

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 21, 1891.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

AT HOME.

BY A. H. J.

She knew not the name of a science;
She knew not the name of an art;
On the "ologies" placed no reliance;
No charity wore in her heart.
To a few things she clung very firmly,
The sphere of a woman was one,
And she often asserted quite sternly,
That the right place for her was "ter hum."
So once when she heard of a lecture,
To be given by one of her sex,
She puzzled her brain to conjecture
What the world would be coming to next.
The next proved to be a committee;
The next a physician in chief!
What a shock to her mind! What a pity!
To give her good soul some relief;
Her world was shaken from center to gallery.
She talked so long and so loud,
That she wearied herself at a smaller salary
Than the woman who talked to a crowd.
Her house and her duties alike were deserted;
Her husband took dinner alone,
While at her neighbor's she firmly asserted
That the place for a woman was home.

THE GOSPEL MISSION

It was Saturday night, and the usual throng with baskets and bundles crowded the streets and jostled each other in the aisles of the old Central Market among the piles of lettuce and radishes, asparagus and cucumbers, the cheese and the abominable looking stuff yclept butter, and rubbed against the denuded poultry which evidently had experienced the debilitating influences of a "warm spell." "Let's go over to the Gospel Mission a few minutes," said Madame, and at the responsive "I'm with you," we inhaled a few whiffs strongly suggestive of dead fish, whisked round a corner or two and, halting before a glass door and curtainless windows, were bidden to "Walk right in and take seats up in front," by a man who seemed a sort of gospel sergeant stationed outside to encourage hesitating recruits and overcome the reluctance of the timid, and who wore as insignia of his office a semi-military cap and a silver cross which gleamed from the lapel of his coat. We entered a bare looking room, the floor covered with oilcloth which was neat and clean, and plentifully furnished with cheap wooden chairs arranged to leave an aisle through the centre leading to a low platform at the further end, on which stood a piano and more chairs, and a little stand. The most noticeable thing was the dreadfully close and impure air, redolent of red hot stoves and unwashed and unkempt humanity; it seemed almost thick enough to be cut out

in wedges; and no wonder, for probably every man present stood in the middle of his wardrobe, and slept in it as well. Thirty or forty men and boys had gathered, most of them clustered about the big stove nearest the door, and half a dozen women, some with children, straggled in later, several carrying the baskets in which they would later take home their Sunday dinners.

The Mission, realizing that those it wishes to benefit will not go out of their way to receive its benefactions, goes to them. It is located among saloons, and though a strong arm could throw a stone from it almost to the Soldiers' Monument, it is in a tough part of the city, being established where those it works among most do congregate. It was a decidedly new phase of city life to me, and I studied a few of the faces carefully; few showed any particular intelligence, many were dull and stolid, a few "tough" and brutal, yet most were quiet and attentive. Not a few were boys of 18 and 20, who but for this refuge would probably have sought the neighboring saloons. Here were light and warmth and music, and nothing to pay, while those who have not money to spend are not welcome in the beer halls.

The exercises began with singing of gospel hymns, to the accompaniment of a piano which sadly needed tuning, but the audience was not critical and sang with a zeal quite without knowledge of musical phrasing and modulation. A miss of fourteen years, perhaps, sat by the accompanist and sang with an abandon which indicated she loved to sing and was no stranger there. She was the "Little Nell" of the assembly, hers perhaps the only innocent young face present; and one man of twenty-eight or thirty years never took his eyes from her face while she sang "Peace, Be Still" as a solo.

