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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MISSED SUMMER.

White rose leaves star the grassy way
She takes among the flowers to-day,
Her morning task is done;
From sapphire skies, through latticed screen
Of bending branches, summer-green,
Looks down the August sun.

Along the flower-fenced alley floats
A melody of blackbird notes,
A carol from the thrush;
Then golden silence touches all,
No sound except the waterfall
Disturbs the noontide hush.

She plucks a rose with weary grace;
She drops the rose; across her face
A tender shadow falls.
What is a full blown rose to her
For whom no summer pulses stir,
No summer song-bird calls?

No summer—there the story lies,
Told doubly by those asking eyes,
Soft, with a touch of flame—
She had her happy childish hours,
Her radiant spring time, sun and showers;
But summer never came.

She waited where the seasons meet,
She said farewell to childhood sweet,
Her spring's young blossoms died;
But when she looked for summer glow,
With rose-red garlands all a-blow,
Poor heart! she was denied.

She waited as the years went by,
She bore her burden patiently,
And walked her way apart;
She saw her playmates, one by one,
Pull joy's bright blossoms in the sun,
With sweet, ungrudging heart.

She missed her summer. Yea; but so,
Methinks she missed the share of woe
That blends with summer bliss.
She missed love's sunshine—and its ache,
The thousand gnawing cares that take
The honey from a kiss.

She missed love's roses—and its thorn;
The thunder-clouds of passion born
Touched not her quiet life;
Her eyes are sad with loneliness,
But tell no tale of wile distress,
No story of strong strife.

She missed her summer, but hath found
Contentment in her daily round
Of duty done, apart;
It waiteth for her everywhere,
In some far haven, calm and clear,
The summer of the heart.

—All the Year Round.

THE SECRETS OF THE TOILETTE.

Recognizing the fact that the most regular features and brightest eyes lose half their beauty if accompanied by a dull, sallow or pasty complexion, who can blame the girls for longing to resort to art, or taking almost any means to secure the coveted clearness which so enhances their beauty. But girls, I want to tell you

one thing at the outset, you cannot have—mind, I say *cannot have*, good complexions without pure blood and good digestion, two things which seem to be interdependent. For the sake of the roses and lilies you covet you will have to deny yourself a good many things a depraved appetite craves. You will have to abjure fat meats and gravies and much butter, deny yourselves the coffee and candy and cakes you love; learn to like graham bread and oatmeal and milk, and refrain from anything you have learned by experience does not agree with you—by which I mean any food that does not digest easily, or that gives you a headache. It is not possible to say what will agree with every person. Milk, usually esteemed very healthy, and eggs, the “perfect food” of the scientists, produce indigestion if used freely by many. Biliousness, known by sallow skin and dull eyes, is only another name for indigestion.

The work of clearing the complexion demands a steadfast resolution, self-denial, and persistence. It will not do to say “I’ll eat it *this* time;” we must be resolute and faithful to our reformed schedule of diet, which will have to be kept up months before we gain the end desired. Yes, months. The elixir of simple foods and healthy living will purify the blood, and this in time will clear and beautify the skin, but like all of nature’s processes it takes time. Avoid the nostrums of the drug-store; beware the patent medicine man. I know a family of five persons here, four of whom make a practice of taking cathartic pills at least twice a month, sometimes every ten days. The father makes a patent pill for public consumption, and I sometimes think the home demand must be considerable in a year. But the health and complexions of the four members who take pills are not good advertisements of them. Headaches are many, and complexions are a rich lemon yellow. Don’t rely on medicines; try the plain living.

The extract of dandelion root (*taraxacum*) is about as good to act on a sluggish liver and clear the blood as anything I know of, aside from the “lemon treatment” I have so often advocated in these columns. Get the fluid extract, and take a teaspoonful after every meal. You can use a pint in this way. Take the taraxacum two weeks, stop a week, and begin again. Make it yourself if you can; it will be stronger and better than that you buy; dig the roots and wash and cut them, boil in a little water,

keeping them covered. In hot weather this will sour in a few days unless you add a little whiskey to prevent.

Our grandmothers were not so far off, after all, when they made their children walk up, *volens volens*, and take a spoonful of sulphur and molasses every morning for a week. Sulphur is a powerful agent and a great anti-scrofulous remedy; it opens the pores of the skin and helps clear the complexion. Taken in connection with *mercurius* (homeopathically prepared) it is a useful remedy for jaundice and liver disorders. A teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur, run up with twice or three times as much sugar, and a small teaspoonful taken every morning, and *mercurius* at night, will be found a good start for a clear complexion; then follow with nutritious but not rich or greasy diet, and plenty of external applications of soap and water. Care must be exercised when taking sulphur, not to catch cold. Take it a week, omit one week, then take again.

