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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

NEVER MIND THE REST.

Trustfully and hopefully
O tread this path of life,
It may not be all flowers,
Or free from care or strife;
For 'tis by blows that iron grows
Of greater strength possessed,
So bear life's buffets manfully
And never mind the rest.

Each thing hath its work to do,
It's mission to fulfill;
The wind that blows, the plant that grows,
The waters never still.
Then need we ask how we are tasked,
'Tis graven in each breast,
Go do life's duties manfully
And never mind the rest.

Fear no pain or poverty,
Fear no earthly thing,
The poorest man who does his part
Is equal to a king.

A king hath cares, a king hath fears,
Proud heart but anxious breast;
With just like you, his work to do,
Ah! striving like the rest.

Gentle deeds and kindly words
Are never thrown away,
But bring unlooked-for harvest
On some cloudy autumn day.
We are but stewards of the wealth
By all of us possessed;
So do life's duties faithfully
And never mind the rest.

Oh! look up to the heavens by night
And doubt it if you can,
The countless eyes of Providence
Look lovingly on man.
'Tis little good we here can do,
So let us do our best
With thankful hearts and willingly,
And never mind the rest.

MAKING USE OF TIME.

It is axiomatic that we all have the same portion of time to account for; the day has no more hours for one of us than for another. Yet some persons are ever ready to assert their inability to find time to meet the demands of every day-life upon them, while others seem to have leisure for not only home duties but also to take up outside work and carry it along successfully. The difference, it is easy to see, is more in the people than in the quantity of moments, since that is a fixed condition with both. Some women—and men as well—work from sun to sun and accomplish little; others make every step tell its story toward the fulfillment of the day's duties. Some work like convicts in prison, of necessity, with no heart in their labor; others lighten and brighten their toil by snatches of song and the sunshine of happy hearts. I always like to hear a woman singing about her work; it is a sign of a contented spirit. One

does not break out into song spontaneously if the heart is full of bad passions. When I was ill-tempered and pouting, my father used often to say, "Sing, little girl, sing!" I wonder now, looking back, whether those bits of Scotch ballads he sometimes sang, and which I thought so quaint and funny, were not a sort of spiritual safety-valve, which relieved the pressure on a naturally impatient temper, and often averted an explosion over some unusual naughtiness on our part.

When we are about our work, there is an undercurrent of thought going on in the mind at the same time; it is not one bit less busy than the hands. Much of the housekeeper's work is almost mechanical. As the dishes slip piece by piece through the dishwasher-and-towel process, thought is elsewhere. We recall what Mrs. — wore at the social and how that little apron we saw at the bazar was trimmed, or the choice bit of scandal confidentially imparted to us. It is only a question of habit, whether we let the brain waste its energy on such trivial matters, or by an effort of will turn it to the consideration of useful subjects—the last new book, that interesting magazine article, or the parson's Sunday sermon. One can be as slovenly in ways of thought as in methods of house-keeping, and it is the control of the mind, and turning the thoughts into intellectual channels, that makes some women, who have no more time nor opportunities than their neighbors, cultured and well informed. It is not only improving the time, but improving the mind as well.

"But," says some one, "I have such a poor memory, I read a thing and then forget it. Reading does me no good." The remedy rests with you alone. To read anything and never think of it again is like pouring water into a sieve; to recall it and think it over is to make it our own. That is to assimilate and digest, and let the impulse of what we read or hear go toward increasing our mental growth. Prof. Loissette, who recently took four or five thousand dollars out of this city, fruits of his "system" for aiding and strengthening the memory, did not make new memories for his pupils; he only taught them the proper use of their power of recollection, which like any other mental faculty is strengthened by intelligent use. And that is all any system amounts to—the strengthening of the memory by use. Think how many useless items, how much silly gossip, what a lot of trash—powerless for good and perhaps a source of evil—we do remember without an effort, and then let us never say

anything about poor memories. There are many moments we can employ in mental culture, even though we cannot sit down for an hour's daily study of a book, if we only care for those odds and ends, those fragments of time, as we care for the scraps in our housekeeping.

