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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing.

With our hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made but an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare  
After the toil of the day.

And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;  
I love you, my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—  
For love is tender as love is blind,—  
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,  
We take, but we do not give;  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

### GOING TO THE EXPOSITION.

Since the visitor to the great fair is not "going into society" in the Windy City, will probably breakfast at her lodging-house and get her dinner and supper on the Exposition grounds, it will be policy to reduce her baggage to "light marching outfit." As I have said, it is quite practicable to make the trip with but one gown and the extra silk waist for warm days. Unless you have owned one, you do not know how very comfortable these shirt waists are. And if you are not sufficiently slender to wear the regulation style, or feel it would be "too girlish," just have one made of China or India silk—a full outside on a fitted lining, pointed back and front, with a ribbon ruche outlining the bottom, and full sleeves. It can be worn with black or any pleasantly harmonizing skirt, and gives an agreeable change from the bodice belonging to your gown—almost equal to the rest and refreshment afforded by changing the dress.

For a short stay, a trunk is a nuisance to the individual. A medium sized valise or a Gladstone bag that can be looked after personally is better and will hold the essentials for a ten days' visit. There are for sale what are called "telescopes" which are very obliging about accommodating themselves to the amount of luggage you want to take. A "telescope" consists of two parts like two boxes, one forming the cover and fitting over the other. There are straps to buckle the two together, and a handle. You put in as much or as little as you

please, buckle the straps which encircle the two, and "there you are." A "telescope" costs from \$1.50 to \$2.50, according to size. Where three or more go together a small trunk will be better, but let it be a small one and don't weight it with the unnecessary. Most people who are unused to traveling burden themselves with things they think they will want—but never do. The extra dress if you choose, a night dress and a loose wrapper of gingham or batiste for sleeping car wear if needed; three or four sets of underclothes—for one's clothes get dreadfully dirty in a city and we do not wish to bother with laundries or washwomen; the necessary toilet articles, including one's favorite soap, for it is much better for the skin to use one kind of soap only, and the cheap perfumed cakes usually found in hotels and lodging-houses are of miserable quality (the very best is olive oil or white castile); a jacket or wrap of some kind; an umbrella which will be parasol as well; a pair of light weight rubbers or footholds—the latter are much lighter and easier to walk in than rubbers, and except in case of a deluge are sufficient protection in summer; plenty of handkerchiefs, and a few yards of some pretty and durable ruching, for most of us look better with a thread of white to break the hard line between dress and skin, besides, the ruching saves soil of perspiration on the collar. Sew your shoe buttons on afresh and tuck a couple of Turkish wash-cloths in somewhere; there's usually an appalling scarcity of towels everywhere except in one's own home. No white skirts—make a point of that; black sateen, alpaca, silk, anything but white cotton. Black brillantine at 48 or 50 cents a yard makes a nice looking and durable skirt, and three breadths is a big pattern. You can trim it with a straight ruffle, hemmed, and add a row or two of black satin or moire ribbon for trimming, and never be ashamed of it, or add silk ruffles and "make believe very hard" it is all silk. Black hose, of course, and as these, whether cotton or lisle, are best washed in cold or lukewarm water, it is possible to get along with an extra pair by washing them out in the washbowl in one's own room. And don't forget your whisk broom. If you don't sing "I need thee every hour," you certainly will find a use for it as

often as you can get hold of it. Then if you realize any deficiencies, laugh them off and see how easy it is to do without what you have always thought you must have.

A little case of simple remedies, camphor, arnica, glycerine and rose-water, Pond's Extract, such as was described in the HOUSEHOLD last fall, may be put in if you've room for it; though drug stores are numerous in Chicago when you want anything of the kind you don't want to go after it.

A pair of good but partially worn, therefore easy shoes will prove a friend. Don't wear new shoes unless you expect to be murdered by fractions of an inch. Those unaccustomed to pavements often think thin-soled shoes will be easier on the feet; that is a mistake, the thick soles are really much more comfortable because they keep the feet from the hot walks. There will be plenty of sore, blistered, aching feet at the Exposition through not knowing just this one little thing. Leave your jewelry at home. Chicago will be no place for diamonds or silk dresses. Don't carry money in your dress pocket, nor much in your purse, but find a safe hiding place somewhere about yourself; then don't forget where you hid it and alarm yourself thinking you've lost it. I'll confess to an essentially womanish way of carrying surplus funds, myself; and shall not care if you laugh, because though I have often traveled with considerable money about me I have never lost any. I put it in a stout, good-sized envelop, and with a safety pin secure the envelop either to my dress waist or under vest. Then I am able to dismiss it entirely from mind. Enough only for the day's expenses should be carried in the purse.

