving, as well as politics, make strange bed-fellows. As the hours go by trials increase; Berry, the pet cow, must be sold and some other things given away; the neighbors never seemed half as good and kind, and the old place half so pleasant; she has taken root, like her roses and vines, and finds many a tendrill which she never suspected until it broke. She gets tired, nervous, cross and tearful, and instead of the elation she dreamed of comes such heartache that she thinks it wiser to "Bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGES.

A correspondent at Ceresco asks: "Will you kindly inform us through the HOUSEHOLD about the workings of the Woman's Exchange, and how one should proceed to take advantage of the same? Is there one in all large cities or only in New York and Chicago?"

The Woman's Exchange of this city has had a see-saw existence, having been abandoned and resumed several times. It has now been established nearly two years, and "still lives" in its modest quarters on Grand River Ave., just off Woodward. The front portion of the store is devoted to the display and sale of fancy articles; the rear is occupied by tables at which lunch is served to customers, and this department is said to receive a fair share of patronage. Cakes, cookies, fried cakes, bread and pies are supplied by the "depositors," as they are called, or those who furnish supplies, and are sold or used in the lunch room at discretion. Each depositor is requested to contribute one dollar annually to the funds of the Exchange, the year beginning in March; and ten per cent is charged on all sales made. The owner of the article fixes the price, also a minimum price; and everything must be sent free of expense to the Exchange. All work must be inspected and approved by the committee in whose province it belongs; and wax, hair, feather, splatter, splinter and cardboard work is barred out, as unsalable. In the cake and preserve department there is an established standard and no entries are received until samples have been tested and accepted, and future consignments must be up to the standard accepted.

These are the principal rules of the Exchange. Some complaint has been made of the indifference and want of interest on

the part of attendants in the sale departments in regard to the exhibition of goods; and a few who have endeavored to find customers for their goods through the Exchange have complained that to get wares properly or attractively displayed it is necessary to be "on the inside." But it is also true that the Exchange reserves the right to reject articles not up to its standard, and that such rejection will almost invariably be resented. One lady who sent an invalid's knitted shawl to the Exchange before the holidays last year, on inquiring afterward as to its fate was languidly informed by the young lady in charge that she "didn't know," but that if it had been sold "a check would be sent the first of the month." Later, the lady claimed the goods and received the original package, which had never been untied. To reject articles the committee knows are not suited to the market or the customers of the Exchange is without doubt a rightful privilege, but goods once accepted from depositors who have paid their dollar are certainly entitled to proper display and a fair chance of sale. During the season a good business is done in the order department, through which a number of ladies who have been away during the summer secure their supply of jellies, jams and canned fruits.

There is a prosperous Exchange in San Francisco, having handsome quarters in the best business part of the city, and whose restaurant is well patronized. In New Orleans also, the lunch room commands good business. The pioneer Women's Exchange, started in New York City eleven years ago, is not self-supporting in its fancy work and art departments, but pays a surplus in its restaurant and order departments. It receives wares from 2,200 consignors, and has returned them nearly a million dollars. A commission of ten per cent is charged. The managers decidedly and firmly, though politely, refuse any work which is not perfect of its kind. The demand for goods of all sorts is steady. The restaurant is well patronized, and the business of supplying lunches and teas, etc. increases, though prices are high enough to insure the absolute perfection demanded. Canned fruits, jellies, mince meat, jams, marmalades, etc., salads, cakes, rolls, cookies, pies and puddings are commodities largely dealt in, and are sent in from all parts of the country.

Contributed Recipes.

BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES WITHOUT MILK.—Buckwheat pancakes can be made without-milk as follows: Mix at night with warm water salted; yeast, quantity as for bread; use buckwheat only and mix to a batter, not stiff. In the morning it will be very light, stir in a tablespoonful of syrup and a half teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in half a teacupful of boiling water. Let it rise until ready to bake for breakfast. Quantity to be mixed according to the size of the family. Potato yeast is the best. Should any one want the recipe I can give a good one. For E'bel, of West Groton, Mass.

DETROIT.

A READER.