The leader of the services, an old, white haired man who scattered his with a lavish disregard which betokened his nationality—"appy arts and 'umble 'omes"—offered a brief prayer, then more singing, another prayer by a "brother" with one arm, who claimed to have had a personal interview with the Lord in his apartment, and to have since "sot out" for a better life, then a rollicking hymn sung *forte accelerando*, and the leader read a few verses of Scripture which he commented upon in homely phrase, suited to his hearers' comprehension. More singing; it was evident the leader understood its power to hold his audience; he kept close watch and when-

ever he detected symptoms of restlessness he had recourse to the well-thumbed hymnbook. I confess to having been more moved by the simple, unaffected, earnest petition of one of these reclaimed men than by many a more labored and ornate prayer from cultured brains. He said "tur'ble" and "sech" and "childering," and "h'ain't got no," but every word came from a heart full of the soul's sincere desire. He didn't pray for the Jews nor the Hottentots, but he did ask God's mercy and strength for the poor drunkard; and for the sinners round about him. And while they were singing with painful discords but no lack of voice, another hymn, I thought what a figure would a certain learned, scholarly, precise clergyman I wot of, with his faultless linen, his irreproachable frock coat, his eye-glasses and his dignity, cut before such a heterogeneous assembly of real gross sinners—men who knew more of saloons than churches, were familiar with the police court, had some of them perhaps bottomed chairs at the House of Correction. I could fancy that ten sentences of his wisdom would disperse the crowd without the need of bell, book or candle. Ah, well, each to his kind, and in his place!—but here Madame gathered her furs about her and saying "We'll go!" stayed not upon the order of her going. Outside, she said, "I felt as if that air was crushing me down" as we both took deep draughts of pure fresh oxygen into our lungs; the atmospheric weight was certainly considerably above the normal pressure of sixteen pounds to the square inch, and I for one felt as if I'd like to take out my breathing apparatus and wash and disinfect it. It seems as if a little ventilation and pure air would be an efficient aid to the gospel.

Then we went over to Mallory's and had some ice cream to take the bad taste out of our mouths, deciding as we went that we, at least, had no inclination for "slumming." To do good to this class of people, one must be among them and of them. They are repelled by those who are above them in rank and culture; such can get no hold upon them, and can best help by furnishing means for the conduct of the work by those who have themselves known poverty, ignorance and temptation.

The same evening, at the Lyceum, Goethe's masterpiece, the tragedy of Faust, was being acted. Here in mimic show was the tragedy which is so real in so many human lives. Faust typifies the struggle of a soul between good and evil. Tempted

by Mephistopheles, who represents our baser propensities, he abandons honor and wisdom and truth for sensual gratifications, burdens himself with guilt, seems given over to evil, goaded onward by the mocking devil who tempts afresh whenever conscience reproaches. Marguerite's story is the tragedy of her sex in all ages. To the excess of that which in itself is beautiful and good, she owes her fall. Along with her story runs that of the man, impressed by her purity and goodness, yet weakly unable to resist his baser self. Faust's repentance and the discomfiture of Mephisto are meant to teach us no human soul need be entirely dominated by evil so long as we will strive against it. And I wondered if any erring, struggling Faust, repentant of an ill spent life, were among that unshaven, shabby crowd at the Gospel Mission.

BEATRIX.

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

J. H. W. evidently thinks that I view life from a pessimistic standpoint. But I believe I can, without egotism, or without a fear of contradiction by those who know me best, say that I am not so cross and crabbed as my letter would perhaps indicate. I enjoy extending hospitality to any one who is worthy. But in the case mentioned I do not feel that I entertained angels, nor did I make distinction between rich and poor, for certainly appearances would indicate wealth, and one of them occupied a high social position. Nor do I think that I carried on a very extensive business in the uplifting of mankind, in this particular case. The girls were out for a lark, and a cheap one, little caring at whose expense it was obtained.

Of course there may be circumstances when such entertainment is admissible. For instance, if carried on as it is in a little college town where a sister of the writer lived for several years. The friends of the students came with a quantity of provision Commencement Week and were up in the morning ready to help in any way they could. They understood that it was to be a mutual affair. The hostess was thus permitted to attend the exercises, and the week was pleasantly and profitably spent.

