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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
In the land of the ivied towers.
And they welcome the dearest of festival times;
In this Western world of ours!
Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough
The English firelight falls,
And bright are the wreathed evergreens now
That gladden our own home walls.
And hark! the first sweet note that tells
The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway
fire,
And across the Swedish fells,
And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
To the sound of those Christmas bells!
They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
Its flood through the rice-fields wide;
They swell the far hymns of the Laps and Poles,
To the praise of the Crucified.
Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells,
Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
With the past of the Eastern land,
When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
And healed the withered hand;
But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
For the One who walked the sea,
And ring again for the better time
For the Christ that is to be:
Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells
In ye, O joyous prophet bells.

CHRISTMAS.

All the world over people will be keeping Christmas to-morrow. Some where the snow flies and the bells jingle, and great fires roar up the chimney, and holly and mistletoe hang on the walls; and some where soft southern zephyrs blow through opened windows and rose wreaths and jasmine breathe their perfume, and people lie in hammocks and lazily fan themselves. How strange would seem a Christmas without naked woods and barren fields and nipping winds, to us of Northern birth!

But why Christmas, and why is the twenty-fifth of December set apart as the anniversary of the birth of Christ? So little heed was taken by the early Christians that the chronology of personal events in the history of their great leader is involved in obscurity. Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Whit-Sunday, are commemorative days indeed, but not anniversaries in the true sense of the word. The early Church celebrated none of them. Probably the believers of those days had their hands full keeping out of the way of the Roman tyrants whose favorite amusement was to see them torn in pieces by wild

beasts in the arena. Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138, instituted the observance of Christmas, but it was celebrated sometimes in January, and sometimes in April and May. It was not until the fourth century that Pope Julius I. appointed the twenty-fifth day of December as Christmas day, making it coincide with the pagan feast of Saturn, or Saturnalia, a time of wild revelry and reckless orgies among the Romans. Hence it is no great wonder that many of our Christmas observances are of heathen origin, and trace their significance back to the days of the worship of the sun, Jupiter and Saturn, and all the other gods and goddesses of pagan Rome, and even to the Scandinavian myths of Oden and Thor. Richard A. Proctor, the talented young astronomer whose premature death a few years ago was so universally regretted, finds in the story of the Star in the East which St. Matthew describes as leading the Magi to the humble cradle of the infant Jesus—the Star of Bethlehem which is “discovered” every few years and invariably proves to be Venus at the times of her greatest brilliancy, when she may be seen by daylight—a remnant of the observances of sun-worship by an astronomical and astrological priesthood, who measured days and seasons by the stars. Each portion of the day was measured from the dayspring or dawning of one day to the dawn of the next; and in like manner each portion of the year marked by the sun's approach to or recession from the equator was determined by what was called the heliacal rising of a certain star; that is, its rising at such a time that it was just visible before the approach of the sun to the horizon obliterated all fainter lights. Long after more exact methods of measuring the sun's annual movements and determining the seasons had become known, and after sun-worship was no longer practiced, astrologers and astronomers clung to the old ways. The winter solstice, when the days grew shorter and the sun seemed to go further and further away, was to the ignorant a time of doubt and anxiety; they feared the genial orb might never return. And when the priests of the sun saw the heliacal star rise in the east, just before the stars vanished at sunrise, they knew the apparent recession of the sun had ceased and that he would begin to return, and proclaimed

the joyful news to the people. And Mr. Proctor traces a allegorical significance between the story of St. Matthew and this old custom, whereby the new rising star came and stood over the place where the sun god of the new year, that was to bring light and brightness and beauty to the world, was born, and the angels or messenger of the Magi announced the greatest event, while the wise men themselves offered up the myrrh and frankincense and gold, all mystically consecrated to the worship of the sun.

