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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GROWN UP LAND.

Good morrow, fair maiden with lashes brown.
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never stop!
'Tis picking up stitches that grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the babies' troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words will never pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh that is the way to Womanhood Town!

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment I pray,
Manhood Town lies where—can you tell me the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying, we reach the land—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh that is the way to Manhood Town!

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown up Land.

DISORDERLY SCHOOLS.

In a recent issue of a paper published in one of the oldest and wealthiest counties in the State, it is announced that a certain district school has been broken up, owing to the misconduct of the pupils. Two years ago three teachers were employed during the winter time; last winter the instructor was chosen more for his muscle than any other qualification, and got through the term only because his pupils realized the fact that he had the strength to quell insubordination by brute force; and this season the teacher, after a turbulent session of five weeks, threw up the thankless task, and left, though he is mentioned as being a fine scholar and a gentlemanly young man,—too gentlemanly, evidently, for the missionary work he had attempted.

But pray, where were the school officers during these three years of strife and trouble? The conflict seems to have been between teachers and pupils; at least the board is not reported as having had anything to say or do during the dissensions. Probably, as is usual in such cases, the school officers stood by to see the fight, saying in effect "Let the best dog whip!" preserving an amiable neutrality, but ready to congratulate the teacher if he was able to win the unequal battle. The result of their "masterly inactivity" is that the school is broken up at the beginning of the term, the children who were willing, perhaps anxious, to learn are debarred from the privilege;

and unless their parents are able to afford the expense of sending them elsewhere, must spend an idle winter, forgetting what they have already acquired, and this at an age when every day's instruction ought to be treasured. Moreover, the influence of the unchecked insubordination in the school will be felt in the discipline of every home; children hitherto obedient and well-mannered will be found growing impatient of control and pert in speech and action; this is a natural and inevitable result of the example set in the school. The lubberly hobbledehoy who have made the disturbance are encouraged in their resistance to law and order; theirs is the "dog in the manger" part; they will neither learn anything themselves, nor allow anyone else to be instructed. It is mere wanton mischief and "cussedness" on their part, because they do not realize the worth of what they are depriving themselves and others. The school gets a reputation which makes it avoided by all good teachers who have a pride or interest in their work; and the neighborhood itself suffers in the opinion of adjoining communities, because among civilized people a lot of half-grown boys, not yet too old to be under the school-master's birch, are not allowed to wantonly destroy and make valueless an institution governed by State laws and aided by State funds.

The district school is supported by a tax levied by State authority; it is the humblest child of our educational system, but to country people at large it is one of the most important. The children of poor parents often find in it their only educational advantages; the better the country school, the more general the spread of education. In the school officers are vested the authority and responsibility of its management. It is their business to see that the teacher is competent, but their duty does not end there. It is not enough to put him in the school house and say "Now teach!" It is their business to uphold his authority in the maintenance of proper discipline. If pupils know the school board dare not or will not interfere in the support of good order, and second the teacher's rightful authority, the fact is in itself an incentive to those pranks which are characteristic of the calf-hood of a certain class of country boys—pranks which it is to be hoped they will have the grace to remember with shame when they are a few years older. The weakness and vacillation of the officers rob the teacher of part at least of his dignity as ruler, just as in the family, which the school resembles, an undecided, weak

father neutralizes the influence and discipline of a wise mother.

It is only in "Wayback" that a teacher is expected to be a prize-fighter. Elsewhere, he is recognized as one whose calling is high and noble, whose work is for the everlasting welfare of the community, and whose hands should be upheld by both parents and school officers. How idiotic it is to hire a teacher to instruct our children and then set to work to destroy his power to do so by encouraging them in their willfulness and foolish neglect of privileges which can never be theirs again! A farmer who would hire a man to build fence and pull it down as fast as it was built would be thought fit for a lunatic asylum; we do a much more wicked and unwise thing when we turn over the education of our children to the school teacher, and then let a few disorderly boys, having neither manners nor manliness, boast they "turned the teacher out."

What is the duty of the school board? There is only one answer. The school is for those who are willing to be instructed. Let all others stay away. *Make* them stay away if they will not behave themselves. This is simple justice to the other pupils, to the parents who support the school, to the neighborhood and to the teacher. Looked at in that light, the solution is easy. The school is a benefit, those who will not allow themselves to be benefited can be more profitably employed chopping wood or herding swine.

BEATRIX.

CHILDREN AGAIN.