If your skin is dry and harsh, use glycerine and lemon juice, or glycerine and rosewater, half and half, or less glycerine, as agrees best. Pure glycerine is not good for the skin; never use it without the addition of rosewater or lemon juice, or both. For oily skins, make a saturated solution of borax by putting powdered borax into a bottle of hot water until the water will take up no more, shaking it until it is dissolved, or until there is a slight sediment left in the bottom of the bottle; put enough of this into the water in which the face is washed to make it feel soft, or as if soap had been used.

If you are going on the water, or where you will be exposed to the sun, powder the face liberally with magnesia or powdered starch—magnesia is best because it stays on better. This prevents in a measure sunburn and tan.

A remedy for “black heads” would be a boon to many girls. The best one is frequent bathing of the whole body and friction of the skin. Blackheads are the result of closed pores—the excretions which should pass off as perspiration—perceptible or otherwise, are arrested and harden in the outer cuticle. Don’t squeeze them out, but rub them out, carefully, so as not to take off the skin, with soap and water, then apply a little borax water. To squeeze them out is to make coarse pores and invite more “blackheads.” For the coarse pores of the nose and chin, apply camphor.

There are two kinds of “freckles,” the

"kisses of the sun" and the more persistent discolorations which are due to an inactive liver. For the first, prevention by care is the best cure; borax water is good; lemon juice and glycerine, with a little rose water, will remove, but they will return upon exposure. For that class which is really moth patches, only medical treatment will avail. To ensure a smooth skin, oatmeal water is excellent; it softens, whitens, and helps banish pimples.

Whatever you do, don't use the "magnolia balms," the "cream of roses" or "milk of lilies," or anything of that kind, so seductively advertised. They are a snare and a delusion. They are the same in all essentials, and their price absurdly out of proportion to the value of the materials. A little rose water, a little glycerine, a few drops of perfume, and a good deal of bismuth or white lead or both, the whole costing a few cents, when wrapped up in a sheet of "testimonials" will cost you a dollar and do your complexion five dollars' worth of damage. The action of the mineral on the skin is to wrinkle and coarsen it, and produce a plentiful crop of blackheads. The complexion on which these cosmetics are used, in time—and a short time too—is irreparably damaged.

If art must aid nature, there is but one way in which it may be done with even comparative safety. Wash the face with soap and water, as a preliminary, then rub on with the hands a drop or two of glycerine and rose water, or lemon juice and glycerine, let this dry a minute and then apply face powder—and please don't put on so much that it will show. Veloutine is perhaps the best powder; it costs fifty cents a box for the small size. Never buy the cheap powders; they are composed of bismuth and lead, some of them are purely white lead with a little ground shell, and they are as damaging and dangerous as the liquid preparations. Select a tinted powder which suits your complexion; if you are sallow and dark use the brunette powder; if your complexion is clear, you don't need any, but if you *must* use it, get the flesh colored; but whatever you do, don't try to mask a yellow skin under the pink and white of flesh tints, for you cannot do it. There is the tell tale evidence of the neck and the outlying districts behind the ears, and the color of the whites of the eyes, which "don't match" the artificial roses and lilies.

The women of this country spend \$8,000,000 annually for cosmetics. Their vanity makes the wealth of the Harriet Hubbard Ayres of the time. And still the fact remains that if we would live more in accordance with nature's laws; eat plainer, less indigestible food, take more out door exercise, worry less and hurry less, and use water more freely, both externally and internally, we could dispense with artificial aids to beauty.

BEATRIX.

"Use and Abuse of the Flatiron" is the question which the ladies of the Webster Farmers' Club will wrestle with at the February meeting, which is to be held at the home of Hon. Wm. Ball, at Hamburg. The HOUSEHOLD would very much like a report of that discussion.

MODEL HUSBANDS.

