

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DEC. 13, 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

BABY'S GUARD.

BY GEO. B. LITTLE.

And o'er her bed while yet she sleeps,
An angel loving vigil keeps.
See! now she stoops and whispers low,
Her accents, strangely sweet, are s'ow;
Her presence lights the child's sweet face
And lends the charm of heavenly grace.

But hark!

Angelic words are changed to song;
Nor could such melody belong
To other lips than those whose tone
Is used to sound before God's throne—

The angel sings:

"Marie! Marie! rest quietly.
An angel stands to guard o'er thee,
Thy Father from His throne above
Sent me to guard His child with love.
Naught can bring harm to thee, my dear,
While I my watch am keeping here;
So rest in peace, in trust sleep on,
Until another morning's dawn.
An angel stands to guard o'er thee,
Marie! Marie! rest quietly."

JAPANESE WARES AT THE ART MUSEUM.

Mr. Frederick Stearns, a well-known Detroit, and founder of one of the city's most substantial institutions, the laboratory which bears his name, returned last summer from a year's travel in Japan, Corea, Persia and India. During his wanderings he collected a great many specimens of the art and handiwork of the people of those countries, and on his return, the collection, which cost him \$40,000, was donated to the Museum of Art in this city, a truly royal gift, as, setting aside the cash value, the articles selected were chosen with reference not alone to their intrinsic worth and artistic merit, but also with a view to representing in a measure the progress, development and history of Japanese art. Mr. Stearns then took up the arduous work of classifying, arranging and labeling the collection, a task which must have been, after all, a pleasant one, recalling as it would inevitably the various incidents and adventures of his travels. This accomplished, the collection was thrown open to the public, the opening being on Saturday afternoon and evening, Nov. 30. The invitations were unique, being a specially designed etching bearing Japanese symbols, the crane, typical of longevity, the pine, emblem of vigor. Most people are very ignorant of the symbolic character of Japanese decorations; the, to us, seemingly careless and inconsequent designs are really full of significance to the people of that country; and to understand the beauties

and mysteries of their art it is necessary to know something of the meaning of the designs.

The Japanese flag, the great red globe upon its white ground, floated over the inner entrance to the Museum; and the lower floor was completely filled with the cases containing the exhibits, ranged as closely as was possible and yet permit the passage of spectators. Among such a wonderful array of interesting objects it is possible only to single out and describe a few of the more noticeable, or those which, in the crush, one had the best opportunity of examining. The fact that nearly all the articles had descriptions attached, indicating their uses, history, age, and other data, added largely to the interest and gives an idea of the labor expended by Mr. Stearns and his assistants before they were prepared for inspection.

The immense platted straw or fibre hats of the natives of Corea occupied a section of one case, and with them was shown a rain coat, which with the big hat, would put the wearer literally under a thatched roof and give him the appearance of a perambulating hay-stack. The wrong side of the coat showed it to be an open-work weave of twisted fibres, with the ends on the outside and these frayed or pulled apart till they completely covered the foundation, overlying each other like feathers, though of course rough and irregular. A photograph of a native as he appeared thus clothed was shown with the coat.

Another case contained robes worn by the women of Nippon, some of which were very handsome. An outer robe worn by the women of the upper classes was of white figured silk embroidered with gold thread and colored silks in a very intricate fashion. Apparently the genius of the designer was not to be curbed by set patterns monotonously repeated, but was manifested by an infinite variety, harmoniously intermingled and blended. Another of black figured silk, elaborately embroidered, was once the robe of a maid of honor to a Japanese princess. There were other garments, some of rich brocade, which had figured at the court of the Mikado. The *kimono*, the Japanese woman's chief garment, is a seemingly shapeless garment; I don't see how they ever get into it and get it round them into shape, but I suppose they know how. I hope Japanese houses have no cellars, for going up and down stairs attired in a *kimono* would be more difficult than the

feat Ella R. Wood chronicles in this issue.

