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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ONLY A WOMAN.

"Only a woman. What can women do?"
Over and over, all a long night through,
That simple statement and the question plain
Unresting kept my scarcely conscious brain,
'Till half-awakened, half asleep, I thought
Of many deeds by noble women wrought.

"Only a woman. What can women do?"
My soul made answer: "All she wishes to."
It is but true when women want more "rights,"
They've naught to do but take them. For all
heights,
All depths, 'll breadths, all compass that she will,
What place so e'er she chooses she can fill.

Time was when mankind said to her: "Thus far
And no whit farther. There we place a bar,
And it would be unwomanly to try
To overstep the bounds, or pass them by."
But now the answer is, to all, so plain,
None need rep. at the words of this refrain.

What can a woman do? One need but ask
What's to be done? No matter what the task,
Or what required. Be it courage, skill,
Patience, discretion, wisdom, strength or will,
Through every avenue she enters in,
Where women fail, men need not hope to win.
WASHINGTON. EL. SEE.

OUR FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Not long after A. H. J. entered her protest against the custom of watching with the dead and making the occasion one of unseemly hilarity or gossip, I was asked to give my opinions on our burial rites, and something about city ways. I have rather hesitated to give my own views, because they differ so greatly from those accepted by most rural communities; but after all, why need any of us fear to express an honest conviction, because it is not quite in accordance with popular custom?

"Burial private" are words now very frequently seen in the announcement of deaths in our city papers. This is right; but the words should never be necessary, for to my thinking all burials ought to be private—unless indeed of some man whom a nation mourns, as a great statesman or philanthropist, where an exception might be made. Death brings the deepest sadness, the most profound grief; the bereaved ones retire from society for a period, abandon amusements, and attire themselves in the "customary suit of solemn black." What an incongruity for a crowd of casual acquaintances, lukewarm friends, careless semi-strangers, to crowd the house of death, half-pitying, wholly criticizing, observant of all that passes, and commenting on the attire and bearing of "the mourners," estimating the cost of the coffin and monopolizing in their indifference the last few moments before a final farewell! No one

presumes to attend a wedding or any other family festivity without an invitation, why should strangers intrude upon us in our grief and the agony of parting with our beloved dead, when they would not presume to approach us in our rejoicing? Sorrow is far more exclusive and selfish than joy. Moreover, this public funeral demands a compliance with an etiquette in the way of mourning dress, which often necessitates the jarring interruption of dressmaker and milliner; often the whole family must sit down to sew in order to make somebody presentable to the critical public eye.

I would have all funerals from the house of the deceased, and announcements of death sent only to the intimate friends and relatives; there should be no sermon, no panegyric of virtues nor glossing of infirmities, only that beautiful, appropriate and consoling rite, the Episcopal burial service, or such modification of it as is now in quite universal use among ministers of other denominations. There should be flowers upon the coffin, but there should be no exposure of the dead face; better that those who knew and loved the silent sleeper should remember him as instinct with life and intelligence than as pulseless clay altered by the chill of death. I once saw a mother force her child to look upon the dead in spite of the little one's terrified resistance, and consider such action wanton cruelty to a sensitive nature. I could sympathize with the child, for in my own youth a dead face would haunt me for weeks—I saw it everywhere, it came between me and my book, to close my eyes was to summon it, it visited my dreams; and not till I became a woman grown could I overcome that morbid, unreasoning dread.

It is a popular idea that presence at a funeral indicates respect and sympathy on the part of others. It ought, and I trust often does; but there is always a contingent who come, as an old lady said, because they enjoy a funeral. I have heard of instances here in this city, where those who were almost unacquainted with the deceased crowded into the carriages provided till there were not enough for the family; it was "a free ride," and quite a treat on a pleasant day, to those who seldom traveled except by horse-car.