If one is possessed of field or opera glasses it would be well to take them along. From the galleries and balconies of the building, both exterior and interior, some fine views will be obtained, and the observer will be greatly aided by a good glass.

I looked over, recently, the list of houses and flats to rent in Chicago, with especial note of those located near the Exposition grounds. For an eleven room house on Garfield boulevard, furnished, \$400 per month is wanted; a ten room house six blocks from the grounds, \$2,000 for the six months during which



the fair is open. A two-story frame, eight rooms, \$200 per month; for an eight room house nearer the grounds, \$300. Flats on the South Side, the "Exposition side," of six and seven rooms, rent for \$125 to \$165 per month. To pay these rents, run the houses, and make a fortune enabling the renter to enjoy the remainder of his days in affluence—which is the moderate ambition of the average Chicagoan engaged in the business of accommodating visitors to the Exposition, will require some of the victims to be reduced to that condition known as "skinned alive." It will be wisest in all cases where one's funds are limited to secure a return ticket and hang on to it, for one might get hopelessly in debt while waiting a remittance from home. BEATRIX.

#### MISERIES OF MOVING.

This is the time of year when we see people gathering up their household goods for their annual spring circuit; and we cannot help wondering if they really enjoy it. Our sympathy is extended to that class of people who own no houses of their own; living itinerant lives, moving into different houses, and cleaning out dirt that their predecessors neglected to remove.

Some people think it is cheaper to pay rent, as taxes, insurance, interest and repairs swallow up about all a laboring man can make; but there is one advantage about owning your own house and that is nobody can inform you that the rent is to be raised, or the house about to be sold—you can stay or go as you please.

It seems as though some people have a perfect mania for moving, or else cultivate a love for it.

When they move into a house their goods stand promiscuously around rooms, carpets partially tacked, pictures all awry, and in fact everything looks disorderly, for they deem it useless to settle, as they expect "to move in the spring." Almost the moment these transient people move into a house, they begin to look around for some excuse to move out of it. The chimney leaks; they shake the windows to hear them rattle; they dig the dirt out of the cracks in the floor to see the wind lift the carpets on windy days; and if there be a suspicion of any thing alive under the wall-paper, they declare, with emphasis, that they will not remain in such a place any longer than it will take to secure another.

To move properly requires about three women, besides those belonging to your own family; a number of small boys (to hang around), a dog or two, and two dray-men thoroughly versed in the art of swearing, and likewise experienced in the mode of smashing things up generally.

Do you people who move ever suffer apprehension for the safety of your household effects? Do you dread the

time when you unpack, only to find some idolized treasure broken? Your mirror so carefully wrapped in an old quilt, and thought "perfectly safe," when brought to light reveals a cracked face; and you entertain foreboding fears lest ill-luck will come to you for seven years. The carpets do not fit; they are too short one way and too long another. The window shades must be cut down, and made to fit, and you can thank your lucky stars if you do not have to throw them away and purchase new ones.

How do you ever manage to get your first meal? Do you get out a sheet and spread on the table, under the illusive idea it is a table cloth? Will the napkins make an appearance? Where is the salt, the butter, and where is the meat that was left from yesterday? By the time your meal is ready, I'll venture to say the children are all crying for something, and you know not where that something is, and if they do not get an attack of cholera morbus or croup, you are again lucky.

I wonder if the man of the house really enjoys seeing things in confusion? If so he is an exceptional man, and he will not survive his allotted time. Do you suppose he controls his temper, and sings the "Sweet Bye and Bye" while endeavoring to connect that inevitable stove-pipe?

My husband declares, at each spring cleaning, that the next spring he will surely apply for a divorce, but I do not entertain any fears concerning it, and we are only too happy to think we have a home of our own, and are not controlled by a landlord.

