

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### HAPPY WOMEN.

Impatient women, as you wait  
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear  
The sound of steps that, soon or late,  
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,  
And think in pity of the pain  
Of women who will never smile:  
To hear a coming step again.

Babies that in their cradles sleep,  
Belong to you in perfect trust;  
Think of the mothers left to weep,  
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,  
And all your world is full of light,  
O women! safe in happy homes,  
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night.

—Phæbe Cary.

### MAN OR WOMAN?

[Reply to address delivered by Mr. Chas. Baker before Grand Blanc Farmers' Club on the question "Who has been productive of the most profit on the farm, man or woman?" by Mrs. H. R. Dewey.]

Some months since there appeared in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD of the MICHIGAN FARMER (a very able paper it is too, edited and managed exclusively by a woman), a very graphic account of how a woman, a farmer's wife, was once surprised by unexpected company, at a time when the family larder was woefully empty. Such times may occur in the best regulated families. The corner grocery and the country store were alike far distant. But she rallied her woman's genius and rose, woman-like, equal to the occasion. With a warm welcome for her guests, from the materials at hand, namely, "a slice of cold bacon, a drumstick and chicken wing, two cookies, a cold boiled egg, a cold potato and a little dab of raspberry jam," supplemented by unlimited tact, immaculate table linen and cut glass dishes she set forth a sumptuous repast for six people. Her guests feasted right royally and departed, congratulating themselves on the lovely visit they had enjoyed.

The account read well. But this woman was honest. Your admiration for her housewifely genius is lost in a nobler sentiment, as you read her closing declaration, "This is all a lie." And she proceeded to demonstrate the fact that it was impossible for even a woman to make something out of nothing. That was reserved for a man to try to do, as witness the present occasion. As the gentleman read his paper I listened for a similar conclusion, but I listened in vain. I did not hear him say, as did the lady I have mentioned, "This is all a lie." Hence we are to conclude I

suppose that he fully means all he asserts.

I too am glad this discussion has arisen, else we would have failed to truly appreciate the over-weening modesty of the gentleman and his views on this question. His position is only equaled, in my mind, by that of a young Englishman who advertised for a wife. He said he was not very particular. He only stipulated for two things—£15,000 and an angel!

The gentleman in his able effort speaks of our grandmothers and their labors. Yes, they did spin and weave, made butter and cheese, dipped tallow candles evenings, cooked over a fireplace and baked in a brick oven, sat up nights to make all the clothes their families wore, and they raised ten children apiece, which is a little better than some do in these degenerate (?) days. Yes, they did all those things, and they were old ladies at forty, with bent shoulders and dim eyes and stiff joints, and took to caps, spectacles, little capes and footstoves, and ever after sat in the chimney corner, with the everlasting knitting needles which women of those days were never expected to be without. But can you imagine one of our grandmothers at the age of forty, giving a charming recitation, or singing a lovely song to entertain an audience of her townspeople and the public generally, as the gentleman's charming wife has sometime favored us? All honor to those noble grandmothers, say I. They labored well, but not always wisely. Had they not done so much they would have transmitted to their descendants stronger constitutions and harder nerves. Our grandfathers had none of the improved implements considered so indispensable by every farmer today. They sowed grains by hand, cut grain with a cradle or sickle, and grass with a scythe. But I never heard a man acknowledge himself inferior to his grandfather. The efforts of some of the best minds are bent to the invention of labor-saving implements. Surely it would seem a little selfish to limit all these solely to man's work.

This is not merely an age of muscle, but an age when brawn and brain work together to accomplish the best results, and that we, as a club, have among us a man who estimates woman by her muscular ability at the washtub or the scrubbing-brush, I blush to learn. Truly, "History repeats itself." When Adam sinned he immediately laid all the blame on Eve, saying, "This woman, Lord, who thou gavest me tempted me, etc.," and in all his failures man has been following her ex-

ample ever since, and sheltering himself behind the ample mantle of woman's boundless charity. Indeed, I saw in the columns of one of our most progressive newspapers the other day, a premium offered for the discovery of a man who, when any disaster, of whatever nature or whatever cause occurred, would not blame his wife for it!