A little child died near my home here, not long ago, the white crape and ribbons upon the door being almost the first we knew there was illness in the house. When the day of the funeral arrived a few friends and relatives gathered in the parlors, the clergyman read a psalm and made a prayer, some friends sang that old hymn, "See the

kind shepherd Jesus stands," the undertaker took the little white coffin, covered with flowers, in his arms and laid it on the front seat of the close coupe, in which were seated the father and mother, a few friends followed in carriages, and at the cemetery the open grave, concealed under a lining of evergreens, typical of the eternity of the soul, received the little broken bud while that solemn bequeathal—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," was made. Quite as simple and impressive was the funeral of an adult. Those whose pleasure it was to take a last look of their friend as she lay in her coffin came early, and before the clergyman began the service the undertaker had screwed down the lid of the casket, upon which lay a great cluster of roses, from buds to full bloom, "a rose for every year of a beautiful life," and on pedestals at the head and foot were placed the floral pieces sent by friends. Only relatives and intimate friends were present, those who had known and loved the departed, and whose grief had been heart-felt. There was no sermon, no "remarks," just the burial service of the church of which she was a member.

As we become more refined and cultured, good taste teaches us to avoid ostentation and display of either joy or sorrow in public. Those who have read Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor" will get a fairly good idea of the wassail and feasting which followed the death of the head of the family in those days. The Master of Ravenswood came to an estate impoverished by the prodigality of the funeral feast of the old Master; and though we do not carry matters to such an extreme, nor make a funeral a carousal, some of our customs are descendent from those times; and often, when the costly casket and shroud and the flowers are paid for, and the bills for the mourning met, the survivors find themselves as bad off as was Edgar of Ravenswood. It is our impulse to spend lavishly on such occasions; we feel these are our last offices for the dead, perhaps some latent thought of atonement for past neglect or deprivation may enter in as well, and perhaps, too, a less worthy motive, "the speech of people," their comments and criticisms, may influence us. But good taste, and the usages of our best society, require only that "everything be done decently and in order," avoiding vulgar ostentation, display or parade. Let us bury our dead as they lived, quietly, surrounded only by friends, asking no pulpit eloquence to make us weep by lacerating our crushed hearts anew, nor expose the wasted, changed features to the careless, indifferent eye.

BEATRIX.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS.

We have all read of the Woman's Congress that has just been in session in Washington; of the success of the meeting as far as representation is concerned, eighty-seven speakers being present, and fifty-three organizations for women represented. Very different was this gathering from the one held forty years ago in Geneva Falls, N. Y., and so probably thought the six pioneer women who sat on the rostrum. Then the ball was set in motion to give woman the ballot to elevate her position. Let us see if woman's position has been elevated, what she has done for herself during the past forty years without the ballot. Forty years ago there was not a woman physician in the United States, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell was the first woman found worthy, after a course of study at the Geneva College in New York, to receive a diploma. Her sister Emily soon followed, and the two sisters, classed as pioneers in that profession, must ever merit respect and admiration from the medical fraternity, which to-day numbers one thousand receiving from one thousand dollars a month to fifty thousand a year. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, of Chicago, was the representative at Washington, and if she handles her "physics" as skillfully as she does her pen, she is justly entitled to the place she fills to-day. Miss Phebe Cousins was admitted to the bar in 1871, in Missouri; Mrs. B. H. Mansfield in 1869 in Iowa; Miss Belva Lockwood followed soon after, has since been a candidate for the presidency, but was defeated of course. Miss Cousins is United States Marshal in Missouri, the first woman ever appointed to that office. Mrs. Frank Leslie is a fair "type" of the feminine printing press. Assuming the absolute control of her husband's office at his demise, she brought the whole business, which was in bad shape, from what seemed to be financial ruin to an independent, firm basis. It is written that the lady receives so many offers of marriage that she is obliged to keep printed refusals, to economize time. How this must ruffle the feelings of those females who we know have never had the pleasure of giving one verbal refusal!