I have questioned in my mind, whether people who are constantly "on the move" are really in misery, or if they enjoy it; and have come to the conclusion that they would not be anchored to one spot for a life-time, if they could.

"Such a roving, restless, changing life—to-day here and perhaps to-morrow in some other place, typifies well the transient, fleeting nature of our earthly life. We all sojourn on earth, having here no continuing city. Our abiding home is above. Well for us if we 'Pitch our moving tent, a day's march nearer home.'"

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

#### HOUSE-CLEANING.

"The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year."

How do I know it? Well, by the lines around back yards filled with bedding of various kinds, chamber windows raised to their highest altitude, the anxious expression on the feminine face and a little conversation I overheard on the corner as I passed. These parties felt life becoming a burden for they had been turned out in the cold, left to shirk for themselves, to buffet the winds of adversity—in other words, to sum the matter up, their better halves were cleaning house. "Gad!" says No. 1, "I wish there had never such a diabolical

thing been invented as house-cleaning. I verily believe it was concocted by Old Nick himself. Our house looks as if some one had been around with a pitch-fork. I am going to get my meals at the Club. We ate breakfast this morning in the pantry—victuals spread out on top of the flour barrel and shelves. I vow I won't go home again until I know this foolishness is at an end."

"I feel sure my wife just enjoys such a confusion at this season of the year," says No. 2. "It is a chronic affair with her. She sails around with her head tied up in a towel, an old ragged dress on, and her feet in a pair of my slippers; the children do just as they are a mind to, she is as serene as a June morning and there isn't a single room in the house one can sit down in. I'm going to follow your example and go to the Club."

Not one woman in ten knows how to commence house-cleaning properly. Once a year is often enough to take up carpets, and it always appeared to me Spring was the proper time. The ground has a new covering, the new leaves appear on the bare brown branches; there is new life apparent in all nature. First and foremost get into the cellar; corral two of the men and superintend the removal of all vegetables that have dived up or rotted. Sprout the potatoes, sort them; go through the apple barrels; look over the canned fruit and pickle jars; sweep down the walls and corners; don't leave a spot untouched. Wash the swing shelf and paper it new; open the windows and get in the screens. If one is very thorough, cleaning cellar need not be such a dreaded task. Each week it is necessary to do a little work in the cellar; if managed rightly there never need be an accumulation of filth under our living rooms. Eternal vigilance is the secret of success.

With our foundation all right, the work above moves along smoothly. A great many begin on the first floor and work up, leaving the upstairs rooms and attic for the last. It is better to get the attic or storeroom overhauled. If you have improved the long winter evenings and dreary days of March, the piece basket is emptied; the best have been converted into comforts and quilts, carpet rags sewed; and the dresses and under clothes for the little ones are well out of the way. You haven't done any such thing, you say? Well then, you have an elephant on your hands.

Some take one room at a time. Make calculations as to the number of rooms and amount of work you can manage in one day, and do not overestimate. By doing this there is a certain satisfaction in having something entirely finished each night. Above all, try and have regular meals; good palatable food. No great variety is expected at this time. The women cleaning need good substantial food, for it's hard work and no mistake. Don't wear ragged dresses or go slippers; and above all, can



your head up in a towel. Little cambric caps are easily made. Pink the edges and run an elastic in, and choose your most becoming color.

It is pleasant to have something fresh and new for spring. We cannot all have new drapes and curtains, but a new chair or lounge, fresh paper, or a new carpet, works quite a change in our rooms; so do new covers on the chair cushions and bolsters or a new picture. Changing furniture around in a room has a good effect. We are so apt to become tired of our things, the rooms cease to look pleasant.

Sick people especially hail a change of any kind. For myself, I most heartily concur with the male portion of humanity in disliking house-cleaning. The only general time I have at it is when it becomes necessary to take up carpets, but I study to make it as easy as possible so Philander will not be inconvenienced. It would be a new experience to me when he unwillingly turned his face homeward at meal time.

EVANGELINE.

#### SPRING MILLINERY.

The spring hat this season is nothing if not gorgeous. It dominates and quite eclipses the individuality of the wearer. It is impressive, imposing. A view of Woodward Avenue from a second floor window on a bright afternoon reminds one of the Promenade of the Flowers. Perambulating rose gardens, tulip beds, violet banks, lilac bushes, seem passing and repassing on the pavement.