"I often think I would like to write something for the HOUSEHOLD, but I never have time." Do you know how many times these words comfort your Editor, in her endeavor to present you, each week, a varied, interesting and attractive HOUSEHOLD! She hears them, or sees them on the written page, so many times she sometimes gets discouraged a little. Always "no time!" seldom a plea of incapacity—only that awful iteration, "no time!" Think of all the bright sayings, the good counsel, the wisdom and wit, lost to our little world for a fancied want of time! Must we wait for half a day when we can say we have nothing else to do, and can bid ourselves sit down, saying "Now write!" No; we must seize the moment's inspiration—write when we have something to say. But if we have to hunt for a pencil upstairs and sharpen it with a dull butcher knife when we find it—and hunt for paper downstairs, and chase the children out of the house to be quiet, and when we finally get things arranged to our liking, remember we saw a cobweb in the southeast corner of the outside cellar-way and immediately feel called upon to pursue the vigilant spinner to its death—why, of course we'll never have time to write. But if we have a pencil and a scrap of paper on the pantry shelves by the cook-book, and while our hands are busy about the dishes or the dusting, let our minds dwell on the subject we have chosen, and when our thoughts are well arranged, take a minute now and again to put them on paper, first we know we have an article written; and when we read it over, putting in a comma here and a semicolon there, we see it is not "half-bad," and send it on its mission with some pride in our brain-child. And the Editor, in her sanctum, says, *solus*, "Now that's good; it's plain and practical; there's no nonsense about that!" and she "puts a head on it," and sundry other calabastic signs known only to the profession, and hands it over to "the boys" to "set up," with an immense amount of satisfaction.

And *that's* how to find time to write for the HOUSEHOLD.

BEATRIX.

Do not forget to "do good and contribute" to the HOUSEHOLD. Letters have been rather few in number during house-cleaning time. We hope to have a greater variety soon.

A LESSON FOR WIVES.

In the *Healt' and Home Library* for April there is a story, "My Sister-in-Law's Daughter," which illustrates in a very striking fashion the power and weight of pre-natal influences upon children. The story is of a girl who from her earliest childhood absolutely and determinedly refused to obey her father. Neither bribes nor punishment however severe, had the slightest effect upon her, nor was she in the least moved or influenced by persuasion, love or entreaty. Her instinct of disobedience was primarily directed to her father only, but when he attempted to enforce her mother's authority the impulse of resistance was transferred to her also, by the mere fact that she was thus still opposing her father. In fact, her father had but to express a wish or opinion or purpose, to raise in this singular daughter a determined impulse in the opposite direction. This feeling was not hatred, nor dislike, nor intentional disrespect; she watched for her father's return at night and was uneasy if he were delayed; nothing could so quickly rouse her anger and indignation as a word of criticism, or a hint that he was not the wisest and noblest of men; nor did she seem to realize her own disobedience and perversity; it was simply that it seemed an utter impossibility for her to obey him or treat him with any semblance of filial love and respect.

Her perverse determination not to obey any direction or even command given her by him caused the death of her younger brother and sister. She was out rowing in a small boat with them, rocked it because she had been especially told not to do so, the boat upset and she was saved with difficulty while the others were drowned. She hastened her mother's death and finally came to her own, through this same strange determination not to yield to paternal authority.

And here is the mother's explanation and confession, which accounts for all. It is prefaced by an account of her bitter opposition to her husband's removal to the west, a few months after their marriage, a removal accomplished however in spite of her resistance, because he saw so plainly that future prosperity depended upon it, and that she would ultimately—as she did—acknowledge his superior wisdom. Then she says:

"I realized the fact only which appealed to my outraged sensibilities—that Tom had taken me from a home of plenty and the society of friends, to discomfort, destitution and loneliness. I sulked in my self-imposed solitude, my only enjoyment being the little library we brought with us. I did not stop to think that it was in my power to lighten his burdens by sympathy and make his life brighter. I did however have some vague notion that it was possible for me to make his life very disagreeable and irksome. I had no natural and well-defined purpose; the simple fact was I felt hateful and so I acted hateful.