The popular religion of Japan is Buddhism, though since the ports of that country have been thrown open to foreigners many of the higher classes have embraced Christianity, and others have abandoned Buddhism without adopting any belief in its place. The mixture of Shinto and Buddhist religions led to the founding of a vast family of gods or deities, each presiding over his particular realm. Many figures of these gods are in the Stearns collection. An image made in 1675, of one of the incarnations of Buddha, used in the temple worship, represents him as a six-armed deity seated on the sacred lotus throne in Nirvana; the overlapping petals of the lotus are tipped with gold, and behind him is a great shield. Buddha is not very beautiful, but looks benevolent; he ought, since he is supposed to be in heaven. The Shintu god of the fish market, equipped with treasure box and fan, is a jolly-looking old fellow; his treasure box has a fish on top, and his eyes are squinted as if watching a shrewd trade; fish are scaly customers. Daikoku, the god of food or good fortune, carries a treasure box and a hammer, and his squat, dumpy figure, somewhat broader than it is long, is standing upon bales of rice. A very amiable figure was the family god Hotei, in a semi-recumbent posture, his ear-lobes preternaturally elongated so they lie upon his shoulders, and a smirking grin on his fat face. A figure about a foot high, in Kyoto porcelain, represents a Chinese sage. He smiles and shows his teeth and looks very cheerful and silly, quite unlike a philosopher; he carries a branch of a peach tree over his shoulder, but probably not for the purpose for which Michigan mothers sometimes carry the emblem. Some fire-pots were figures of gods, one Daruma in grief, an amusingly doleful face; the other of a decidedly ferocious aspect, if filled with fire would be frightful. In a miniature temple is the image and shrine of the goddess Kwanon, the Buddhist mother of mercy; the image is gold, the inner shrine silver, and the outer or temple of yellow and brown bronze, all of beautiful workmanship.

The collection of Japanese porcelain is large and very interesting. The shapes are unique and the colorings exquisite. Indeed, an inspection of the entire exhibit gives one a much higher opinion of Japanese art and taste than was previously entertained, and, evidently, the Japanese goods we find in American stores are

manufactured for the American trade, and I am afraid never paid an import duty. Some of the vases are exquisite. I noticed particularly a vase of cloisonne enamel, the design chrysanthemums, on goldstone—a material once fashionable for jewelry, which was the work of one man during four months. Everything about the tableware is so small and dainty, as if made for lilliputs. The Japanese are an undersized race, and must be less gross eaters than Americans, for all their dishes are tiny; little tea-pots; delicate cups, like bubbles crystallized in porcelain, for the tea ceremony; cake-bowls that would hold perhaps a pint, and carved spoons with the handle on one side of the bowl, the contents to be taken from the other; and the chop-sticks, which are a pair of mysteries to me, for I cannot conceive how a healthy appetite could ever be satisfied by their use. A Japanese table is not over a foot square, it has a rim around it, each corner is rounded in an inverse scallop, it is beautifully lacquered, and each individual has a table for himself, on which his meals are served, extra ones being kept for guests.

The Japanese flower-holders are cylindrical in shape, some are beautifully carved, others are inlaid. One had butterflies in intaglio; another, very curious and pretty, was made of a section of a species of plum-tree, decayed and insect eaten. Yet it had been lacquered, and a delicate vine with mother of pearl leaves was applied as a decoration, while a little monkey, done in ivory I think, was climbing up one side.

A few of the interesting things to be seen are insect cages of split bamboo, lacquered; Japanese arms and armor, the scabbards of the swords beautifully inlaid and lacquered; cabinets of polished wood, which are marvels of dainty workmanship; a great variety of lacquer work, boxes, trays, etc.; hideous wooden masks, carved in grotesque shape and worn by actors upon the stage in the 14th century, and by priests in their dances; bronze bells with long pendants, which hang on the corners of temples and shrines and ring by swinging in the wind; rin-bells, bowl-shaped vessels to be rung by striking on them with a pestle-shaped piece of wood; a curious carved bell hollowed from a solid wooden block, hung in the temple, and on which the priests strike monotonously as they repeat their prayers; sandals of gourd fibre and coarse grass; stockings with an apartment for the big toe; and shoes which show the shoemaker's bill has no terrors for a Japanese parent, for they are simply flat pieces of wood with other pieces under them, put on perpendicularly to hold the foot up out of the mud, and with straps to fasten them on, and they only cost 15 3 4 cents per pair.

