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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ONE DAY.

The fire to kindle, the table to set,
The coffee to make, the breakfast to get,
The dishes to wash, the floor to sweep,
A watchful eye on the children to keep,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to wash and dress and feed,
The cows and pigs attention need;
The beds to make, the cheese to turn,
The chickens to feed, the milk to churn,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to quiet, the table to set,
The meat to roast, the dinner to get,
The dishes to wash, the pies to bake,
The ironing then my time will take,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to rock and put to bed,
The little chickens again to be fed;
The cows to milk, the table to set,
The kettle to boil, the supper to get,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to soothe ere supper I eat,
The dishes to wash, the room to make neat;
Then down to the basket of mending I sit,
Attention divided 'tween baby and it,
For there's the baby crying!

God grant me strength and patience to bear
The every day round of household care;
To govern my kingdom in love and peace,
Until my rule with death shall cease,
And I at rest am lying.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

Ginghams promise to be the favorite everyday wear for little girls from three to seven years of age. They are worn over guimpes of white nainsook and do not differ very materially from those described last spring. They are cut half-low in the neck, round or square, and without sleeves, the neck and armholes being finished with a frill of embroidery about two inches wide, or a frill of the gingham with its edge buttonholed in scallops. A sash of white nainsook to match the guimpe is worn around the waist; it is three-eighths wide and laid in folds in front and tied at the back in loops and ends. A more elaborate dress has a round waist laid in half inch box pleats, the half-low square neck having a space of two inches left plain as straps on the shoulders. The neck is trimmed all round with turned over revers, buttonholed in inch squares. The skirt is of three full breadths, edged with the embroidered squares and a ruffle falling below them. The gulmpe has very full sleeves, and is tucked or feather-stitched. White dresses have belts of white beading through which ribbons are drawn, and a row of beading inserted above the hem. (This beading is nainsook with embroidered ladder-like

bars in parallel lines, and is used like insertion.) Dark gingham is trimmed with white Hercules braid, put on in rows ending in points on which three small pearl buttons are set. Best frocks are of the cheap washing silks, figured, with sash of a plain color which harmonizes. The skirts have two narrow ruffles round the bottom; and the gulmpe is of finest nainsook with puffs and insertion.

Older girls will wear "shirt suits," which have a skirt and sleeveless jacket of cashmere or other wool goods, and a shirt-waist of wash silk. This shirt waist has a shallow pointed yoke stitched on smoothly, the stripes meeting in V's at the back, and the front points ending in a line from the top of the shoulder seams, leaving all the fullness between gathered just below the neck. The sleeves are full, and gathered to deep cuffs; there is a drawing string at the waist, the edges below being slipped under the skirt. The plain straight skirt is gathered to a stiffened belt covered with moire ribbon, two inches wide, with loops and ends at the back. This makes a pretty house dress; for street wear is added a sleeveless jacket of skirt material, like the "blazers" of last year, which is edged with a very narrow passementerie, or a silk cord. The wash silk is best liked in stripes. Tennis and outing flannel will be made in these short suits, with laced corselets, and blazer cut longer than last season's patterns.

Plaid and striped gingham will be cut bias throughout. Waists will be high and plain on the shoulders and gathered to a belt; others will have fullness gathered on thick cords drawn across from armhole to armhole. Other waists are shirred at the armholes and the fullness drawn into ruffles down the front. Skirts are plain and straight, cut to the tops of the high shoes.

Eighteen-months old boys are permitted to leave yoke slips to their sisters, and wear suits with waist and skirt in one, the fullness laid in three box pleats in front and back, with coat sleeves and a wide belt that crosses the back only. The pleats are held as low as the hips, then left loose. Gingham, cheviot and chambray suits for the two and three year olds have high round waists which are as wide at the waist as at the shoulders; the skirt, of two breadths, is gathered or pleated to the corded edge of the waist; there are coat sleeves and a turn down collar. A blue suit has this wide round waist with the back laid in eight box pleats, the fronts pleated on the shoulders and waist, leaving

a V which is filled with a shirt-like front of white nainsook having a box pleat down the centre and fine tucks each side. Along the V space is a revers which begins at the waist in a point and widens to the shoulders, forming a sailor collar at the back; this is edged with narrow white embroidery.