Now so far as those children are concerned, when I have time I play with them myself and should be glad to prepare playthings for their amusement. But after the fifth child is off to school, I find that I have not many minutes to give to my neighbor's children, for dinner must be on the table at twelve, and allowance must be made for interruptions from callers, agents, etc. Only one day last week, I was putting on my hat to attend to some very important errands, when a little girl came in saying, "Mamma has gone away and she said I could stay with you until she came home to-night." After some time spent in urging I persuaded her to go with me. After the first call she changed her mind and insisted upon going back to the house. I knew her too well to try my persuasive power, so had to defer my business until evening, and had to go

through a hard rain storm too. I love children dearly, but there is such a thing as patience ceasing to be a virtue.

I wish to thank all who have had the kindness to notice my crusty letter. I wish I could thank personally Katharine of Genesee for a recipe for mustard pickles; it was published some time ago. I made three gallons last fall by her rule, and I thought I should be compelled to appoint a guard over that crock, every time the children came in they wanted just one more. We ate the last of them long ago, then we used every drop of the vinegar. Now I am thinking some of breaking the crock into pieces, that each one of the family may have a piece as a souvenir of happy days when mustard pickles were plenty. I hope to make six gallons next year. I used several heads of cauliflower with mine, and it was delicious. Some time I would like to tell the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD how I made some window shades for my bedroom that are much superior to any oil shade I ever saw.

UNION CITY.

D. E.

DOES IT PAY?

It was a wonderfully bright morning; the snow made great golden patches on the wall, and the English sparrows seemed to be jubilant, for they twittered and fluttered and made hasty flights from barn to garden, from bush to tree. The air was quite spring-like, one almost looked for the green grass and the crocus to put in an appearance, so different this midwinter from previous ones. Such harmony reigned out of doors the natural supposition would be that the same good genius presided within the large and commodious house. In the dining room stood the housewife, the very personification of distress. She looked around on the wreck, wondering where to commence carrying off the debris. For be it known the social had been held in this same house the evening before, and while the good sisters had been overzealous passing refreshments and the little glass dish for the small dimes which should defray expenses in dark days to come, not one put in an appearance to help set the house in order. Not a mouthful of breakfast had been eaten and the little clock chimed out eight—time the children were started for school, but they hadn't opened an eye yet, and her head ached as if it would split. The cook-stove was covered with milk pails containing a lot of coffee grounds, the coffee-pot and teapot, every dipper and tin cup shared the same fate. Not a dish, spoon, knife or fork but was dirty, and a great pile of tablecloths, towels and napkins stared her in the face with an air of defiance. Remnants of cake, mused biscuit, bones of ham and beef, pickles with one bite taken out of them, crumbs of cheese, all lay about or were jumbled together with an air of having known better days surrounding them. The pantry shelves were crammed-jammed full—no one would suppose they had ever been put in order, yet she had worked all day yesterday, papering them and cleaning every corner, so that she would not be labeled a

slack housekeeper. In the sitting-room, bed-room and parlor, it looked as if that big horned individual had been through with a pitchfork.