Prohibitionists assure us whisky is the cause of nine tenths of all the crimes in the world. Anti-tobaccoists claim the "vile weed" is the cause of nine-tenths of all crimes. Philanthropists and educators assert ignorance is alone responsible for nine tenths of all crimes committed. Vegetarians claim that to the baneful effects of a "meat diet" are due nine-tenths of all the crimes the world is groaning and suffering under. And this gentleman, this representative Grand Blanc farmer, solemnly assures us that woman is responsible for nine-tenths of the crimes of the world! This is only forty-five tenths. Who, or what, I beg, is responsible for the rest? I only wonder the gentleman did not attribute the great depression of the agricultural interests of the country, and the difficulty of settling the "silver question," also to woman.

There is no place or vocation that woman's destiny calls her to fill, that demands so much ability in so many varied trades, as that of a farmer's wife of today. Let us sum up, candidly, the long line of her multitudinous but every day duties. She must be housekeeper, cook, seamstress, laundress, dairymaid, housemaid, governess, soap-maker, paper-hanger and whitewasher; oftentimes tailoress, dressmaker and milliner; a raiser of poultry, a maker of gardens, a nurse of young lambs, pigs, calves, colts, chickens and children. Estimate if you like, the money value of this work at the prices paid by the day for such labor, and there is not a farmer in Genesee County rich enough to pay for it. Of course she is mother, wife and nurse. Expected always to be able to preside in dainty array at her husband's table, to entertain not only her own, but her husband's guests with intelligent conversation and graceful manners; well versed in the current news of the day, able to use her dextrous fingers either in fabricating tasteful articles for the adornment of the house, in furnishing music for the enjoyment of the family, or in scrubbing the back door steps, or sweeping the barn if the husband is not overly tidy. Found always on the right side in the temperance cause, often



a worker in the church, a teacher in the Sunday school, able to breathe a prayer at the bedside of the dying, "to rejoice with those who rejoice," and to comfort those who mourn.

For all this what does man offer her in return? Board and clothes through life, the honor of writing her name Mrs. Somebody, and after death the mournful privilege of having inscribed on her tombstone, "Here lies Susan Jane, *relict* of John Smith," or if she survives him the use during life of one-third of that property she has been so instrumental in accumulating! Really, Mr. President, after all this if a man grumbles because he is sometimes expected to help wash or clean house, he is undeserving of a good wife. That woman as a farmer's wife responds to these demands, is undeniably true, and should you ask me why she consents to fill this place, I can only answer truthfully, it is from her sense of man's overwhelming need of her, "God's last, best, gift to man."

"Love gives itself, and if not given,  
No genius, beauty, state or wit,  
No gold of earth or gem of heaven  
Is rich enough to purchase it."

It is quite true, as the gentleman has said, there are splendid farms in our township owned and operated by men who have lived all their lives in single blessedness. But in every instance you will find that some good old mother, or some unselfish maiden sister, has put, as Mrs. Josiah Allen says, "her shoulder to the wheel;" has labored through summer's heat and winter's cold; has cooked for wood-choppers and sheep-shearers, for "haying hands" and "harvest hands," for corn-cutters and cornhuskers, has "entertained angels unawares," in the guise of threshers and ditchers and hay-pressers; has made and sold butter, cheese, lard and tallow; has sold eggs, chickens, ducks and turkeys; has picked berries and pears, picked over beans and picked geese, has sold feathers and paper rags, and sometimes even old iron. All this she has done to help swell his purse and increase his airs. I have several such cases in my mind now, and for every dollar's worth of property these men represent, they are as fully indebted to these unselfish women, as to their own efforts. If a fellow farmer has lived single through selfishness on account of the expense, I pity him. If, poor unfortunate fellow, he is not to blame, and heaven has denied him the sweet comfort of wife and children to brighten his path through life I still pity him, and am glad he has a fine farm and fine buildings, for he needs something to comfort him in his lonely pilgrimage from youth to old age.