The four year olds are advanced to the dignity of jackets, kilts and shirt waists. The kilt has three breadths of thirty-inch goods with a broad box pleat in front and four side pleats on each side meeting in the back; these pleats are stitched twice across the top and have an inside belt with buttonholes in it. The cambric shirt waist comes two inches below the waist, is laid in five inch-wide box pleats front and back; and has a cambric belt with buttons to meet the buttonholes in the kilt; cuffs and round collar of the doubled cambric, the shirt collar being worn outside the jacket, which buttons only at the throat and is sloped away with square corners, and a wide back cut in four square tabs. It is edged all round with inch wide braid. There are little trousers-like the suit worn under the kilt, which must conceal them. The fashionable colors for these suits are drab, tan and light ecru, though none are as serviceable as the long popular navy blue.

DICTIONARY STUDY.

Everybody, nowadays, is interested in what many term "these new pronunciations" when, by consulting the dictionary, they find that they are not new at all. Realizing this, I some months since commenced a consecutive study of the Unabridged, and have found it a most interesting pastime, more bewitching than any story, leading one on and on, because there is no real "stopping place." I find myself unwilling to put it aside and always eager to begin again, so what I commenced as work I have continued as pleasure. When Mrs. Partington told of reading the dictionary as an ordinary book, she complained that she "couldn't get the run of the story" and therein lies its chief charm as a study. No matter where we stop there are no broken threads of romance to gather up when next we begin, and for that reason it is the most convenient kind of "catch up" work, for even if but one column is gone through at a time it is just so much accomplished, no moment of time being wasted by re-reading to refresh one's memory. A dictionary holder is almost a necessity, because the book is too heavy for tired arms to lift

every time, and as one of Noyes' improved was among my Christmas gifts I have learned to appreciate it at its full value. My pencil and paper marks my "place" in the book and every word that I would find in ordinary or Chautauqua reading is written out with its proper marks of accent, unless I had been accustomed to the proper pronunciation, for writing anything usually fixes it in my mind. In some letters I found but few words and in others the number was surprisingly large. The most common error is in accenting the wrong syllable, and I believe many well read people would find something to surprise them if they made a thorough study of that valuable book. Many words that I did not suppose were dictionary words are found therein, and if one also takes time to read the definitions, the knowledge gained is without limit.

After all this one will still make many blunders in ordinary speech, partly from old habits and partly because one small head cannot carry all that is contained in that large book; but very much of what one learns will be retained and every word is a help toward the perfection which we must make our lofty aim, although never expecting to attain thereto.

Much credit is due to the C. L. S. C. for the more general diffusion of such knowledge, and when one is called upon to act as critic it is quite necessary to understand the pronunciations, as there is then no opportunity for "posting up." The good work extends indefinitely beyond the membership of the Circles and proves that the world is moving on, and of this kind it can hardly be said that "much learning has made us mad" but rather that the more we study the more we realize our ignorance.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

OVERLOOKING FAULTS.

In a recent letter from a friend, I find these words: "I wish my life were so pure and good that I might help somebody, by it, to see my Saviour better." She then asks, "Did you read a certain article in the *Sunday School Times*, on 'Overlooking as a help to fight seeing?'" "In it," she says, "the editor tells us 'that in order to see the beauty of any landscape, we must wisely overlook many unlovely pools, heaps, and so forth; and that to see the character of a friend in its perfection, we must also overlook many faults,' and quotes Shakespeare's Cassius as saying 'You love me not.' And when Brutus answers, 'I do not like your faults,' the forceful suggestion of Cassius is, 'A friendly eye could never see such faults.' Happy are they who have friends with this happy faculty of 'overlooking' fully developed."

And I thought as I read, how true this idea is, applied to almost everything. The wise teacher does not notice every little act of mischief her pupils do. The mother who has the best success in training her children, does not have a "don't" for every little thing a child may do, even if she feels there are many things about him she would like to have different.

And is it not true too often that we let a

few faults in a person blind us to his or her many good qualities. Is it right? Is it doing as we would be done by? If we hold a grain of sand near enough to the eye, it will hide even the sun itself from our view.

There is no person so perfect, but that if one wishes to find, and looks for defects, his search will be rewarded. Let us who are readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* resolve to look over and beyond the faults and imperfections of our friends, and we will surely find much that is good in them.

I want to thank Beatrix and A. H. J. for their articles in the *HOUSEHOLD* of February 14th. All who are mothers of young girls, or who have the care of them, cannot but feel the force of what Beatrix writes. With A. H. J., I like to believe "that the years which take away so much will leave us more;" and that the peace "which passeth all understanding," and which usually comes only to those who have suffered, is worth more to us than even youth and all its prospects.