Of women ministers, we have many since Lucretia Mott's call to speak, who consider that the Divine command, "Go preach My gospel," was meant for them as well as the sterner sex, and it is a fact that they are very successful. The "proof of the pudding is in chewing the string," and for this reason we call about one-half of the ordained ministers poor, when we sit and try to digest and assimilate some of their dry, senseless sermons; and if women can get up in the pulpit and explain, and give their ideas of the Bible and every day Christian life, in a pleasant, entertaining manner, and if they can tell it good, it will be heard and appreciated every time. They are filling their place, surely. Miss Frances Willard as a temperance advocate and reformer will need no monument to perpetuate her memory; her good deeds will live after her. She never rises to address an audience unless she knows what she

is talking about—just what she wants to say and how she wants to say it!

We find women in colleges filling professors' chairs; writing editorials, copying in studios; counting rooms; saleswomen; dressmakers. According to a directory lately published in New York City there are several billiard rooms kept by women; fifty-one are managing lager beer saloons; twenty-one butchers; one a blacksmith; one a druggist; two undertakers; five in livery stables; three are pawnbrokers; two in exchange offices, fifty-two physicians and three book sellers. In fact it is one of the impossibilities to find anything nowadays that has not "a woman in it." Oskaloosa, Kan., proved this conclusively at the spring election, when the town adopted "petticoat" government. If this be the order of affairs, if this is the outgrowth of woman suffrage, the men will have to emigrate to Alaska, for there will be nothing for them to do. Is it not a delightful prospect to look ahead to, my brothers?

Let's give three cheers for the much abused masculines.

Blow the big fish horn and beat the tin pan, Left pump in the rear with no office for you to fill,

And with whisky and lager to get—if you can.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton told the people that "We never have had any women, the world has never known what a woman was; they were merely echoes of men!" Let us see if history will endorse this sentiment. Among the women of Israel we find named Deborah, who bore the title of "Mother in Israel;" she was most beautiful in character, she lived a noble life. Greece and Rome had great women as well as men. Cicero said of Cornelia, "Had she been a man she would have been deserving of the first place among philosophers." We read of a Spartan mother who handed a shield to her son who was departing for a field of deadly strife, saying, "Return as a conqueror or a corpse;" another Spartan mother on hearing her son say his sword was too short for him, said "Add another step to it." Those familiar with "The Days of Bruce" will say that never breathed nobler woman than Isabella of Buchan, and scores of others who followed their husbands, buckled on their armor, and bade them "God speed."

A true woman is a woman anywhere, I do not care where you place her. It may be on a throne, in a Woman's Council, on the rostrum, in a home. The main thing is to fill our place well. Miss Susan B. Anthony says the reason she never married was because she never wanted it engraved on the marble slab placed over her, that she was a relict of a man. Let this wise woman wield her gavel. Let her shout "On to the polls!" Let these agitators of woman's rights join hands with anarchists and socialists, and let the scenes of the French revolution be again enacted. Let me ask the loved and honored wife if she feels safe on the strong arm of a husband and in her trust in him; the happy mother as she clasps the rosy babe to her heart, feels the caress of the little dimpled hands, the sweet kiss, the blessed little presence, if she is happy and contented, if she has no envious thoughts of the great Susan B. who has such an abhorrence of pantaloons, and I will venture my bottom dollar she will answer,

"She may hold all the big offices she can; she may have the ballot from now till eternity; give me my home and loved ones, and all her talk about 'a relict' is bosh! The reason Susan never married was because she never had an opportunity; sour grapes you know."

But I am wondering if women are ready to vote yet. If she bring an ignorant vote, how will the affairs of the nation be benefited? According to statistics one-fifth of the voters at the present time are unable to read the ballot they deposit, one sixth cannot write their names. The foreign element in our country is enormous, immigration has increased faster than the most of us realize; foreigners are pouring into Castle Garden at the rate of one thousand per day; one year's residence here is sufficient to naturalize and civilize (?) them. Do you suppose they have the least idea of the nature of a vote? What do they know about the candidate for office? Their vote is controlled by men however who do know what man they want in office, controlled by liquor and money. Our neighboring town of Athens controls the "poor Indian's" vote the same way; he is filled up on whisky "straight" and deposits the ballot that has been put in his hand. No matter how small the town it has its "ring." No! I say when woman suffrage comes, let us have at least an intelligent vote; we can inform ourselves on the political questions of the day, we can influence our husbands, sons and brothers in many ways, and let this be the first question that we agitate. Would it not be wise to have a set of questions—a regular catechism—that every person that comes to be registered, or to vote, be drilled in it, and if they fail to answer clearly and intelligently, or show ignorance regarding the matter, they shall not be considered eligible to vote. This is my idea of woman suffrage and suffrage in general.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

WHITE AND BLACK DRESSES.

