

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 7, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THEIR DIFFERENT WAYS.

She sought her "rights."
Robbed by some cruel chance of life's delights,
With a dissatisfied and restless soul,
With half a logic which she counted whole,
Earnest, no doubt, and honest, not unsexed,
But hungering and querulous and vexed;
With serving instincts in a fruitless frame,
And with an itching for the sort of fame
Which comes from the mere printing of a name
She clamored for her "rights," showed solemn
craft

And men,
Brute men,
They only laughed.

She did not seek her "rights."
She dreamed not of some path of mannish
heights,
But followed nature's way and deemed it good,
And bloomed from flower to fruit of woman-
hood.

She loved the "tyrant," bore her noble part
In life with him, and thought with all her heart
She had her rights.

She held that something men and women meant
To be unlike, but each a supplement
Unto the other; 'twas her gentle whim.
He was not more to her than she to him;
And little children gathered at her knee,

And men,
Brute men,
Would die for such as she.

ACROSTIC.

The labor of the day is all complete;
Hushed are all the wild bird's songs so sweet,
Evening's sunset glories fill the sky,

Haunting shades or visions come not nigh.
Our band of housewives now do come
United in the love of home;
So earnest, in their wish to know
Every aid whereby they still may grow
Happier yet in duty; and still find
Of hours not few, to till the mind.
Loving hearts and true will here unite,
Devoted homage our leader to plight.

PAW PAW.

MERTIE.

COMPLAINING.

"De maw'nin' glories ain't lubly to a man
wid de backache," is a bit of plantation
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which wounds her as she makes it, and
wounds those who have to bear with patience
the cross she lays upon them. The family
which includes such an individual is to be
commiserated, for there is nothing so destruc-
tive to family affection as to have one
person so absorbed in constant contempla-
tion of herself. There is nothing truer than
that our deepest, most abiding happiness is

found in forgetfulness of self and thought
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There are some natures wanting in the
power of silent endurance; having no depth,
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endeavor to cultivate this quality. When
words of complaint are already upon the
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ache, bear it quietly; conquer yourself. Do
not, as you value home happiness and
domestic content, give way to grumbling
and complaints on any subject, especially
upon your own ailments. The husband, at
first so sympathetic, so anxious for you,
grows hard under constant iteration; the
children soon learn to give no heed, it is
"only mamma's way," and friends find
your company a bore when your only talk is
of yourself. And what have you in reserve
for the great ills of life, if you thus succumb
to the lesser ones?

The horse car in which I was a passenger
the other day halted a moment on a cross-
ing, without apparent reason. Looking
out, I saw the driver had stopped to avoid
running over a child who was crossing the
street. And such a child! Poor, pitiful
little wail! Both legs had been amputated at
the knee, and he was crawling along on the
stumps, falling over in his haste to get out of
the way, and tumbling down, a dirty, ragged,
muddy heap, when once out of danger.
And such a worn, haggard face as was torn-
ed over his shoulder to grin at the car-driver
as he started his horse again, and yet it was
not marred by such lines as one sees some-
times written upon the faces of those who
seem to have all the good things of life.
Suffering, privation, poverty, were
written on it, but not that querulous discon-
tent and complaint often seen under Paris
bonnets. Before such misery and mutilation
as this—only one of the wretched sights of
a great city—we who grumble about our phys-
ical pains, our deprivations, are ungrateful
indeed.

BEATRIX.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Coming down the street to-day, walking
mechanically in the depths of a "brown
study," a voice and intonation so like to
Joe Jefferson's in the character of "Rip
Van Winkle" attracted my sense of hear-
ing in a way to make me "wake up" and
look for the throat that threw it on the
pure air of this sweet day in June. And
sure enough, seated on a curbstone close
beside me sat two old graybeards, battered
and begrimed in an unmistakable down-
fall struggle with and for life. Teutons,

ought all to be matters of thought, and arranged in the house plan, not left to chance. The cellar stairs ought not to be tucked in a corner where they must be steep and narrow, and more or less dangerous to the elderly woman; if there is no dumb waiter (which is a great labor-saving contrivance) the woman must climb these stairs from two to a half-dozen times daily, and generally with her hands full. Make them wide enough to afford a firm foothold, and with slant enough so the housekeeper does not feel as if she were ascending a ladder; and it is well to add a hand-rail. BEATRIX.

A SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Don't be alarmed, sisters! A little politics now and then will not harm the HOUSEHOLD. What are politics? Policies by which the government of a nation or state is guided.

We as individuals, as families, as communities, as social centers, are part and parcel of one of the world's greatest, most rapidly growing commonwealths, its politics building up a government which claims to be for, of and by the people; although in framing and defining those policies one-half, and a not at all unimportant half of those subject to the laws, have no voice in deciding either upon the justice or injustice, the treachery or truthfulness of any law which the politics of the other half may see fit to frame for their government. No, all they have to do, is to obey, pay, in short "toe the mark" and keep their mouths shut.

When I was asked last spring if I would go to the polling place in this ward and vote for school trustee, I said "No! When I can go to the polls and vote like an intelligent, honest citizen, having the best interest of all concerned at heart, when I can go and vote independently, vote for any candidate or measure that my judgment favors most—in short, vote like a Christian in a free country, then I'll go and vote. But as long as a part of the masculine power says to me you may vote for just one man—a school trustee! and another part of the same element stands at the polling place ready to challenge my vote, and by all manner of subterfuge try to browbeat me out of the free exercise of the right so grudgingly granted, I'll—well, they'll never get a chance to brow-beat me at the polls until I have a backing that will insure me against defeat."

And now to the Convention, which was presided over by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, a woman of weight in avoirdupois as well as words, and withal most agreeable to look upon as well as to listen to. Through her writings and what I have read of her work in the different States and territories, she has been as an acquaintance to me for several years. So of course I was anxious to attend the Convention. I can only say that in temper, tone and teachings it was simply perfect, and exceeded my most definite dreams of such things, for be it hereby known to all present that this is the first real, live, working woman suffragist that I ever saw or heard speak. And my opinion is that if I could meet such an one every day, if such were our frequent com-

panions, the burden of the helplessness of our womanhood, or as Byron puts it, of our "she condition" would soon be lifted.

Personally Mrs. Gougar is stout, of medium weight, with fair complexion, and gray hair, stylishly coiffured, tastefully dressed in some of the green-grey goods so much worn, having a very full and pleasing voice which she understands how to modulate to meet the requirements of her hall and audience. Altogether she impressed me as one richly endowed in physical force and vital energy, and possessing a fund of mental and spiritual power, of resistance and persistence equal to the years, the work and the warfare that stand between the present day and the enfranchisement of women in the United States. I wish to mention just one very little thing that Mrs. G. told during the convention. I think she said it was eighteen years ago that her wash-woman's drunken husband collected his wife's wages and used them as all drunkards do, in one way or another, use that which should go for the sustenance and comfort of home life, paid it into the hands of the liquor seller for that which made him as a wild beast in his house. Then she refused to pay to him what his wife had so toilsomely earned. He was furious, threatening prosecution and collection by law. She was incredulous, but soon found that the drunken, worthless man had the law all on his side, that he could collect his wife's wash bills and use the money as he chose, and the wife and the one who employed her had no redress. Thereupon Mrs. G. set herself to the task of getting that law stricken from the statutes of Indiana, resting not from her labor of love until it was done. And this it was that first made a suffragist of her. Michigan has the same law, and heaven knows how many more States.

Well, as Rip Van Winkle says, "Here's to Mrs. Gougar and all her family, may they live long and prosper." E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