Yes, it is true, Eve *did* listen to the voice of the tempter, and she has been doing it ever since, in listening to man and succumbing to his influence. Look at her history through all the ages, ever kept in subjection to man. Dying for liberty like Joan of Arc; sacrificed to man's ambition as Empress Josephine; burnt at the stake as a witch in the name of religion in early New England days; denied in those early times even the privilege of giving audible thanks to her God, but remaining

with meekly covered head while man poured forth his eloquence! Pure eloquence I suppose, barring the taint of woman in his blood. And thus on and on, until even in the full glory of our nineteenth century's civilization, man goes forth with the ballot to tax woman for State, county, school, town and all other taxable purposes, denying her the poor privilege of saying how much of her property shall be expended in the education of her children.

Woman's name stands high in literature, in astronomy, in science and art. Carrying the badge of the Red Cross, she is welcomed as an angel of mercy on all the battlefields of the civilized world. The most self-denying of missionaries, the most zealous of temperance workers, wherever poor fallen humanity needs tenderness and care, woman goes to succor and to bless. In our own country's history who did more than a woman, who wrote one single book, towards awakening and educating public sentiment to the great national curse of slavery more than all the debates in Congress for nearly a hundred years had done, Deemed worthy by the Great Father to be the mother of the visible representation of God's love for humanity, "Last at the cross and first at the tomb," her name has become a synonym for moral courage, unselfish love and devotion. And yet—"Never mind her, she's only a woman," says that noble creature man.

Mr. President, nothing so fills me with indignation as the oft repeated flings at woman, as woman. The oft vaunted "liberty of the press," is, in this respect at least, a thing to be ashamed of. It is very cheap wit, and is far too common. The habit of indulging in this kind of talk is a foul blot on the character of many an otherwise noble gentleman. Gentlemen, we as women do not ask you to be generous, simply to be just—just to woman, and just to the nobler impulses of your own natures.

The gentleman speaks of \$8,000,000 paid annually by this people for cosmetics alone. I acknowledge it with shame, and deeply deplore it. But what about the amount expended annually for whisky and tobacco? Manly indulgences, which go far towards filling our jails and prisons. Masculine vices, bringing in their train a long array of human misery, disgrace and death! Eight million dollars for cosmetics! But it costs this government more than a billion of dollars every year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, the 315,000 criminals, the 30,000 idiots and the 75,000 drunkards that whisky makes. Cosmetics are not criminal, they are simply silly. We also plead guilty to the charge of false hair and false teeth, and I only regret that in this age of electricity and invention some genius has not invented for farmers' wives a Patent Electric Reversible Double Back Action Backbone, for I'm sure they need it.

It has been my privilege, and pleasure also, to meet during the past twenty years, many of the representative farmers and stockbreeders of our State. The business they are engaged in has cultivated in them a depth of thought, a power of comparison,

a faculty of reasoning from cause to effect second to none. It seems to be the custom of these gentlemen to go about visiting their fellow farmers and breeders in trios or quartettes. They sometimes indulge in a little mild gossip along with their after dinner cigars. I have sometimes listened with a little quiet amusement to remarks like these: "Yes, A.'s a good fellow, no wonder he succeeds. His wife is so interested, and as well informed regarding the business as he is himself. She entertains so nicely." Or the reverse—not often, however: "Yes, B.'s a fine man, and his is a good flock or herd, but I don't just like his wife, she's so distant. Don't like to entertain stock men, perhaps." And I make the assertion that the most successful breeders of fine stock, the best farmers and salesmen are those whose wives are most closely identified with their husbands' business interests, making these interests doubly theirs and dignifying the common avocations of farm life with wifely love and womanly charm.

Mr. President, it seems to me this is not a question of comparison. The farm home can only become the ideal home when man and woman shall both contribute their best and noblest energies, the man in his province, the woman in hers, towards making it so.