The fashion journals tell us white dresses are not to be worn so much as heretofore this summer; and indeed one might guess as much from the meagre display of white goods in the merchants' windows. The preference seems to be for colors. The white goods on exhibition so far are mostly semi-transparent, irregular plaids formed by satin stripes of various widths; they range in price, in fine quality, from 25 to 50 cents per yard. Such dresses are trimmed with embroidery, and ought to be made very simply for convenience in laundering. Thinner goods have small figures tamboured upon them, or a plain material is used in combination with the all over embroidery or wide flouncing. White dresses are pretty and appropriate for home wear, but are not suitable for the street, and every year we see fewer of them worn outside the house. We have many light, inexpensive, dainty fabrics nowadays, and among them we can find a substitute for the crude white dresses, greatly to the enhancement of the complexion and figure. Many girls who live in small towns, or in the country, think a white dress the most elaborate toilette they

can make for any unusual occasion, and I often see them at fairs, or picnics or excursions, in dresses which bear the marks of a long dusty ride in carriage or the cars. No doubt they looked fresh and pretty when they took a final survey of themselves in the mirror before leaving home, but white is not the correct thing for traveling. Keep your white dresses for the parlor, and wear a wool or satteen, or one of the figured China silks, in your trips to town or at agricultural exhibitions. And if you must wear white, don't starch it stiff as a board, but let it be soft and clinging; the *frou-frou* of stiffly starched skirts is not agreeable music.

Any lady who has an old black silk dress on hand, and is in doubt about her summer Sunday-go-to-meeting-dress, cannot do better than to plan a black lace dress, for which her worn silk shall be the foundation. The fashion in which this is done must of course depend upon the quantity of the silk. One way is to cover the front and sides with lace flounces, slightly gathered, with back draperies of the silk; another provides a deep apron of the 42-inch lace flouncing, with lace flounces filling the space where the apron is drawn up; in fact almost any style is fashionable. The "very latest" are what are called "Empire" dresses, and perhaps where practicable it would be best to make up new goods in this manner, since it is good economy to follow the most recent fashion to a moderate degree. A foundation skirt of silk is made, gored as usual, with a little more fullness behind, and finished at the foot by a narrow knife pleating. Two steels are placed quite low in the back. The skirt is of figured piece lace or Chantilly net, as it is called, is full and straight, gathered to a belt, hemmed around the bottom and trimmed with three or five rows of narrow watered ribbon, graduated in width. This skirt sometimes opens up the left side, the ribbon trimming being continued up each side of the opening to the waist, and a band of beaded net is set in as a panel; or there may be four or five lengthwise pleats of the net with two long bands of ribbon falling to the foot and each ending in a rosette. The waist lining is cut like a basque and the net is gathered on the shoulders in front and back and sewed in with the seams of the silk lining, this fullness is shirred at the waist line, front and back, and carried on to the bottom of the lining, though all that part below the waist line is out of sight under the belt of the skirt. In the pointed space left open at the throat a plastron is set, made of net over silk and dotted with pendant beads, and this is finished round the neck by a high collar of watered silk ribbon fastened under a bow; the side back and under arm forms are of lace placed smoothly over the silk lining. A sash of watered ribbon six inches wide is sewed in the left under arm seam nearly its full width, is folded entirely around the waist, and brought to the right side where it hooks, is tied in a small bow and descends in two ends nearly to the foot of the skirt. The sleeves have a close silk lining, on which the net is set on in folds above the elbow, and plain below; watered ribbon is tied around just below the elbow,

and again at the wrist, with a bow at the inside seam. It will be seen that this is a simple, stylish, new and elegant model, and a charming variation on the styles so long worn. It is not so expensive, either, as might be thought. This same style will be used a great deal for commencement dresses, for receptions and for bridesmaids' dresses, copied in white net over white moire, or, more plainly, in nun's veiling, or albatross cloth. It is a style charmingly youthful and becoming to slight figures.

