

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### A SONG FOR MOTHERS.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON.

O, weary mothers mixing dough,  
Don't you wish that food would grow?  
Your lips would smile, I know, to see  
A cookie bush or a pancake tree.

No hurry or worry or boiling pot;  
No waiting to get the oven hot;  
But you could send your child to see  
If the pies had baked on the cherry tree.

A beef-steak bush would be quite fine;  
Bread be plucked from its tender vine;  
A sponge-cake plant our pet would be,  
We'd read and sew 'neath the muffin tree.

### THE FASHIONS.

Dresses with princesse back and a panel of silk or brocade in the centre of the front, framed in two or three loose pleats, are much liked for slight, graceful figures and are particularly pretty for demi-train costumes. The centre and side back forms are cut with the skirt, while the fronts and under arm pieces are shortened to form the pointed basque, to which is sometimes added the coat skirts before described in the HOUSEHOLD. Bretelle-like trimmings are continued from the shoulders to form a point several inches below the waist line in the back. An arrangement of lace which forms epaulettes on the shoulders and is graduated in width to points a little below the waist line in the front and back, is new and stylish.

A simple and pretty afternoon dress for home wear utilizes the skirt of a wool costume which has outworn its waist. A waist of surah or wash silk is made for it, and the skirt is bordered with a four-inch band of the silk cut bias. The silk waist has a fitted lining; is gathered in the shoulders, front and back and pleated at the waist line, and extends six or eight inches below, and the V-shaped space in front can be filled in any fashion desired; mutton-leg sleeves are added, and a pointed belt of gold or silver galloon is a showy adjunct.

A very handsome yet simple and not fussy dress is of figured India silk and bengaline. The model, a *cafe au lait* silk with cream colored and rose pink carnations scattered over it, was made up with *cafe au lait* bengaline. The skirt of six breadths was plain in front and on the sides, with just sufficient fullness to hang gracefully, and the remainder massed at the back. A narrow bias flounce finishes the foot on front and sides. The waist has

sleeves and a full vest of the figured material and a coat bodice of the bengaline, cut at least eighteen inches below the waist line. The seams are left open on the hips, and the centre back forms are cut with fullness which is laid in pleats which break the severe plainness. The fronts roll back in revers which are covered with feather trimming. Bonnet of straw with *cafe au lait* velvet ties and trimmings and a knot of carnations.

A plain linen lawn dress should have an unlined bodice, worn over a separate waist of percaline—if the lawn be black. Gather the fronts on the shoulders and pleat them at the waist line. The back has no fullness at the shoulders, but is also pleated at the waist. There is no centre seam in the back, and if side back forms are cut they are very narrow. The waist extends six inches below the belt, and the seams are left open and edged with embroidery. A black lawn may more conveniently be made over a lining, as it will probably not need washing till it is worn out. In this case, make a bodice pointed back and front and short on the hips, and finish it with a folded ribbon or scant frill of embroidery. Dress patterns of black India lawn embroidered in black and colors sell for \$5.75 and \$6.50 up to \$10 and are very pretty. There are three and one half yards of embroidered flouncing deep enough for the skirt, and you buy plain lawn for the waist and sleeves.

Lawns, organdies and mulls are revived for this summer dresses. They are in stripes or are powdered with flower patterns. Dimity dresses are new and stylish, the dimity is thinner than the old-fashioned article, gets the dimity effect by being woven with alternate fine and coarse threads, is 32 inches wide—at 28 cents a yard. They are made over foundation skirts of the same. The outer skirt is three yards wide; the front and sides are gored and then gathered scantily, and the straight back is pleated in a small space. There is a deep hem; a wide band of embroidered insertion is set between two groups of three small tucks, as a finish to the bottom, and then the skirt is sewed to a doubled belt of the material with buttonholes set to meet the buttons on the bodice, which has a yoke and turn over collar of embroidery; to the yoke the dimity is gathered, then drawn down and shirred at the waist line on a strong belt set underneath. Tiny pearl buttons close the front. The mutton-leg sleeves have turned back cuffs of embroidery. With

this is worn a belt two inches wide, fastened with a silver or pearl buckle. Such a dress is very neat and dainty. The patterns are cream and other delicate shades, on which are sprinkled sprays of fine flowers, sometimes apparently tied with ribbons. I do not know how these would wash, but they are very pretty in the piece, that's certain. BEATRIX.