CREAMERIES

Having bought some experience during our three years of butter-making, I venture a few suggestions to Mrs. H. H. J., of Paw Paw. The secret of success in the deep setting process of raising cream lies in the rapid cooling of the milk. It must be strained soon after milking and put into cold water. Water at 48 deg. to 50 deg. is immediately warmed, and unless constantly changed by a current will not raise all the cream. The most satisfactory result is obtained where a sufficient quantity of ice is put into the water just before milking, so that the temperature will not run above 50 deg. in ten hours. At least this is our conclusion. This process is claimed to be labor saving for women, and so it is. It not only requires less labor to manufacture the butter, but puts much of the hard work upon stronger shoulders. With the same conditions of setting cream will rise in any cans. The conveniences and economy are the points to make, and so long as there are stationary cans from which the milk is drawn from the bottom and then the cream, I can discover no advantage in having one that must be lifted every time; and while

the cream can be perfectly saved at the bottom, I see no use of the waste necessarily occasioned by dipping the cream from the top. I know of several kinds of homemade creameries, but considering the expense, the disadvantages and the unsatisfactory results, I see no economy in using one. We use the Champion; but whatever kind you buy avoid long tubes, square corners, or any inaccessible places; and there should be room in the tank to put the hand on every part of the cans, for they often need washing with a cloth on the outside. With stationary cans the men strain the milk "in a minute," and children can draw the milk and wash them. Our boys, aged ten and twelve, regularly empty and wash the cans for the milk of thirty cows, while they are being driven into the stables and the first two pails filled with milk.

I should put no part of butter-making in the cellar.

Too much pains cannot be taken in all arrangements to have things handy. The advantage of the creamery is a uniform quality of the butter; but cream raising in this way requires different treatment from shallow setting; but this is all too "big" a subject for a letter to the HOUSEHOLD. To know its size read a few dairy papers each week. However, I will answer any question I can, if desired.

Has any one used the Worden churn for churning sweet milk and making ice cream?

MRS. J. M. WEST.

CHERRY HILL CREAMERY, FAIRFIELD.

Useful Recipes.

PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES.—Hull the fruit and wash carefully, letting the berries drain in a colander. Prepare a syrup with two pounds of white sugar and half a cup of water, drop the berries into it and let them cook rapidly for twenty minutes, removing the scum that rises but not stirring the fruit. Dip the fruit into tumblers or cans, cook the juice and syrup till it will almost jelly, and fill up with it.

CURRANT JELLY.—Strip the fruit from the stems and put them in a preserving kettle, cook them half an hour, turn into a jelly-bag and let the juice drip through. Do not squeeze the bag. Return the juice to the kettle, boil ten minutes, put in the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, stir up, and your jelly will set as soon as the sugar—every bit of it—is dissolved.

SPICED CHERRIES.—Nine pounds of cherries; four pounds sugar; half an ounce each of cinnamon and cloves. Cook the fruit until the skins break, take it out, boil the syrup half an hour and pour over the fruit. A better conserve is made by stoning the cherries and using seven pounds of fruit to the former proportion.

SPICED CURRANTS.—Seven pounds of fruit; four pounds sugar; one pint best cider vinegar; one ounce ground cinnamon; half an ounce ground cloves. If preferred, the whole spices can be put into muslin bags and boiled in the vinegar until the strength is exhausted.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Cook till when you take a little out on a plate no juice gathers around it; then put into jelly glasses or small stone jars. The nicest jam or jelly is made by using one-third currants to two thirds raspberries either red or black.

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beside me sat two old graybeards, battered
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both, but it was easy to decide which one gave utterance to the slouching, shuffling, and yet musical and pathetic tones so like to those of poor old Rip. And as I came on my way, this chord of memory having been struck, the whole of Joe Jefferson's part and acting in the play passed in review before my mind, accompanied always by his peculiar voice and intonation.

And this is one of the masks that Genius sets upon her work, enstamping it by its symmetry, its perfectness, upon the perceptions of the beholder in such a way as make it a fact in memory, a factor in life ever after.

At least I find this to be the case in my own experience. I have always made it a point to see and hear everything that came within my limited reach, to which "the world" pays homage. And I do not now recall an instance in which I have not said with "the world," "There is Genius in it," and with "the world" have made my most respectful bow, feeling myself enriched. But in deciding the question as to whether this, that, or the other is world-wide in fame, there must be a knowledge and an intelligence on my part gathered from far wider fields than the local press and the bill boards of the advance agent.

