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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WHAT HE SAID.

"The wife for me" said he, said he,
As he gave his mustache a curl,
With a look that he meant should be eloquent,
"Is the good old-fashioned girl.
The girl who wakes when the morning breaks
As fresh as the dew is sweet,
Who bread can make, or broil a steak
Fit for a man to eat.

"She must be wise to economize—"
As he lighted a cigarette—
"Pretty and neat from head to feet,
With a horror of waste or debt.
For economy," said he, said he,
"Of virtues the very pearl,
Was always found to well abound,
In the good old-fashioned girl.

"Pure must she be," said he, said he,
"As the snow, and all the while,
Must be warm and true as the skies are blue,
With a soul that is free from guile.
And she must give me, said he," said he,
As he gave his cane a twirl,
"The whole, not part, of her loving heart,
Like a good old-fashioned girl.

"And yet, and yet I should much regret,
If learning she lacked or wit;
If she could not unite quick thought and bright,
With speech that was fair and fit.
For of course you see," said he, said he,
"It would put me to open scorn,
If any where she should lack the air
Of one of the manner born.

"Yes, this," said he, "Is the wife for me,
I've quite made up my mind;
But when shall I see the face," said he,
"Of the girl that I fain would find?
A glance he bent that he vainly meant
Should set her true heart awlirl,
As he asked again, "O tell me when,
When will I find this girl?"

WHAT SHE SAID.

II.

"When will you find this girl," said she,
"This girl whom you call old fashioned,
This marvel of muscle and heart and head,
Practical, shy, impassioned?
I do not know, but I think you can,
If faithful and fond your trying,
About the time that I find the man
For whom my soul is sighing.

"When I find that wonder of manhood
Who can rise when the day is breaking
And saw and split and bring in the wood
For the good wife's daily baking.
Who can build the fire, the field can plow,
Can sow the grain and reap it;
Who having gold in his purse knows how
Wisely to keep and use it.

"Who can buy and sell and just as well
Paint pictures or write a sermon;
And then at night with the season's talle,
With gay step lead the german,
Whose speech is brave and pure and sweet,
Swift confidence compelling,
Whose true heart is a temple meet
For love's supreme indwelling.

"I think you will find—so I should judge—
Your pattern of love and duty,
Your cook and laundress and household drudge,
Yet the lady of grace and beauty,
About the time—or my judgment errs—
When I find—by his own confessing—
The man who can match each gift of hers,
With those of his own possessing."

"Ah," he said, "what a fool I've been!
She smiled in a sweet agreeing,
"There's been a wonderful light let in
Somehow, on my mental being;
I'll cease my search for the girl," said he,
"And thanks for your just reminder."
"I think 'tis the thing to do," said she,
"Until you are fit to find her."

—Carlotta Perry.

SPRING MILLINERY.

I have been looking at spring millinery; not the "outside view" granted to anybody who will look at the display in the shop windows, but I have had revealed to me the "charming creations" (I quote Madame the Milliner) which are kept folded in tissue paper in the seclusion of individual bandboxes. For you must know there are many grades of millinery. There's the bonnets and hats perched in the bazar windows, and which a saucy little friend characterizes as "cheap and horrid." There are those which are displayed upon the tables within regular millinery stores, which the great shopping public may see and imitate at its will; there are others in the semi-obscurity which prevails behind glass cases, a more precious consignment shut from curious, copying eyes in drawers, and brought out only for rather fastidious customers; and there are still more elegantly exclusive goods, prisoned in boxes, shown only to those known to have money to pay for whatever they fancy no matter what its price. The ingenious girl with quick eyes and deft fingers is too numerous to have these unprotected-by-patent beauties displayed for her to copy in cheaper materials and without Madame's gilt-printed symbol in the crown. One of our most "high-toned" establishments never shows more than in its windows than an untrimmed hat or frame, flanking a huge artificial plant in a handsome jardiniere.

Well, I've been having the grippe and I don't feel equal to describing what I saw, partly on account of my enfeebled condition and partly because who can describe the indescribable? Gay? They're gorgeous; beat the old lady's "plain red and yaller calker" out of sight. A profusion of gold and silver is worn, and flowers trim everything. Novel shades

and tints of ribbons prevail. Bonnets are small and flat; one I saw reminded me of an inverted saucer with strings attached, and the finger thick gold cord which encircled the crown and the edge heightened the similitude. All the trimmings are massed in an upright arrangement at the back; long ribbon loops stand rigidly erect, and flowers very much as they grow. Many of the frames on which lace bonnets are made are of gilded wires on which the lace is shirred with a quite pretty effect. Erect bows and coquilles of lace, and flowers, with an edge of gold lace, trim them.