With a Solomon's wisdom, some one has said: "Give me the first ten years of a child's life, and you may have him all the rest of his years." The Roman Catholic church, recognizing these early years as the proper seed-time, seeks to instill into the minds of her children the doctrines of the church, and has fully demonstrated the value of early training.

During these early years, by the frequent repetition of certain actions, habits are formed that become a part of us and more strongly influence us than do inherent virtues or vices. They express and constitute character.

A boy's character at ten years of age is more or less formed; if honest, with a strong sense of justice, of right and of truth, such will be his manhood; if dishonest, with little or no regard for truth and right, look for a man such as the boy is, unless by grace he receives a new heart, and then he will have a life long battle with bad habits.

How early in life does a child commence to learn? Undoubtedly as soon as any object or act attracts and holds its attention. The first three years of its life it learns more than in any other three years. With the ear it learns to distinguish sounds, with the eye to measure distance; it learns to talk and walk; it learns that objects are hard or soft, have form and color; in fact nearly if not all of its knowledge of the material world is acquired during this period.

I never did but two things that I considered at all remarkable; one, the mastery of the A B C's, I have mentioned once before, the other was this: At one time in my life I found myself among foreigners, without any knowledge whatever of their language, nor could they understand anything I said. It was ludicrous the way they would interpret everything I said or did to mean I was hungry; equally unintelligible to me was their jargon, and yet in six months from the time I commenced to use their language I could intelligibly express my every thought. At least this is what is told me, for it was so long ago I cannot remember. Just think of it! in six months time to master for all practical purposes the English language! Why not learn to speak more than one language in childhood? I believe that those studies not requiring the use of the reasoning faculty ought to be pursued in childhood. It is pre-eminently the time for memorizing, the time to store away facts and dates of history, gems of poetry, loving words of promises from God's word, that may in some dark hour return, bringing light and hope.

Another thing in regard to children I want to have my say about is the possibility of teaching them presence of mind. Not long since I received a visit from a friend. Her little boy was just commencing to walk and, as quite often happens, he one day met with a fall. I looked for a scream from the child, a frightened look and words of pity from the mother, but saw nothing of the kind; the child good-naturedly tried to right himself, the mother quietly but quickly went to the child, satisfied herself he was not hurt, gave him some playthings and returned to her work. For the sake of the child she had learned self-control. Unless you yourself manifest excitement and alarm when a child cuts itself, nine times out of ten the child will make no more ado than did the little girl, who, cutting her finger, looked at it with astonishment, and then going to her mother said, "See, the juice is coming out!" Teach the child to hold or press the cut together until it can be bound, instead of running, or shaking the cut hand or finger.

Children should learn what to do for themselves or others in case they are burned, that the main thing is in some way to exclude air from the portion burned.

The only difficulty in teaching these things is to so impress them upon the mind that they will be remembered in the hour of need. One way to do this is frequent conversation upon these subjects. Simply telling children what to do under certain circumstances, to lay down rules to be followed, will not answer. An assertion usually

commands but little thought; our minds quickly assent or dissent to it, while a question arouses the mind into activity, and throws upon us the responsibility of an answer; and so I would pursue the questioning method. After talking with the children about fire needing air to make it burn, why we blow it to help it burn, and then how to extinguish it by smothering it, and that to run when the clothing is afire will make it burn faster, turn to Harry and ask him what he would do if Bessie's dress were ablaze. If he has been attentive he will answer, smother it. Yes, but how? what with? Here is a dilemma; now he must think. He looks around, sees his overcoat, and thinks he could use that or a quilt from the bed. "Bessie, what would you do if in the field alone and your dress caught fire from a burning brush heap?" She knows a quilt is not at hand and so says, "I would run to the house," but you remind her that running is very bad for the burning dress, and then tell them you would try lying down and rolling over and over. This may provoke a hearty laugh as they think of you rolling around, but never mind, the laugh will help to recall what is to be done if needed. I knew one young girl who often talked with her mother what she would try to save from the house if it should burn. It burned, and she saved those very things and kept cool and self-possessed through it. That is all there is of presence of mind—to keep possessed of self. What some possess by nature others can acquire if properly trained.

JANNETTE.

A HENPECKED HUSBAND'S WAIL

I read the HOUSEHOLD with pleasure, and I trust with profit. I have noticed that quite a large percentage of articles contained in it have a bearing, more or less direct, on the "Woman Question." I concede this to be an important topic, and one that should receive careful consideration and all the illumination that could be given it, by the pens of the very able and gifted correspondents of the HOUSEHOLD; but while this is true, is it not also true that the "Man Question" viewed from a man's standpoint, may with propriety be introduced into the columns of the HOUSEHOLD?