There is an old saying credited to a Jewish Rabbi, "God could not be everywhere, therefore he made mothers," and I think the audience will join me in according the palm to woman, after man has done his brightest and his best, for "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world."

#### POLISHING HORNS.

I can say with Ruth that I have often thought it was selfish to receive so much help as one does from reading the *HOUSEHOLD* and return none. The reason I have never attempted to give help was because I felt that others more experienced than myself could do so much better than I, so I have kept still and profited by their wisdom.

In the last *HOUSEHOLD* I found a question I could answer, and will tell Bess all I know about polishing horns. Last winter my brother went to the slaughter house and returned with a basket of horns. We made them up in different ways, both useful and ornamental. Hat rack, brush holder, pen-holder stand and footstool are among our list; they received lots of attention and praise.

First we took a rasp and got the roughness off the horns, then scraped them with glass as smooth as possible; then rubbed them first with coarse and then fine sand paper until very smooth. Emery paper comes next; rub them with this and then emery powder and woolen cloth—this leaves them very smooth and bright. And last we rubbed them with polish (have forgotten the name of it) usually used to polish brass instruments. Rub with the polish till they become warm, and I am sure you will be satisfied with your work. Hoping I have made this plain to all, I will retire and return another day.

ARMADA.

R. MAY.



## THE USE OF QUININE.

The excellent article on the use and abuse of quinine does not apply to my practice (which is safe though simple) in the use of that valuable drug.

By order of my physician I commenced taking large doses of quinine in good brandy in the summer of 1844, and we have continued its use—minus the brandy—to the benefit of our entire family, including hired help. Being fully convinced of the excellence of temperate habits, I have preferred equal parts of milk and sweet cream.

When the milk is strained and placed in the pantry, we fill a quart bowl with milk for family use—which is used in sickness as follows: For each dose of quinine we take a teacupful from off the top of said milk. Add a teaspoonful of the best grade of sugar and a small dose of red pepper. Dissolve the quinine in a spoonful of the milk and cream, and give to your patient, who should immediately drink the contents remaining in the teacup. The medicated nutrition is readily assimilated in the stomach, and is not liable to have a bad effect on the system, be it ever so weak. I have not employed a physician since fifteen years ago, and I have outlived many of my good pioneer neighbors, who (evidently) had good reason to believe that their chances excelled in relation to old age. Too little attention is given to keeping the bowels in proper condition. Rhubarb excels in medicinal qualities as a diuretic and cathartic's medicine.

JAMES KERR.

LOWELL.

## LIMED EGGS.

A correspondent inquires for the best recipe for packing eggs, in such a manner that they can be kept a year if necessary. We know of nothing better than liming. Limed eggs are a recognized grade of goods. The following is the method generally recommended by dealers: One bushel of stone lime; eight quarts of salt; two hundred and fifty quarts of water. The lime must be of the best quality, clean and white, the salt clean and the water pure. Slake the lime with a portion of the water, then add the balance of the water and the salt. Stir thoroughly at intervals and let stand until settled and cold. Dip off the clear liquid into the cask or tub in which you mean to preserve the eggs, till it is about fifteen inches deep, then put in the eggs and when they are a foot deep, spread over them some of the liquid which is a little milky, made so by stirring up some of the very light lime particles that settled last, and do this every time a fresh lot of eggs is added. The object of this is to have the fine lime drawn into the pores of the shells, thus sealing them. Too much of this milky lime-water will make the eggs difficult to clean when they are taken out, by sticking to the shells; too little will make the whites of the eggs thin and watery, because the pores are not sufficiently closed. When the cask is full to within four inches of the top, spread upon the eggs a cover of stout factory, and

spread on it two or three inches of the lime that settled in making the pickle. It is of the greatest importance that the pickle be kept constantly over this lime. A tin basin punched full of large holes and its edge covered with leather, and having a long handle attached, is very convenient to use in putting the eggs into the pickle.