Hats, off the head, are shapeless nightmares. They look as if an enraged individual had seized a form, trodden it under foot two or three times, punched it, poked it, bruised and banged it, turned over it a basket full of trimmings and pinned on all that stuck. One I saw had a shirred lace foundation with folded graduated loops of ribbon forming a crown, some of the loops were at least three-eighths of a yard long. Four of them something longer than a quarter of a yard stuck straight up at the back and were clasped by a gilt snake with head and rattles resting upon the recumbent loops. I couldn't tell the saleswoman it was beautiful, so I compromised on "remarkable!" and felt I spoke truly.

Good friends, excuse me, I dare say the grippe is the cause of my disgruntlement, but the millinery of the spring of 1891 is not at all to my taste. It is a nightmare of ribbons and things; it makes the old older and the pretty homely. I shall dream away the season and conserve the contents of my pocket-book by wearing last season's bonnet, in defiance of fashion which changeth oftener than a woman's mind.

BEATRIX.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

Yes, El See, dictionary study is no doubt an interesting as well as a profitable pursuit, and I have experienced the same fascination you speak of—the desire to read "on and on" scarce knowing where to stop. The Bible also possesses the same charm, especially some parts of the Old Testament, which if taken even as many would have us believe, simply as history, is a wonderful book.

How much more learned we might become had we more time at our disposal to devote to books!

Take the case of a woman in the work-a-

day world who has "aspirations," and there is not time enough to "go around" for everything she has to do, and would like to do. After the "must-dos" are attended to there is so little time left for the "would-like-to-dos" that something must be left out. There are the papers—one must read them to keep up with the times, then come the magazines and periodicals, (one of which should be devoted to woman and her interests) she wants to read them, or as many of them as she can, to see what this or that literary light has written.

The books too claim her attention; new ones of which the reviews speak highly, or the latest work of some popular author. Then there are old friends upon our bookshelves whose faces she dearly loves to scan over and over again. For my part I enjoy these old books fully as much as the new ones, and can sit down with David Copperfield in my hand and renew my acquaintance with Peggotty, Ham and Little Em'ly with as much pleasure as of old; laughing at Miss Betsey Trotwood, sympathizing with Traddles, and crying at the death of Dora (still I was glad that David could marry Agnes at last—sweet Agnes whose life was so beautiful).

But to begin where I left off. In addition to these demands upon her time she wants to study some pet "ology" perhaps, then there is ancient history, in which every thinking woman should be interested, for nothing is more humiliating than to be obliged to confess ignorance in regard to noted persons and events of past ages.

If she is musical our woman of today does not like to neglect her instrument entirely, and so forget all she ever knew in that line; and she must certainly keep up with the children at school lest they get ahead of her and call for help in their "examples" which she can not give, thus giving the impression that "mamma does not know so very much after all, if she is ever so much older."

Now-a-days nearly every woman belongs to a reading circle, literary club, or some kindred association; helps get up the "socials" to raise the minister's salary; teaches a class in Sunday school, (which if one be conscientious takes no small amount of time) and mercy knows what all. The only wonder is that she remains sane.

One thing is evident, something must go. What shall it be? This question every woman must decide for herself; remembering always that the duty lying nearest shall claim our first attention. It is by no means right for a woman to neglect her home duties for either public work or literary pursuits, congenial though they be. If one has no such duties, either from misfortune or from choice, then one is at liberty to devote her whole time to such work as she chooses. But if she has taken upon herself that labor of love, the making of a home where husband and children look to her for inspiration, then that labor comes first. That loving care and devotion which only a wife and mother can give, and which is theirs by right, should not be withheld and no true woman will do it. Most women can so

arrange their home duties that a portion of their time may be devoted to other things, and this is certainly to be commended, as the woman who spends her whole time attending to household cares is quite apt to settle down to be that much-to-be-deplored object, a household drudge, a mere machine.

But whatever it may be that it is necessary to leave undone, let it not be participation and enjoyment in the amusements and companionship of our children. Never let them feel that mamma belongs to a different sphere than theirs. In every possible way make them to feel that their best interests and yours are identical. God pity the mother whose children as they advance toward man and womanhood begin to drift away from her.

To sum it all up: It seems to me that a house mother should attend first to her own household, then may come outside obligations and enjoyments such as she may find most convenient and profitable.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

WOMAN.