I saw a fine black wool dress made up in something like this style the other day, and admired it very much. The fronts and back were tucked in the shape of a pointed yoke, the tucks being fine and narrow, and the fullness thus made was shirred at the waist line, under a belt of the dress material with a handsome silver buckle. The sleeves were tucked to the elbow, where they were plain, a band of ribbon being placed just below the elbow. The skirt had a panel of narrow tucks like the yoke.

BEATRIX.

A HIRED GIRL'S VIEW.

No one can perfectly describe any place or object until seen from all possible points and at different times, neither can one understand a subject that concerns the relation that exists between two different classes of people without viewing it from the standpoint of each. "One of the Mistresses" has given her views, permit me as a hired girl to give mine.

As nearly as I can learn, years ago the hired girl became one of the members of the home and was as a sister or daughter to the mistress. This was due to the fact the were on an equality every way. No great fortunes had been amassed; no long titles attached to names, none had greater educational advantages than others, nothing in fact whereby they could claim superiority. Now all this is changed, and a sensible girl does not expect nor want to stand where the girl of old did, but she does have rights that ought to be respected.

We ought to be hired to do a certain amount and kind of work, or a certain number of hours should be called a day's work. The kitchen ought to be our domain to the exclusion of children, except when they are sent upon errands, and then let the errand be made known in a respectful manner.

If while measuring goods for a customer a clerk should be annoyed by the employer's ten year old child teasing for a piece of it, or declaring the goods was not being rightly measured, there would be cause for complaint, the justice of which all could see. Is it not a parallel case when the child enters the kitchen in the same way!

It occurs to me that women are the founders of caste. The merchant and clerk meet upon the street, at the club room or private residence, not as employers and employes but as man and man. Some women, but not many, would thus dare recognize the hired girl, for fear she might be mistaken for the girl perhaps. It is not required the hired girl be treated as your most intimate friend nor yet as your enemy. We do not demand nor wish to be

made your confidant, we are under no obligations to you nor you to us other than the contract calls for. We think we ought to stand just where any other laborer stands, the teacher, the clerk or the seamstress who give their time and work in exchange for money; so do we.

We ought to be hired upon two weeks' trial. If at the end of the week you are not satisfied with our work, give us notice that we may find another place; if pleased a contract should be made for a certain length of time, subject to dismissal for cause only.

Ladies, we only ask to be treated as human beings. I believe the Golden Rule was given for all.

JANNETTE.

WASHING MACHINES.

I would like to tell Aunt Mary my experience in making washing easy. I noticed an article in the HOUSEHOLD of the 14th ult., by J. G. A., of Paw Paw, giving her trials and troubles over washing, and the different methods she has tried; but I cannot agree with her. I have used the machine she refers to as "the small tin affair" and am perfectly satisfied with it. It not only saves labor but the wear of the clothes; and while J. G. A. is rubbing hers mine are being washed in the boiler, and I am busy in doing the morning's work. A person who says it will do good the first time and afterwards claims it does not, is guilty of what I call carelessness in using it properly.

I have used one four months, and my clothes could be compared with those washed on any board, and I am sure the whiteness would be superior instead of inferior if the washing was done by "the small tin affair;" and I know where one has been used a year with equal success. As for rusting, everybody knows that tin will not rust if properly dried after rusting, if so what would we do with our boilers, baking tins, milk pans, pails, etc. I know nothing of the other machine mentioned, but I would advise Aunt Mary to try the machines first, then if she prefers J. G. A.'s way in place of "the small tin affair," all right, but I would be determined to quit housekeeping if I had to do that way.