HOMER.

HARRIET.

STRIPE FOR A CARPET.

I have before me a number of *HOUSEHOLDS* of recent date, and on picking up the first one I see a letter from one who describes herself as living in a log house, and an invalid most of the time, yet comfortable and happy; and who observes truly, that happiness lies not on the exterior. In speaking of the little paper she says "Husband says women are never satisfied." No, like Gentleman John, "We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

Huldah Perkins should have attended our Cobweb Social; they do say the face of a ghost appeared at the window for an instant.

I hope Brue will not be as long in telling us what she is going to do as Bruno was in getting married, but I think her quite right in stepping down and out on that occasion.

I am sure Mrs. Fuller diagnosed the case of my wax vine correctly, as in following out her directions I found the dirt cold and sodden clear through, caused no doubt by too much water and leaving the window open after the nights became cool. I had two roots, one that ran up over the arch on a rustic plant stand, four long vines went the way of all living; the other, the larger one of the two, is doing well, thanks to Mrs. Fuller.

I think our Editor had the best of it on the subject of dress reform, as well as on the question of woman's rights. Woman gaining the ballot box to the neglect of the babies—heaven forbid!

I am glad to see Evangeline once more, but where is Grandpa?

I am making rag carpet (rags now gone to the weaver) and found a great help by drawing off a plan for a stripe from a carpet that I admired very much. I cannot make it just the same, but used it for a guide; and as some *HOUSEHOLDER* may like something of the kind I will send it. It is a side stripe; the warp is a dark brown, bought ready colored. Plain

stripe, brown, five inches wide; black, five threads; red, nine threads, shaded; green, six threads, shaded; dark calico, six; orange, three; blue checked shirting, three; indigo blue, four; lighter calico, six. This makes a dark, handsome carpet.

If Constant Reader will dye carpet rags turkey red with Perfection Dyes, strictly following directions, I will wager my best pair of shoes the color will last as long as the carpet. In dyeing rags I know by experience that we are apt to try to dye too much, for the amount of dye used, thereby proving ourselves penny wise and pound foolish.

Is there any way that horns may be polished at home, as I would like to polish our old cow's horns? BESS.

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE FOR CHILDREN.

I am strongly of the opinion that among the important things a child should be taught are some of the simple truths of physiology and hygiene. Of course this knowledge can be but crude, yet it does not lessen its importance. Every child should know the harm of eating much candy and cake, of wet feet, of straining the eyes, and the benefit of cleanliness, of regularity, of pure air, etc. The many "whys" and "hows" should be answered to the child's entire satisfaction, and always truthfully, lest later information excite distrust, and what could be more disastrous to the child's good?

At an early age the intelligent and inquisitive child will ask many questions that are often avoided by saying "God made all things." Why stop here? Would it not be well to refer to some plant, and explain how it is that God makes things—new things—plants and animals? This is much better than to have an answer come from some ignorant and careless person.

Do not send a child too school too soon; it checks its development and wastes its energies. Up to the age of seven or eight years, the mother is the only right and natural teacher, the only person fitted to direct the observation of her child, and explain the many problems that may arise in its mind. Let me suggest that if physiology is not a compulsory study in your school, it may be well to supply it, in some way, at home. There are several treatises adapted to the young reader, but perhaps an equally good way is to read some reliable work and give it second-hand with simple explanations.

It is infinitely important that every child have a fair knowledge of this subject before the marked growing period takes place. No more can we expect to be Christians without perusing our Bibles and obeying the precepts there given, than we can expect our children to be healthy and happy without knowing the natural laws that govern their own bodies. "Nature is kind," therefore let us obey her laws; obey because nature's laws are God's laws, and our well being always consists in bringing ourselves in harmony with these laws wherever found.

AN OBSERVER.

WHO HAS BEEN PRODUCTIVE OF THE MOST PROFIT ON THE FARM—MAN OR WOMAN?

[Address delivered by Mr. Chas. Baker at the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club.]