Assuming that you have given permission, let me say a few words in behalf of myself and my fellow husbands, who are too dejected, or too much under the thumbs of their wives, to speak for themselves. The sorrows that "we poor husbands" endure will perhaps never be known, unless I or some other kind soul, speak right out and tell our griefs. To begin with, many of us poor husbands are obliged to leave our warm beds in the morning and build the fire, and this too right in mid winter, when it is so cold!

Now at our house the bed has two front side to it, and why can't my wife just slip out quietly, without disturbing me, and build the fires—get the breakfast—not forgetting to put my clothes where they will get nicely warmed, and then when breakfast is ready, with gentle tone and smiling face, call me? Again, when, I have cut the wood, my wife is not willing even to split it, and certainly cutting it is more

than half the work. And then again when I come home from the village, and perhaps want a drink of water (I don't drink water at the village), my wife, who has been in the house and kept warm all day, objects to going after a pail of water, and she don't have to go over a third of a mile to our neighbor's after it. (Our well has something in it and we don't use the water.)

Then I'm expected to milk the cows every now and then. I tell my wife that a man is not calculated for that business, he'd better be talking politics and looking after the welfare of our country at the village store.

Many of us try to assuage our griefs and solace ourselves with pipe and tobacco, but even this comfort our wives would like to take from us, and thus make our lives more sad and sorrowful.

And now can you suggest any remedy for our grievances? If you can please do so, and come with the remedy quickly; don't wait till spring.

HENPECKED THEOPALUS.

ESSEX.

LETTERS AND LIFE.

I have a letter before me,—a letter from a stranger; that is, I have not seen the writer, yet he tells me something of his life experience, from which I gather his influence upon the world around him, and feel the plane of life upon which he acts and thinks. A sincere and truthful chapter from any life always makes me think, and perhaps all my thought is not idle dreaming.

Reader, have you missed the pleasure and profit of correspondence with men and women who are thinkers, workers, individuals each active in his own peculiar sphere? If so, you have failed to gain much life offers. Letter-writing is the test of intellectual abilities, of refinement, and of high accomplishment. It blends all the ripened and fine qualities of the mind into expression.

The subtle influence of a letter! It is a silent message, but it brings the mental atmosphere of the writer about us, and we gather as much by reading between the lines as on the lines. Can we be deceived? Perhaps, yet I believe it to be true that by cultivating high and true susceptibility of spirit, we can feel and define the mental and spiritual influences touching our being as clearly and truthfully as we perceive odors through the sense of smell.

Human life is old; the story of its toils and pains and joys is old, but old themes and familiar topics renew their interest when newly presented. Many are the meetings and partings of our little crafts upon the tide of human life, but few of them all are treasured in our hearts. Friends are as likely to come to us from afar as to be found touching our daily lives. We need new influences to set our life currents in motion, and through the experience of one life, our thought widens into circles touching the great circumference of human being. There is deep teaching in the comparison of other lives with our own. Whether we study nature or interrogate life, are we not taught that everything is the result of the causes producing it, and is, in its develop-

ment, true to these causes. The great lesson of charity shines through all right investigation. A partial study of human experience convinces us there is a reason for the vast variety of tastes, actions and aspirations.

Some writer has defined life to be the correspondence between the soul and its environments, and death as want of this correspondence, or irresponsiveness. By environment, is meant all that is felt or apprehended by physical, mental and spiritual consciousness,—in brief, all that is. From this point of view, some things, some persons, are more alive than others. The tree is in correspondence with a small part of its environment. It takes in the rain and the sunshine, it utilizes the soil, but it knows nothing of the tender maternity or the sweet songs of the birds nestling in its branches. As we enter the higher kingdom of life we find more perfect being, because of a wider correspondence and responsiveness to the environments of life. Yet there are human lives so dead to the better influences, they may be said to live only in the cellar of existence. Some climb up to the intellectual plane and seek there, through ambition, to satisfy their entire nature, but few win the crown of life and rise to the heights of spiritual culture.

All that is, is the heritage of the soul. Are we unhappy? Life has but to seek a wider correspondence with its environment. The eternal verities touch us on every hand. We have but to search in the rich domain of our possessions to supply all our need. I am impatient of hearing the "one world at a time," philosophy. There is but one world. Life is eternal being, and the soul constitutes its own world. The question is, will we make life whole-souled, full-orbed, or not? Will we be content to conquer only on material ground, or will we grasp entities of being, and through the correspondence with Divine Life feel our life widen until it touch all the universe and gather from all sources, until the spirit compass all knowledge and reveal all truth?