So when the local press announced that Joe Jefferson would play at Music Hall in the character of "Rip Van Winkle," I said, "I have read about Joe Jefferson in that character ever since I can remember reading or hearing of plays, theaters, etc., and I shall go to see him." I remember so well an article I read years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled "Joseph Jefferson," describing him in this play and in "Solon Shingle," and of the intense desire it awakened in my mind to see and hear him in the first. At last the opportunity came and I was not disappointed.

Eight thousand times he is said to have played in "Rip Van Winkle." And I wonder how many times eight thousand people have felt the exquisite sense of pain that comes home to the affectionate, self-sacrificing, sensitive heart as the scene enacts the truisms—"We are quickly forgotten." "The places that know us will soon know us no more," etc. Well, there is one consolation. If after death we do return rehabilitated in flesh in some form or other to earth, we don't seem to know that it is not the first time, and so if our friends have forgotten, and our relatives deny the bond of consanguinity, we are kindly spared the pain of such knowledge.

FLINT.

E. E. NYE.

POLITICS.

I think the question of the propriety of discussing politics in the *HOUSEHOLD* depends quite largely upon what we mean by "politics." It seems, judging from political newspapers, that for a man to be loyal to one party organization requires him to at least profess to believe that every man belonging to the other is a horse-thief and a liar, and that its office-holders are corrupt enough to steal Uncle Sam's treasure bags right from under the American Eagle's claws. I don't see but the country manages to struggle along without going to the

"demnition bow-wows" under the management of whichever dog chances to come out on top in the political fight, despite the dismal prophecies of the other side.

The tariff question makes the political pot bubble just now; it is the one great point at issue. The greatest intellects in this country and in foreign lands have bent their strength to grasp its sequences, not to a class, but to the entire country, for governments must seek the good of the many, not the few, and have failed to agree, or to find any practical solution of its difficulties. Therefore I do not believe what the ordinary woman, whose opinions are generally the echo of her husband's or favorite newspaper's, would say or write, would be particularly valuable to the world at large. It is hardly probable she would throw any very brilliant light upon the problem. To discuss partizan politics, where one party is held up as the incarnation of all good principles and the other as its exact opposite, is equally fruitless and unprofitable. There are good men and true on each side, as well as the unprincipled and corrupt; and confidentially, so far as purity, love of country, use of "boodle" and consumption of whiskey is concerned, it is a clear case of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.

But while I see no particular good to be accomplished by the discussion of tariff and free trade, Harrison and Cleveland, in the *HOUSEHOLD*, I would like to see women take more interest in and inform themselves better regarding the manner in which their native land is governed. I have met several women since the party conventions became the great topics of interest, who were under the impression that the convention was the *finale* instead of the preliminary, and who seemed unaware of the distinction between a nomination and an election. During the Republican Convention one lady remarked, in presence of quite a company: "Oh, I do hope Alger'll get it; it would be splendid to have him president." A wicked wag adroitly drew out the next remark, "Why, won't he be president if they elect him at Chicago?" The lady's husband, with a brow like a thunder-cloud, said, in accents studiously modulated to the occasion: "No, my dear, this is only the nominating convention; the election is in November." But some women never can get out of a dilemma gracefully; they cannot accept a straw, but must have a whole plank, so, instead of letting the matter rest, she said: "Well, I don't see the use of having a nomination and an election too." Now of course it is an insult to suppose the average woman is not better posted on current topics than this one, but there is the need of better information and broader intelligence among women. Woman's sphere is home, they tell us, but the prosperity of the home depends upon the prosperity of the country, and hence she has a right, amounting to a duty, to be conversant with legislation which affects her individual weal through the government of the country. Woman is amenable to the laws, and ought to know what they are and how they are made. When she wants the ballot she will get it by educating her sons to believe it her just due. But so long as both she and her liege lord and master insist that her place is at home in the kitchen, she

might better spend her time cleaning out the corners of her pie-tins than discussing a subject of which she knows so little and in which she has so little voice, as politics.

BRUNSFILLE.

A HOME-MADE FERNERY.