Early history, as we have seen, informs us that certain of our Christmas observances are of heathen origin. The question may naturally arise, how came they engrafted upon a Christian festival. There is little doubt that the religion of the early church, embraced at the peril of life and property, fostered an asceticism and sternness which made it repellant to the pleasure-loving Romans who delighted in feasts and revels. And the heathen observances were adopted by the leaders of the church to strengthen and hold the new converts to Christianity and to make others, just as when St. Augustine carried the gospel into Great Britain some of the rites and myths of the Druids were adopted or amalgamated with it. Thus the Romans decked the temple of Saturn with evergreen wreaths as we do our churches, though we have Old Testament sanction in bringing the box and the pine to glorify the Lord's house and make it beautiful; and in Germany and Scandinavia the holly's glossy leaves and bright berries were similarly used in their religious decorations. The mistletoe, a branch of which Norse mythology made the arrow that, sped from the bow of the blind Loki, prince of darkness, killed the fair Balder, the god of Light, became at last the property of Freya, goddess of Love, and so we hang it over doorways and on the chandeliers, and the unwary maid caught beneath it may be lawfully kissed by any youth brave enough to venture. In early times in England, the mistletoe was a sacred plant in Druidic mysteries; the first of each year, in long white robes and armed with golden knives, the priests marched in solemn procession to their sacred groves and cut off the plant, dividing it among the people as a New Year's gift of magic power to keep away

evil spirits, and a sprig of it was hung above the doorway as a shelter for the sylvan deities. Its waxen white berries, emblem of purity, were associated with the marriage rites of the ancient Britons, but the mistletoe is never used in church decorations.

Among the observances peculiar to early Christmas was the ceremony of bringing in the yule Log, long practised in England. The log was cut and drawn to the house with great mirth and jollity; it was kindled from the brand remaining from the previous Christmas. In its flames, all grievances and strifes were burnt out, and good fellowship and friendship were nurtured by its genial warmth. The Lord of Misrule presided over the revels of the Christmas season and gave his sanction to all sorts of pranks and plays; the last appointment to this office was made in 1627. In Scotland, the Abbot of Unreason held a similar position until a disapproving Parliament abolished the office in 1555, the preachers having had occasion to complain that quite too much attention was paid to the frolics and not enough to the religious part. Sir Roger de Coverley, as long ago as 1712, kept open house at Christmas, according to the *Spectator*. He made his small beer double strength, and it was free to whoever asked for it; so was mince pie and roast beef; and to his tenants he sent spare-ribs and puddings and playing cards, says the old chronicler, that they might have a "Merry English Christmas." In strong contrast to this is the story we have of the first Christmas after the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock. Governor Bradford called the members of the little colony out to work as usual, but many of them, accustomed to regard the day as one of recreation, declined the customary tasks. The stern old governor, in his contempt for what he styles "the day called Christmas Day," led away his little band, but when he returned at noon and found the others engaged in the ungodly games of pitching the bar, foot-ball, and the like-games in which English yeomen delighted—he ordered the players into their houses and confiscated their implements, telling them there should be "no revelry in the streets!" Indeed, so determined were the Pilgrim Fathers to root out every observance hitherto sacred to the day, and allow "no mummery" in the new world they proposed to model after their own ways, that it was forbidden to eat mince pie upon "ye day called Christmas," and, incidentally, it was made a misdemeanor for a woman to kiss her child on Sunday!

We are indebted to Germany for our Christmas tree, which was almost unknown both in England and the United States until Prince Albert made it popular. To Germany also we owe our Santa Claus, the American version of Knecht Rupert, whose mission it is to reward the good children and provide

whips for the chastisement of the bad. The origin of the Christmas tree is traced back to a festival observed for Perchta, the goddess of Spring, in its adaptation the evergreen tree becoming a symbol of eternal spring, the candles typifying Christ, the light of the world, the presents reminding us of the great gift of God to man in giving His Son for our redemption.

Charles Dickens may be said to have revived the observance of Christmas day through his descriptions of English country homes at the holiday season. "Tiny Tim's" Christmas dinner was straightway duplicated in thousands of homes. But they say the custom is dying out again, though the throngs of holiday shoppers and the trains crowded with people "going home," all beaming, all bundle-laden, don't look much like it. There is perhaps less indiscriminate giving of gifts; the deluge of Christmas cards has ceased, and one is not expected to remember relatives unto the third and fourth generation and also a large calling acquaintance. But Christmas is essentially a family holiday, and if we make it a day of reunion and exchange of remembrances, and remember to help brighten the day for some one not so favored as we, and make the children glad, we shall find that though it is not now as when Scott said

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year,"

it is after all a holiday to be anticipated with delight and recalled with pleasure.