"When one's mental perceptions or sensibilities take on a morbid condition, the very fact that they are morbid incapacitates them from perceiving or realizing

their own morbidity; not until they have resumed their normal condition can they detect that they have been morbid. So I had no suspicion then, though I can see plainly enough now that my mind, from having bitterly antagonized his on a certain important point, had taken on a morbid condition of chronic antagonism, so that whatever Tom proposed, from the very fact that he proposed it, at once became intensely distasteful to me. It is a hard thing for me to say of myself, but the truth is that, for six months after we came west, I do not suppose Tom ever made a suggestion of any kind to me, but I at once resolutely set my mind that I would do nothing of the sort.

"This was the condition of my surroundings and the mood of my mind when little Annette was born.

"Now I think you will understand what I meant by saying that the difficulty with Annette is not that she will not, but that she can not obey her father. You will understand that her nature in this respect received an ancestral bent stronger than her own will—or her will received an ancestral bias so powerful and permanent that no training can ever eradicate or overcome it. Yet this is too weak and insufficient an expression; it is not merely a matter of mental bent and bias; from the very genesis and dawn of being, before either consciousness or will existed, there was woven and infused into every atom of the vital fabric of the creature that sometime was to be, an inherent antipathy and unconquerable hostility to whatever he might propose or desire, thus rendering disobedience to him the primal law and uncontrollable necessity of her nature. You will understand, in other words, that upon this one point she is, to all intents and purposes, the helpless victim of hereditary insanity, and therefore not to be considered and treated as responsible for her conduct."

The lesson conveyed in the above is one which every wife and mother should take to her own heart. Many a disposition is made cheerful or discontented, tearful or taciturn, by the mental state of the mother before her child's birth, many a little one punished for obstinacy or waywardness or ill-temper inherited from before his birth.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The papers, several weeks ago, were filled with accounts of the proceedings of the Women's Council at Washington in March, a council called to review the labor of the past for women, and plan the direction of work for the future. Nearly all the papers and magazines gave women credit for the results of the past forty years' agitation of questions relative to the advancement of the sex, for there is no question that great progress has been made, especially in the line of making women self-supporting. Any woman of the great middle class which is the leaven of our population, can engage in any business she chooses without exciting any particular comment; she may lose a little in social caste among her idle sisters, but if she succeeds this is regained—since "Nothing succeeds like success;" and if her returns are but

mediocre, at least in the effort she puts forth she learns to care little for that indefinable thing she has lost. Woman's work in temperance reform, and in the elevation of popular sentiment in behalf of sobriety, is too well known to need comment. She is mixing in politics, too, and the "United Labor" party of this State recently elected two women delegates-at-large to a political convention. Whatever we may think of her political and public aspirations, the truth remains that every year such innovations seem less and less novel to us, and we accept them as a little out of the ordinary, perhaps, but not sufficiently so to cause any particular or generally unfavorable comment.

But with these facts fresh in our minds, the praises heaped upon the sex for their independent efforts still echoing in our ears, and realizing the place accorded their influence in social and religious reform, it sounds a trifle queer to learn that the conference of one of our largest religious denominations refused seats to certain duly elected delegates, not because of incapacity or any such reason, but simply because they were women! If we examine the history of that denomination, we find its largest membership is of women; the strength of the church lies in its women. But for their enthusiasm, their self-sacrifices, their charities, their whole-souled devotion, the Methodist church would not now be, as it is, the largest Protestant denomination in this country. It has grown through woman's heroic, christian endeavor, to this pre-eminence. The church in many a little town owes its frail tenure of life to the courage and determination of the women of its congregation, who pay half the minister's salary, and get up the laborious bazar and the perennial church social to raise money for the insurance, the repairs and running expenses. The denomination itself might not have existed but for the teachings of a woman—Susannah Wesley, whose deep religious character influenced and bent her sons' characters in turn, moulding them into a shape which made Methodism possible.