The objects enumerated are but the veriest fraction of the curious, beautiful and interesting things to be found in the Stearns collection. I have not space to mention the scrolls and pictures on the second floor. Thus you will see that when you visit the city you can put in any length of time at the Museum, and feel well repaid for the time and trouble. Curiosity, once aroused, will not be satisfied with the visit, especially if you are at all interested in that strange land and race so new to most of us.

BEATRIX.

A FARMERS' PICNIC.

In reply to Bess's inquiry about that picnic, the reason I did not tell about it was, when the farmers' picnic and the society picnic which soon followed were over, I felt I had had a surfeit of picnics and was glad of a rest. But I will tell a little about the farmers' picnic. Very elaborate preparations were made for a good one—in the line of speakers and recitations by trained elocutionists and music of stringed instruments, but (what a world of suggestions in that little word of only three letters!) it began to rain in the night previous to the day appointed and continued raining until noon; when the clouds became conscience-stricken for interfering with the comfort and pleasure of so many people and quietly folded their wings and swiftly fled away, like the "Arabs with their tents." Our speaker, Mrs. Mary A. Mayo, of Battle Creek, made her appearance promptly on time. As soon as the rain ceased about six hundred people started for the picnic grounds, which were soon made in good condition by the sun and the breeze. Some were there in time to take a one o'clock dinner; others took supper after the exercises were over. There were very few if any who were not glad they were present. Mrs. Mayo's address was such a good one, every one was sorry to have her stop. After the address, the subject of which was "Co-operation of the Moral Sentiment in a Community," she told us much about the Industrial School for Girls at Adrian, which was very interesting and also instructive, as so few people, comparatively speaking, know anything about that institution, although they pay the tax for its support. Mrs. Mayo told us how many thousand dollars the School costs the State annually; and how much was appropriated (of the people's money) for that "mammoth debauch" at Battle Creek, called by courtesy the "State Military Encampment," where women were not safe from insult even when accompanied by their husbands. If I remember aright, the appropriation for the encampment was about double that for that noble institution for the saving of poor ignorant girls from utter loss and ruin, and making useful members of society of them. Is it not time there is a co-operation of moral sentiment against such a spectacle, sanctioned and supported by respectable people's earnings? It was a shame and a disgrace to the State, and an insult to that pleasant and refined little city which they desecrated and befouled by their presence.

The long evenings are with us again, and every one ought to have a line of good substantial reading planned for the winter. Light reading may be indulged in for rest, but it pays to read something to stimulate thought and broaden our views; to make us better acquainted with the earth on which we live, and the heavens above our head; and with the men who have been most instrumental in making history, and the women who endowed these sons with so much earnestness and perseverance in the line they elected to travel.

Mothers and older sisters, you can not begin too young in forming a correct taste in the young regarding their reading.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

"ANOTHER COUNTY HEARD FROM."

I have come to shake hands with Belle M. Perry, who gave us such a sensible article on dress reform last week.

I have always rebelled personally against long heavy skirts which hamper one's movements, and in spite of precaution will persist in "switching" about the feet in a decidedly uncomfortable manner if one is obliged to be upon the street on a windy day. Then who, who wears petticoats has not had the exasperating experience described in said article in going up stairs?

The present mode of dress I admit is an improvement upon that of former years; but it leaves much still to be desired, according to my way of thinking.

Could woman be allowed to wear as sensibly made garments as her more fortunate brother, how much of suffering so common to her sex at the present day might be avoided, to say nothing of the additional comfort and convenience of such a costume. And then look at the pockets! She would no longer be obliged to carry her purse in her hand because she has no other place to carry it. The only perplexing thing about it would be that she would undoubtedly forget which pocket it was in, and have to search through the whole dozen of them before she could find it, instead of, as in the present case, laying it down on the counter and going away without it.

Belle M. Perry is a step ahead of me. I have not yet tried the reform garments, although I declare I will do so every time I come up from the cellar with a pan of potatoes in one hand, a head of cabbage in the other, and a can of fruit under my arm (to "save steps," but alas! not my dress).