LESLIE.

S. M. G.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAY.

Nature never turned out of her laboratory a finer Christmas day than this one of 1887, the hours of which are now rapidly closing. I was awakened at 4 A. M. by the tones of a church bell which seemed saying as it rang, "Christ-mas! be-glad!" As the morning advanced the bracing but not too cold atmosphere through which floated an intangible veil of daintiest frost work, most grateful to the eye, became as enchanting to the ear as it already was to the other physical senses, for it was all astir and a quiver with the glad sound of church bells, calling in sweetest tones to the inhabitants of this fair city to "Come and hear the story of the Child!" and well it was told, I wit, in each crowded edifice. It was my fortune to hear it told in two of them. In one where wealth and culture, ease and elegance speak continually to every external sense; while the ripened fruitage of broad and deep scholarship and the eloquence of flawless music and melodies in-

struct, uplift and inspire the mind and spirit. Eloquently, forcibly was "the story" told there, and many a heart recognized itself in the picture of the palace or the inn where there was "no room for the holy mother and the heavenly Child." And from this day some men and some women will live saintlier lives for having thus felt the personal allegorical application of the story which, although it has been told for nearly 1900 years, is ever new.

From here I went to a plain little church to see how simple folk might tell the story and worship at the shrine of purity and peace. The church was filled with the dusky descendants of Ham, neatly and comfortably dressed, and wearing a general air of prosperity. Two "leaders" were passing through the congregation inviting each person to speak. This kept two enthusiastic exponents of an intensely emotional faith and hope telling of present joys and future bliss at the same time, which in connection with frequent piercing screams or stentorian shouts of some brother or sister whose appreciation of the day and the doings could find no other mode of expression, made it no small task to keep track of the testimonies. I concluded that the spirit of the Pharisee was not there. They surely must speak for God, since they are evidently destitute of thought or care to be heard of men, so as at least to be intelligible to them. Their singing was often weird, but although they might sing one simple line over 999 times it never grew wearisome in its monotony. This fact is quite unaccountable to me. For instance, it was ordered that they sing an old plantation hymn, while they passed around the room in an order that would insure the hand shaking of every person present by every other person present. This was done in a most orderly but enthusiastic manner, done as a Christmas memorial of this especial day, occupying fifteen or twenty minutes of time, during which they sang over and over and over again these words:

"I heard my mother say give me Jesus in the morning,
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
And you may have all beside."

To me there was something strangely solemn in this unfamiliar scene, as my mind went back over the history of the race, and from that over the history of Israel, then out over the world of to-day, till with the horoscope of history in one hand and the kaledoscope of present times in the other, I found myself vainly figuring on the possible place that this people will eventually hold in the world's history. They sang at last a queer doxology and pronounced a novel benediction, and no doubt all went home to partake of savory Christmas cheer. But I and my companions went to the house of a friend where we were invited guests, and finished out the day in feasting and good company. At evening I came home, where there is always quiet and rest for wearied nature, thankful that I had lived through the scenes of one more day which is destined in time to become the whole world's happiest, holiest holiday.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

HOME TALKS.

NO. XIII.

Next Sunday the minister and his wife and Harry will be here to dinner, and we will plan the dinner so it can be gotten without much work. Saturday you will bake fresh bread and rusks and a loaf of lady cake, a dish of charlotte russe, after the directions I have just given you, and blackberries. We will stew a piece of beef and make the gravy, so all that will be necessary on Sunday will be to put the meat in the steamer and heat it and warm the gravy. Make a double quantity of succotash, as that is easily warmed, and is as good as when first made too. Cook enough beets for dinner both days, season them with butter and pepper, next day serve with sugar and vinegar cold; that only leaves sweet potatoes to bake and coffee to make. After dinner we will have melons. I do not think they are quite as nice as usual, for the weather is too dry. There are no field blackberries I believe, on account of the drouth, but our Lawtons will supply enough for the table and our jam will be what is in the cans down cellar.

Pears and crab-apples will be ready for use soon; we will can, preserve and pickle of both; there is nothing better than crab-apple jelly for meats, unless it is cranberries with poultry.

