

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 21, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ROLL-CALL.

Let us shoulder all those burdens,
Lying all along our way;
And anticipate the duties
That await us every day.
Let's be strong to meet the harvest,
That has come to us again;
With its ceaseless round of labor,
With its host of hungry men.

When the little silver time piece,
Chimes the magic hour of four;
When the East is flushed with rose-tints,
We would like just one nap more.
We must rise and light the fire,
And the breakfast table set,
Skim the milk, and feed the chickens,
Mix the bread and breakfast get.

Though the baby's screaming murder—
Equilibrium we keep;
For we have four extra farm hands,
Husband has a chance to sleep;
So we tip-toe round in silence,
And we hush-a-baby-bye,
Till the darling's off to dreamland
And we heave a thankful sigh.

Then we mould the bread and biscuit,
There are cherry pies to make,
Finger cookies and some crullers,
And a loaf of jelly cake;
And there's beef to stew for dinner,
There are peas to pick and shell,
For those clock hands never falter,
At eleven ring the bell.

But as if an evil genius
My bad temper would provoke,
The wind of course has shifted,
And the kitchen stove will smoke;
And the small boy drives the tedder,
And the next in size the rake,
But we should not note their absence;
If the oven would only bake.

But at last we rise triumphant,
As we see the fire burn;
And far off across the meadows
We faintly forms discern.
And at last the dinner's ready,
Each man's hunger is appeased;
And we feel while washing dishes,
"Time's felloek" we have seized.

We must not forget the agent,
Who each year makes this his route;
He has a stylish turn-out,
Greeley hat and well blacked boot.
Sometimes it is a binder
Quite as often 'tis a plow,
And he will talk for three straight hours
On the why, which, wherefore, how.

Then we fire up the cook stove
And the flat irons we heat;
Then press out the shirts and napkins,
Likewise tablecloth and sheet;
And again we note the clock-hands
Point that mystic hour of four;
Then proceed to fill the kettle,
And prepare a meal once more.

And again we wash the dishes,
Set them on the shelf away;
And we vote without dissension
There was never such a day;

We have passed it by forever,
It, at last, has reached an end,
Rest to weary ones is coming,
Day and night in twilight blend.

Then the cricket in the corner
Chirps his cheerful little strain;
And the robin in the tree-top,
Sings his one "cheer up" refrain:
And like silent benediction,
Peace and quiet settle round,
And we think, just for a moment,
Heaven upon the earth was found.

Oh! the picture of the country,
Painted soft in colors bright,
And our city cousins—really,
Are just crazy for a sight;
But to grasp the situation,
To understand a country life,
Don't ask the summer boarder,
Interview the farmer's wife,
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGALINE.

BELLE ISLE.

Detroiters are beginning to speak of their beautiful wave-washed park as "the Island," as if there were but one island in the world and Detroit had it. And indeed, this city is the only one, so far as my knowledge goes, which possesses an island park so large, so beautiful, so convenient of access. Originally Hog Island, then christened in champagne "Belle Isle"—"beautiful island"—by a gallant gentleman in honor of a lovely lady of fifty years ago, with so courtly a grace that every lady present at the baptism may have fancied herself the belle thus complimented, it was something less than ten years ago purchased by the city for a public park, and has since been cleared and embellished with much labor and at many thousands of dollars' expense. It has been a bone of contention in the council, and roundly "cussed" by the economical taxpayer; the work done upon it has been criticised, condemned and approved, almost in the same breath, by those censors of public expenditures—the newspapers. But the work has progressed steadfastly, till of late all unite to praise and rejoice in its beauty, and thousands visit it every week to enjoy its refreshing shade and cool breezes.

Though I have lived in Detroit eight years, it was not until this summer that I set foot upon its soil, though I have ridden for hours at a time upon the steamers which convey passengers to and fro. You can spend the day, and if please you, riding back and forth, for the modest sum of ten cents; it takes an hour to make the round trip, and unless the day is too tropical and the boats uncomfortably crowded, it is a very delightful way of spending an after-

noon. The tales I heard at my first residence here of the business habits of Belle Isle mosquitoes and rattlesnakes made me willing to view its charms at a respectful distance. But, once introduced to those charms, I want to spend all my leisure there.

The old open dock, which was a mere platform on which one sweltered in sunshine or dissolved in a shower, has been replaced by a large, commodious covered wharf on the American side of the island. At the left is the boat-house, where in my thirst for statistics I counted 138 rowboats, either rocking gently on the ripples of the canal or stored under cover. One of these can be rented for twenty-five cents an hour, and an additional dime secures an oil-cloth covered pancake table by courtesy a cushion. A broad graveled avenue, with branching foot walks and drive-ways, leads from the dock to the Casino, a substantial building with broad verandas entirely surrounding it, from whose summit flutters the stars and stripes, extending the ægis of their protection over the wine and bottled beer which may be obtained inside "for a consideration."