The merchants' windows are filled with wonderful creations; within doors, in those private rooms where only the privileged few are taken, the results are still more astonishing. Colors that have always sworn at each other before are laid in loving juxtaposition and the *artiste* (we have no milliners nowadays), as she polishes the hat upon her extended fingers, surveys red roses upon purple and green ribbons through ecstatic eyes and tells you it's "so sweetly stylish!"

Hats are quite large; crowns are low, and brims are wide and "gently undulating"—to use an agricultural simile. Brims of one material and crowns of another are seen, so are hats that are all rim and no crown; and those that are pancakes with waved edges, and full grown and blown roses planted erect upon them. A brim of cream white Neapolitan braid had a crown of lemon yellow velvet, one wide forward turning loop of black velvet was caught under a large oblong jet buckle, placed a little at the side; from this buckle a close twist of black velvet was continued round the crown and lost under three black ostrich tips set on diagonally across from the loop, one turning to the front, one to the back, while a third stood erect and drooped over a little. Another which we call "very *chic*" was

a lace-covered frame overlaid with green Bourdon lace; the crown was black lace, the flowers, roses and their abundant foliage. Still another, a cardinal chip trimmed with great bows of six inch moire ribbon, through the twists of which were thrust broad leaves of grass, in very dark green. A very pretty white chip was adorned with loops of transparent silk muslin, among them set a marabout aigrette, and a ruffle of white lace threaded with gold around the crown. Another model was a very broad brimmed open work straw with chip crown surrounded by lace just full enough to lie in regular flutings, with loops of green ribbon sustaining a full-sized American Beauty rose.

Bonnets, on the contrary, are the merest scraps of lace and jet, and flowers. Some have no crowns; but if nature has been an economist with you, the trimmer will disguise your poverty in the matter of tresses by lining the opening with muslin de soie or crape. Otherwise, she will circle the opening with a twist of velvet, put a flamboyant butterfly bow in front, add the biggest rose or orchid she has in stock and charge you fifteen dollars.

A great deal of fancy straw braid is used, both for making hats and for trimming. Ribbon is edged with inch wide braid and folded into loops. Two rows of braid will form the edge of a hat, and the remainder of the brim be made of lace. These braids are in mixed colors, from twenty to fifty cents a yard, but the piece you take a fancy to is apt to prove to be the exception that is seventy-five cents.

As remarked, flowers, and very large and showy ones, are the most fashionable adornment. Roses so faithfully imitated that they would deceive a florist so perfect are they in tint and form are the favorite; fleur de lis, tulips and jonquils in yellow, in blue almost the only blossom is the corn-flower; and especially popular are the flowers in shades and tints of purple (which is a very much worn color this year) such as violets, heliotrope, wisteria, lilac and cyclamen. Violets are seen in all tints from the deepest of purple to the dainty ones that are more lilac than violet. These flowers are put with everything, green, brown, gray, black, cream, "everything goes." The result is happy sometimes, sometimes quite otherwise. It is to be wished middle-aged women with sallow complexions who wear black wouldn't offend our eyes by "lighting it up a little" with purple. The tones of purple are the most trying of all colors to any but the freshest and most delicate of complexions; purple or mauve, violet or heliotrope with black are the hardest of all combinations; it is sacrilege for the dark skinned, middle-aged woman to attempt them (except in a few rare instances where a well preserved face can bear the test) unless upon an all lace bonnet whose semi-transparency softens the violence of the contrast.

Some pretty open-work straws are shown, at rates ranging from 75 cents to \$1.75 according to quality. The softer and more pliable the better the grade. Chip hats are seen in great variety; some of them have inch wide colored bands a half inch from the edge of the rims, which are wide, lifted in front and drooping at the side, but usually bent by the trimmer into the shape most becoming. Through the centre of this colored band is often laid a narrow velvet fold of contrasting hue; narrow velvet folds also overlay the wires of the framework of lace covered hats. A pretty openwork straw bonnet was like an oblong saucer, fitting low and flat on the head, the front raised by a bandeau. A brilliant toque was edged with a roll of cardinal velvet, against this was laid a wreath of fine cardinal velvet flowers the open crown was partially covered by an atom of lace, and upright velvet loops trimmed the right side, pretty well to the front. It was for spring wear, though it seemed more suited to winter. Red is very popular, especially in the new dark rose shades.