These fine April showers that refresh the earth and call into activity dormant vegetable life, seem also to refresh and awaken mental powers, and the result—in my case—is, I'm prompted to write again to the HOUSEHOLD. And having decided to write I cast about for a subject, and realizing that a good beginning is of great importance, I decide to take the best to be found, a subject which, usually of a composite nature, contains qualities and attributes, good, bad and indifferent—but the good qualities I'm sure far outnumber all others.

The position assigned to woman, in any age, is indicative of the state of the civilization of that age, and the nation which bestows highest and sincerest respect and regard on woman, is the nation that leads and takes an advanced position in all desirable attributes; and because of woman's comparative weakness and dependence is man ennobled by sharing with her the benefits arising from his superior strength and independence.

He who said "It is not good for man to be alone" saw, by omniscience, that man needed, in order to highest development and perfection of character, the purifying, elevating and ennobling influences which it is woman's province to exert, and here may every true woman find her "sphere," and entering upon its duties and privileges find opportunity for the exercise of her rarest gifts and powers.

I have attempted to outline, somewhat, one side of the picture, the side which artists paint and of which poets sing, but the "other side" must not be forgotten, the very practical side of plain every day life—the days of soap-making, house-cleaning, hog-killing, henhouse renovating and similar unpoetic labors, which would seem to almost dispossess man of "noble attributes" and array him in what cast-off clothing the rag man has refused to take, while woman, lovely woman, ceases for the time the exorcising of evil from the

world, arrays herself in appropriate apparel, announces that "house-cleaning time has come," and goes on the war path, determined on the scalp of every bedbug and the utter annihilation of every particle of dust and dirt that has presumptuously invaded the home.

And now, if some Pasteur or Koch will discover a lymph that will neutralize the virus of the annual, pestiferous, plaguey house-cleaning mania, he will lessen greatly the burdens and sorrows of mankind.

I've just read Mrs. H. R. Dewey's article in the HOUSEHOLD! My! but doesn't she give it to us men folks? Why, I feel so small I can hardly find myself, but it's just what I've said all the while, that mankind would soon "peter out" if it wasn't for woman, and what if all of them should decide to spread their wings and fly away from earth's toils and trials! Oh I do so hope they won't do it.

THEOPHULUS.

A WOMAN'S SENTIMENTS.

I often think when I read something in the HOUSEHOLD I will reply to it, but time passes and my ideas fail to materialize on paper; but Mrs. Dewey's reply to Mr. Charles Baker is too much for me to pass by. I feel like clapping my hands and shouting, "Them is my sentiments exactly;" and by the way, Mrs. Dewey, if you hear of that back-bone you spoke of send me word, for I need it, too. I too believe it is not a question of comparison but equality. Man and woman should be co-workers in all things pertaining to the welfare of mankind. I am not a woman suffragist in the broadest sense of the term, but I have never yet heard a sufficient reason why woman should not have that right. I have no particular anxiety to vote or hold office; to my mind it is much easier to shirk work than to do it. And when we vote we cannot criticise to our hearts' content, but I believe the wiser way will be to prepare ourselves, for the time is coming and we are not yet ready. I do not believe that the millennium will dawn when women cast their first votes. It will take time for all things. It has been urged with truth that we do not understand the great questions of the day, but how many of the men do? I do not believe half of them.

They tell us our place is at home, that we have other duties and ought not to meddle with what we know nothing about. Well, so we have duties, and our political knowledge is limited, but we can learn, and we know right from wrong as well as men; we are neither "fools or babes." As for our duties, how many men shirk home cares to hang about the corner grocery—"grog-shop" rather—to argue with their neighbors in the "interest" of politics, while the over-worked wives split their own wood or pick it up where they can get it, to do the washing that supports the family? Would it take any longer for the wife of such a man to go to the polls and vote for some one to make laws to help the weak and protect the innocent? As for in

telleet we can compete with the opposite gender anywhere where we have tried. I know we have the insipid, simpering females who care for nothing but the latest style; their bangs, frizzes, bustles and frills are all there is of them. What will become of them now fashion decrees a plainer style I cannot conceive, for simplicity is not in their line, except in their brains. Then we have the indifferent sort, the lazy sort, the aggressive sort, who will push ahead at whatever cost, and intrude opinions at all times and places; and there is the petty, jealous woman who thinks it should be her or no one; but can we not find the same characteristics on the male side of the house? Human nature is the same in both sexes.