Put only fresh, newly laid eggs into the pickle. Keep the cask in a cool place, but where the temperature will be just above the freezing point. When the eggs are to be marketed, they must be taken up and washed and dried, after cleaning off any lime which may adhere to them.

The proportion given above can be reduced to suit the quantity of eggs to be limed.

## MORE OPINIONS.

I am a constant reader of the *HOUSEHOLD*, and enjoy it very much, so I will give you a mushroom call (short) I have enthused over the poem "The Unwelcome Guest." I have been amazed at the elasticity of the spinal column of the lady who ironed her table linen immediately after washing. I always iron them as Silene does, but without the starch. I do not think good linen requires starch if thoroughly dried and nicely sprinkled.

Have always looked upon Mrs. Carlyle as a martyr, and her husband as selfish, with the "milk of human kindness" nearly dry; you know he said we were "mostly fools."

Grab your temper, Huldah, for the subject of suffrage will be discussed indefinitely. But don't try to stop woman's mouth; men will tell you it's a great undertaking!

I do not think any woman who is wife and mother can combine home and public life successfully. "No man can serve two masters." Never give up the training of children for something higher, for there is nothing higher; they are God's gift.

Household conveniences beget angelic tempers. Any one in doubt—try it.

The following quotation is my opinion on letter writing:

"When absent far from those we love,  
Is there a charm the heart can suffer?  
As years roll on and still we rove,  
Is there no cure? Ah, yes—a letter."

I like "Scarlette" the best of anything I have used in late years for coloring cotton red.

I sometimes use apple jelly or boiled cider for pie timber, making them as lemon pies, minus eggs and some sugar, using more cornstarch.

Where has Bruno's Sister gone? I always feed tramps, because I would rather feed five who are undeserving than send one away who is needy and honest.

I have good recipes for coloring blue, green, yellow, orange and red for carpets; will send if any one would like them.

While reading Polly's article these words came to me: "If you have a word of cheer, speak it while I'm alive to hear."

I forgot to say I do not think "it pays." People are getting to think they cannot spend a social evening without refreshments, and consequently entertaining a church sociable comes to be a bugbear with

many. Do let us think of more than just eating.

If I fetch up in the waste-basket, I may not be alone.

L. L. D.

GRASS LAKE.

## ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

In two papers received today, published at different points, a tale of woe is told, the incident related in each being the same. In its touching pathos it is well calculated to reach the hardest heart. It recites that on Thursday night, Feb. 5th, a woman about thirty years of age tottered into a low restaurant in Park Street, New York, and asked for a cup of coffee, saying she had no money. The coffee was given, and she took a crust from her pocket and attempted to eat, but with a wailing cry sank back and expired. She had a face that spoke of a refined education and training; her clothing, worn and coarse, was clean. She was emaciated, but showed no signs of dissipation. She was identified as Annie Muller. In her pocket was found some Salvation army tracts and leaflets, and on a piece of neatly folded paper, a story of suffering and agony of spirit was written, which no one can read without being touched to the heart.

How often when an unfortunate is named the remark is made that "they are perfectly hardened, glory in their sin, and would scoff and scout the idea of reform and repentance." Ah! if we could only find the way to their hearts through the mask of sinful bravado, we might find it weeping tears of blood for their lost innocence. This poor outcast found a nameless grave in the potter's field. The lines mentioned are here subjoined.

A. L. L.

## HOMELESS.

"On the street, on the street,  
To and fro with weary feet,  
Aching heart and aching head;  
Homeless, lacking daily bread;  
Lost to friends, a joy and name;  
So sad to sorrow, sin and shame;  
Wet with rain and chilled by storm,  
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn,  
Weak and wan, with weary feet,  
Still I wander on the street."

"On the street, on the street,  
Still I walk with weary feet;  
Lonely mid the city's din,  
Limp in grief, and woe and sin,  
Far from peace and far from home,  
No one caring where I roam;  
No kind hand stretched forth to save,  
No bright hope beyond the grave;  
Feeble, faint, with weary feet,  
Still I wander on the street."