She dreaded to even look up stairs where the young folks played all the evening; it was ringing in her ears now, "Happy is the miller who lives in the mill. Mill turns around with a free good will," varied with "Go choose the East; go choose the West; go choose the one that you love best." It beat anything she ever heard of, but then she played Copenhagen when she was a girl, before she was married. People's tastes were much the same, even though customs did change. The first time she ever saw Simon they were playing that same game, he slapped her hand 'til it was almost blistered, and she always told him he hugged like a great bear. As she started up with a blush at reviewing all this childish trash, her eye fell on the Tiddledy Winks—some of the grown folks had enjoyed that game—but the box was broken and three Tiddledys gone. But something must be done, and done immediately, for there came the men with the milk, and where on earth Simon found a pail to milk in she couldn't even imagine—she honestly believed it was the horse pail from the barn. Well, the fire was started, the coffee drained off and warmed, social coffee so 'twas strong of course; some potatoes were sliced and warmed up, no one was very hungry, a corner of the table cleared, and Simon had just remarked that several boards were kicked off the stall, and the colt sick from being turned out, when the baby screamed and half a dozen small children came trooping out to be dressed and fed. Simon is a little deaf, he couldn't quite hear distinctly what it was that the good wife muttered, as she pressed both hands to her aching head, but he believes to this day 'twas she "wished she'd never got married," but to his glory be it ever transcribed he held the baby while the other children were dressed, fed and started for school; he stayed in the house all day long and put his shoulder to the wheel setting things to rights; he never "forgot" but once and used profane language; no one noticed the slip, and when at night the sun dipped his big round red face in the west and sent long slanting bars of sunshine through the west window of the dining room and kitchen, perfect order reigned, but the poor tired, jaded wife, lying on her bed with a wet cloth on her head and mustard drafts on her feet, asked herself over and over again "Does it pay?"

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

MISS MILLIE ARNOLD, of Chesaning, writes the HOUSEHOLD: "I am a miss of sixteen years and live near the quiet little village of Chesaning, where I am attending school. My father enjoys reading the FARMER very much, and mother and myself the HOUSEHOLD, which we take much interest in. I as well as El. See am very much interested in studying the dictionary. Excuse me, but I must ask one question and then close: Will some one please tell me some way to make fancy work?"

A BAKING CABINET.

While we think our new home a model of convenience, I will mention only two of its features. One, a baking cabinet, consists of an enclosed table, the back of which extends forty-two inches above the table proper. On this, beginning fourteen inches from the top of table, is a closed cupboard of three shelves eight inches wide, in which the various spices and small cooking utensils are kept. (Pint glass cans are perfection for spices, allowing none of the strength to escape, and showing at a glance what they contain.) Below the table, on the right, are three drawers, two of which are divided into compartments for sugar, oatmeal, etc. The other is used for rolling-pin and other baking utensils. On the left is a V-shaped flour bin, hinged at the bottom, allowing the top to swing out when wanted—a cord preventing it from swinging too far. Between table top and flour bin is a place for the breadboard. An oilcloth covers the top of the table. The outside of the cabinet is of Norway pine, finished in oil, with bronze pulls for drawers and bin, the whole mounted on double casters, forming a piece of furniture at once attractive as well as convenient.

The other convenience is a carboy for kerosene placed on a shelf about four and a half feet from the floor in the wood-room, the oil being drawn directly into the lamps through a small iron siphon with an air cock at the bottom. Speaking of this prompts me to add that it is much cheaper for two families to buy oil by the barrel and store in carboys till wanted. By removing one from its wooden case you will have an excellent vessel in which to make and store cider vinegar.

E. O. L.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE.

ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

Yes, we have migrated once again. It was not the stern decree of relentless fate that forced it, nor did the restlessness of a perturbed and unsettled mind dictate it. Not tyrannical landlord ejected us, nor did an unsatisfied creditor close down on us and order us to move on.

No ghostly visions disturbed our nightly rest, no aggregation of caterwauling serenaders made night hideous, no deep mouthed bayers of the moon "rather than such a Roman" startled us from the sleep of the just, no failure of crops, no murrain among the cattle, no quarrels with our neighbors suggested or inspired a change.

No! just because we wanted to, we made a winter move. The flight was not far, but it was fair. We have a more pleasant location, higher ground and better drainage, and a better and larger house; a great desideratum in a family of two persons. Some of our friends fear we may get lost in our new mansion, and kindly promise to keep a good look out for us.

But the moving! there's where the fun comes in. It was so short a distance that no formal packing was deemed necessary. Our goods and chattels were carried over in wagons, wheelbarrows, baskets, pails,

pockets and arms. The weather was cold and the flitting hurried, and the movables were put in piles, windrows, bundles, heaps and miscellaneous groupings. Not an effort was made to inventory any package, and the result was the washboard was found (at last) tied up with the piano stool, the soap in the potato basket, and the carving-knife in the comb case, while several weeks went by ere we found the coffee and the biscuit-cutter.