I pass, almost daily, a house on Fort St. which has in its large bay window a Wardian case full of ferns. The house faces the north, and the few rays of wintry sunshine which visit it during the colder months would not be sufficient for the growing of blossoming plants. Sometimes I see a grey-headed man bending over it; sometimes a yellow-haired lassie, but always the rare, dainty ferns bring a bit of forest coolness into the hottest day, and a savor of spring into the bleakest one. Not all of us can have a costly case, and rare specimens to fill it, but any who will may have a fernery made after the fashion described by a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*; who says:

"First of all, we got (I suppose I should say procured) the very largest cheese-box we could find in the village; then we made a visit to the woods, and gathered a great basketful of bark, just as rough as we could get it. We also hunted up all the pretty lichens we could find on the old fences and rocks. While we girls were doing this, Ned filled his little wheel-barrow full of rich, dark, woody earth. Then we started home, well laden, looking like little tramps, or "minties." With the aid of lathnails and a hammer we fastened the bark all over the outside of the cheese-box, placing it so that the grain would run up and down, as on the trees; next we tacked the lichens on to the bark. When this was done it looked as if we had a section of a great round tree, instead of a common little cheese-box.

"We next filled it with the earth that Ned had brought from the woods. This was the first day's work. Next day we went to the woods again, this time for ferns. With trowel and knives we dug up a number of different varieties, being careful to take as much earth as possible, and also to get the plants as small as we could. If you have them small there is not so much danger of breaking them. If you take larger ones they are apt to wither in the moving and die off. Of course, if the root is all right this does not matter much, as they soon send out new fronds, but then you will have to wait for your fernery to look pretty.

"We planted the ferns in the box, and also put in several 'Runaway Rob' roots; these latter soon spread all over the earth and ran down the sides of the box, while the ferns sent out new shoots of fresh-green—some pale and shadowy, others deep and dark.

"We kept it in the house during the winter and set it in the garden in the spring. With a little new bark and lichens it was fresh and bright for the next winter."

There are a number of very beautiful species of ferns which are indigenous to Michigan forests; one species of maiden-hair is lovely. Study the habits of growth of this interesting class of plants and you can fill your home-made fernery not only beautifully but also intelligently.

DETROIT.

L. C.

WEARY.

"Weary of each day's doing from rising to set of sun,
Weary of so much doing, and seeing so little done;
Are deeds so great in the dreaming, so small in the doing found?
And all life's earnest endeavors only with failure crowned?"

"You look to the sky at evening, and out of the depths of blue,
A little star, you call it, is glimmering faintly through
Little! He sees, who looks from His throne in the highest place,
A great world circling grandly the limitless realms of space."

To many of us who may have failed to reach the luminous heights our imagination laid out for us in early youth, life indeed seems almost a failure. The performance of our life work often results very differently from the plans we laid for it. Changes come to us, and sometimes we are left to do only "the little things," while all the great things we had planned to do are left to some one else or remain undone.

Life is too short to wait for the tide whose ebb leads on to fortune. "Do that which lies nearest," even the "little things," in His name, and we will be apt to be working according to his plan, and "All his ways are just and right."

"So with your life's deep purpose set in His mighty plan,
Out of the dark you see it, looking with human scan;
Little and weak you call it—He from his throne may see
Issues that move on grandly into eternity."

"Sow the good seed, and already the harvest may be won;
That deed is great in the doing that God calls good when done.
'Tis as great perhaps to be noble as noble things to do,
And the world of men is better when one man grows more true."

"Let us be strong in the doing, for that is ours alone;
The meaning and the end are His, and He will care for His own
And if it seems to us little, remember that from afar
He looks into a world, where we but glance at a star."
FORREST LODGE. MILL MIMMIE.

WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. T. Sprague (Evangeline) before the Calhoun County Farmers' Institute, Feb. 23rd, 1888.]