The hot debate over the admission of women delegates shows the importance the question attains in the eyes of all interested. The discussion occupied nearly three days of the Conference, and was at last decided, by a close vote, against the seating of the women delegates. One hundred and fifty-nine ministers and seventy-eight lay delegates voted in favor of the exclusion of women delegates; one hundred and twenty-two ministers and seventy-six lay delegates were in favor of seating them. An amendment was passed which submits the question of eligibility to future general conferences to the annual conferences, so the question, though settled for this year, must come up and be fought over again, probably not once but many times.

The Equal Suffrage Association at Washington at once passed a resolution advising all women belonging to churches whose pastors voted against the seating of women delegates, or who uphold the action of the General Conference, to withdraw from such membership. This, being rather on

the *lex talionis* order, will probably prove abortive, yet certainly those devoted christian women who give themselves so zealously to "church work," must be expected to feel sore and hurt that their labors must be of the invisible order, and not deemed worth entitling them to representation in the councils of the church they so faithfully sustain. But they can console themselves with the knowledge that it is no greater injustice than that woman should be taxed to support a government she has no voice in choosing, amenable to laws she had no part in making; and however intelligent, well educated or refined, thought less competent to exercise the right of suffrage than the foreigner who cannot read the ballot he deposits, cannot speak the language of the country, and in intelligence and education is but one remove from the beasts of the field. BRUNEFILLE.

A BOOM FOR A MICHIGAN SISTER.

Is it true that if Grover Cleveland is again nominated and elected to the highest office in the gift of the people, it will be due to the influence of his bright, attractive, beautiful, ambitious wife? The "first lady in the land" no doubt possesses these qualities in a marked degree, and also that attribute sometimes called the sixth sense—tact. Withal she has a winning way; shows a pretty deference to one, a pleasing attention to another, a charming *bonhommie* to a third. She understands the art to a nicety of making all with whom she comes in contact pleased with themselves, and of course pleased with her, and she contrives very prettily to cast the glamour she invokes around the portly presence of her noble husband. No better illustration of the beautiful vine attracting attention to the knotty oak, whose deformities are hidden, or at least shaded by its beautiful and graceful drapery, can very well be found. The vine is all right and performs its duty well. But what about the oak? Is the "timber stick" suitable for the strain imposed? Of course it will support the graceful vine. How can it help itself! The vine is well trained and its clasp is too firmly fixed to be easily shaken off, and the oak's vanity is no doubt too well satisfied to wish to forego its fair companion.

I have been wondering what kind of timber the lamented Logan would have made had he lived. That he would have been sent to the White House is morally certain, and the best attributes of the oak were his. Sturdy, firmly rooted, sound at the heart, strong of limb and towering in mind, what wonder that he possessed the natural qualities to attract and fire every true, brave, loyal heart! Of his service to the nation I do not intend to speak. Let the swelling cheer at mention of his name, and the impassioned grief at his death tell the story of how we loved and honored him. With his name and fame are inseparably connected those of his noble wife, the woman he delighted to honor. When questioned as to what he would do in the face of a perplexing dilemma, he answered, "I'd ask Mrs. Logan;" thus showing his consciousness that his wife's clear mental vision and womanly intuitions might per-

ceive a way where to his intellectual perceptions difficulties insuperable existed. Would she have been only the suave, graceful mistress of the social world, the smiling, attractive queen of fashionable gatherings? I think her womanly grace would have pleased and attracted, while her powers of mind and cultured intellect would have been a magnet of much greater force. Let all who honored John A. Logan remember with deep regard his other self, without whose loving aid he would never have made so noble a man.