"Dress according to your work," should be every woman's motto. In the kitchen—mopping for instance, bending over garden beds or chicken-coops, certainly demands a different mode of apparel from that worn by the woman of luxurious ease whose skirts sweep only over the soft carpets of a city drawing room.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FROM "SISTER GRACIOUS."

There is a vast difference between trying to keep a dissatisfied, scowling boy at work, and a willing, active one who is doing his very best to please, and perhaps earn a dime or a nickel. It pays to hire your boys, see that the job is thoroughly done, and pay spot cash, and not even suggest what he might do with it. This making a boy save his pennies for the heathen is dishonest. If the boy is willing and interested in the welfare of poor boys, and wants to put his pennies into the contribution box, encourage him. But don't say as one mother did: "Benny! you have earned five cents by cleaning the walk from snow. If you buy candy with it I will whip you, you must carry it to Sunday school and give it to your teacher." Let the boy feel the money he has earned is his very own, to do what he likes with, without let or hindrance. Of course he will spend it foolishly at first, but he will soon find earning money is hard work, and that he can't have his cake and eat it; and

will be apt to think twice before he spends it. I know one mother with a very careless little boy who pays him ten cents a week to be always punctual at breakfast, face and hands clean, shoes brushed and dressed neatly. He forfeits a penny every time he transgresses these rules. It works well; a very careless boy is gradually changing into an orderly one.

If women, instead of staying in doors working out designs in canvass with different colored wools, often sitting close to the fire or in pent up rooms till their cheeks become pale and feet cold, would study color in arranging the garden beds, what healthy happy creatures they would be! One merry, rosy little lady laid out her bed, thirty feet long, and four feet wide. In one end was a tangle of color from verbenas. Close to them were mignonette, sweet alyssum and dianthus pinks, all low growing things, and the effect was beautiful, like a bright mat, made with soft bright colors. In the next bed were chrysanthemums, flowerless plants all summer, but the vivid green contrasted well with some gay dahlias. Then came marigolds and larkspurs, and a large space devoted to four o'clocks, common flowers it is true, but so sweet, and with such an array of color. Between the petunias and portulacca was a cool green sweet herb bed. And like tall sentinels at the end of the garden were the sunflowers and hollyhocks. SISTER GRACIOUS.

DETROIT.

CRISTMAS PRESENTS.

I have been a constant reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for many years, yet never ventured to write. But as it is near Christmas time I will add my mite to the Christmas column.

While shopping one day I saw a very pretty thimble-case which I immediately copied. Cut a small slipper, about two and a half inches long, from pasteboard. Cover with chamois or satin. Paint or embroider a design in the front. Line with chamois or satin, and put a puff of cotton in the heel to form a small pin-cushion. This you will find a dainty present.

For a handsome tidy take lavender, pink and orange ribbon, one-half yard of each; between the strips of ribbon have two strips of covered brass rings. Finish the bottom of the tidy by turning the corners of the ribbon under, thus forming a point on which sew a small plush ornament.

A shaving case is 10x8 inches, cut from pasteboard. Cover one side with a layer of wadding, scented, and over this put chamois and line the back with satteen of contrasting color. Sew a band of ribbon diagonally across the front. Paint or embroider a design in the two corners, and on the ribbon paint in quaint letters, "Take a shave." On the back fasten the tissue paper for shaving. Hang up by ribbon fastened on the two upper corners and your friend will surely feel flattered. Hoping these suggestions will be useful to some, I promise to come again.

ANN ARBOR.

WILD WINDS.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

In preparing this dish the Dover egg-beater or syllabub churn will be found necessary. The shape is retained better by the use of gelatine. If a round form is desired, a two or three quart basin will answer, or a brick shaped tin with perfectly straight sides. The mold should always be dipped in water and kept cold. Then slices of fruit cake can be used with the sponge—alternating in the mold. A space of one half inch should be left between the slices in lining the mold, then set it aside where it will not be disturbed. Three teacupfuls, or one and one-half pints of thick sweet cream, ice cold, shall be whipped to a froth; add two-thirds of a teacupful of powdered sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one half a box of gelatine previously dissolved in boiling water sufficient to just cover, then cooled. Stir it gently until it grows stiff, then fill the mold and set on ice or in a cool place until wanted.