I noticed some time ago a prize offered by an eastern paper for the best description of a "model husband," which must be written by the wife of that husband. The *Post-Express* of Rochester, N. Y., of Jan. 10th has a long article on the subject, credited to the *Chicago Herald*, which says the stipulation that the woman must write of her own husband shows great forethought. The article says a woman has some "peculiar ideas." "Her husband is either one thing or the other; there is never any happy medium. She is either hunting for the wings which she is sure are folded away behind so much angelic goodness, or she is fully posted in all his wickedness, which makes Mephistopheles seem deserving of wings in comparison." The paper goes on to state further: "If this woman's husband is the 'model,' he is the only man of his kind in the universe; and this woman's heart is wrung with sorrow for every other unfortunate woman." And again: "It is amusing, the confiding manner in which she will tell you of her husband's perfections and the imperfections of other husbands. She will seat herself in the center of a group of her acquaintances and go into rhapsodies over the noble qualities of the man she married. Her friends listen and hide their smiles, and think—how little she knows her own husband, how they could astonish her if they should tell one half of what their own model husbands had told them of him."

There is a great deal more of it, and much that is true; but I have quoted sufficient for my purpose this time. I asked myself, To what class of women does the foregoing apply? If I should answer hastily, I should say to the fools and the newly married, who have not yet peered beyond the veil of romance. But when I stop and consider, I remember "Love is blind." If this explains the mystery I would naturally think all men would be more than careful to keep the flame of love burning; and especially to never brutally crush it out; or indifferently let it burn itself out for want of fuel to feed upon, which is the most common way of extinguishing it.

I know most women will find something in their husbands to praise, and more particularly if he is so unworthy as to have no one's respect. I have known men in whom no one could see a redeeming quality, and the wife saw and knew it just as well, and yet if he chanced to show her a single spark of regard or gave her the very least kind of consideration her heart would throb with joy; it had been starving so long for love and respect she could not help it; and to justify herself in her own eyes and her friends', she will repeat the incident and make much of it. And who can blame her, though they may pity her! If she can find ever so small a crumb of comfort in it let her do so; if in the little act or word of kindness she thinks she has found the first stone, be it ever so small, that is going to be the commencement of the foundation on which she is waiting and

hoping he will build a new life for himself and fulfill her expectations of him when she left her old friends for this new untried one, let her have the poor comfort.

I do not believe women are in the majority such fools as many men and some women think they are. What think you, HOUSEHOLDERS?

It seems to me that ordinary mortals who after marriage spend a large part of their time together must soon find each other out; and they are happiest who expect to find a few imperfections. The paper I quoted in the beginning claims these model husbands do not dare to show themselves to their wives as they are naturally, or as they show themselves to other men's wives, for fear of losing their wives' respect, and allowing them to see the real instead of the ideal they are worshiping. Perhaps there are such men, but I never chanced to become acquainted with them. The most of the men I have known never felt sufficient restraint upon them to compel them to pose for angels. I had six brothers, so do you not think I know a little of them? And I married a man who had three brothers. I always thought my brothers (I will not tell anything about my husband's, you might think I was trying to make you think I had the model) but my brothers were just as good and kind as any could be, though they never posed for anything they were not.

What do the readers of this little paper think of the model husband?

ALBION.

M. E. H.

CITY VS. COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPERS.

The HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 3d contains a paper read by Mrs. Marlon Watkins before the Union Farmers' Club of Union City, to which, as a city woman, I take some exceptions.

I would like to have that lady visit some families whom I know. She would find the wives in the city homes about as busy from early morning until late evening as any she ever knew in the country. First of all, the farmer's wife has nearly all of her provisions at hand, and need only go to her well-filled cellar for supplies, as the fruits and vegetables are all harvested and stored for future use. The wife whose home is in the city has no such necessity to provide for the coming season, as each day brings supplies which are always fresh, but she must visit the market daily, or at least every other day, which consumes a good deal of time; and much judgment is required to buy wisely and economically, for everything counts in the city. What farmer's wife saves pieces of bread, and after drying in the oven rolls them fine and puts away for future use in many ways? Then there is the butter, which must be carefully handled and not wasted, for butter costs money, particularly at this season of the year.

If the city wife does not do all her own work, she must plan for one or more; and judgment and experience are required to plan for others to execute. My longest experience has been that arms with hands attached and bodies with feet were easy to

procure, but it is a head we all want to carry out our planning.

The farmer's wife is not as liable to interruption in the morning as city wives. Many a time have I had calls from those whom I was glad to see; but I could not help wondering if the cake would burn or Mary Ann would forget the pies.

As for vanity, I suppose we all have some, but I don't believe the proportion is greater in the city than in the country. I do know that city wives if they amount to anything at all have their time more than full. First there is the household to put in good running order; then nine times out of ten a woman of business judgment and executive ability is connected with some Hospital or Home, or public charity, helping the unfortunate to be more comfortable, and assisting other people to carry burdens. It is generally acknowledged by all nowadays that these places are well managed financially, for I think women are better financiers than they are usually credited with being. The housekeeping arrangements in the Homes are perfect, as they are continually under the inspection of some experienced woman.