KALAMAZOO.

M. E. M.

THE LAUNDRY.

Javelle water will often take out obstinate mildew.

Fruit, tea and coffee strains should be removed by pouring boiling water through them.

Flannels should be washed first in warm suds, then rinsed in water of the same temperature.

Articles of a delicate blue should be washed in water to which an ounce of sugar of lead has been added.

Ginghams and calicoes should be ironed on the wrong side to produce the lusterless effect seen in new material.

Table linen should be ironed single until quite dry, then folded by a thread or rolled upon a round stick as long as the cloth is wide.

MILL MIMMER.

FOREST LODGE.

KITCHEN UTENSILS.

I have often thought of the waste in our kitchens for the want of proper or sufficient utensils to perform work as it should be done. There is no economy in doing without the implements of our business. What would we think of the farmer who day after day would spend an extra five minutes "toggling up" a broken harness when a ten cent strap would avoid the delay? We women are not sufficiently careful of our time; that is the reason we have so little to spare. The fuel we burn in baking a cake, one layer at a time, for want of tins of the right size or shape to bake the other two, would soon buy the tins. How much time we waste beating eggs with a fork, when an egg-beater would do the work so much more swiftly and easily. To be compelled to bother with a broken pump, or to "hook" water out of a cistern with a pail and a pole, justifies a woman in some sharp words to her lord and master. Anything that will lighten and expedite kitchen work ought to be supplied in plenty; the work is constant and wearing; the best aids we can obtain are none too good.

I want to say a word to those housekeepers who are so careful of their silver and plated ware that they keep it laid away "in lavender," only using it when company is present, and setting the family table with steel forks and nickel spoons. Silver ware will last for generations; the wear upon it is hardly appreciable, and there is no sense in its being lost. Count the spoons at each meal, and you will have no trouble in keeping track of them. Plated ware will last for years with decent care; do not throw forks or tea and tablespoons into the dish-water with the knives, nor use them to scrape dishes with. I have twelve silver plated forks that were in constant daily use for fifteen years before they needed replating. Then a trifling sum made them as good as new and ready for another fifteen years' service.

Take the good of your good things as you go along; and use them for the family, not to "spread" before company. It is better than self-denial for those who may not prize your heritage, or vote your treasures out of style and send them to be melted up or to the second-hand store. Better by far to have enough of ordinary, every day things than costly wares too fine for your purpose, and which are wrapped up in flannel and put away on the high shelf of some closet or storeroom.

L. C.

DETROIT.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE LANGSHAN.

I wish to answer Huldah Perkins and tell her something of my experience with the Langshan fowl. Beth says in the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 21st, "Do not mate the Langshan rooster with your Plymouth Rocks, as the color is not improved by a cross and the flavor of the Langshan is not good," etc.

Now I cannot in justice hear my favorite fowls misrepresented without speaking a word in their behalf. If Beth will come to see me I think I could easily convince her that as food for the table they are not

surpassed, being neither dark in flesh nor have they decorated bones, as she chooses to term them. The Langshans are vigorous, steady layers of large, rich eggs, and are good mothers; they begin to lay at five months of age, are of good weight, and any common fence will keep them in bounds, as they are very domestic.

A cross with Plymouth Rocks results in a large bird, a peculiarity being the fact that the females of the cross are all black in color—with clean yellow legs, while the males have the Plymouth Rock plumage with feathered legs. I hope Huldah will try the cross; I am sure she will not regret it, as I speak from personal knowledge.

Beth, your White Cochins I admire very much, their plumage is very handsome and we all have a special choice. Now to prove my invitation to you is made in good faith I will subscribe as

MUR.

MRS. L. N. OLMSTED.

HEALTHY HOMES.