Still another handsome dish is made by taking a stale sponge cake, cut off the top carefully, leaving about one-third inch of the sides on, lay this on a plate where it will not become broken. Then pick out all the inside of the cake, leaving the outer walls intact, fill this with the cream prepared as for the above, putting bits of jelly through it, or large ripe strawberries. When full lay the cover in and pile cream on the top with the jelly or fruit. My rule for Charlotte Russe is the following: One ounce gelatine; two gills boiling milk; whites of four eggs; one and one-half cups powdered sugar; one pint thick cream, whipped; teaspoonful rose water. Pour this mixture over the sliced cake in the mold and set in cool place one hour. Then turn out on a handsome platter and serve. It is easily made.

BATTLE CREEK

EVANGELINE.

FROM A WEAK SISTER.

If we who have children err in their training, it will not be from lack of good advice from those who have none. One correspondent thinks the tablecloth of more importance than the food served upon it. Another says the napkin has a greater educational influence than the cloth. A third considers table etiquette more necessary to moral and spiritual welfare than both; while still another banishes the dearly beloved Mother Goose and sets the use of correct language above the whole table business. Then, as the last and fatal feather to the wearied and weak, comes "El. See's" inquiry, "Why not attend to all?"

"Why not," I hear echoed from childless women, in luxurious homes; from Beatrix at her desk, stories above and miles away from the country roads and fields where our robust children shout, and kick and grow. But I imagine that more than one woman with limited patience and strength, striving earnestly to do her duty to a family or small children and a large mortgage, will readily find plenty of "whys and wherefores" and read some of our *HOUSEHOLD* articles with thankfulness that their writers live a goodly dis-

tance away; and try to imagine how her children would be likely to behave during a visit from one, or all of them. Worse than ever before of course, and she should have no hope of making a childless woman believe it, for it requires experience to realize how a child will seize the most inopportune moment to carry out a fresh idea. Some time ago I received a visit from an old schoolmate whose lot had been cast in circles of wealth and culture. I soon learned, with some regret, that she knew

very little of country life, nothing of children. During her first meal she so absorbed our interest in her conversation that some request of our two year old was unheeded, when suddenly a crust of bread was sent spinning across the table and struck squarely in my cup of tea. She had telegraphed like that angelic man who, after vain calls for shaving water, tugged a heavy bureau to the head of the stairs and sent it crashing down. I remembered that May was near-sighted and with a great hope hushed the matter up. Afterward, when we had grown comfortable together, I mentioned the episode; she said she saw it, and enjoyed the laugh which she had so bravely suppressed at the time. I wonder if any one ever succeeded when she depended upon an infirmity of another's eye or ear to help her out of a dilemma?

"There is the most genteel child I ever saw," says a friend in an envious tone. "I should judge so," I replied, "from the looks of her limbs." They were just about the shape and size of broom handles. Then I aired my theory that robust health in the young, with the flow of animal spirits which naturally accompanies it, is not apt to produce the subdued thoughtfulness which marks the genteel. I think my listener, as well as myself, felt a trifle weak on this point of training, and gladly accepted my defensive theory however fallible it may prove before the enemy.

Our little boy, who has never seen a sick day in his five years, calls so loudly and quickly for "more potato and gravy," that the introductory "please" is lost to the ear, although on cross-examination he declares it present. A boy is whistling for him outside. "Erl says, 'If you swear and die, you'll be burned up in Dod's big cook stove,' is that true?" A move in the right direction, but after all we fear he takes chances. Why is it that children learn bad so much quicker than good? After all the Golden Rule is the true principle of politeness, and we who have to let so much go must cling to the principle of things. If we teach our children to be true, to be thoughtful of others, to love the lovely and hate the evil, the amenities of life will come easily and naturally as they grow up to them. If we teach them to be ladies and gentlemen there will be no trouble about their appearing as such. A small child will outgrow much that is disagreeable, and it is better to let it be out-grown than to fret ourselves and the child too in training it out. If there is another *HOUSEHOLDER* who, once through with right or wrong, feels too hurried or too tired, or too much inclined to let everybody about her do as they like, to attend to further detail, let us clasp hands in sympathy and hope that the Recording Angel may be merciful.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

INFANTS' WARDROBES.