Perhaps it would be impossible, even in the wildest flights of imagination, to conceive of scenes so beautiful as blissful Paradise, the Garden of Eden, that Milton's inspired words present to our mental vision. "From sapphire fount the crisped brooks, rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold, with mazy erra, under pendant shades ran nectar; visiting each plant and feeding flowers, which Nature boon poured for profuse on hill and dale and plain, flowers of all hue and without thorn the rose; grots, caves and cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps luxuriant; united streams their crystal mirrors hold; the birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs breathing the smell of field and grove, attune the trembling leaves; flocks and herds grazing the tender herb on level downs, or palmy hillocks; all trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste of odorous gums and balms, and fruits burnished with golden rinds; fish, fowl and beast, and man erect and tall, with native honor clad, created in the image of his Maker, stood the master." But yet the

want of the Universe had not been filled, perfection had not yet been attained. Alone his eye wandered over the beauty of landscape, alone his ear was charmed with melody of birds and hum of Nature's thousand workers bringing their labors to her great storehouse. It was not good for man to be alone, so woman was given to him, "though both not equal, as their sex not equal seemed; for contemplation he, and valor formed, for softness she and sweet attractive grace, he for God only; she for God in him." She was not a creature to be worshipped afar off, she was not to be a burden and encumbrance, but placed side by side with him, to share his joys and sorrows, his successes and failures; endowed with the same God-given attributes, a busy, active brain, faculties, propensities, the knowledge of right and wrong, aspirations and capabilities. But let us understand; many years have elapsed since the Creation. With every revolution of the wheel of Time civilization has gained height and breadth, and length and depth, indeed there seems to be no limit to the splendid possibilities of the human race, and while new questions are arising and the work of reconstruction is going on, the question of "Woman and her Sphere" is perhaps one of the greatest of the age. Our first Mother stands at the head of the race. The purpose for which she was created, her sphere and walk, descend to all her daughters. Chateaubriand, an eminent French writer, discourses thus: "Man in uniting himself to woman retains a part of his substance; his soul as well as his body is incomplete without her; he has strength, she has beauty; he labors in the field, she in the home, he has his crosses, his day may be troublous and dark; its close brings him repose and happiness. Without woman man would be rude, gross, and solitary; she spreads around him the flowers of existence as the creepers of the forest decorate the majestic oak with odoriferous garlands."

Labor is a condition of life, and all human beings are subject to it, and I do not contend that woman any more than man should live without labor, but the kind of labor that should be assigned to woman is written in her very nature. Her constitution, her physical organization, the structure of her material nature, shows that she was not designed for out of door service. The value of all social life, the beauty of all domestic intercourse, depend upon the maintenance of the position of woman at home. In all countries where civilization has reached a high state, woman is guarded from all hard, manual labor. But in many of the old countries, travellers often see women hard at work in the field, carrying heavy burdens, pulling the plow, sawing wood while the husband smokes and looks on quite unconcernedly, for upon her work he depends entirely for support. This is a disarrangement of the whole order of nature, an entire perversion of the whole purpose for which woman was created.

We who stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, find pages of history and biography brightened with the name of woman. Our own America has also women belonging to her first century, whose names will live forever; women who chose a

profession, who cultivated a speciality, and by hard and persistent effort mastered it.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time;
The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward, in the night."

At the head of the list of scientific women we must place Miss Maria Mitchell, who is professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar College. From her eleventh year she has pursued the study of astronomy. In 1847 she discovered a telescopic comet, for which she received a gold medal from the king of Denmark. In August of the present year she will reach her seventieth birthday. The first of February she felt that rest was needed and tendered her resignation. It was not accepted however, but a vacation, together with her salary, was granted her until June, when the matter will be considered. I have read that no matter how inclement the weather, her greatest delight consisted in scanning the star-gemmed heavens. Among women reformers Miss Frances Willard, the silver-tongued orator as she is styled, stands conspicuous. Every one who knows her, or hears her, believes in her, and wherever she stands in assembly halls, or on the platform the hearts of her hearers beat responsive with her own. Among women educators I will mention Miss Alice Freeman, who although but thirty-three years of age has for six years filled the president's chair at Wellesley college, the only college in the world I believe where the corps of teachers and faculty are composed entirely of women. But she has now resigned her position for the duties of married life, thus assuring us that the learned as well as the unlearned are susceptible to Cupid's darts. It is useless to enumerate those women who have worked out destinies for themselves. In every branch of business we find them. The Woman's Pavilion at the Centennial Exposition has shown clearly that

"Whatever strong armed man hath wrought,
Whatever he hath done,
That goal hath woman also reached,
That action hath she done."