Again I think the lady who wrote the paper has a mistaken idea about farmers' wives "being looked down on as an inferior class." Her own paper gives denial to that charge, and how many bright letters and papers we have in the HOUSEHOLD from farmers' wives! I have known many who have served apprenticeship on well managed farms, and their homes were models of neatness. I have a sister-in-law whose house is so quiet and orderly it is restful to visit there, and cleanliness is with her next to godliness. On one occasion when city visitors were spending the day the tour of the house and store-rooms was in order. One lady from town, after making a careful survey, seeing some very nice eggs in the cool cellar remarked, "Even the hens are clean here, for look at those eggs!"

Housekeepers on farms have little idea of the dirt a city woman has to fight. Dust from the street in summer, which sifts in at every crack and comes in in clouds through doors and windows; and in winter dust from coal stoves or furnace, and the tracking in and out in rain and shine, always through the front door. Then the chimneys of the neighbors who use soft coal discharge a sooty shower upon the clothes in the back yard on washing days; and the smoke and soot render it necessary to wash the windows every week or two to enable us to see out. The dirt we sweep up in a week would drive a country woman crazy.

There are exceptions to the rule among city wives. Many are careless, slack and no managers, but the same rule holds good in the country; all farmers' wives do not make a success of farm life. In a measure a man's success in life depends on his selection of a wife; and if young men in city or country would think of the future much disappointment and misery might be avoided.

I have great respect for those to whom we are indebted for many of the good

things of this world, and I think their good nature is imposed upon many times by city company, but I hope the lady has not formed her opinion of all dwellers in the city by some selfish visitor.

There are several members of the HOUSEHOLD I would like to meet, among them Daffodilly and the lady who is interested in spooks; I would like to tell her about my experience in that line. Now I want to meet Mrs. Watkins, for I know I am not slack, nor vain, nor idle, and if she could spend one week with me and my six children, I will agree to have her just as tired every night as she is at harvest time on the farm. If she wants to think and plan with me I will make her head still more tired.

MRS. M. C. HUYETT.

DETROIT.

SCHOOL LUNCHES.

I find some difficulty in varying the contents of the lunch basket for the trio that tramp away to school every morning. I like to have the lunch appetizing and healthful, not too much pie and cake. All the fall I sent boiled eggs quite often, but notwithstanding the encouragement of the McKinley bill the hens have suspended payments, and I have concluded hard boiled eggs are indigestible and other viands much to be preferred.

I will tell how I prepare several articles which I find are appreciated by being eaten, even to the crumbs:

I make what I call "Brunswick Loaf" in this fashion: Husband brings me from the market four pounds of the flank of beef, with the bones taken out. I wash it; sprinkle it liberally with salt and a little pepper and two cloves, which I split and lay in different places on the meat, but which can be left out if preferred. Roll the meat tightly and tie with three separate strings. Put a quart of boiling water in a pot; put in the meat, on a plate or saucer, and boil gently all day, adding water when necessary, but as little as possible. When it is tender, lay on a plate, turn over it the very little liquid which is left in the pot, put another plate on top and a weight on that. When cold, slice thin.

I also make sweet biscuits as follows: Take a lump of bread dough a little smaller than a quart bowl. Knead into it a cup of sugar, two eggs; a scant half cup of butter, and a cup of Zante currants or seeded and chopped raisins. Let rise; mould into tiny biscuit; let rise again, and after baking, glaze with sugar and water. A cinnamon roll is made of the same dough by rolling instead of making biscuit; spread with sugar and cinnamon—four tablespoonfuls sugar and one of cinnamon—roll up like jelly roll, let rise, bake. Little biscuit, cut out with a spice box instead of the biscuit cutter, meet with approval. Two teacups flour, four teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful butter; a little salt. Mix with milk till stiff enough to roll and bake in a very hot oven.

Apples are very scarce. I buy dried apricots and nectarines, at twenty five cents a pound, for an occasional "treat."

Wash and stew very slowly a long time, when done, add the sugar. They make delicious turnovers, which the children enjoy very much.

I think "it pays" to take thought about the children's lunches, to see that there is sufficient nutritious, nourishing food to satisfy hunger and well replace the regular noon meal.

LIZZIE.

SECURING A PATENT.