### THE MISHAPS OF A JOURNEY.

The old saying is "A bad penny will return," and though I have been a good while about it (nearly two years) you see I have made the saying true. The other day I was thinking about what a furor we had for "weeks" some time ago, and concluded to write the experience of one day for the amusement of the HOUSEHOLD readers. I spent an exceedingly pleasant Easter Sunday with cousins in Brockport, N. Y., and arose at 5:30 a. m. Easter Monday, intending to take the 7:23 train for my home in Michigan, from which I had been absent about two months. I packed my shawl strap and handbag and was all ready to start, but for some unaccountable reason on that particular morning the coal stove refused to work as well as usual, so breakfast was delayed until when I reached the station I had just five minutes in which to purchase my ticket and check my trunk. The gentlemanly ticket agent was as deliberate as though that train was not due in five hours instead of five minutes. When I finally received my ticket and made a rush for the baggage window, there was no baggage man there. Clara said "Your train has come, Mae," and we both rushed out on the platform, found the baggage man already loading in trunks. I gave him my check and he started on the run for the baggage room. Just then the familiar "All right here" was heard. Clara said "You get on, I'll see to the check." "But my shawl strap is in the waiting room." "I'll bring it," and so she did, handing it to the brakeman and he to me just as the train started. I was aboard "by the skin of my teeth," but with no check for my trunk. However, there was no help for it and I concluded not to worry but enjoy the lovely morning and pleasant scenery. Arriving at Suspension Bridge I walked forward to the baggage car, and there sure enough was my trunk just being unloaded. I asked the baggage man how I was to claim it with no check, when the brakeman stepped forward and handed me one



saying the baggage man at Brockport had not time to give it to me. But the trunk was only checked to Suspension Bridge, whereas I was going to Lapeer. "Can I recheck it now?" I asked. "No; none of the Grand Trunk men will be over till after dinner. You cannot get a train for the west till 2:25 p. m.," and it was then only 9:30 a. m. So I concluded to spend my hours of waiting in sight-seeing, and took the street car for Niagara Falls. It is useless to try to describe the Falls; I could not do them justice. Suffice to say the day was lovely and I spent three delightful hours there. Returned to Suspension Bridge; found a Grand Trunk train in waiting, rechecked my trunk and went on board. By the time I had my lunch eaten we were ready to start. The view of Niagara river from the railway bridge is fine. Lake Ontario can be seen from the time you are safely in Canada until you reach Hamilton, sometimes just in sight, at others only a short distance from the railroad, and as I love the water I enjoyed that exceedingly. Being on a fast train we only stopped at large places, Hamilton, Woodstock, London, etc. Still it was dark long before we reached the St. Clair. When we stopped in Sarnia I was surprised to hear the rain pattering against the car windows. It seemed as though we never should get across the ferry, but we did at last; had to go slowly on account of so much ice in the river. After we left Port Huron there was no other stop till we reached Lapeer. It was still raining, but fortunately for me not so hard, though every thing was wet and glistening in the electric light. I went into the waiting room and asked for a bus. Two gentlemen sitting there told me the bus did not meet that late train (11:30 p. m.). I had expected to arrive at 6 p. m., so had not written, but the delay at the Bridge made me late. There was nothing for it but to walk to my cousin's—nearly a mile. On picking up my things to do so I missed my muff and spoke of it. One of the gentlemen declared I brought none in with me, it must be in the car then. And he rushed out and asked a brakeman to hand it to him. The brakeman said he would, but just as he stepped on the train it started. I arrived at my cousin's safely at midnight, and of course had to rouse them up to let me in. Thus ended my day. The muff came back safely on the next morning's train, having been over to Flint and back.

Ella R. Wood, I know you; I wonder if you will recognize me when I tell you we met at Ladies' Library in Burton? Come back, Brue, we miss you and your spicy letters. What has become of Keturah?

FLINT.

MAE.

MAYBELLE asks if some of the HOUSEHOLDERS do not belong to a Sunday school which has laid aside its old books for a new library and would be willing to donate them to a Sunday school recently organized in a new country, where they would be regarded as a great aid by the workers and a great treasure by the children. She asks, if there are such, mention be made through the HOUSEHOLD.

#### AROUND THE WORLD.

"Let us go for a long walk" were the words with which a friend greeted me one pleasant Saturday this spring. Of course I was in it after a week in a close school room, and we decided to walk to Fort Gratiot, cross to Point Edward, walk down to Sarnia, and complete the circuit by returning to Port Huron on the ferry, in short; take the journey commonly known in this vicinity as a trip around the world, only substituting pedestrian exercise for the usual street car rides.