A correspondent asks for an article on the above subject. There seems to be a sort of "don't-preach-till-you-know-how-it-is-yourself" feeling about Beatrix's ideas of the management and training of children, but perhaps the results of observations regarding their clothes will not be open to similar objections.

Baby's first dresses are made of fine nainsook or cambric. They are the width of the goods, or about two yards at the bottom, and sloped a little to the top, where they are gathered to a little yoke. They are shorter than formerly; many are only a yard long when completed; very elaborate ones only a yard and a quarter. Clusters of the finest tucks are alternated with rows of briar and feather stitching, or with strips of narrow insertion. A very beautiful dress seen at Newcomb & Endicott's was of white India silk, which is as washable as linen. The yoke had two horizontal rows of hemstitching across it, alternating with three rows of briar stitching, the centre one different from the others, all done in white silk. To this was sewed a gathered strip about an eighth of a yard wide, forming the waist, and the gathered skirt sewed on to the bottom of this with a cord. A few threads were pulled for a hemstitching for the deep hem, above which were three rows of briar stitching. The sleeves were coat shape, bound with white ribbon, and ornamented with one row of stitching. Another, which might be used for an outer wrap or cloak in warm weather or for a dress for a three months old babe, was of fine white cashmere, the yoke embroidered with sprigs done in white silk, and the lower edge buttonholed in small scallops; under this was set the skirt, which was laid in six pleats on each side—the yoke opened in front—and about an inch and a half from the yoke a few fancy stitches in silk held the pleats in place. The sleeves were full, with a little cluster of pleats confined in the same manner on the back of the arm. A narrow turn over collar, buttonholed with silk and also embroidered with the same design as the yoke, was sewed on and fastened under a bow of satin ribbon. Both these dresses could be duplicated in other materials. The yokes of other dresses are composed of perpendicular rows of tucks alternating with strips of insertion, or briar stitching done in cotton floss, if the material of the dress is cotton. There is then the narrow strip, gathered on both edges, which separates the yoke and the narrow belt, this makes the "baby waist." High necks and long sleeves are always made to all kinds of dresses. The skirt is trimmed to match the yoke, and lace and embroidery—very fine and dainty both must be—drawn work, feather stitching and tuckings may be chosen at convenience.

The finest and daintiest of hand sewing is put on the baby's clothes, and tucks and fancy stitchings are preferred to embroidery. Four inch ruffles are put upon skirts and are edged with narrow lace.

For flannel skirts, choose a flannel which is part cotton; it does not shrink and is

softer. Such skirts for "common use" are simply buttonholed round the bottom with white silk; for best, they are embroidered in patterns as deep and elaborate as a mother's patience and eyesight, or her purse, will permit. They are about seven-eighths of a yard long, and the front breadth is sloped on both edges to reduce the bulk round the waist. The bands are really straight waists and straps over the shoulders, and are closed with the tiniest pearl buttons, not larger than glove buttons, and these are also placed at the bottom of the waist, to which the white skirt is buttoned, thus doing away with one band. The pinning blanket is feather-stitched all round, and its wide band—as wide as the waist of the flannel skirt—extends in points which are wound round the body and tied with tapes. The little shirts are high necked and long sleeved, and of gauze and wool or woven cashmere, or of finest and softest flannel, feather stitched with silk. Little sacks are crocheted of white Saxony wool, in star stitch, and have borders and scalloped edges of baby blue and pale pink wool, through which narrow ribbons to match are run. The baby's blanket is a square of white flannel or heavy merino, beautifully embroidered, or hemmed and decorated with rows of narrow satin or moire ribbon.