I believe there are many noble women who have looked into this matter carefully and are ready to cast their vote intelligently, but they are not in the majority yet. Many of the wealthy leaders of fashion leave their home cares entirely to servants, and I cannot see why it would be a greater crime to leave for a short time on election day than for anything else. Oh! but you say she is eligible to office. So is that drunkard reeling along the street; but he is not likely to get it; supposing she is elected, could not she leave her home cares as well while attending to her political duties as when reigning queen of fashion? Or if among the poorer classes, would it take her from home more than to do Mrs. A's sewing, Mrs. B's washing, Mrs. C's house-cleaning, or act as nurse for Mrs. D? I heard an old gentleman say not long since that it would disgrace a woman to appear at the polls. He said he hoped he should not live to see it, but that time is past. If the polls are not fit for women they are not fit for men. I believe when we vote there will be a place suitable for us; if not we will make one.

I hardly think the world will be transformed in a hurry; there will probably always be coarse, vulgar women and lewd women, and there will be coarse, heartless men, devoid of decency; but there will be noble men and women, gentlemen and ladies, refined people whom the world will delight to honor. If the opposite sex will bring one valid reason why women should be denied the right of suffrage except that of sex, I will gladly listen. "Taking care of the baby" seems to be about the only reason that can be urged; but my opinion is that a woman with small children to look after will not enter the political arena; there are plenty of them without such encumbrances. Every man is not supposed to run for office, nor will every woman.

BLUEBELLE.

THE GLADIOLUS.

I have lately come in possession of some gladiolus bulbs of a very rare species, and as I know nothing of the nature of this plant would be very glad to hear from one who has grown them, in regard to moisture and the soil needed. Any information will be thankfully received.

PINE CREEK.

TRIXY.

[The gladiolus likes a soil that is light, mellow and rich. Plant when all danger

from frost is over, and the soil is warm. About late corn planting is the right time. Set the bulbs three or four inches deep, with a little clear sand at the base, as it tends to prevent rot. Avoid contact with undecomposed fertilizers. When the flower stalks appear a weekly dose of weak liquid manure will assist in the development of magnificent bloom. Plant in clumps of half a dozen bulbs, in a group, as they thus make a finer show than where planted singly. The flower stalks will need support, and if set in clumps, three stakes can be set to hold a hoop of wire and strings passing back and forth and fastened to the wire will hold the stalks better than tying them singly to stakes. If you have bulbs enough, make several plantings ten days or two weeks apart, to secure a succession of bloom. Some ladies start a few bulbs in pots in the house for early bloom and transplant to the open air when they plant the first bulbs out doors. If this is carefully done, so that growth is not checked, the bloom is obtained earlier. The gladiolus is a beautiful flower and deserves all the care our correspondent can give it.—ED.]

WASHING AND IRONING.

For several years I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD, and for some time have wanted to write, but I have not ventured before. But knowing that "Nothing ventured nothing gained," I will stay just long enough to tell my present method of washing and ironing. Most housekeepers are conservative on these points and like their own way best. I have followed many washing and ironing recipes, but find these quickest, easiest and most satisfactory.

The first requisites are good tubs, boiler and the indispensable wringer. Many think a washing machine is necessary, but I have better luck without. First buy a large box of ivoryine. This will not cost more than fifteen cents and will do as many washings. Into a common sized kettle of soft water put one heaping tablespoonful of the Ivoryine, heat this, not too hot, and pour over your tub of soiled clothes. Let soak over night. In the morning rub them a little, and put directly into the boiler in which you have put two spoonfuls of Ivoryine. Let boil ten minutes, then put into a tub of cold soft water, and from this into a tub of cold hard water, in which is a very little bluing.

Never put starch in rinsing water; it yellows and rots linen. I think kerosene oil makes clothes look old.

The trouble with most washing recipes is that they are not explicit enough. I think if housekeepers who read this will try the above three times they will not go back to their old way. Monday is never a blue day at our house.

Now about ironing: Let the clothes be perfectly dry before taking them from the line; then sprinkle them, not wringing wet, but damp. Have a clean cloth on the ironing-board, clean flatirons, clean stove, and above all, have on a clean apron. How mortified I saw a lady a short time ago, when she had ironed the bosom of a fine

shirt so it was "as stiff as a board," to see the black streak across the shirt below the bosom where her dirty apron had rubbed it!