An "1830" bonnet which everybody gazed at—the young women covetously, the elder ones despairingly—was a genuine poke, in chip of an exquisite shade of lilac, trimmed with ribbon and plumes of the same color. It was very quaint and old-fashioned in a new way, and designed to be worn with an "1830" costume.

BEATRIX.

#### CLIPPINGS.

Ell See's letter on window gardening made me wonder if any of you who have babies ever thought, as I do, that babies and house plants never agree? I am a lover of flowers and every winter manage to keep four or five pots of choice ones, but this winter has been hard on them. Among my collection this season was an *Impatiens Sultani* which a friend gave me as a very small slip last spring. It is a profuse bloomer with wax-like leaves, very rare but very beautiful; and hardly a day passed that there would not be new blossoms which will last for two or three days. If you haven't any and are fond of flowers you certainly ought to have one of these plants; they are very hardy and grow very fast. They are not to be found in all the catalogues, but I remember seeing a description in Dingee & Conard's catalogue of 1892.

I think manners should be taught children at school as well as at home. It would be a pretty place to send our young children, almost babies, if there were no manners:

I think "Cassandra" will find if she looks it up that children should be taught to say "yes, mama" or "no papa," or "Mr. —" or "auntie" (unless it may be to a stranger) as the case might be, rather than "no 'mom" or "ma'am"—which is oftener "mom" than ma'am. Bad manners are bad enough anywhere, but worst of all places at the table. A



word now and then at each meal will set that all right if a mother keeps her eyes and ears open, for a child will learn more of such things when small and remember them too.

I was interested in the pantaloons question. As for me, I think a woman would look about as graceful in pantaloons as she would barefooted.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

ARN'S WIFE.

#### A "HOUSEHOLD" CONVENTION.

The sun is shining brightly and all nature seems bursting forth in beauty as I board the morning train. "Just starting on a tour of pleasure," I hear some one say as she glances at my beaming countenance: "Yes! pleasure indeed," I answer, "if my enjoyment comes up to my expectations." What a delightful ride! Now I see a space covered with a carpet of beautiful green; now, a farmer plowing his fields (what could appear nobler); now, a flock of sheep with lambs frolicking here and there; and later a group of happy-faced children on their way to school. After enjoying these and many other scenes, we find ourselves nearing our destination—the City of the Straits.

The object of my trip is to visit the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD. By following my directions I soon arrive at the sought for place.

What's this! What a clattering of tongues I hear! Can it be possible our Editor is making all this noise? No, it must be she is not alone as I had hoped, for I find the latch-string out. I'll not ring, but opening the door what a sight greets my eyes! I enter unnoticed and find myself in a cosy sitting room furnished in a pleasant, homelike style.

But who are all these bright, intelligent-faced people? Seems to me they look familiar. Oh! The thought dawns upon me—they are the whole army of HOUSEHOLDERS. But where is Beatrix? Is she here? Yes, she is telling one how to lessen her cares; another, how to solve the pin-money question; another, what to wear to Chicago; not all at once of course, but in a short time she is ready to advise others on equally important questions. Yes, it's surely her. No one else so understands the wants of the HOUSEHOLDERS.

The two schoolmams, E. C. and E. L. Nye, are discussing important school questions. I do hope E. L. can convince E. C. that she is wrong on certain points. I think if she continues her talk with E. L. she will be told that it is not only a benefit to the school and children but also to the teacher to have parents call occasionally.

I see Mrs. Fuller, too! What a lovely bouquet she wears! of her own growing. I hear her telling Evangeline who sits near.

Evangeline! What a beautiful, patient face that name suggests! And I am far

from being disappointed when I gaze on the face of our faithful writer.

I hear a terrible buzzing. I wonder what it is? It's our Bees! It is fortunate that Honey Bee changed her name because I should not have recognized her as "Shiftless." And as for Busy Bee, she is all her name implies.