Cloaks are of white Henrietta, heavy white cashmere, or fancy cloths especially designed for the purpose, which have small silk figures on them, or the pretty lambs' wool cloth lined with eider down or canton flannel, will answer every purpose. They are cut long, loose in front, and shirred in the back; or with round waists to which the skirt is gathered with a heavy yet soft cord sewed in. A cap of white surah or *peau de soie*, with wadded lining, a full face ruche of fine lisse and rosettes of narrow white ribbon on top, is the usual headcovering; though beautifully embroidered caps of white cashmere are more elegant and easily made at home.

BEATRIX.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

A convenient magazine or paper holder has for foundation a thin board, twice as long as wide. Saw one end to a point, slope the other in the same way, but cut off the point about half its length. The sides, after the points are sewed, should be as long as the board is wide. Cover this with felt or flannel, fastened on the back with small tacks. Get two strips of morocco leather, pink them or cut in scallops, and tack to the board, leaving them loose enough to enable you to slip the magazines between them and the board.

A corn husk doll will please a small girl. Select a cob eight or ten inches long. measure off the waist, and wind layer after layer of clean white husks below this, cutting out gores at the top to keep the shape and make the skirts full at the bottom. Make arms of husks closely wound and pinned securely to the cob. Shape the top of the cob for a head, and cover with a smooth white husk; mark the features with ink, and sew on corn silk for hair, bangs in front, a braid at the back.

Put on a husk bonnet, and a cape cut to fit the shoulders.

A pretty penwiper is made by cutting three leaf-shaped pieces—oak, maple or ivy are the prettiest shapes—of chamols. Fasten them securely together, one above the other. Vein the upper one with brown, and tint it to represent an autumn leaf; or if you have no conveniences for this, do the veining with gold paint.

A pair of baby's shoes cut from chamols, like a little sock or moccasin, are to be sewed up and turned. Let the top be loose enough to allow the shoe to slip on readily. Crochet a scallop round the top and cut little perpendicular slits below it, through which run a narrow ribbon which is to be drawn tight enough to hold the shoe on and tied with a bow in front.

Still another present can be made of the convenient chamols. Cut a circle eight inches in diameter. About an inch and a half from the circumference cut slits, following the outline of the circle. Through these slits run two cords, or ribbon, cords are best, fastening the ends so each forms a separate ring. When these cords are pulled up from opposite sides of the circle it forms a very neat little bag or purse for silver coin or change.

A dainty sachet in bag shape is made of two shades of ribbon, joined by cat-stitching, the sides being closed by cross stitch in fancy silk. The ends of the ribbon are raveled to form a deep fringe, and after the bag is filled with cotton, which has been liberally sprinkled with sachet powder, the ends are tied with narrow ribbon in many loops and ends.

A pretty fancy photograph frame is of half-inch strips of celluloid, woven basket fashion.

The grooved paper in which bottles are packed also serves as a medium for a picture frame if cut into strips of requisite width, the joining at the corners concealed by leaf shaped ornaments or rosettes, and the whole treated with a coat of gold paint.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOCOLATE PIE.—Line a pie dish with crust as for a custard pie and bake. Take two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate; two tablespoonfuls sugar; a little butter; season with vanilla; milk sufficient to fill the dish. Stir flour and sugar together, also yolks of two eggs, beaten; wet the chocolate with a little milk; then cook all in a dish on the stove, stirring constantly to keep from burning. Pour on the crust; after it is baked, and when cool add beaten whites and two tablespoonfuls granulated sugar and set in oven to brown.

GINGER SNAPS.—Boil one cup molasses, one cup brown sugar and one scant cup of shortening in a basin on the stove, adding heaping teaspoonful soda; salt, ginger and cinnamon to taste. Then stir in four cups of flour and set aside to cool, after which stir in flour to make them very stiff. Roll out and bake. They will not stick to the molding board made in this way and are very nice. Half of this quantity will make a small pan full, which is sufficient for a small family.

SALAD DRESSING.—Half cup vinegar; half cup sour cream; two tablespoonfuls sugar; one tablespoonful butter; one egg, and half teaspoonful mustard. Boil and pour over chopped cabbage or beets. MRS. B. I. L. LENAWE JUNCTION.