In ironing, my specialty is table linen. I learned of a lady in Detroit who is noted for giving teas, dinners and luncheons for her friends. She has all kinds of table linen, the daintiest pink and white lunch cloths, and the most delicate cream and green dinner "covers" I ever saw, and this is her rule:

In folding and sprinkling the linen, press and roll as tight as possible. Table linen does not need more sprinkling than other articles; on the contrary, wet as little as necessary to have them iron n'cely. Always have very hot flatirons, and iron all articles of linen on both sides, and on both sides again after folding, and you will have no trouble in ironing dry. A table cloth will keep clean as long again when ironed in this way. Always fold lengthways, and keep folded the same way, if you do not keep your table set all the time. The fringe on lunch and tray cloths, also napkins, will look much better if combed out with a common hair comb.

My bread is in the oven, and I fear I've stayed too long already. I enjoy El See's letters very much. STERLING.

ABOUT SOCIALS.

No, Evangeline; it does not pay! Would any less sum than five dollars make good the wear, tear and soil on carpets and furniture, on walls and on the varnish, on doors, baseboards and casings, the cleaning and putting things to rights, and the physical suffering counted in? I think all who have tried it will say it is no recompense at all. I do not think socials pay at all, as a rule. People who are liberal will carry a dollar's worth and sometimes more than that; then there are others who are better able financially whom it will hurt badly to carry twenty-five cents worth of bread and meat. And for the provision which twenty persons of these two kinds have donated, the committee think they have done pretty well if \$12 is realized. If people could be educated to put their hands into their pockets and hand out their proportion for all necessary expenses, how much weariness of mind and body would be saved! It costs so much to run every kind of society, churches and all.

I wonder how things will go fifty years from now? At present every one thinks there must be just so much style supported in the churches as well as the homes, or they will lose caste. I sometimes think moral courage is one of the rarest virtues of our age. I well know talking or writing will not change the fact, that socials will continue to be held; and that some will continue to furnish all that is asked; and others just as little as possible. If people would give their ten cents to hear some good music, a good recitation or two; and a good paper it might do to have that kind of a social; but no, it is the stomach that must be pampered and fed instead of the mind. No wonder that some one per

elved that the way to the heart was through the stomach, and this applies to many women as well as to many men.

I will say that in this place the socials are all held in the church parlors; very seldom at a private house unless for some small purpose.

I was going to say Mr. Chas. Baker was a brave man to dare to read his paper before a farmers' club and then send it to a woman's paper to be published. Was it bravery or bravado? I laughed when I read it; no doubt it was written for a "take off," but there are men in existence who no doubt think it was the "clear stuff," and are glad the women have "caught it" for once. One of my friends said to me the other day, "I was mad at that man." I shall not take up the gauntlet in defense of women, for the most of them are capable of hoeing their own row; and those who are not would not be benefited by any one's battling for them. But when women are granted suffrage, then look out, Mr. Baker, if your wife doesn't settle up with you on all old scores, she'll be to blame.

But in the HOUSEHOLD of the 4th inst, I see Mrs. Dewey has "been and gone and done it." I am sure every woman will be satisfied that the verdict is all in her favor; but let us be merciful, don't let's all step on Mr. B. too heavy. I think now he must be fully convinced that "children should not play with edged tools." I feel real sorry for the culprit, but doubtless he has heard the old saying "Experience is the best school master."

ALBION.

M. E. H.

SCRAP BOOKS.

Six years ago I commenced keeping a scrap book, and now though only half filled it is, to me, the most valuable book I have. I have fastened in it only the very choicest things in literature that I could obtain; things that I knew I would want to re-read many times. And that scrap book is also my own biography to any one who reads it understandingly—just as significant in the kind of things totally omitted as in those inserted. How much you can tell of any one's character and history by what appeals to them in literature! I borrowed a scrap book the other day and was conscious while looking it over of a lowering of respect for my pleasant neighbor who lent it to me, as far as her literary taste went, though I saw by it that her life had always been what I should consider a very happy one. I have an old scrap book commenced by my daughter when she was ten, and discarded in her eighteenth year. It is interesting to note the gradual growth of her mind from the first childish selections to the more mature ones.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD babies got to be weaned this spring? Poor little tots! Do defer it till they are two years old any way, unless there are imperative reasons otherwise. And let the process be as gradual as may be with having it "in the right sign." One thing is important: The first thing in the morning when the teakettle boils, fill a cup half full of new milk, pour in enough boiling water to make it

warm, add some sugar and give it to baby without delay. The eagerness with which he will look for it will show how grateful it is to the little stomach. And don't be afraid of sugar for baby. It is a principal ingredient of their first natural food, and the fondness of children for it is to me an indication that nature requires it for them. I hope we have outgrown the idea that was current in my childhood that anything we particularly wanted was the very thing that was bad for us. My own little lassie, nearly four years old, is perfectly well, and has had about as much sugar as she wanted every day. Hardly any candy, however. I think the strong flavoring extracts in candy the worst thing about it. But pure sugar for children I have never seen any harm in.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

A REVERIE.