And so, to all the large and interesting HOUSEHOLD family the Editor wishes a

Merry Christmas.

A LITTLE LECTURE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

I am going to write a few lines upon the need of good-sized looking-glasses in every home. I have intended to do this for two or more years; and when I saw Beatrix's reference to them in a letter not very long ago it brought the thought back with renewed force. Perhaps what she said covered the whole subject sufficiently well, but I know people are so apt to forget if they chance not to be in the right mood to absorb and assimilate; so a renewal of the subject may not be out of order and also may aid somebody's memory.

Go where you will, where there are a number of people together, and notice the ungraceful attitudes and the disfigured forms, all caused simply by not knowing how we look. Robert Burns said:

"Oh wad the power some giftie gie us,
To see ourself as others see us."

He forgot that large looking-glasses would do that in a measure, or he would have advised their more extensive use. I do not expect that five people past twenty-five years old will think they have any time or need for "all this non-

sense," but if you will keep your eyes open and your thought on this subject the next time you go into a company of any kind or even at church, you will see what a benefit it would be to the most of the men and women present if they would stand up as they should. Then ask yourself, Do I look that way? Fearing there will no one else hear you, and make reply, I will answer now, Yes; that is just the way you stand and the way you look to others; if you do not believe it, just put yourself in front of a looking-glass that is large enough so you can see two-thirds of your body at once, and you will, by turning one side then the other, form quite a correct idea of how you look to others.

But the young people are the ones I most wish and expect to benefit, for they are at the age when they most wish to please others by making themselves look as well as they can. The next time you are out, just observe how many stand with head and shoulders bent forward, and the back-bone rounded out in the opposite direction and the lower stomach protruding in an unpleasant manner. If you turn the conversation upon that subject how many will tell you they are troubled with a weak stomach and they can't help it; others will tell you they have weak backs and they cannot stand straight because it is painful; I say it is nothing but a confirmed habit; one that any one can remedy if she will only try perseveringly. But if the older ones will not try to make themselves more agreeable to look at, they can and should provide large looking-glasses in their homes so the young and growing members of the family can see themselves in their different poses, and have the largest and best glass where they can step before it any time. I am sure it will do more good than acres of written words; only remind them to use the glass if they appear too indifferent.

I am often so astonished and, well, not disgusted but have such a sorry feeling when I see a young miss or lady dressed in a dress of nice material and made more beautiful with lace and ribbons added, but which seems to accentuate her bad form; a sunken breast and stomach; the head, long neck and shoulders thrust forward, the neck looking so much longer than it would if the head and shoulders were in their proper position. No dress can look pretty hung on a stick; it is in a large degree the form the dress rests upon as well as the fit which gives it its chief beauty and its "style." So my dear young friends, pose before the glass until you can assume a graceful attitude; then practice it until it becomes natural and easy; let no one laugh you out of your efforts at improving your figure, your manners or your language.

Because I did not say boys in the beginning I did not mean that they were excluded from the use of looking-glasses for the same purpose. There are man

boys and young men who need the same training.

I have a friend who has (in my estimation) a mind above the average of his age, but the way he carries himself and walks is perfectly awful. (Just stop and consider the meaning of those two words and try to decipher what they actually mean.) I mean he is very ungraceful and he has the habit strongly formed. "Well" I said to him, "of course you want to change very much." He said: "I don't want to, but I'll show you I can change and not want to." I laughed and said, "All right, I'll not ask any more." How long he will try to change without wanting to remains to be seen, but I must say hold yourselves proudly erect; every one will love and respect you the more. To the tall young people I say, do not stoop or crouch down to make yourself shorter for you cannot know the possibilities of beauty in tall people or you would not wish to be short; you can not imagine how much short people envy tall people, and truly the most graceful, elegant ladies, and gentlemen also, that I know, are above the average height. So be proud to carry those few extra inches, and do not forget to pose before the looking-glass. Neither you or your parents need be afraid of its making you vain. When you begin to study yourself you will find all the faults that are necessary to keep you modest.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

A CONFIDENTIAL CHAT.