It was never intended that the great mass of humanity should be launched on the sea of life, with no port in view. I think that God made a niche for every one. It rests with us to find it, move into it and keep it. The main question in life is not what is to become of us, but rather what are we to become. We can make ourselves just what we choose. We can make our lives just as full and symmetrical as we desire, bearing rich fruit, or empty and useless.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us;
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our life that angel vision."

The question of woman's rights has been considerably agitated for the past thirty-five years. Men and women have devoted their entire time to lecturing and writing upon the subject. If the fundamental principles of our constitution be true, that taxation should not exist without representation, then of course there is an illogical working of our government. While in a majority of cases, the wife's vote would be

but a facsimile of her husband's, there are a variety of questions and subjects, upon which they entertain vastly different ideas. Take for instance, temperance and public morals. If as is said woman's influence is refining, if wherever she is introduced there comes with her courtesy, cleanliness, sobriety, morality and order, certainly then giving her the ballot would have a beneficial effect upon politics; for in their present state they are filthy and corrupt—nothing but a cesspool. If there is any one thing that needs reconstruction it is politics. The democratic party of to-day differs materially from Jefferson's time. There are none of the old school republicans. There are no statesmen like Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster. The popular cry is not for the best men, but the most money. Scarcely a man is considered eligible for Congress unless he represents a silver mine or a pine forest, or owns the whole Pacific coast. The time has gone by when the best men are sifted out from the masses—like wheat from the chaff and gold from the dross—to represent the people. Men come forward and beg the office; they not only beg but are willing to pay for the privilege of "getting there." Whether true philanthropy prompts the act, is best determined by the manner in which they serve their party. There was never a time when so much money was represented in Washington, when entertainments were so princely; the receptions are miniature courts, and this in our boasted land of liberty, our America that plants her stars and stripes on every shore, and waves a welcome to all countries, to come to our land of freedom and equality. To what are we drifting, unless it be to that aristocracy that we have claimed we had not.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE GIRLS.

A handsome paper rack is made of two thick pieces of card-board, the edges beveled and gilded. The board intended for the back is much larger than the front; these boards are laced at the side with gold cord from the top to the bottom of the smaller piece. Any design may be painted on these, but a very novel and pretty one represented an old man, seated at a table, reading by candle-light. There are many flowers that can be appropriately used as patterns, a spray of dogwood blossoms, for instance. Ribbon bows are used at the corners of the case.

A pretty little thing to strike matches on is made of ribbon about three inches wide and seven long. It is fringed out at the bottom about an inch and hung from the top with a narrow ribbon of the same shade. On the bottom of the wide ribbon just above the fringe is a piece of sandpaper about one and a half inches wide and as long as the ribbon is wide. A similar piece one-half inch wide is glued on at the top; between these pieces of sandpaper on the ribbon in gold are the words, "I mind not your scratches if you keep me in matches," in quaint lettering.

A pretty square table cover is made of olive felt, just the size of the table and pinked around the edges. Number nine

olive ribbon was sewed on the cloth about two inches from each corner; this ribbon was brought down and tied in a loose bow on each corner of the table. About three or four yards of ribbon will be required.

If you wish a piece of the new white and gold furniture, now so stylish, buy a Shaker rocker, and apply two coats of white paint, then, after it is thoroughly dry, two coats of varnish; add fancy cushions to back and seat, or add ribbon bows. The gold paints enable you to put on the rings of gilt on the frame.

FASHION ITEMS.

For traveling dresses designed for long journeys by rail or steamer, homespun, chevot, serges and rough-finished fabrics are preferred. They may be made up with a pleated lower skirt, and a long drapery nearly covering it, and a plain basque or pleated Norfolk jacket. Waistcoats and jackets are liked for these dresses, as they look less plain than the severe basque. The waistcoat is often a full blouse of surah or silk, made long enough to fall over and conceal the band which confines it to the waist. The same idea is pretty for street dresses, and one can vary her costume by having one blouse waist of silk the color of her dress and another of cream or other contrasting color.