A canal crosses the lower end of the island, which is spanned by a number of rustic bridges, made of wood with the bark on it, which add not a little to the picturesqueness of the view. The canal winds about among the trees, terminating in an artificial lake studded with little green islands, some of which were glowing with beds of scarlet geraniums. A carriage way separates the river and this "hand-made" lake, which loses by its juxtaposition with the larger body of water. The canal is generally filled with boats gliding to and fro, and it is quite the fashion for young ladies and misses to take a turn at the oars. There are no rocks or ravines on the island; the landscape gardener has had little to work upon beyond forest and greensward, and this cincture of still water, now flowing darkly through dim shadows, now basking in the sunshine, with its bridges and its boats, is quite an addition to island beauties.

Separating the curving driveway and footwalks leading from the dock is a row of maples which when they attain sufficient size will make a beautiful shade for the avenue; the line of trees is bordered by a trimly kept edging of turf and between its green confines flowers are thickly planted. Many of the isolated trees have beds of pansies or petunias around their trunks, and though thousands of people pass to and fro, no one seems to ever gather a blossom, and only where turf is newly laid is the warning, "Keep off the grass." There are

"O WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?"

Surely not on a farm at this season. HOUSEHOLD letters for a few weeks have not been among the possibilities, and all on account of my "tower." My three weeks of summer vacation from the farm were spent in Kent and Muskegon Counties, in cities, villages and country homes, and a very pleasant time it was. Remembering the saying that "Short visits make long friends," I only tarried so little time with our numerous "cousins and our aunts," that neither the party of the first or of the second part were wearied, but I have set apart an immense picture gallery "in my mind," and it is crowded with beautiful views, my mental camera producing them at will, and they will not fade for many a day or ever disappear entirely.

That day's drive winding through the second growth timber that crowded close up to the wheel track, gathering green bouquets of sweet fern and running vine and great armfuls of fragrant hemlock boughs, the light emerald tips on the dark background of old branches making each little twig a thing of beauty; then up long sand hills that had two tracks, the one for the ascent being planked; past acres and acres of vineyards, small fruits and vegetables for the Chicago and Muskegon markets; around the high bluffs where the old forest trees leaned obliquely over our heads, the natural bluff rising sheer from the water, but a road was built of timbers and slabs and we could go on and on; across Mona Lake on a sort of pontoon bridge nearly a half mile long, rising and falling with the tide, the water coming up between the planks at every step of the horses' feet, and for some distance the bridge sank to a foot or more below the surface; then leaving our vehicle and walking "Indian file" up and down, in and out, until we stood on the wreck-strewn shore of Lake Michigan where the white-capped waves were rushing landward, and we were children again throwing our boats out to sea, each swell bringing them nearer and the undertow invariably sucking them down so that, although they came almost within arms length, we could never quite grasp them again; then in the inlet going out hand in hand with cautious steps on a piece of narrow timber that settled to the wetting of feet, all to see and poke with our parasols those great sturgeon that were vainly trying to get out of their prison cribs, oh! it was all enjoyable.

Then all the beauty and bustle of Muskegon and Grand Rapids, for although the latter stands second to Detroit it in no way resembles it. Sometimes in driving we looked up, up, to where the buildings were far above the street, and other streets were built up as far above the original level, hills that only the cable cars could climb, and short streets that were only a flight of stairs and no drive-way at all. The broad, shallow river is spanned by many bridges and furnishes power for the immense furniture factories that make that city famous all over the world. At Cedar Springs we enjoyed more of the home life, the Children's Day exercises, lectures and sociables being always appreciated.

It is good for any one to leave their own

cares and crosses for a time and go out into other homes, for they will surely find that there are many kinds and degrees of trouble. Though we visited the widow and the fatherless, feeling that their bereavement could not be measured, yet when we went out from one beautiful city home knowing of the life of absolute fear and danger because the husband and father, after eighteen years of domestic felicity, had become a raving maniac, his one overwhelming passion being to murder the wife whom he had so fondly cherished, and having now been for ten years an "incurable." Knowing so much as we learned there of the horror of it all, the feeling that it was a grief so heavy that the lives of wife and children were blighted by it, with no hope of release, then it was that we realized, as never before, that there is trouble worse than death. Taking that view of it, it is something to be thankful for when we can close the eyes of our own loved ones after their peaceful death and know that they are at rest safe from such sufferings as those wildly insane brains must endure.