Darby took up all the carpets and cleaned them (by the way, he put them down by proxy, moved and set up the stoves the same way, and likes the plan so well that he insists he'll never change it), put the china and glassware through their paces, sent the mirrors and pictures over by kind-hearted neighbors, and managed matters generally in the faultless manner so natural to him. At last we have settled down into very home-like surroundings, and believe we are fixtures for the remaining years allotted us.

This is a beautiful village, with the most cordial, genial people possible to imagine. "Ingleside" is now the home of the daughter of the family; "Maplethorpe," tenantless and forlorn, waits a buyer, and "Fairholm," stately and pleasant, with verandahs on every side, invites the friends of Darby and Joan to hasten to partake of its hospitality and admire its convenient arrangements. Now with Tiny Tim let us all pray, "God bless us all."

A. L. L.

FAIRHOLM.

TREATMENT OF TRAMPS.

I quite agree with the sentiment of "The Lessons of a Tragedy" in the HOUSEHOLD of Feb. 14th. Michigan can furnish men to superintend her State institutions who will realize the responsibility laid upon them and will never overlook binding rules and regulations upon a supposition that "everything is all right."

I was glad of what was said relative to mothers and daughters. I have been called an old maid and a Puritan many times because of my ideas on this subject, but I stand it all right and hear as though I heard not many times.

When I came to live on the farm I laid down for myself a rule that I would not give to beggars at the door, but lest any one should suffer for the cup of cold water which I might have given, I would invite any who came to sit down and eat, feeling that if I saw them eat I should know that it had done them good. I followed this rule until I became convinced that in some way our house was being advertised as a good free hotel; and one Sunday I actually found two tramps sitting patiently on the front steps waiting my return from church. The hired man was at home or they might not have been so considerate as to wait. One day a tramp opened the door and walked right in, saying in broken English "I may stay here all night." I opened the door and replied "You may walk out." He was so astonished that he obeyed me, but looked through the window until he saw my boys, as large as my-

self, then disappeared. My courage forsook me as I realized what might have happened had I been alone; and since this tramps get two slices of bread with a piece of cold meat handed out to them and the door is shut. We live right by the railroad and no doubt that accounts for our having so many such calls.

I always put pockets on my gingham aprons, that I may have a place for my handkerchief and not be tempted when the children all sneeze at once to seize the dish-cloth, as once hinted at in the HOUSEHOLD.

I think it pays to warm the children's shoes in the morning, for I take no stock in the theory that children have an extra supply of heat in their bodies.

When preparing cabbage I think it pays to chop enough for two meals at once. Chop very fine and dress enough for cold slaw the first day while crisp. Set the rest away in a vegetable dish, covered with a plate, for hot slaw, thus you have the bowl and knife to wash but once.

I agree with Fidus Achates with regard to those children. If I were D. E. I should tell my neighbor just how the matter stood, and said neighbor must be either very selfish or very thoughtless if she takes offense.

With regard to Jane Carlyle I think she did more than her duty. We all honor the mother of Thomas Carlyle for the trials and sacrifices made in that humble home, that Tom might have an education; but when she blacked Tom's boots for him she helped to make him the domestic tyrant he afterwards became, and by her own confession Thomas became "gey ill to live wi." The disagreeable side of Carlyle's character mars the fruits of his genius to my mind.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

WASHING.

I too, think too much kerosene used yellows the garments; therefore, I am not in accordance with *Good Housekeeping* in using four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. My method: Into a boiler containing three pailfuls of soft water, put one half of a cake of good soap, shaved fine, and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene, boiling till the soap dissolves. Add the clothes, the best first, after soaping wristbands, collars, etc., and let them boil ten minutes. Suds well through two waters, then blue them, using the board if needed, in the first suds. Add no more soap or kerosene to the contents of the boiler, but add all the garments you wish.