"Do you suppose I would polish my husband's shoes, clean his rubbers, brush his clothes, lay them out for him, do everything but put them on for him? Not much; if he married me to be his servant, he will get sadly left; I do not believe in humoring a man in this style, and he will not care two cents more for you."

This subject was brought up by a small company of young house-wives who were having a confidential chat relative to the duties of a wife. The conversation had about reached its climax when a young wife who had thus far kept silent, evidently thought it her time to speak.

"Girls," she said, "would you think any less of me should I tell you that I have done these very things you think degrading for a wife to do ever since I have been married? And I believe I am happier for doing them. My husband is driven with work, and as I have scarcely anything to do, I take both pleasure and pride in keeping his wardrobe in 'apple-pie' order; thus you see the time he would spend in giving a 'shine' is devoted to me. His countenance always speaks of his appreciation of my thoughtfulness, when he hastily dons his 'best suit' and finds everything in readiness; and oftentimes this appreciation is made doubly secure by sealing it with a kiss. You can't make me believe our husbands won't care two

cents more for us, for I know better they will often care a pound of cream candies more for us.

"How much better it would be to have your husband leave with a smile, while I think I am safe in saying yours oftentimes leaves you with a frown when he finds things all confusion, and is in a hurry to go somewhere."

"Now, Little Nan, let's here from you."

"Well, I believe what A— has said to be worthy of notice, and it might be well to practice it a little; but I shall draw a line when it comes to keeping all the foot-wear in order. For instance, my husband, at my request, put up a shelf in the wood-shed for articles frequently in use. He worked at it about half an hour and then popped his head in the door and said, 'Nan, your shelf is up!' After a little I went out to arrange things, and lo! he had monopolized that shelf (except a spot large enough for my clothes-pin basket) for for his own benefit with a row of boots, shoes and rubbers its whole length. I did have to smile, but it did not take long to hurl them all into a large paper sack, and stand it in the corner.

"But as days went by the very same articles began to accumulate. It seems he would bring things from his father's house just across the road which had not been brought over since our marriage. I live in hopes that there won't be a row around the kitchen, but some days it looks like a pretty fair beginning. Whenever a new pair of rubbers are needed I object seriously as the old ones are sure to remain (for dry weather), and only add another number to the file. Pray what would you do in a case like this? Would you keep them all spotless? I have tried, and husband would smile audibly (and he was not the only one) when he saw them arranged on a white shelf-paper. I finally became discouraged, and I now only keep his best ones shiny."

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD readers a husband who seems to have a mania for foot wear? If so, what do you do with him (or rather the article in question)?

I will be one to answer Theopolus (in HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 10) by saying I believe it to be a husband's business, these cold winter mornings, to build the fires, should it come natural for him to do so; if not, let the wife do it. I always build the fires, for this reason: The wood-shed is littered with shavings and kindlings, the ashes usually cover the hearth and many times the floor, and from three to six parlor matches are used to light the fire; now, I think I save both labor, money and patience in performing this task myself, and husband says it comes so perfectly natural for me, so I am endeavoring to cultivate this special talent, though sometimes it needs a little kerosene to produce a flame.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

RECEIVED.

"A Child of the Precinct," by Sarah Doudney, is a story for young girls, pleasantly enough told, not more improbable in its incidents than thousands of its kin, yet after all a contribution to a class of characterless literature of which we already have too much. But at least if it does no great good it can do no harm, and is more healthy in tone than much of the reading matter which this era of cheap books puts in the way of our girls. Young readers will enjoy it, and we must have "milk for babies." Cloth covers, \$1.50. A. D. G. Randolph, New York City; Hunt & Eaton, Detroit.