Some little time ago, Mr. Henry Lomb, of Rochester, offered a series of prizes for papers on topics connected with sanitation, through the American Public Health Association. Prof. V. C. Vaughn, of the University of Michigan, furnished an essay upon "Healthy Homes and Food for the Working Classes," which won a prize of \$200. This essay is now printed for distribution by the Association, at a nominal price, and ought to be widely circulated in both town and country.

Some of Prof. Vaughn's thoughts are wise and instructive, and especially timely at this season, when the annual cleaning up indoors and out, is in progress. He says it is absolutely essential to a healthy house that its cellar should be free from dampness and ground air. Its walls and floor should be well built, even if it becomes necessary to deprive the house itself of some of its ornamentation. Decaying vegetables must not be left in the cellar, and fresh air should be admitted into the cellar as carefully as into any part of the house. It is better to sleep in the open air, with no roof but the sky and no bed but blankets on the dry earth than to live in a house over a filthy, damp, unventilated cellar.

The water supply ought to be of unquestioned purity. Cholera, dysentery, typhoid and scarlet fevers and diphtheria are spread by the use of impure water. Water in shallow wells is often surface water, and that of the worst kind. Many people think if water percolates through a few feet of soil it is rendered harmless. This is a grave mistake; its impurity is often increased. Water passing through filth in the soil carries impurities and disease germs with it. In village lots, where the well is often close neighbor to the water-closet, the danger of impure water is very great.

The cistern should be of brick, and plastered water-tight upon the outside as well as the inside; the walls must be so built as to prevent the water in the soil from passing into the cistern. The top should be well covered; the best covering would probably be a box built up several feet above the ground and covered with fine wire netting, through which air might pass, but by

which refuse would be excluded. The pump should be of iron, never of wood; an iron pipe with the pump in the kitchen is probably the best arrangement. A cistern should never be built under the house. The practice of placing near the top of a cistern an over-flow pipe leading to a water-closet, has cost many lives; there should be, under no circumstances, any connection between a cistern and any receptacle of filth. Cistern water should always be filtered, if used for cooking or drinking purposes. If an epidemic disease prevails, all drinking water should be boiled.

The ordinary closet vault, Pro. Vaughn says, has caused more deaths than war and famine, and is the origin of the majority of cases of typhoid fever. Its use should be wholly abandoned, and the dry earth closet, with boxes or drawers be substituted. These boxes should be emptied once a month at least. The best earth to use is pulverized clay with one-third its weight of loam. Ordinary garden soil, if thoroughly dry, will do. Sifted coal ashes are excellent as an absorbant, and are nearly always at hand. Waste water from the kitchen or laundry ought never to be allowed to run into the closet vault.

Oh that women the world over would take home to their hearts and practice in their lives the remark of Florence Nightingale: "The position does not elevate a woman socially if she be unfit for it, but a woman already well placed socially can lose nothing—rather will she gain by dignifying the place she fills." And again: "The real dignity of a gentlewoman is a very high and unassailable thing, which silently encompasses her from her birth to her grave." If those pushing, struggling women who are so anxious to get into a social circle a little above them; or those who are so fearfully tenacious of their position that they think it beneath them to be civil to inferiors, would but take this truth to their hearts—that it is not the position that makes the woman but the woman who graces and honors it, what a revolution in thought and therefore in society, would result!

Useful Recipes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Pare the potatoes and slice very thin. In a dish of the required size, put a little butter in the bottom, then a layer of sliced potatoes and a layer of pepper, salt and butter, and so on until finished, the last layer being pepper, salt and butter. Fill up the dish with sweet milk, put in the even and bake three-quarters of an hour. A very nice dish for the supper table.

RAISIN SPIRALS.—Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one cupful of chopped raisins, half a cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk; spice to taste; sufficient flour stirred in to make the mixture very stiff. Roll out quite thin, cut strips about two inches wide and four long and roll around the fingers as if curling hair. Fry in lard till of a delicate brown. Sprinkle with granulated sugar.

BROILED CODFISH.—Freshen square pieces of salt codfish in cold water over night. In the morning boil on a wire broiler exactly as if it were beefsteak. When done butter it and serve on a hot dish.