I prefer soaking the clothes over night or wetting them before putting them into the boiling water, although some don't. I have washed this way for years, always putting the clothes into boiling water, and it has never set the dirt in mine.

The tenacious greasy scum is caused by the use of too much kerosene in proportion to the soap used, and two tablespoonfuls of kerosene is a great plenty for a half of a bar of good soap.

Yellow, offensive clothes are often due to insufficient sudsing.

OWOSSO.

EMOGENE.

COMMENTS.

It has been over a year since I have entered the *HOUSEHOLD*, and yet I don't suppose I have been missed. I have enjoyed greatly many of the articles, and have often thought "Now I will write," as I have been stirred by some of your contributions. Tonight in looking over back numbers I determined to wait no longer.

In Aug. 231, Polly's article on "Kindness to the Living," gives much food for earnest thought. If any of you have forgotten it hunt it up and read it again. I have often thought of Ella R. Wood's little girl, and wished I knew if all was as perfectly satisfactory as she hoped and expected; am almost tempted to do likewise.

I want to thank A. L. L. for letting us poor stay-at-homes see some of the wonders of our land.

Am sorry Huldah Perkins is so anxious to pry into the spirit world. I always thought her too sensible for that, and I rather think yet she has not much faith in spiritism.

Perhaps as there has been a lull on the subject of politics for some little time, I may not be welcomed very cordially if I bring up the subject again, but I want to say to M. E. H. that I too, cannot agree with her upon the suffrage question. I can say with Ella R. Wood that "I am not a radical woman suffragist, yet I feel we ought to have a voice in the law of the land." I do not suppose this would bring heaven to earth, for all women are not good and true any more than all men, yet I believe they will average with the men, and right is right. M. E. H. seems to exult in the fact that the Prohibitionists would get sadly left, in their expectation of woman's ballot, for she says she "knows many good Christian women who feel just as their husbands do towards that party." Well yes, "pity tis, tis true." Many a Christian mother and father would vote the same ticket the brewer and saloon keeper votes; many a father now votes for that party which licenses the saloons to ruin his boy or his neighbors' boys, and there are mothers who if they could vote would help the same cause. Oh that Christian fathers and mothers might be aroused on this great question, but many will never be awakened until the fiend gains possession of their own dear ones.

NORTH ADAMS.

FIDUS ACHATES.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

Dear me, Ungracious, you didn't tell half the trials of the "Country Piece Maker," one who writes for her own "amazement," as it was once printed, and pays for the honor of print in time and postage which some say would do more real good if transmitted into a patch on her husband's overalls. There is the request for an obituary poem, which respect and sympathy are ready to grant while the fickle Muse refuses to suggest a single line. The card board messenger, where under the, "your presence is requested," she reads, in invisible text, "and a big puff in the papers expected;" that soft bunch of feminine sentiment, who, (this affliction is

rare) "admires" her above all the whole world of authors, and would give anything to be able to pour out her soul in such notes; that soul is no common one; its feelings are too deep, its aspirations too high to be lost for the lack of one talent, and she proceeds to pour them into the ear of our poor Piece-Maker; expecting them to be used as grist for the poetry mill, which is always supposed to grind at its owner's command. Then, when the whole gang in that far off printing-room rises up and mutilate her pet lines beyond recognition; making her scan her "neighbors" instead of "horizon," talk of the culture of "animals," instead of "annuals;" and when she writes about her very first baby, makes the title of the gushing verse a "Love of Labor," in place of "A Labor of Love."

Ah, yes, time and paper are exhausted but topic is very far from keeping step with them.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

MORE ABOUT HOUSES.