The settling of this question is a very important matter and requires an abler tongue than mine. It is a question which has been troubling the world since the beginning of time and comes down to us undecided. I think it is well for us as farmers that it is now brought forward; and let us enter fully into the discussion which is to follow the reading of this paper and once for all settle the point in question, at least as far as this Club is concerned. It is come to be considered very polite, very gallant, and quite the proper thing, if anything of merit is accomplished on the farm to say that a woman had a hand in it. Why if a farmer makes a good horse trade or happens to market the hogs at a lucky time people will look very wise and say "Well! he has a smart woman for his wife; he can't help but get along." But it is time we called a halt, time to call a spade a spade, and to speak the truth on this question. Sir, it was a woman who caused the downfall of the first man, and when they were driven from the garden she immediately began to raise Cain in the world; and sir, she has been raising Cain ever since. Look over the record of the great crimes of the past. Women have been the cause of ninety-nine out of every one hundred of them. Are the women of today any better than our grandmothers were? Sir! I deny that women bring any profit to the farm, but as a rule, mind I say as a rule and every rule has its exceptions, of course my wife is an exception (I couldn't coax her to stay at home to-night), they are an immense item in the expense account. It costs this nation \$8,000,000 annually for cosmetics alone, to say nothing about bad hair, false teeth and various other curious, costly, unmentionable articles that enter into the structure of that being so fearfully and wonderfully made, called woman.

What does the modern woman do to bring prosperity to the farm? She sometimes cooks the dinner, it is true, but if you happen to be going to the Centre, or are otherwise in a hurry, you are sure to have to wait for that. Our grandmothers used to make butter and cheese, but now butter is made at the creamery and cheese at the factory. Our grandmothers used their spare time in spinning and weaving or making clothing for their families. But now if a man needs a pair of overalls or a new shirt he must buy it readymade or go without; while the average woman spends her time playing the piano, doing fancy work, or discussing the hired girl question with the neighbors. And she never thinks of doing the washing or cleaning the house without calling in the man to help. Just look over the splendid farms in our township which are owned and operated by men who have lived "in single blessedness" all their lives! See the well fenced, well drained and well tilled fields, the ample buildings, fine stock, everything in apple-

pie order! Why it looks as though they held the mortgages that their unfortunate married brother farmers are obliged to carry because of this terrible expense. The cause of nearly all the failures among farmers may be traced to the extravagance of women, for when a woman makes up her mind to have anything, well! you must get it, that's all.

"Where is the man who has the power and skill To stem the torrent of a woman's will? For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, And if she won't she won't, so there's an end on't, And when a lady's in the case You know all other things give place."

HOW TO ENTERTAIN EASILY.

I feel quite an interest in the subject under discussion—if discussion it can be called where the discussing is all on one side—and hope I may be allowed to come to the defense of what some of you are pleased to call "free entertainment." We are, or should be, sociable beings, being dependent in such great measure on each other.

If we, members of the HOUSEHOLD band, could meet together and make each others' acquaintance, I am sure that any one of us would be, not only willing, but glad to welcome and entertain at least two or three of the number. What is more natural when people meet together from different parts of the country to talk over common interests, and to receive encouragement and instruction, than that the strangers should be entertained, not with "continual feasting," but with a warm welcome, pleasant conversation and something to eat and drink?

D. E.'s experience was certainly exasperating, and—pardon me, I almost wanted to say inexcusable—but is it not exceptional? Have had a little experience myself, and very pleasant it has been, almost without an exception. We enjoy getting acquainted with the people whose interests, for the time at least, are the same as our own, even though it does make hard work. But let me confess to D. E. that I am not, and *will not be* so self-sacrificing as to give up the pleasure of the meetings myself that I may prepare elaborate meals, but make my preparations, and have every thing in readiness for a meal that can be served soon after reaching home, then go and enjoy myself with the rest. If the table is set for dinner, cold meat, sauce, pickles and whatever you have baked, ready for the table, potatoes pared and cut in small pieces, or if there is no time to cook them, there are nice ways of warming potatoes, especially if one has plenty of cream—you may have a dinner good enough for anybody, almost ready. After the meal is over take a clean tablecloth, shut your eyes and spread it over the table, victuals and all, and forget all about them until the next session is over (after the first two or three times your conscience will not trouble you much).

I think any one who attends a convention for the sake of the convention will be just as well pleased with such a dinner, and would even prefer a nice little cold lunch, to the thought that the hostess had been

deprived of the privilege of attending the meetings; and it would certainly be a wholesome experience for those who go merely to "have a good time." I see no reason why those two girls should have been allowed to upset D. E.'s arrangements to such a degree, or why they should not have been reminded that their hostess would like to attend the convention, and been requested to be ready at a certain hour for breakfast.

S. J. B.

BURTON.

WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"Can a woman successfully combine home and public life?" Under those conditions, Evangeline, I should say "No!" but have you not overdrawn the picture a little? I do not know of many farmers' wives who have the privilege of working with so many different organizations. Then if all you say were true, where there is one woman you would find twenty men. Why should not man begin to care for his offspring and attend to the many little cares while his wife is enjoying life and improving her mind; as well as for her to care for the farm and run the domestic machinery while her husband is attending the midnight club, the many sessions of the the Legislature, coming home singing "Mary had a little lamb" with a rollicking step and very red eyes? If there are women who neglect their household duties in a measure to attend those uplifting, inspiring annual and semi-annual conventions led by godly women, I will show you women who are better fitted to cope with their several duties. If it were wrong for women to enter public work, certainly they would not have been successful; but success has crowned their efforts, and today the destiny of this nation rests with the women of this land. Men have too long carried the scepter, until this nation is one mass of corruption, boiling and seething in its madness. There may be examples of extreme cases, but I think not many. A mother's heart calls after her children and the home and in so many of our many societies it tries to place that thought uppermost in the minds of the mothers, "Look after our girls," "Look after our boys."

Surely this is an age of progress, when women can come to the front, occupying positions of honor and trust. Ladies, not in fashions, but in those circles where intellect and purity of heart are called into requisition and will not children born of such mothers in the next generation become better citizens, better husbands and wives through woman's entering public life?

STRANGER.

WE are glad to welcome Bess again; she has been long absent, but perhaps that new carpet accounts for it. She sends us samples of cotton dyed red, green and yellow with Perfection Dyes. They are handsome colors, especially the green, the brightest we have ever seen. Impaled upon a pin, the samples flutter in the editorial window, "to see if they will 'turn.'"

GEN. SHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

After many days of clouds and rain the sun shone out and the temperature favored, so that the funeral procession of General Sherman which took place in this city last Saturday as it was designed, marched into history as a conspicuous and impressive demonstration of respect for an honored citizen being carried to his last resting place. It was a strictly military funeral under the direction of the Regular Army, only a few civilians of the public service besides the members of the Grand Army forming any part of the procession. A few gray-bearded veterans, companions of the dead soldier, were regarded with great interest. They were old men, and by this we know that in a very few years we shall have but a bare remnant of the great army that preserved the Union.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the honest man and the thief, the soldier and the citizen alike turned their attention to burying, or seeing buried, the sturdy old warrior who "fought to win."

Long before the arrival of the funeral train the public buildings were draped in the usual samples of cheap black calico, flags hung at half mast and hundreds of men in military garb thronged the streets. Veterans and sons of veterans—lads whose fathers were never even drafted or heard a gun of the rebellion, but who called themselves sons of veterans, flaunted their coat tails round in the liveliest manner. At 11 a. m. all establishments were closed and the employes permitted to "see the procession," providing they could get a place higher than anybody else. The streets were lined on either side by crowds of people. I don't know that the feet of either man or beast were muffled, but as the procession passed along Grand Avenue the tread of the slow moving troops on horse and on foot was almost noiseless, and to many it was no doubt the most impressive event of their lifetime.

I was one of the disappointed throng; not being legally entitled to a seat in the fork of a tree with the small boy, and being too modest to mount the fence or wall of a private residence and not strong enough to knock anybody off the church steps, I therefore stood with the plebeian herd on a street corner alongside the irrepressible, unimpressible vender of peanuts, popcorn and oranges. As the caisson passed with the coffin enveloped in flags, and everybody of good sense tried to feel solemn, this beast roared out, "Here's your nice sweet Florida oranges, six for a dime, twenty cents a dozen." Negroes and white men and boys rushed back and forth as though they were going to a dog fight, almost every one puffing a cigarette. Oh, yes, the "American Hog" was out. There were a thousand of them. One said to another while we waited, "We've got plenty of time, Colonel, to go and get a drink." Pappas and mammas carried their infants on their shoulders. A few brought the child in its carriage that it might enjoy an upset. An old lady stood near me with tears in her eyes, explaining what she could see as one who might have been familiar

with military pageants in stormy times. Perhaps she had buried one of her own with military honors. A very old man in a suit of blue wearing a G. A. R. badge, hurried along the street sobbing. Another carried a young child and he too wept aloud. One woman exclaimed, "Why they haven't played 'Marching Through Georgia' yet!" Another said, "Why, they play such slow music!" When it was over we all fought each other for room in the street cars, and I went home with a bad cold and a fresh hatred of men and women who act like fiends when they have a chance. There is a moral in this event and these incidents, but I shall not dig it out.