It is odd how many funny things one sees when on a lookout for fun. Even the street urchin's impudence is amusing; and in times of spring housecleaning the clothes-lines are an unfailing source of interest. Why do people have such giddy bedquills? Our first adventure occurred when we reached the railway crossing. A long freight train stood directly blocking our way. We waited, but it remained exasperatingly still. We tried to go around behind it; it backed up. We started to go in front of it; it went ahead. We repeated the performance, to the great amusement of the train men, until the engineer took pity on us and allowed us to cross in safety.

After missing our way and having to hunt for the dock, we found it just as the boat was coming across. Beautiful as St. Clair River undoubtedly is on a calm day in summer, when it is all a deep blue with scarcely a ripple showing, it is far more beautiful on a day like that, with a north wind changing it to innumerable colors and shades in the bright sunlight. I always feel sorry for people who do not live near a swift, clear river. The tiny ferry tossed and rolled as it came up to the dock and there was no gang plank; so the men kindly but unceremoniously took us by the shoulders and placed us on board as if we had been bundles of merchandise. We were only about five minutes crossing, and soon found ourselves in the labyrinth of tracks at the Point. After considerable difficulty we succeeded in disentangling ourselves and started for our second tramp. It is certainly a delightful walk. Part of the way lies through a park which is quite rural, being supplied with a turn-tile, and even a few cows to complete the bucolic effect. We would gladly have dispensed with the latter feature in the landscape; however they were quite peacefully inclined, and only favored us with that peculiarly disconcerting stare which is common to the species.

We nearly ran into the "raging c nawl" which surrounds the park, but happily escaped and went around by the bridge. By the time we reached Sarnia we were nearly starved, and not daring, in the queen's dominions, to purchase cream puffs or bananas and eat them on the street, as we should certainly have done on our own side of the river, we hastened to the dock only to find the boat had "just gone." The next one came at last and we were soon in Yankee land again. As we approached the American shore we had an

opportunity to do a very unusual thing; that is, admire Black River. The north wind had turned its waters to a bright chocolate hue, and where it flowed into the St. Clair it was almost a wine color, while beyond was a line of pale green, then dark blue, and still farther out purple just touched with white foam. But when we landed the thoughts of dinner drove every thing else out of our minds, and we lost no time in getting home. I really would not dare to tell how much we ate; but when the pangs of hunger had been satisfied we voted that we had spent a very enjoyable morning, and would go "around the world" again at the first opportunity.

E. C.

PORT HURON.

#### TALKEE-TALKEE.

Ah me! how they do go on, these men and women, talking about and at each other as if each was the natural foe of the other, and only indivisible interests and the perpetuity of the race forced a mutual toleration.

This only holds good in a general way. Let a man become conspicuous above his fellows, and it often seems to engender covert jealousy and malice among the sex, if it does not break out in open revillings, or the "civil leer," or "faint praise," calculated to belittle or discredit the object so honored. But the women—bless them—crowd around the noble object with deferential attention. Their smiles are for him, their words of praise are honeyed, their admiration the highest, their adulation the most servile. They wait on his words and woo his favor by every art in their power. And as a sex they will work together, unless their idol unfortunately should discriminate in his acts, and singling out one from the many give to her of his countenance and grace favors for her alone. Then look out for trouble. The lucky (?) woman will be harried, baited, worried, slighted, insulted and "took down" in every conceivable manner by her tantalizing sisters; but in most cases all will sing paeans of praise to the honored man. All of which on the part of both men and women may be very silly.

Let a young, beautiful or famous woman make her debut in the social or literary world. Women may surround her with sweet words of sympathy and endearment, and may really feel a certain sort of respect and admiration for her personal charms or mental achievements. But a bitter mixes with the sweet; a venom charges the elixir. A general feeling prevails that all the praise and admiration bestowed on the one is in some occult way deducted from the amount due the many, and the way the offender is pulled to pieces in private, polite gossip, would put a fine point on refined cruelty to animals.

But the men, dear souls, just see them bow down to the new goddess, flattering, cajoling, fawning, carrying servile adulation sometimes to the extent and with the result of the rustic, who complained that he had flattered his Dulcinea until she



had become so proud she would no longer speak to him. Poor moths that flutter around the light until their singed wings force them to drop into oblivion! The heart-burnings that result between rivals, the breaking up of "Damon and Pythias" friendships, the feuds and duels that result, are they not written in the chronicles of each passing day, while the wily coquette plays one off against the other, and laughs with a third at their discomfiture. All of which again may be written down as very silly.