Who is it that shall fill the place in the hearts of the loyal people, left vacant by the death of the lamented hero? Michigan exultingly claims him; points with patriotic pride to his military record; cheers him as a loyal soldier; rehearses his triumphs over poverty by his indomitable perseverance and industry; and records his simple manliness of character, his generous use of the abundant resources that are at his command as blessings of his endeavors. He has been proved and tried—never yet found wanting.

Moving with stately grace but beneficent manner at his side is his fair wife, the peer of any lady in the land. Of a fine presence and courteous bearing, she is a favorite in society. Possessed of a highly gifted mind, matured and broadened by culture and travel, she is the intellectual equal of any, fitted to be companion and counselor of statesmen and scholars as well as the social leader. She works in harmony with her husband in his efforts to help the needy and elevate the downtrodden and lowly. If he were elected president would she mix in politics? If so, it would be for their purification. Would she interfere in the appointing power? If so, it would be in favor of the best and most deserving. Perhaps she would say a very efficient word in favor of a brave soldier who deserved well of the country saved by his valor, and those dependent on such would no doubt find a firm friend in her. In short, while Michigan men go wild over the "Man of the People," I see no reason why Michigan women should not boom the deserving and competent wife.

With his talented and accomplished wife to supplement and complement his labors, and with his natural abilities trained to perform high duties, have we not reason to be proud of Michigan's candidate, Russell A. Alger? TECUMSEH.

FOR THE GIRLS.

A pretty stand-spread is made of a square of plush, edged with a pretty fancy fringe. A Woodward avenue merchant recently displayed a line of such spreads, in plush, with finger-wide borders of tinsel-woven goods, which sold at \$1 and \$1.25, and were really very pretty and cheap.

A very pretty scarf tidy is made of one and a quarter yards of cream-colored swiss, with large dots woven in the goods. Make narrow hems on the sides and wide ones on the ends. Outline the dots with silver tinsel. Finish the ends with cream-colored lace and tie loosely through the middle with cream white satin ribbon.

Some very pretty home-made draperies ornament the windows of a cottage on one

of our principal streets. They are of sheer muslin, with dots as large as a nickel at wide intervals, are simply hemmed, with a ruffle perhaps two and a half inches wide sewed in, and just full enough to flute nicely. They are tied back with white ribbons, and look very dainty against the inside draperies of tinted Madras. The cottage itself is so neat and fresh and clean, both it and its surroundings, that it does not suffer by comparison with the elegant mansions on both sides. It looks homelike and cheerful; there is always a light in the little parlor, always a blossoming plant in the window, while the neighboring houses have closely drawn blinds and only a faint glimmer of light through the stained glass side-lights of the hall.

Perhaps your bedroom window looks out upon some unpleasant prospect; the back yard, or an unsightly building. You can shut out the view and at the same time admit light, by getting sufficient dotted muslin, madras, china silk, mohair linen, or any light, thin material for sash curtains, and two or three feet of brass rod, which you can buy for ten or twelve cents per foot. Double a deep hem and run a shir for the rod to pass through, so the hem will stand up like a ruffle, hem the other end, run in the rod, and insert it in the window casings. A window overlooked by another can be curtained in this way so that the thin goods will shut out prying eyes from without, while enabling those within to see out, and have light and air. Such goods as were named for this purpose are also used to curtain the lights at the sides and over the hall door.

After a long season of linen cuffs and collars, ruching is returning to favor, used both in the neck and sleeves of the dress. It is pretty and becoming, more so than the stiff linen, but unless it is fresh and dainty it is untidy and makes even the prettiest costume look *passee*; and oh how it costs! The very fancy styles are out of favor; folds and bands, or else scant pleatings are preferred.

One of the new brooches represents a row of pins, the paper being represented by dull gold, the pins by polished. It is odd, but a fine tooth comb mounted as an ornament would be "odd" also, and quite as pretty.