"On the street, on the street,  
Whither tend my wandering feet?  
Love and hope and joy are dead—  
Not a place to lay my head;  
Every door against me sealed,  
Hospital and Potter's Field,  
These stand open. Wither yet  
Swings perdition's yawning gate,  
Thither tend my wandering feet,  
On the street, on the street."

"On the street, on the street,  
Late I walk with weary feet.  
Oh! that this sad life might end;  
Oh! that I might find one friend—  
One who would not from me turn,  
Nor my prayer of sorrow spurn.  
Oh! that I that friend could see—  
He would pitying look on me,  
Such as I have kissed his feet,  
On the street, on the street."

"On the street, on the street!  
Might I here a Saviour meet!  
From the blessed far-off years  
Comes the story of her tears  
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,  
Heard the words of love He spoke;  
Heard Him bid her anguish cease;  
Heard Him whisper: 'Go in peace'  
Oh! that I might kiss His feet—  
On the street, on the street!"



## CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

Fidus Achates expresses a desire to know whether my undertaking to adopt the little girl last spring was satisfactory or not. No, it did not meet my anticipations (which in everything are greater than I realize), and I let her go.

I do not wish to discourage any one from a like undertaking, and I still think it a duty for people under some circumstances, but I hardly think it proves entirely satisfactory where there are other children in the family of the same age.

Fay, of Flint (I wonder who she is?) asks the experience of some one whose house contains a front hall.

Our house is built with such a hall, and it seems to me I would not want to do without it. It is ten feet wide and eighteen feet in length, and the stairs go up at one side to the hall above, into which the chambers open. The double parlors are on one side (below of course) and sitting-room on the other; but I would prefer to have the hall at one side, so that the parlors and sitting room would not be separated by it. Have a hall, Fay, by all means, and have it large enough for the staircase too; and be sure not to have the stairs "scrimped" in their proportions. Three feet is none too wide, with broad steps, but be careful not to have the steps too high; eight inches being plenty enough for the "riser."

Pshaw, Evangeline! I think you are too hard on your sex in general. You don't find a "Marion Jones" very often. Give the ninety and nine their dues, even if the hundredth one does perhaps neglect her home in her zeal to help the human race.

Stranger, in her article in reply to Evangeline (March 14th) voiced my sentiments exactly in that respect.

Thanks, Huldah Perkins, for your kind words. I, in turn have always enjoyed your letters to the HOUSEHOLD, and once when looking over the household department of another paper, I came across a communication from you, and felt it like hearing from an old friend.

There are many others I would like to mention by name, but space forbids. I extend a hearty welcome to new comers, one and all.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

HOME FLORICULTURE, published by James Vick, is a neatly bound, attractive volume of above 200 pages, written by E. E. Rexford, whose contributions to the floricultural literature of the day have made him well and favorably known to all lovers of flowers. The volume in question treats of everything connected with garden, greenhouse and window culture of flowers, rather too sketchily in some cases to be entirely satisfactory to the amateur, who will find a good deal left to be developed by experiment and experience—quite enough to make her garden "no walk-over." Still, one cannot expect a cyclopedia of floricultural information in 200 pages, and for \$1.50. The flower-lover will find the book pleasant and instructive reading, and can get it by applying to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

## CHAT.

The little HOUSEHOLD seems so near and yet so far as we think of entering the open door and adding a fagot to the flame of conversation. The HOUSEHOLD cupboard appears once in a while to get in a condition like that of the ancient Dame Hubbard's, and the demand at times is so much greater than the supply that it is necessary to call for a literary picnic. Now if we can not bring a cake frosted with wit and wisdom, or a pie as made by the HOUSEHOLD "Grandpa," perhaps a little sandwich will be acceptable to fill in a chink when the cake and pie are exhausted and gaunt famine is abroad again.