I wish to inquire through the HOUSEHOLD how one must work to get a patent; whom to apply to first; if they must send sample, and the cost, in fact the whole process.

JOYCE.

The first step is to see a lawyer who makes a specialty of the patent business—patent lawyers, they are called—and pay him \$25 (the fee is mentioned first because it is most important). You will have to furnish a sketch or model, or photograph, of the invention, describe its working and mention its advantages, bringing out as clearly as possible the idea you want to patent. The lawyer, or patent agency, will prepare these properly, making new drawings and specifications, to be returned to you for your verification and signature and a further fee of \$30; and will then forward them to the Patent Office at Washington. There the drawings, etc., are examined and a patent issued if the examiners decide the invention is patentable and it has not been previously patented. When it is allowed, another fee of \$20 is called for; this goes to the government. It is of the greatest importance to employ a competent attorney, as upon the exactness and accuracy of the description and the wording of the specifications designating what is claimed depend the value of the patent. An excellent invention may be stolen from its originator if the application is not specifically exact; that is, another party, seeing some little point not covered, may file another patent covering the same ground with the addition of the point overlooked, thus securing the advantages of the invention. Much tiresome litigation has thus been caused. A patent may also be secured through the agency of the *Scientific American*, we understand. It would be impossible to estimate the exact cost of securing a patent; if the invention is complicated the expense is greater. By far the surest and safest way is to put the matter into the hands of the best patent lawyer accessible, and let him secure it. Wherever possible a working model is desirable, to be filed with the drawings, but we think it is not absolutely essential.

SOMETHING new for the toilet table consists of a couple of boards neatly covered, with a heavy weight to set upon them. Laces, neckties, ribbons, gloves, are smoothed out and placed between the boards and thus kept fresh and tidy. Cover two pieces of boards on the inside with white muslin and on the outside with cretonne. Dry a brick thoroughly, paste paper all over it, cover it with cretonne, affix handles of strong ribbon, and there you are. Of course more elaborate materials can be used if necessary.

WOMEN IN THE KEYSTONE STATE.

When I was in Pennsylvania last fall I wrote to some of the local papers there about the difference in the way the women were used in that State and here. It was news to many of the people; perhaps it would interest residents of Michigan to know how they are used there. If the readers will just take a trip with me to old Pennsylvania they will see how our great-grandfathers reared and brought up our grandparents, for very nearly the same customs exist there now as did then. The women do not have the rights granted them that the men grant us in this State, and in fact in all of the western States as far as I have been, and I have traveled in nearly all of them, except those of the great Southwest. The women in Pennsylvania do all the dairying; that is, they do all the milking and feeding the calves and pigs, and when the milk is sold the men have nothing to do but get on the wagon and ride to town and ride back again. The women stay at home and do all the chores, do the housework and have the meals prepared when "my liege lord" returns. Then they must stand back and wait on the table, and oftentimes they never sit down to the table when the lords of creation sit down—which is as soon as the meal is ready. If you could only see the rough hands of the women in western Pennsylvania, among the coal mines, you would know that I am not over-stating the facts in the least. For the wife to comb her hair and dress up is something that is not a common every day occurrence in a great many households. Of course in the cities it is different than it is in the rural districts. It was of the latter I was speaking.

They use the old Dutch brick bake oven out of doors. I have seen young girls and old women going through the rain and storm-carrying large pans of bread from the house to the bake oven, and it was storming so hard that the men folks did not care to work or be out in it. I have seen girls and women going two or three and even five or six miles on foot, carrying a basket of the products of the dairy or of the poultry yard. And a pair of fine shoes is something a woman there has no use for, for the roads are "just horrid;" but they go through and do not seem to be worried about the mud in the road or on the clothing. And housekeepers there have another thing to contend with that we do not know anything at all about, and that is soft coal for fuel, with all its dirty smoke and soot. Such a thing as a clean white sheet or pillow case, or in fact anything else in bleached cloth, I did not see while I was there. Canned fruit they do not have; the fruit is all made into butters and jellies of one kind or another, which they call "spreads." And the pride of the "gude housewife" is to see how many kinds of "spreads" she can have when she has company. A great many are not educated; one woman when I told her I was from Michigan, asked if Michigan was in the United States. A friend of mine from Kentucky told me that she was once

asked by a woman in Pennsylvania if "they had a war in Kentucky once." Of course they have some things that are nice, the finest bread I ever ate in any country. I do not know but part of its excellence can be laid to the Dutch oven. And they have some fine horses to ride, and they know how to ride them too. They are better horsemen than some of the men here. They have some very fine ladies' saddles, costing well toward the price of a carriage in this part of the country. Many of the women are adapts with the "ribbons." A colt cutting up his pranks does not disturb them in the least. Those in the country are modest, bordering on the bashful, and unassuming in their demeanor toward the male portion of the community, for it seems to be universal that woman comes in second to man in every way, which I do not like. I am no egotist, but I think that woman is just as good in her sphere as man is in his sphere.