"The Las' Day," by Imogen Clark, is the pretty, pathetic, simply told story of how "Dave Tucker" and his wife "Marthy" drifted apart through those little misunderstandings which grow into unbearable differences in the end and separate two once truly wedded, and finally came together and "made up" on "the las' day," when they meant to separate forever, the barriers of pride broken down by the shadowy wraith of the dead Babe. There are many who might see the sorrow of their own lives written in this simple little tale, affecting through its very simplicity; and, perhaps, learn a lesson from "Dave and Marthy." Cloth; sixty cents. Hunt & Eaton, 189 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

"Our Elder Brother," by Sarah S. Baker, is described in its sub-title, "Thoughts for every Sunday in the year, from the Life and Words of Jesus of Nazareth." The moral reflections grouped in essays under the above heading are well-written; there is a sermon for every Sunday, void of theological controversy. Bits of the texts describing the incidents in the life of Christ are chosen, about which to weave something comforting and interesting to his followers. Cloth, \$1.50. Hunt & Eaton, Detroit.

THE NEW OUTFIT FOR BABY.—The new outfit for "the baldheaded tyrant of No-Man's Land" consists first of a garment like a long-sleeved nightdress, of silk flannel, of which a yard costing \$1 will make two. The next is a skirt of Lonsdale muslin with low waist and sleeveless, then the dress, made in the usual style, a long skirt gathered to a little yoke. All these garments open in the back. When used, the three are slipped together, one over the other, then all over the baby's head, the flabby little arms are poked into the comfortable sleeves, the little fellow laid on his face a moment while the clothes are fastened, and "there you are," quick, easy, not tiring either child or nurse. The flannel band once indispensable is worn but for three or four weeks.

WINTER CARE OF POULTRY.

It is dangerous to give your address in the HOUSEHOLD as I can prove by the number of letters that have come to me from readers of that excellent little paper who are interested in "Poultry for Profit," and chanced to read my letter on the subject in the HOUSEHOLD of December 3rd. I have answered by letter all who sent stamps for reply, but some did not, and as all asked about the same questions, if the Editor will grant me room I will try to tell those interested how to care for their flocks so as to have eggs in winter.

To begin with, you must make the hen-house warm enough so the hens will be comfortable; have good clean straw for nests, and plenty of chaff to keep the hens at work. Give warm food in the morning. I give mine small potatoes boiled and thickened with bran, with a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper added for every fifty hens. Boiled turnips, beets, beans and peas mixed with bran are also good for a change. Give warm milk, either sweet or sour, also warm water. Milk in the morning, and water twice or better still three times a day. Green food such as cabbage, carrots, turnips, apples, with a little wheat or buckwheat scattered in the chaff will keep the hens lively through the day. For supper give them hot corn; this can be heated in an old pan in the oven; stir occasionally; when it can be held tightly in the hand without burning, it is just right. Hens should have their supper as early as four o'clock in winter. Do not keep food before the hens continually; give them only what they will eat up clean each time. If you have or can get fresh meat give it to them; if not, plenty of milk will largely replace it. Keep the hens sheltered on damp and rainy days, and let them out for exercise in dry weather. Variety in food is necessary.

The most profitable egg-producers are early hatched spring chickens which begin to lay in the fall. Hens a year or two old make more reliable setters and mothers; keep a few old hens for this reason. A few hens well cared for are more profitable than a large number neglected.

An old pan with a flat stone or a brick in the bottom, to keep the hens from tipping it over, makes a good drinking dish. A few spoonfuls of kerosene oil in the water in damp weather will prevent roup. Never put soft food on the ground; use a pan or trough.

A load of sand and gravel three or four times a year will improve the places around the drinking vessels, and the walk through the yard to the house. Hens should also have sharp cutting material, such as broken china, flint and earthen ware.

To those wishing a poultry paper I would say that there are so many good ones it is hard for me to say which

would suit you best. It is a poor paper that we cannot learn something from.

I am glad to see so many interested in the care of poultry. It is a pleasant and profitable employment for farmers' wives and daughters, and one that gives them healthy exercise in the open air. "89."

HOME-MADE GIFTS.

The following article, prepared for last week's HOUSEHOLD, was accidentally overlooked. Though late, we give it place, because the time of giving gifts is not confined to Christmas.

Beautiful veil cases are made of celluloid, two long narrow pieces tied together with narrow ribbons and decorated with sprays of sweet peas or wild roses painted in natural hues. A lovely one made by an artistic young lady was decorated by a floating figure wrapped in a misty veil and circled by a crescent. In the folds of the veil which floated from the figure, was lettered. "Filmy veils for thy fair face." All the girls said it was "just too sweet for anything."