It may be unnecessary to say how many useful hints we at different times glean from the columns of this excellent little home paper which is rightly termed THE HOUSEHOLD, for they are legion; and how much benefit one may derive from its pages only those can testify to whom it is a weekly visitor.

We have never had the pleasure of meeting our kind Editress, yet we would be glad to stand in her presence and receive her friendly greeting. Yes, we would like to meet all with whom we have become acquainted through their writings in the HOUSEHOLD.

In response to Bess, in the HOUSEHOLD of March 14th, who inquires how to polish horns, I will send directions as copied from another paper. I have not had time for such work, nor have I the horns, so I can not speak from experience on the subject. If she should try this way, will she please report her success or failure in the HOUSEHOLD.

To polish horns: "If the pith is not out, it must be boiled out. There is no pith in old horns. Rasp or file down through the white or rough, scrape as smoothly as possible with glass; rub with pumice stone on a woolen cloth until perfectly smooth; pulverize a hard wool coal, sift it and rub with a woolen cloth; then dip the rag in the soft oil (not kerosene) and in the coal and rub, next rub with the hand and finally with an old silk handkerchief."

Many useful and ornamental articles can be made from horns, even cows' horns, such as hat racks, cornucopias, pincushions, ink stands and footstools, etc. Perhaps sometime we may describe a few useful articles for the benefit of those who wish to know.

Remembering the adage, "Short visits make long friends," I will say adieu.

TWIN.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange says she economizes in her washings by spreading small tea-towels over the tablecloth where the boys rest their elbows and coat sleeves, thus making one tablecloth last a week. We can suggest an improvement on this idea. Just teach the boys that they do not come to meals to lounge on the table, that it is bad manners to put the elbows upon it, and that they can eat in perfect ease without leaning against the table or spreading themselves all over it. That saves the tea towels and keeps the tablecloth presentable.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

I am getting rags ready for a carpet, one-half of them is very nice hit and miss, and the other half will have to be colored. Will some of the readers tell me what colors will be the prettiest; some that will not fade. I know my hit and miss won't fade. The rags to be colored are pure white, most of them, and some are faded dresses and linings, etc.

Will some one tell me where I can get a parrot that can talk well, and what the price will be.

Will some one please send me a recipe to cure corns.

A good way to please small children is to take the covers of baking powder cans when you are baking and put some of the dough in them and let the children bake it themselves, it will amuse them a long time.

RONALD CENTRE.

E. A. D.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If a wooden field rake, minus the handle, be painted and hung in the back hall it will prove very handy for the small people to hang coats and hats on, and these articles will not so often be thrown down anywhere.

To reduce the friction of the domestic machinery follow the general law of physics. Lessen the resistance and give the works plenty of play; this lessens the wear and tear and keeps the machinery moving smoothly, no "hot boxes," no "spark arrester" necessary.

LILLA LEE gives a word of warning to this effect: "Sage tea and borax have been known to produce paralysis when applied to the head." It is possible but hardly probable that paralysis would follow such application, but we should look further for the cause. A person who had used hair dye of any kind, and followed it with sage tea and borax, might mistakenly ascribe the effects of the lead in the dye (restorative) to the last application. The sage tea (without borax) was recommended by a physician, and we know a lady who used it for several years—at least three years—continuously, and still kept her head level. Her hair was always thin, but though white with age, remained soft and was easily crimped.

## Contributed Recipes.

INDIAN BREAD.—Here is your good, old-fashioned raised "Indian bread." To two quarts of boiling water add meal; boil thick as for mush. Put a little salt in the water. Set away to cool. When kneading your bread for the last time, take out enough for one small loaf, and to this add the mush, one egg, one cup sugar, flour to make stiff enough for loaves. Let rise as you do wheat bread, and bake. This makes two small loaves, and is considered very fine.

FIG CAKE.—One and a half cups sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups flour; half cup cornstarch; one teaspoonful baking powder; whites of six eggs, well beaten. Bake in layers. Add half pound chopped figs to boiled frosting, for filling; plain boiled frosting for top.

ADA.