"So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

ST. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

PIES.

Why so many pies? They are not cosmopolitan, but more strictly speaking, purely American. While I would not care for the puddings as much as the European people, and could stand a fair share of the many good pies of our northern homes, yet I crave the fruits of sunny lands. So often our young housekeepers think they must take the dish of fresh berries and sacrifice to this pampered idol "Pie," when the berries would have been so delicious and refreshing, so much healthier without the melted sugar, the melted lard, and the sodden flour. Too many nowadays, even though they have fruits after dinner, must sandwich in this high pressure test on the delicate digestive machinery, before they apply nature's health giving fruits.

But for the benefit of "Jeb." As this is the dearth of the year, but the days of fresh eggs and sweet new milk, therefore we have custard pie: Four eggs; one quart of milk; two spoonfuls of sugar; a bit of salt and nutmeg, for a square tin as we used to say; these thin round plate modern custard pies are n g.

Cherry pie made with one cup of dried cherries; one cup of sugar; one of sweet cream, with or without upper crust, is very nice. Prunes can be thoroughly cooked, put through the colander and made with fancy top, the same with cranberry, and called tart pies. But in these early spring days try an

Orange pudding: Peel and slice two oranges, cover with a small cup of sugar; boil three cups of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch or flour, the yolks of two eggs, stir the oranges well and pour the cream over them, then beat the whites of the eggs with a little sugar, spread over the whole and set in the oven to brown slightly; serve cold.

Rice pudding: One-half cup of washed rice, a little salt, teaspoonful of butter, small half cup of raisins—whole; small half cup of sugar, some grated nutmeg, put in a two quart basin of new milk; bake, stirring occasionally until the consistency of sweet cream; serve cold.

Mustard is very good made in this wise: One-third cup of best mustard; pour on

boiling water until it thickens, then add tablespoonful of sugar; teaspoonful of black pepper; teaspoonful of salt and vinegar to make it the consistency desired.

There is nothing so clean and simple to exterminate bed-bugs as common salt, wet with water to spread around like paste. Lay the slats of the bedstead in it, fill the crevices and cracks in the floor; it is so harmless use freely. I think if Mrs. Thomas Carlyle had known this that many sleepless nights and much nervous solicitude over "bugs" would be spared her and would have saved so kind a lady many hours of toll and wretchedness.

DAVISBURG.

GRANDMA.

RESTORING GRAY HAIR.

A correspondent inquires what she can do to restore her hair, which is gray—almost white, she says, and has hitherto been soft and wavy but is becoming harsh and straight, though given the same care and treatment as before. Possibly the undesirable change in the hair comes from a disease of the scalp, or some derangement of the system, through which the little bulbs from which the hair grows are imperfectly nurtured, and for which a physician should be consulted. A very little vaseline rubbed into the roots of the hair once in two or three weeks—not enough to make the hair greasy, is good to promote growth and strengthen the hair, and with liberal brushing makes it soft and glossy. Sage tea is recommended as a wash for the hair, in the way of cleansing the scalp and making the hair soft. The use of either must be patiently continued for some months before noticeable results are obtained.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* seems to keep up its reputation as a useful and entertaining magazine for the home. It is, as its name implies, a "home journal," but it also helps us by teaching us how to behave when away from home.

THE *Youth's Companion* is continually surprising its subscribers by its handsome double numbers. The double issue for March 5th has a very interesting article by Hon. James G. Blaine, and the first chapter of Miss Bellamy's new serial, "The Hay-good Tea Service."

Contributed Recipes.

ORANGE PIE—The juice and grated rind of one orange; half cup cracker crumbs; two eggs; half pint water; one-third cup sugar.

CLARENDON.

C. A. T.

CREAM PIE WITH ORANGES—Cut the oranges in thin slices and sprinkle sugar over them; let them stand two or three hours. Serve on ordinary fruit plates. The pie is made with a bottom crust only, and that not thick but light and flaky. Take one coffee-cupful of sweet cream and milk, more if needed; half cup sugar; one tablespoonful of flour; one egg; flavor to suit the taste; bake until you are sure the crust is brown and hard, so that it will not absorb the custard. Frost if required.

ORANGE PIE—Four eggs; two tablespoonfuls butter; half pint cream and milk; one cup sugar; juice of two oranges and grated rind of one. Save the white of one egg for frosting if desired.

EMMARETTA.

ROCHESTER.