The fire bells changed and whistles blew at 4 a. m. this morn, and everybody sprang from their beds to find a paint shop burning. The contents were insured and the building was not valuable, and by faithful work the fire company prevented the spreading of the flames, so it was not a serious loss and, to others, doubtless, it was only an old building destroyed. But with the rapidity of thought my mind went back to a sultry day years ago, July 30, 1862. It was a bustling cabinet factory then, and on that day my one brother was carried out of that front door with his right hand cut five times through, the flowing blood marking their course to the home of the nearest surgeon. The hand was taken off, and so well I remember my brave resolve to study harder than ever to become a teacher to help my handsome, maimed brother. The boys, his chums, were fired with patriotic zeal and talking of enlisting and he had planned to go the next week, if mother would consent, (for he was only a lad) and I often thought when they went and he was left almost alone, that he cared more to be an able-bodied soldier than for the loss of that right hand for any other reason. He lived to do the finest, closest work in his line, his "models" sent to the patent office being entirely of his own workmanship, but the seeming lack of physical powers overtaxed the mental, and his work for the Centennial caused a fatal brain trouble. All this and much more was my reverie over the morning's fire.

Again the scene changes for me, even as the changes of a pantomime, and this will find the solitary set in a family. The promise to the dying sister was not lightly given and it must be fulfilled, so I leave my pleasant window for a time, but not without regret even though the home that I enter is more desirable in many ways.

I have never furnished a recipe for the HOUSEHOLD, perhaps with a feeling that "cooking for one" would not warrant it, but I am fond of this soft gingercake, because it is so sure and so good, and I want others to try it.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

[The recipe was given in last week's HOUSEHOLD.—ED.]

A CARPET STRIPE.

In answer to E. A. D.'s request, I will describe a handsome rag carpet I have just seen. It consisted of a hit or miss stripe of about five inches in width, with five threads black; six threads green; six threads red; five threads black on each side of it. The plain stripe—which was really the handsomest part of the carpet—consisted of dark brown, light brown, coppers, light brown, dark brown again. The stripe of each of these colors was about an inch in width, making the plain stripe about the width of the hit or miss. The shades of brown were made by putting the dark calico rags in the dye first, afterwards the white ones.

BEHIND TIMES.

CURE FOR CORNS.

I noticed E. A. D.'s request for a remedy for corns in a recent HOUSEHOLD, and as I have a good one will send it for her benefit, and for others who may need the same: Nitric acid, 1 2 oz.; muriatic acid, 1-2 oz.; blue vitriol, 1-2 oz.; salts of tartar, 1-2 oz. Apply with the cork, never with the fingers. The top of the corn should be peeled before using. I have used carbolic acid and cured one; apply a very small quantity just on the hard part of the corn. This I find good.

SOUTH LYON.

PHEBE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TWENTY cents will buy a spool of fine double picture wire which will hang every picture in your house and, enable you to get rid of the red and green worsted cords (perhaps with "tossels") which are such a refuge for dust and moths. The pictures will look better, so will the walls, and there is no danger of a catastrophe from a moth-eaten cord. If a nail hole has broken out and you cannot make the nail hold, fill the hole with plaster of Paris wet with water, and insert the nail, holding it in place till the plaster hardens, which will be in a very few minutes. But it is far better to have a picture moulding put round the room; it saves breaking the walls and defacing the paper.

Contributed Recipes.

COFFEE CAKE.—Stir one cup molasses, one cup sugar, one egg, butter size of an egg thoroughly together; then add one cup strong coffee, in which has been dissolved one heaping teaspoonful soda, and nutmeg and cloves for seasoning. Use flour enough to make batter and bake in moderate oven. I sometimes use fruit and have fruit cake.

ARALO.

LAWRENCE.

MARBLE CAKE.—White part: Whites of four eggs; one and a half cups sugar; half cup of sweet milk; half cup butter; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; two and a half cups of flour. Dark part: One cup brown sugar; half cup molasses; half cup butter; half cup of sweet milk; two and a half cups flour; yolks of four eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; cloves, cinnamon and allspice, of each half teaspoonful. This is a splendid recipe.

HADLEY.

MARY.