Percalé collars, chemisettes and cuffs are worn again with wash dresses, as also white pique and Marseilles vests and chemisettes; these are especially pretty with the sateen dresses so much worn. This may be called "the sateen season"—fully one-third of the dresses one sees in our streets on a pleasant afternoon are of this material, made in every conceivable style and of all degrees of "fit."

For boating parties, young girls wear straight skirts of blue flannel, with perhaps a few tucks, and blouse waists which can be braided with white if desired; the sleeves are loose and full, with wristbands, and there is a sailor collar. Around the neck is carelessly knotted a large silk handkerchief of navy blue, cream or red silk; and the hat is a navy blue sailor with a band of white ribbon.

White bonnets for wear with white dresses are of white chip or fancy straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with large clusters of fine flowers, though scarlet poppies, roses, and yellow daffodils are all favorites. A large upright bow of ribbon is added on one side, or the flowers are veiled in puffs of white brussels net, which also forms the ties.

Hats which are very becoming to some faces have narrow rolled brims coming over the forehead, and covered with loose folds of velvet. The remainder of the hat is covered with black lace laid in pleats from the crown down to the sides. The joining of the lace in the middle of the crown is concealed under a bow of ribbon, and the front is trimmed with a few flowers and upright loops of ribbon.

A young lady who likes novelty and is not afraid to "lead the style," may wear a basque cut very short and pointed in front, with a twisted belt or series of folds to define and yet conceal the union of skirt and waist. Such a bodice should have full

loose folds sewed in with the shoulder seams and narrowing to a point in front. A lace cascade or jabot down the front is a dressy addition. The skirt of such a dress may have one deep flounce entirely around the skirt, and a panel of six flounces on the right side. The drapery is disposed in deep straight folds sloped and folded back on each side of the panel in an irregular cascade. If of wool goods the edges of this drapery may be heavily buttonholed in silk of a darker tint. This style is very becoming to slight, short figures, as the long straight folds apparently increase the height.

Ginghams, which may be bought for 16 to 25 cents, and which, though not as fine as the 40 cent goods, still wear and wash quite as well, are made up with plain unlined waists to be worn with wide belts, and have surplice folds in front. The skirt has long very full drapery pleated under the belt at the back, and an apron with sides shirred on cords for convenience in ironing. These dresses look very neat and trim, and though not quite as fashionable as sateen, are serviceable. The woman who can do up her own wash dresses can dress very nicely indeed on a limited sum, for all cotton goods are marvelously cheap. But she needs one wool dress for outdoor wear on damp days and rainy ones, when a cotton dress gets limp and stringy. But the individual who has to pay for having such dresses "done up" will do well not to yield to temptation when she inspects the dainty cambrics, lawns, batistes and white goods on the merchants' counters, for by the time she has paid her washwoman 75 cents for a manipulation of it which "runs" the colors, and sends it home stiff as a board, she is fain to conclude there's "no money" in wash dresses for her.

Useful Recipes.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.—Put one pint of milk into a pail set in a kettle of hot water, or use a double boiler. Beat two eggs, a small half cup of flour, one cup sugar, and when the milk is boiling hot add to the mixture. Boil about fifteen minutes, stirring often. Take from the stove; add one quart of cream, another cup of sugar, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Stir well, and set away to cool; then freeze.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—Beat two eggs very light, and add two cups of sugar. Heat one pint of milk to the boiling point and pour over the eggs and sugar slowly, beating it at the same time. Rub five tablespoonfuls of chocolate into sufficient milk to dissolve and add to the mixture. Beat it thoroughly and set the dish back upon the stove or in the double boiler to cook till it thickens. Then cool it and add a little vanilla flavoring. When the custard is cold beat in one quart of cream and freeze.

FREEZING.—To freeze a cream, adjust the parts of the freezer properly, pour the mixture into the can and give the handle a turn or two to see that it works right, before packing. The ice may be broken small by placing in a canvas bag and pounding with a wooden mallet. There should be three times as much ice as salt. Do not pour off the water which forms in the freezing process unless it is likely to overflow into the can. Half an hour will be sufficient to freeze it.