But all the same the world will go on. Noble men will become the prey of worthless women, and noble women will throw away their lives by marrying degraded men; while women will combine to prevent a marriage of one of their own sex, but when the marriage is consummated they will combine to help her manage the party of the second part.

A. L. L.

FAIRHOLM.

#### THEOPOLUS LISTENS AND IS TEACHABLE.

THE HOUSEHOLD of May 2nd contains among other good things, "An Open Letter to Theopolus—and Other Men," in which Beatrix, with kindness of heart and a commendable object in view, invites Theopolus to sit quietly down, while she attempts to "talk some sense into his head" and, nothing daunted by the hard, self imposed task, proceeds to say "Housecleaning is an invention of the Adversary, for the especial purpose of testing masculine character."

Now I fully agree with her as to its origin, but as to its object I'm a little skeptical. I've always been taught that the Adversary was, and is, ever seeking out devious ways to draw man into trouble—his first great success in this undertaking, by means of the apple, the serpent and the woman, gave such encouragement that he has never ceased his efforts, and in these latter days he comes when man is contending with the spring fever, billousness, the hurry and worry of spring work, etc., and by means of housecleaning and "the woman" seeks to place man *hors du combat* with himself and the world in general. Truth compels me to own it (but I don't like to) that he too often succeeds.

Now I don't object to some slobbering up about the home occasionally. I don't quite uphold the practice of always sweeping under the lounge, I think it well enough occasionally to sweep out from under the lounge; it is more tidy, and may restore to their friends, and their proper use, lost articles of wearing apparel, and some furniture, but I can't quite think it best for Mrs. Theopolus to chase the early spring fly about the house, trying to extinguish him, but only succeeding in bunting against the stove, and falling from the sewing-machine—from which she thought she could reach him—and getting a torn dress and lame arm, while the fly escapes. Scrubbing a worm-hole, thinking it to be a fly speck, is another disappointing labor.

Now I feel that I want to learn, grow better and move along in sympathy with

the world, and in sympathy with housecleaning—of a conservative kind—and I would really like to "avoid the friction and jars" (yes, and the grippe, crockery, stovepipe and a thousand other things, so difficult to avoid about these days) and so I'm seriously contemplating accepting the kindly advice of Beatrix to "do a little fixing up about the barns, yards and stables." Perhaps I have been negligent, for my sheep haven't had their wool combed once this year; my cattle haven't been required to take a weekly bath during the entire winter; my horses' manes and tails haven't been done up in curl-papers, or even adorned with ribbons, and not once during the entire winter have I washed off the barn-rod! To introduce these improvements I shall have to omit sowing much grain; or sow and plant later, but there is time and good weather in the fall for sowing and planting; this late sowing will leave more room in the granary, and if the oat bin gets empty, I'll just tie another ribbon to the horses' tails, and tell 'em not to call for oats, but learn to be satisfied with ribbons.

THEOPOLUS.

#### WICKED THOUGHTS OR WICKED ACTIONS, WHICH IS THE MOST WICKED?

Were the above question asked of a number of persons, nine out of ten would doubtless answer actions are the more wicked, for the reason that man judges from what he sees and from appearances; while God, the infallible judge, looks into the heart, whence springs all wickedness. All our actions spring from our thoughts and emotions, but they are not inseparable. By carefully guarding our thoughts we may prevent their taking outward action.

The teachings of Scripture are emphatic enough on this point to convince any one that our thoughts, intentions and motives are really the cause of all our wicked actions; and were greater care exercised by parents, teachers and preachers to instill into the minds of children and impress thereon only pure, clean thoughts, there would be less use for reformatories, jails, prisons and the gallows than there now is. "Train up a child in the way he should go," might be improved on a little, I think, by saying, Train up a child in the way he should *think*.

I was very much amused a few years ago at what an old German said and did to his boy. The lad had been left in charge of the ox-team, with instructions not to let them get upon the green in the village, while the father was doing some trading in a store. Looking out and seeing the oxen feeding on the grass, he ran out and taking the long ox-gad out of the boy's hand gave him a most unmerciful whipping, which the boy bore without a whimper. In amazement the old man stopped, and looking at him said: "What you think now? Oh! I know! you think dam, and now I lick you for dat," and he did "lick" him again most cruelly. He at least understood the wickedness of thoughts.

MUSKEGON.

GRANDPA.