I see Frank's Wife, A. L. L., A. H. J., Bess, and all seem as interesting in talk as on paper. John's Wife carries a large purse to show that one family at least has more than one pocket-book. She doesn't look like a person who would squander her money, either.

But I am disappointed in "Our Sisters" and Greenie. I expected to see tall, dark, somber creatures with never a place for a smile, as the boys say, but am surprised to see cheerful, smiling faces and eyes fairly dancing with pleasure. Greenie is just the opposite of what her name implies.

I remembered El See's "Lack of Appreciation" when I beheld her, and I saw that she was one who could not fail to be appreciated.

Little Nan's clear, brilliant complexion and rosy cheeks would almost prove that abstaining from pork would insure a beautiful skin. I espy a lady dressed in the latest style, looking very neat and "tony," I assure you. But who can she be, I am asking myself. Hark! I hear our Editor and several others asking about her success keeping summer boarders, and she says it was even better than she anticipated. It must be Mrs. Germain, and from appearances we may conclude than she lost nothing by her ventures in that line.

But glancing from one to the other I can not help thinking what an intelligent company they appear to be and how very different from what some might expect to see in a company of farmers' wives and daughters.

Strange as it may seem everyone had apparently forgotten their cares and troubles, if I am to judge from their pleasant conversation. It seems queer no one has noticed me standing near the door "taking it all in," but I think I'll summon courage and ask Beatrix to introduce me to E. L. Nye and others.

I step towards her and am just making my best bow and saying: "My dear Editor" when lo! I awake, and see not HOUSEHOLDERS but the familiar objects of my own room. So I found I had seen the correspondents and Editor of the HOUSEHOLD only in a dream.

A DREAMER.

#### ALL SORTS.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD readers an ironing press? I have one, and I find it a great help. It will iron tablecloths and towels just as nicely as they can be ironed by hand; sheets and pillow cases do not look quite as well, but they look well enough if a one is not too particular. A press does not cost very much, and is a great saving of labor as

well as of wood. I have done a two weeks' ironing for a family of four in two hours, which includes ironing in the usual way starched clothes, etc.

I want to tell Aunt Bessie that if she would get a soldering iron she would find it much more convenient to do her mending of tin ware with it than with the poker. We gave thirty cents for ours, and buy the solder by the pound. Five cents' worth of muriatic acid will last for years, and it is easily prepared for use by adding some scraps of zinc. Doing one's own soldering saves quite a little during the year, besides you don't have to wait till you go to town to have a much needed article mended.

I agree with our Editor that women should have every convenience there is to help lighten their work; that is, as far as they are able, to buy them. Some men will get tools to make their work easier but never think a woman needs anything to lighten her labor, but I am thankful all men are not that way. Farmers' wives have to work hard enough even though they have all modern conveniences.

I greatly appreciate Mrs. M. A. Fuller's suggestions on flowers, for I have always loved them very much.

In looking over the back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD and reading Mrs. A. Do's letter of January 14th, my heart goes out in sympathy to her, for I know what it is to care for a sick baby. Ours only lived eleven months, and was as helpless the entire time as the day he was born. It is hard to see our dear ones suffering, but oh! so hard to give them up! But our Heavenly Father knows best, and we ought to try to bear our burdens patiently and be submissive to His will.

CADDY.

ORLEANS.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**LEMON PIE.**—Make a rich crust and bake, pricking well with a fork to keep it from puffing up. Make a custard of the grated rind and juice of one lemon; one cup white sugar; three eggs, reserving the whites of two; and one cup boiling water. Cook in double boiler and add four teaspoonfuls of flour stirred free from lumps with a little water. When done add piece of butter size of an egg; fill crust and put on the top a frosting made of the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and half teaspoonful of sugar; spread, return to the oven and brown slightly.

**MARBLE CAKE.**—Light part: One and one-half cups white sugar; one half cup butter; one half cup sweet milk; two and one-third cups of flour; one half teaspoonful soda and one teaspoonful cream of tartar mixed with flour; whites of four eggs beaten to stiff froth; flavor with lemon. Dark part: One cup sugar; one-half cup coffee; one-half cup butter; one-half cup sour milk; two and one-third cups flour; one tablespoonful molasses; one-half teaspoonful soda; one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; yolks of four eggs well beaten; one-half cup currants.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

ARN'S WIFE.