For dinner to-day we have roast mutton, sweet and Irish potatoes, boiled corn, boiled onions, Estelle pudding and melons. This seems to be a loin for roasting; weighs nine pounds, twenty minutes to the pound, would require it to be put in the oven at nine or thereabouts. Mutton never ought to be underdone; there is a decided difference in underdone and rare meat; in the former the red juice will follow the knife blade, if rare it is more purple. Meat can be done and be juicy; it need not be dried to a chip and perfectly tasteless. In roasting meat frequent basting helps to make it juicy, and also a steady fire and steady heat. Where skill in cooking is shown is in these minor details, a well cooked meal is never placed on the table unless a well trained eye has seen to these things; there can be no chance about a well cooked meal. Mutton chops are cut along the line of the back bone and behind the fore shoulder, can be fried or broiled. If fried, salt and pepper and lay in the frying pan and add a little water, cover closely and let cook until the water is all used up, then dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and fry a nice brown. Green peas are usually served with mutton. The ham is good boiled as you stew beef, and then sliced cold. Some salt it for a few days like ham.

Estelle pudding requires three eggs, three tablespoonfuls sugar, two of butter, three-fourths teacupful sweet milk, one of raisins or currants, one tablespoonful of baking powder, flour to make consistency of cake dough; steam thirty-five minutes, eat with sweetened cream, flavored.

You have not tried your hand at soup yet. As I have said before it is not found often enough on our tables. Soup is very nutritious, and it does not require any

great amount of meat to make the stock, only one pound to a quart of water. A beef bone is the best; the leg pieces of all meats are composed largely of gelatine which forms an important element in soup, for if there be no bone or gristle about the meat the soup will not jelly; it will partake of the nature of beef tea. Have the bones thoroughly cracked—you can add the remnants of meats, roasts, trimmings of steak, etc.—plunge the beef bone into cold water and do not salt it. At first, skim it and keep it boiling steadily. If boiled too violently the stock will be cloudy and dark. It is a good idea to cook it the day before it is wanted. When the meat falls from the bone take it out and strain the stock into an earthen dish or crock and set away to cool. All the superfluous fat will rise to the top and can be removed, as soup should never be greasy. There is nothing against which the stomach will rebel as quickly as a hot, greasy soup. A large beef bone weighing say nine or ten pounds, should make six or seven quarts of rich stock. If vermicelli or macaroni is used break in small pieces and soak awhile. Potatoes and turnip carrot should be grated raw and cooked by themselves and then added to the stock. I seldom use onions in a soup, as I do not like them, and there may be others to whom they may be distasteful. A soup-maker must needs have a good taste; the seasoning, instead of being lavish or profuse, must be delicate, one flavor merge into another so as to be hardly distinguishable. A bit of curry powder gives a greenish color; a slice of lemon for each bowl adds a piquant flavor. Soup should be thin, the starch from the potato and the vermicelli or macaroni will be sufficient.

Soups can be varied; many kinds can be made from plain stock by using pearl barley, sago, rice. To make a brown soup a caramel can be made from sugar melted in a basin and allowed to nearly scorch, then add the water and bottle for use; or some roast beef gravy will add to the richness and color. For those who like, mutton-broth made from the meat is considered very healthy in hot weather. Many make it every week for small children; it is so good for the bowels. The demand for mutton has increased three-fold within the last three years. The next time you boil a leg of mutton use the broth for a soup. The meat can be browned in the frying pan, in hot butter; turn the browned butter into the soup and strain; add a little potato, an onion cut fine, and half a cup of pearl barley; this will need a trifle of thickening. Some cooks add tomatoes. The plain broth is very healthy for little children, with crackers crumbed fine. Mutton ham is excellent, cut in slices like round steak, fried or broiled. While the beauty of any breakfast or dinner is in being put on the table hot, it is highly necessary for mutton to be served piping hot. Anything but mutton coming to the table with the tallow all hardened about the platter. All meat should be thoroughly cooked and served hot. I remember well a little circumstance that occurred once at a hotel where I was at dinner; a gentleman opposite me ordered a slice of roast beef—rare; when the waiter

brought it, it positively seemed to be swimming in blood. "Take that meat away," he ordered in a loud tone. "But sir," the waiter expostulated, "you said rare." "Yes, I do want it rare," he replied, "but I do not want it brought on to the table bellowing."