#### ANOTHER MODE OF WASHING AND IRONING.

As this subject has been opened I will give my way, which is by far the easiest way that I have yet tried. Place the boiler over the fire, fill with water, slice into it three-fourths of a bar of any good soap; I prefer Acme, although Santa Claus or Lenox are nearly as good. Place the soiled clothes in a tub; the towels and white tablecloths, if much soiled, in the bottom of the tub, then sheets, pillow slips, e'c, with fine and less soiled ones at the top. As soon as the water is heated to a temperature comfortable to the hand, cover the clothes with it until they will take no more and some remains standing on them; cover with the washboard and some thick cloth to retain the heat, and let stand until you have the morning's work out of the way. If there is more than one person to work, one can go at the washing if you put the water on the clothes before breakfast. Put a pailful or more of water with that remaining in the boiler, and turn all in another tub, if you have it, if not, use the boiler. Blue it with American Ball Blueing. It is the best I have used; any other may do, but this I know does not spot the clothes. Rub lightly through the first tub, wring into the second, and put out right from the blued suds on the line. You may think perhaps that they will not look clear, but try it once any way. Of course you should rinse in clear water those that are to be starched, but blue them in the suds first. When you get all but the towels out of the first tub put in the colored clothes and let them soak while you are rubbing out the towels and hanging out the white clothes. This mode of washing does away with putting clothes to soak over night. I would not have my clothes put to soak over night if any one would do it for me since I have washed this way. There is no need of a fire to wash after you have the water heated, so it is a saving of wood, makes no steam to loosen paper on the walls, does not make half the mess, saves your back from so much lifting, saves time (and time means rest to me); in fact I cannot tell all the good there is in it; but try it and find out how much it helps you. One lady who tried it to please me said her clothes never looked whiter, but she felt as though she had not washed at all, as it was so easy.

I iron as our Editor advocated some years ago, folding the most of the clothes and placing a weight on them—that is, the sheets, pillowslips that are plain, work aprons, coarse towels, plain underclothes, and all that will do to fold and put away, except of course starched clothes, which I sprinkle, roll tightly and place in the basket, cover with the ironing sheet and iron in the cool of the morning. It is a pleasure to go out with the little boys, aged seven and four, the smallest to gather the pins, the other to bring the clothes to me at a large dry goods box in the yard, where I fold them and place on a clean board; then I carry them to the house and place a weight on them and let them



iron themselves without one thought of shirking anything that needs doing. All who are overworked and are not strong, please try and report.

I use hard water without any cleansing at all, except what the soap cleanses it. Our cistern has been put off from year to year, thinking we would build next year, but loss of live stock, crop failures, and paying notes signed with others has delayed the new house. I think soft water would be better, but could not say positively.

The blue suds should be warm, the colored clothes may be rubbed through if needed, and so may the more soiled white ones, but mine scarcely ever need to be.

HASTINGS.

BUSY BEE.

## A WOMAN'S OPINION.

I have been a reader of the *HOUSEHOLD* for some years, and enjoy the weekly visits of the little paper very much. Often when I read an article that just suits my fancy, or sometimes is just the reverse, I hastily resolve that I too will have a word to say on that subject. But household cares and other duties occupy so much time that generally I fail to put my resolutions into effect. But the article written by Mr. Baker and printed in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 14th contains statements I cannot endorse in the least degree. Therefore I firmly resolved this morning that all things must give place while I express my opinion concerning him and his sentiments expressed in the aforesaid article. It is my practice to judge people in a great measure by the books they choose to read, and I do not see any valid reason why we could not judge them in like manner by the articles they write. According to that standard my opinion of the author is not entirely flattering.

To advance such ideas as are contained in that article is simply absurd. If the writer does not entertain any better opinion of the women of this nation than he expresses in his article, the proper thing for him to do (in my judgment) is to take ship for China or some other heathen country; or if that be too far distant he might take up his abode with our North American Indian tribes, where it is thought sufficient honor for the wife to partake of the food that remains after her liege lord has appeased his appetite. For in such a state of civilization as I have described our brother might have the blessed privilege of seeing his opinions respected, but they will not flourish in advancing America.

I was much pleased with the articles written by Mrs. Dewey and E. B. M., of Jackson. Especially would I echo Mrs. Dewey's sentiments in every particular. And with M. E. H., of Albion, would I join in being merciful to Mr. Baker. As my sympathy always runs parallel with the poor, weak, deluded creatures of this earth, the gentleman in question would be entitled to a share most certainly, for he belongs to that class if he sincerely believes the doctrine he advocated. But I am of the opinion that he does not; and if

in the future he should conclude to retreat and offer an apology for his attack on the women, we would all imitate the example of our blessed Master and freely forgive him, as did He the thief on the cross.