The answers to Elizabeth's inquiry as regarding the convenient arrangement of her house have been noted with much interest; and as the time approaches for us to "pull down and build larger," I am very anxious that we make as few mistakes as possible. And may I ask the opinion of the *HOUSEHOLD* regarding front hall and stairs in a farm house? I look at it in this light: Front and back stairs are a necessity, and what is more handy than a hall, a place for hall rack; then the hats and overcoats, the umbrella and canes need not take up room in the closets. And instead of building a small front hall or sort of entrance way, with the stairs in some other part of the house, as in many instances, why not enlarge the hall enough to give room for stairs too? I am afraid that I do not side with the majority of the family concerning halls in farm houses, yet feel that a woman should have more to say than a man concerning the arrangement of a house. So will some one with a front hall tell me her experience, please. Regarding furnaces, can the chambers be heated, and what is the expense of putting in a furnace? I have other questions to ask some time but not now.

I was surprised to find that the *HOUSEHOLD* was only seven years old. I found it on the table when I came to my new home just six years ago, and it has always remained with us, and is always read through.

FLINT.

FAY.

RENDERING LARD.

A lady recently inquired through the *HOUSEHOLD* whether it was necessary to put water in the kettle when rendering lard. It is not necessary with the leaf lard. Cut it up into small pieces, put a few into the kettle and let them melt over a moderate fire; add more as the quantity of melted lard increases. When the milky look has disappeared, it is ready to dip off into pans, or whatever you wish to keep it in. Keep a slow fire, and don't be anxious to "cook the scraps." The fat from the intestines must be soaked in plenty of water

which should be changed at least once. Of course there will be a little water with it. It should not be mixed with the leaf lard and scraps of fat meat (trimmings) which are to be rendered together, but should be tried out in another kettle, by itself. When wanted for use, melt and fry raw potatoes in it; they will absorb the strong taste and odor, and make it all right for use.

B. G. J.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MRS. RORER, author of "How to Cook Vegetables," recommends covering the tops of jelly tumblers with two thicknesses of tissue paper, the edges pasted down with white of egg. After the edges are thoroughly dry, dip a paste-brush or sponge in water and just moisten the top of the paper: As it dries it shrinks, and forms a cover as smooth and tight as bladder skin. Jelly in cooling forms its own air-proof covering; then if it has a porous top, like paper, it will keep forever. Keep jelly in a dark, cool closet.

The men of the South Jackson Farmers' Club were recently called upon to answer the following question: "Which would you rather have in your home, a scrupulously clean, tidy housekeeper, who keeps everything in order and always provides something delicious to eat, but who has a sour, cross temper, scolding tongue and scowling face; or a slovenly housekeeper, a poor cook whose meals are never on time and food never well prepared, but with an even temper, smiling face and don't-care-for-muddy-boots disposition?" And didn't every blessed man vote for the smiles and the dirt!

MRS. H. SCOTT, of Carland, comes to tell us how she mended an iron kettle. She says: "Cut two square pieces of hoop iron an inch and a quarter wide. With a spike nail make a hole through both pieces. Use one for the outside, the other for the inside. Get some of your husband's harness rivets, put them through the holes you have made, put on the washer and hammer the rivets down firmly. Your kettle will be as good as new. I mended one in this way about twelve years ago and it is all right yet."

A. E. L. asks how letters for the *HOUSEHOLD* should be addressed. Anything sent to THE MICHIGAN FARMER, *HOUSEHOLD* Department, reaches us safely.

Contributed Recipes.

FARMERS' CAKE.—One cup sugar; one cup flour; two eggs; four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking-powder sifted in the flour. Bake in three layers in a quick oven and put together with soft frosting. This was pronounced the boss cake at a picnic dinner at a birthday party; the best pie was an orange pie made like a lemon pie.

PLAINWELL.

BEES.

CORN BREAD.—One cup molasses; one cup buttermilk; one and a half cups cornmeal; two-thirds cup flour; half teaspoonful salt; heaping teaspoonful soda. Steam one and a half hours, not covered except by the lid of the steamer, and bake five minutes.

HITTY MAQUIN.