Veal is one of our best meats in any form it may be cooked. The ham, sliced thin, and cooked in hot butter until nearly done, then dipped in a batter and browned, is very delicious. To make the batter beat two eggs light in a cup and fill the cup with rich sweet milk, a scant teaspoonful of baking powder, salt, and flour for a thin batter. Veal pot-pie makes a good change for dinner; the knuckle or upper joint of the hind quarter furnishes a good piece of meat for pot-pie. After the meat is nearly tender enough take it up and strain the soup back in the kettle; return the meat and add butter, salt and pepper and what pared potatoes—of an even size—you require. Make the crust as I have directed you—mixing soft as you can handle nicely—and cut in round pieces or strips. For dinner at twelve put in the potatoes at half past eleven, the crust lay over the top, having rolled them in flour, this makes a thickening for the gravy; ten minutes after, now cover the kettle and do not lift the cover until you are ready to dish it. Care should be exercised that all the crust is above the soup. It is cooked rather by steam than in the soup, that which is under is invariably heavy. Here again observe gentle boiling. Veal soup is made from a joint well cracked, in four quarts of water; use macaroni for this, with salt and pepper; some add celery. Bean soup is a dish not to be despised; in cooking beans to bake, considerable soup can be made on them; turn off all that is not required to moisten them, and take say a pint of beans, rub them through the colander, add to the soup and if too thick add more water, season with butter, salt and pepper, and serve hot with crackers. How fond my father was of bean soup! I suppose the beauty of the Boston baked beans lies in their being baked in brick ovens; they are cooked on Saturday and left in the oven all night, and are browned all through the great pan alike, and not dried up at all, but moist. I have heard old soldiers tell about baking beans in the army; after cooking them in the kettle, they dug a hole and put in hot ashes and coals, then sunk the kettle and covered it close, put on ashes and coals, and when they became cold took out the kettle and the beans were all browned through. The war made lots of handy husbands I tell you; they can get up and prepare a passably good breakfast if necessary. Now, there's your father, Hetty; he cannot cook the first thing but bless me, he seems to possess the happy faculty of discriminating between a good meal and a poor one; he positively enjoys a good square meal, unless he's suffering the pangs of dyspepsia, which he ascribes to hot coffee and rich fried cakes, but I attribute it to that after dinner cigar. If a man is ever in a quiet frame of mind, it is when his stomach is filled to its utmost capacity, and he sits out on the porch with his heels at right angles with the top of his head, and a wreath

of smoke circling around and over him; if he is ever approachable and pliable it is then. If one happens to want an extra ten, then is the time to go for it. But I would not raise insurrection in the house of Belmont by advising you to try it. It is the wiser plan to keep your bills from accumulating on your hands. Pay as you go is the better way in everything, then you are not obliged to lie awake nights concocting "ways and means" to get out whole.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

Although the holidays are over, some suggestions may be useful, if not now, at least next year, when it is again time to wonder what we shall make for Christmas.

One of the prettiest novelties of the season is a "mystic album," very simple and inexpensive, and yet a gift which anyone would value. Take a square piece of plush, stiffen with crinoline, and line with silk or satin of a pretty contrasting color; turn in two opposite corners, and fold in the shape of a three-cornered book. With narrow ribbon, fasten in as many sheets of French letter paper as is desired, in clusters of three sheets. Then let the friends of the person for whom the book is designed fill the different sheets with Christmas verses, or anything which has point. Each one must fold the leaf on which he has written in the shape of the cover, concealing the writing, and write his name and the words "To be opened December twenty-fifth," and fasten with a tiny seal.

Another pretty gift is made by taking water-color paper, and folding it so as to make book-covers the size and shape of a sheet of ordinary note-paper. Paint on one cover a pretty landscape, and the words "A wilderness of sweets." Write out on note-paper as many good recipes for candy as you can collect, and fasten the sheets inside the cover with narrow ribbon.

"Love-bags" have quite taken the place of the large sachet-bag. The prettiest cluster that I have seen consists of twenty-four little bags with no two of the same shade tied with No. 1 picot-edged ribbon of different lengths. Each bag is made of a eighth of a yard of ribbon, and must be tied with ribbon of a contrasting shade.

Anything which is a bag and has a bow of ribbon on it, is a fashionable present this year. Thimble bags are pretty and easy to make. Split an English walnut, gild the halves, and fasten them on the sides of a little surah bag with ribbon, leaving a loop to hang it up by. Put a big bow on the bottom, and there you have a pretty but very inconvenient place for your thimble.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

MRS. HALL, of Leslie, in a private note to the Editor says: "I think our oat meal steamer of most service in the kitchen. Can use it for so many other purposes; cook rice, tapioca, sauce for puddings, &c., &c." M. E. F., Howell, thinks most highly of her lard press in the fruit season, finding it an indispensable adjunct to marmalade, jellies, fruit butters, and a "handy thing to have round" at all times.