HOWELL.

MRS. R. R. S.

## AIRING BEDS.

In the last *HOUSEHOLD* Otatsie wishes some one to tell her how long to let a bed air. It is a conducive to health to have your bed and bedding well aired and occasionally sunned. You are fortunate if you have an up stairs back porch in which you can have your bed things well sunned. Some housekeepers consider it a piece of neatness and good management to have the beds made up as soon as they are vacated in the morning. But this is a great mistake. The bedding should be taken off and hung on chairs before an open window, and the air should freely play over the mattress or feather bed for at least a half hour before the bed is made up. Exhalations from the body are passing off all night, so the bed clothes are reeking with them by morning, and even where the person is healthy these exhalations ought to be dispersed from the bed clothes before they are replaced on the bed.

LIMA.

N. T.

## SOAP.

I've read the little paper for years with pleasure as well as profit, but have never written a line for its columns. Today I noticed in the issue for April 25th one of the family asking what was the matter with her soap. That question aroused my sympathies. Ashes from certain kinds of wood will not make soap. Elm and hickory are among the number. Ashes from oak make splendid soap.

ONSTED.

E. M.

I noticed an inquiry in regard to "soap that won't come." In my school days, in our chemistry class, our professor told us lye and grease would not unite without nature's key to unlock her forces. Lime water was her key in this case. I have had soap as described. I took a piece of lime as large as my two fists and dissolved it in a pail of cold water. Slacked lime will do the work. I heated my soap again and it was all right. Sometimes I have added soft water. Too strong lye does not make as good soap, that is, it will not do as good work is my experience.

The *HOUSEHOLD* is the first paper read at our house.

AUNT SUE.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

## HOW TO MEND TINWARE.

In the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 25th Aralc, of Lawrence, inquires about a patent solder. We got some once, in sticks the size of knitting needles—fifteen sticks for 25 cents. Aralc can go to a hardware store and get a copper soldering iron and some solder, (we got a one-half pound iron for twenty-eight cents and solder for twenty cents a pound). Take a wide mouthed bottle (we used an old mucilage bottle) to the drug store and get five cents

worth of muriatic acid; cut up sheet zinc, and put in all that the acid will dissolve. To use it, scrape the tin you want to mend around the hole with an old file. Heat the iron in the stove till it will melt solder easily; then file one side of the point bright, put some of the acid on the iron with a feather, then rub on the solder; this will tin the iron and make the solder stick to the iron better. Put some of the acid on your tin; put more solder on the iron; then put the point on the tin and the solder will cover the hole in it. The iron must not be too hot or it will not hold the solder.

MARY.

HOLLOWAY.

[One of the little *HOUSEHOLD* girls.]

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer* says: "The way to banish red ants is to wash the pantry shelves with hot water and soap. The ants find nothing in common with the absolute cleanliness of the freshly washed shelves." We give this for whatever it may be worth, knowing it would be as impossible to find a woman who will admit her pantry shelves may possibly not be immaculately clean as one who will own her butter may perhaps fall short of being as good as the best ever made.

WHEN an oil-cloth has become very much worn, give the piece a coat of brown or dark-red paint, and then varnish, after which it will do good service in the kitchen.

"BUSY BEE" says: "I have a 'hen' that for business will beat the 'literary hens of Albion.' She is covering 180 eggs at present. I would like to have some of the *HOUSEHOLD* readers present when the chickens are hatched."

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for May is as brim-full of good things as ever. Everybody will be interested in "Mrs. Kalometer's" boarding house experience, and the entire magazine is filled with practical, common sense talk on domestic topics. Miss Parloa, who introduces each number with one of her "Mornings in a Kitchen," is a host in herself. Published by Clark W. Bryan, Springfield, Mass.

## Contribute 1 Recipes.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One and a half cups corn-meal; one cup flour; two tablespoonfuls of butter; two tablespoonfuls sugar; one egg; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; a little salt. For wetting use sweet milk. Stir the baking powder thoroughly through the flour and meal, then rub the butter through with the hands. Make the batter thin.

STIRRED CAKE.—Three cups flour, in a pan; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; three eggs; two scant cups sugar; half cup butter; one cup sweet milk. Put the ingredients together and stir thoroughly. I used this recipe ten years without one failure. I used Brahma eggs. We afterwards had Brown Leghorns, and my recipe was a failure. I finally learned through the *FARMER* that three Brahma eggs were equal to five Leghorn eggs.

E. M.

ONSTED.