Parasols are very fancy this year. Changeable silks are seen, and also plaids of various styles and sizes. The shapes are a trifle more arched than heretofore; very few lined parasols are seen. Handles are long, and very much carved and ornamented; some are large enough to knock a man down, if one had occasion to wax disorderly and get "run in." There is little to choose between a sun umbrella and a plain black parasol; one is a trifle more dressy than the other, that's all. White and-cream colored parasols seem to have received their death warrant, though possibly a few may survive for summer use.

The challis, which have cream white grounds besprinkled with patterns in colors and are sold at 18 cents per yard, make very pretty tea gowns. They are trimmed with lace and ribbon, and a width of cream colored surah shirred into the fronts gives them a very dressy appearance. A width of the challi can be used instead of the surah in the interests of economy.

SERVANTS.

In discussing this much vexed question, I have wished to pass my opinion, but felt a little shy of hot water in store. First the word "hired"—"our hired man" and "our hired girl"—sounds harsh to any one's feelings, if you have any other name. Nearly eight years I spent in England as a servant, being addressed by all connected with the family by my given name, and had the assurance when I left that if I was in trouble in a foreign land, they would help me; and I look back with pleasure now, and say it was the most instructive eight years of my life. I knew what my duties were, and was always treated with kindness and respect. Whether at home or traveling we never ate with the family, and we never wished to, but always fared as well. I was once told by the son of an American, "Who are you? nothing but our hired man!" but that question was settled before I slept, and this day I am better off than father and son combined. I have seen people who if they could jingle \$100 in their pockets, they were greater and of more importance than my Lord Tom Noddy, and there are many who would spoil a good and faithful servant by their overbearing, overworking, domineering actions, and seem to forget that "our hired help" have any aches and pains, and that they are made up of flesh and blood the same as they are.

Teach your sons and daughters that work is honorable, and that laziness is degrading; and treat your hired help as you would wish to be treated, and there would be but little trouble, and while they do their duty my home is their home. The servants of all work ought to be treated with greater respect, because they do many things for us that we hate to do ourselves.

PLAINWALL.

ANTI-OVER.

HEALTH HINTS.

Dr. Hutchinson, in the *American Magazine* for April, deploras the increased consumption of patent medicines—which he says are nostrums in the worst sense of the word—in this country, ascribing it somewhat to the fact that it is natural for Americans to try experiments, even upon themselves. Great harm, he says, is done thereby. Medicines of all kinds are best let alone. If a person is sick enough to require anything more than home nursing and care in diet, he certainly needs a doctor, who alone can determine what drugs are to be taken.

When we wake in the morning with a headache, as so many persons do, Dr. Hutchinson thinks that in a majority of cases, it is due to wrong posture during sleep. He says many people rest on the side, legs drawn up, chin upon the chest—rolled up like a chicken in an eggshell. In this position, the body describes the arc of a circle, with the blood and air vessels constricted by pressure on the inside of the arc and their calibre sensibly diminished. A condition of passive congestion is set up, compressed lungs expand but partially and their work is badly done. It takes an hour or more in the morning with bath and toilet, to get rid of the headache. He recommends

the following: "When fairly in bed, lights out, and ready for sleep, throw the head well back, upon a pillow of medium size, chest forward, arms by the side and legs extended. Fight it out for a few minutes and sleep will come—this time without a headache in it." Dr. Hutchinson might have added that sleeping in close, unventilated rooms will also produce a morning headache, with lassitude and languor.

Dandruff, says the doctor, is a disease of the skin, which is not easily cured. He recommends a lotion composed of equal parts of extract of hamamelis and glycerine, with one grain of boracic acid to each ounce of the mixture, to be well rubbed into the scalp every morning. If this treatment is not effectual within a month, a physician should be consulted. Brushing the hair to remove the dandruff scales is better than the use of the fine comb. The hair will fall out if the scalp is covered with dandruff scales, and there is no help for it till the disease is cured. Where the "family comb" does duty among a half dozen individuals, it might be well for them to remember that Dr. Hutchinson says dandruff (*pityriasis*) is a contagious disease, easily conveyed from one person to another by the promiscuous use of comb and brush. Every person, young or old, should have his or her own hair brush, comb, tooth and nail brushes, and the rights of *meum et tuum* should be rigidly respected.