You may make a twine work basket, or a scrap-basket, or a basket for almost any purpose, in this fashion: Select a dish, bowl, granite kettle, anything whose bottom and sides will give you the form you desire. Of fine twine or coarse cotton yarn crochet a cover, shaping it to fit your model. Crochet in close stitch, such as is used for table mats. When you have made it the size you desire, make a row of open work through which to run a ribbon, by putting the thread over the hook three or four times, working off the stitches and missing three stitches in the solid work; finish with a scalloped edge. Dip the work in very thick starch, draw it over the dish and when thoroughly dry, varnish it. Or use glue instead of starch, which makes it stiffer. Run a ribbon through the open work space, line with silk of the same color, and you have a pretty and serviceable basket.

The O. J. Farmer gives these directions for making a portfolio:

"Cut two pieces of pasteboard 10 by 12 inches and two of factory 12 by 21 inches. Paste the factory on the pasteboard, one piece on each side, leaving the extra inch of cloth in the middle that the portfolio may fold over. For inside cut a piece of green cambric, red calico, or whatever may be preferred about 12 by 20 inches. Cut pasteboard 9 by 10 inches and cover one side with this, letting the extra project on one side and the ends and turning over on the other side. Paste fancy paper or cloth on the other side of this pasteboard and on the right inside of the portfolio, make a two-inch fold, such as one finds in pocket-books, of the extra cloth at the ends, and put the fold between the cover and extra pasteboard; lap the other two inches at each end over on the right side and paste down firmly. Sew or paste the extending cloth along the middle of portfolio; this gives a large pocket for paper. Cut lining for other side 12 by 15 inches. Stitch two pockets on this lining with bright colored silks, made

six-inches deep, five inches wide, with an inch fold at each side, to hold envelopes and postals. Place two narrow pockets at one end for pencil and penholder. Hem this pocket along the upper edge with bright silk, and stitch the lower edge to the lining. Above these pockets stitch a shallow one for stamps. Now paste this lining on the inside of the other cover, lapping the ends and upper side over on the outside, and pasting them down. For the outside, velvet, plush, silk or leather paper may be used, cutting it large enough to lap a little on the inside. Make a band of elastic to hold it together."

Blue denim, which now comes in soft, pliable weaves, is suitable for book-case curtains, says *Harper's Bazar*. A novel and expeditious way of decorating it is to cut leaves or geometric forms from velvet or plush and apply as a border or all over design. Paste them on, and when dry buttonhole round them. Dark red velvet goes well with the blue of the denim, and the figures may be outlined with gold thread if preferred. Portieres of the denim, made double or lined, are very pretty as well as inexpensive made in this way. Or curtains may be made of the heavy French rep cretonnes, elaborating them by outlining the flowers and leaves by buttonholing round them with silk. But these cretonnes are at the outset so handsome that the additional labor is really a work of supererogation. A chamois handkerchief case is something even a man can appreciate, because it is not so dainty he is afraid to touch it. Line a strip of chamois fifteen inches long and nine inches wide with pale blue or Nile green China silk, placing a layer of sheet wadding sprinkled with sachet powder between the two. Decorate the outside by painting a spray of flowers and "handkerchiefs" in fancy letters, or the word alone in gold paint. Or you may embroider the design.

A pincushion which is an ornament to any dressing bureau is made in this fashion: Prepare a square form and fill it solidly with bran. When you have put in every bit you can, put in some more. Measure the cushion around (over the top and under the bottom, not from corner to corner), cut a square of China silk with the sides of the length found by measuring the cushion. Place the cushion square on the silk, bring the middle of each side of the silk to the middle of the top of the cushion, drawing tight to make it smooth; fasten it. Then, leaving the corners loose, smooth and draw the silk up towards the top of the cushion, so that it fits perfectly; tack it smooth about the bottom of the corners. Then take the four corners and bring them to the middle or close to the middle, and spread them into a pretty puff on each corner. Buy one of the embroidered squares which come for the purpose, or make a sheer linen doily and place on cornerwise, letting the corners of the doily come at the sides of the cushion, and the corner puff of the cushion at the sides of the doily.