MILFORD.

ELIZABETH S. WEST.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

When I was a boy I worked in a large tannery. My business was to take care of the steam works. There was a large black dog kept in the tannery for a watch dog. He was so cross and ugly that he made friends with nobody, and hardly any one dared touch him; in fact he was an object of hatred to all of the hands.

One day he was walking around among the vats in the beam-house and while passing by a lime vat where the walk was wet and slippery he fell in. The vat was four by eight feet and six feet deep, with four feet of strong limewater in it that had just been heated to a temperature of 90 deg. He swam around and tried to get out, but could not. Just then I came into the room and proposed to the hands that we get him out, but they would not; they thought it a good thing to have him put where he could not worry anybody. But I did not like to see even an ugly dog in a bath of this kind, and so resolved to try and get him out alone. He was whining piteously now, and as I laid down at full length on the floor and reached down he swam up to me. I seized him by the fore legs, and by exerting all my strength I got his fore paws up on the edge of the floor. He could help himself some now, and another hard pull brought him clear out on the floor. The way he showed his gratitude was truly wonderful. He leaped up against me, licked my hands and face, wagged his tail (something we never saw him do before), and continued to dance around me for some time. He made it his headquarters with me in the boiler-room after that, and was as kind and gentle to me as I could wish a dog to be.

Among the hands that worked in a mill on Black river in Michigan was a very large, muscular fellow whom the mill hands called "Old Joe." He lived some distance from the mill, but went back and forth to his work every night and morning.

One night he was going home about dark with a bag on his shoulders containing some groceries. While passing under a

tree with wide spreading branches he was not a little startled by a wildcat that quietly dropped down from a limb overhead and lighted on his breast. Quick as thought he let the bag drop behind him, seized the cat by the fore legs and held it off at arms' length. It struggled furiously, but Old Joe with his long muscular arms held it in a position where it could not hurt him. But this arms' length strain soon began to tell on him, and he began to study on some plan of dispatching his foe. He dared not let go his hold, nor bend his elbows any more, as that would allow the cat to gash him with its hind feet. Finally he stooped over carefully until one hind foot touched the ground. He placed his No. 10 boot on this and held it fast. Stooping still more he placed his other knee on the cat's hindquarters, and then laid it out full length on the ground. With great caution he managed to firmly place one knee on one of its forepaws; this liberated one hand. He now seized the animal by the throat and did not relax his grasp until life was extinct.

The next morning he appeared at the mill and told his story, and confirmed it by exhibiting the wildcat with no wounds to show that it had been otherwise killed.

EAST GREENWOOD.

W. S. B.

"Silk tights and Beau Brummel trousers are superseding divided skirts with the ultra progressive sisters."—*Cincinnati Times*. There! didn't I tell you so, only last week, too!

"Mrs. Joe," of Homer, asks: Can any reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* tell me how to take red ink stains from woolen? Our little paper seems to be the place to find any information.

Mrs. S. U. G., of Ionia, inquires for a recipe for coloring a durable red on cotton for carpet rags. She kindly commends the *HOUSEHOLD*, saying every number has some practical help for her, and that she has nearly every issue since it was published as a supplement.

It will be remembered by our old readers that about two years ago the *HOUSEHOLD* recommended the juice of the pineapple as a remedy for diphtheria, stating its corrosive action is so great as to cut the diphtheretic mucus and the resulting membrane, and thus give relief. The remedy has been found so valuable that Parke, Davis & Co., manufacturing chemists of this city, now prepare it for their trade. It is worth trying, being so simple. When ripe pines can be obtained one has only to slice them, press out the juice and administer it by spoonfuls.

Miss Maynard, of the Boston Cooking School recommends the following way of making apple sauce: Pare, core and quarter eight good sized apples. Boil a cup of sugar and two-thirds cup of water and a little lemon peel together. When the syrup boils put in just enough apple to cover the bottom of the saucepan, and when one side is cooked turn them over carefully, take out and add more apple, in this way the apple cooks quickly, retains its flavor and is not broken into a mush.