A LADY in a private note to the Editor, says: "The HOUSEHOLD has been a source of profit to me in more ways than one. By putting into practice some hints given, with a little of my own brains, in one instance I saved several dollars. The noble thoughts and personal experiences found in its pages are a help to all who read them."

WE want some tested recipes for our little paper, also any "Hints" which may be of service to our readers. Remember that what may be a well known and tested practice with you may be new to others, and of much avail in saving them labor.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PLASTER of Paris mixed with water about like paste is good for closing cracks in stove ovens, firebricks, old coal scuttles, water pots and a great many other things.

ALL clothing worn by an invalid, that has to be washed, should be washed in a solution of weak ammonia—one pint to a tub of soft warm water. It removes impurities, and disinfects besides.

If your new shoe hurts your pet corn, remember you can relieve the pressure on the tender spot by laying a bit of cloth dampened in hot water over the place while the shoe is on the foot.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Farm Life* made a hay mattress and found it convenient and cheap, and better than a straw tick. The case required 12 yards of ticking and was "boxed;" it was then stuffed thickly and smoothly with hay and tied with heavy cotton twine about six inches apart, putting circles cut from bits of morocco under each

place where the twine was passed through the tick. Although there are regular mattress needles, in this instance part of a rib from an old umbrella was used, the end being sharpened.

Do not allow any traveling vender to meddle with your plated ware under pretense of "silver plating" it. The compounds used by these perapatic frauds contain no silver, but are generally only nitrate of mercury or quicksilver, which gives a bright silvery surface at the moment, but which vanishes very soon, the article becoming black and dirty, while its use entirely ruins plated ware. Plated goods should be subjected to the electro-plating process, in which a certain per cent of silver in solution is deposited on the article by the means of a current of electricity passing through the bath. Any other process is ephemeral in its nature, often a positive detriment. Entrust your goods to your local jeweler or dealer; it is better to pay a trifle more for honest work and the certainty of receiving it again, than to trust to traveling strangers.

THE *Millstone* says: Perhaps the real reason why rolled oats have so largely taken the place of oatmeal is that few people cook oatmeal long enough to be palatable, and rolled oats are so nearly cooked that a few minutes makes them better eating than is often made of oatmeal. Fifteen minutes will do for rolled oats what an hour will do for oatmeal. It is not that people are not willing to cook oatmeal long enough to make it palatable—they do not know that long cooking is required. With rolled oats it is hardly possible to cook them so short a time that they will not be good. It is possible to make oatmeal as good a dish as rolled oats, but there is no reason why any one should take the trouble, the latter selling for the same price as the former and being less trouble.

Useful Recipes.

RAISIN PIE.—Stem and seed one pound of raisins, boil them one hour with one cup of molasses and one quart of water; then add one tablespoonful flour, same of butter, spice to suit taste, and bake with two crusts.

A GOOD CEMENT.—A most excellent cement to join broken crockery is plaster of Paris mixed to a thinnish paste with gum arabic in solution. It is beautifully white. Mix only enough for immediate use, as it "sets" in a few minutes and cannot be kept.

CANDIED PEEL.—Put the fresh peel into a jar of strong brine until you have as much as you wish to candy. Soak thoroughly, to freshen, and boil in clear water till a straw will pierce the peel readily. Cut into strips or chips, as preferred, and boil slowly till transparent in a syrup made of one pound of granulated sugar to a pint of water, and dry on plates sprinkled with dry sugar.

LEMON PUDDING.—Yolks of four eggs, whites of two; one cup sugar; one quart sweet milk; one pint bread crumbs; one teaspoonful butter; grated rind of one lemon. Soak the bread crumbs in part of the milk and beat till they are smooth, add the other ingredients and bake half an hour. When done spread jam or jelly over the top, spread with the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth with one cup powdered sugar, and return to the oven to brown slightly.