This is not just such a letter as I meant to write, for I intended to tell the HOUSEHOLD sisters of some of the home made fancy work that I learned about, but that must now wait until another from

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

ONE WOMAN'S VIEWS OF WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Woman in politics will be as woman is in all things else, fickle, false and fierce. She will leave home with a ballot in her hand, which before reaching the poll will be changed more times than there are candidates. In conventions, in the holding of office, she will prove false to friend and country. Wherever she meets opposition she will be fierce and unreasonable. There will be wrangling and wire-pulling in ways that never entered into the heart of man. In debate you will hear not arguments but sharp, personal, bitter, slanderous retort.

Give woman unlimited power and you make of her a tyrant. In her judgments she would be guided every time by her sympathies rather than the merits of the case. She would seek to control our morals, our religion, our consciences, by legislation. The foregoing does not refer to the "As votes my dear John so vote I" woman. That class do but little good and but little harm. Neither does the foregoing refer to the perfect, noble type of womanhood which is occasionally found, but to that class which will and do assume leadership in order that self may be elevated. Nor is this merely prophecy, for such woman has been in the past, and such woman will be in the future. "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been."

At the Woman's Convention did not the utterances of Mrs. Stanton, one of the strongest and best of the women suffragists, prove how fierce and vindictive woman can be?

The Female Suffragist Society at Washington passed resolutions calling upon all women to withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal church if their pastor supported the General Conference in regard to non-

admittance of women delegates. Seeking to control our religion, is it not?

The noble women of the W. C. T. U., who have bravely fought the liquor traffic with some success and many failures, now assert that its suppression can come only through the prohibition party, that the only salvation for our country is to put its trust in this prohibition party, and yet the W. C. T. U. say to that party, "Unless you put a suffrage plank in your platform, we will no longer support you." With them the right to vote outweighs "for God and home and native land."

Some prominent woman—I can not recall her name nor her exact language—but it expressed this idea, that woman should and would cast her vote for the best man, irrespective of party. Exactly like a woman! How is one to know which is the best unless personally acquainted with each candidate in the field? One can not rely upon the press, for the press exalts or defames according as it is for or against the victim (I should say candidate). Vote for the man rather than the party; for the man rather than measure! The man represents the principles of the party, not the party the principles of the man. You will not find a strong protectionist at the head of a free trade party, and if he were he would not act otherwise than as free traders dictated.

What would be the result of woman in politics? It would be to increase what is called the floating vote, and that would prove a curse to the country. There would be lack of stability and an uncertainty that would greatly injure business. It would be "Give me this, give me that, or I will join hands with the anarchist; I will support the other party," voting one year with one party, the next with another, whose avowed principles are as different as good and evil. Any one can see what the result would be.

Talk about civil service reform! if woman were in politics she would be decidedly opposed to it, she would be civil in nothing. In fact woman in politics will be a complete failure, and the results extremely disastrous.

JANNETTE.

Useful Recipes.

ENGLISH CHEESE CAKES.—Four ounces of butter beaten with a wooden spoon in a warm pan until it is creamed; four ounces of powdered sugar; beat well, then add the yolk of one egg, beat, and add one whole egg; beat again and stir in four ounces of clean currants. Line patty pans with rich puff paste, fill half full, dust with sugar and bake in a good oven.

LEMON CRACKERS.—Prepare the lemon by grating the yellow rind of two good-sized ones. One pound sugar; one half pound butter; one and a fourth pounds flour. Mix, and set in a cool place or on ice for two hours; then cut into squares or circles. Dust the crackers with granulated sugar, or brush with white of egg.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Five quarts tomatoes; six quarts of apples; stew, separately, mix well, then add six pounds of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of ground cloves and three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon. Let boil up and put into jars and seal.

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some large beds of foliage plants and the ubiquitous scarlet geranium, and several in designs pricked out in alternantheras. Certain old stumps have been utilized as supports for rustic bark-covered boxes, filled with flowers and vines which seem growing out of the stumps. In front of the Casino is a very unique bed; bark covered slabs set upright form the centre, which is perhaps five feet high, in this a tropical looking palm is set and vines trail over the edge; around this is another, lower circle, also defined with slabs and filled with plants, and then a wider circle slightly raised, and sweet with flowers. Rustic seats, made of boughs of trees still clothed with the native bark, are scattered thickly in shady spots and wherever a pretty view may be obtained. The magnificent forest trees, some of which must have been saplings when Cadillac sailed up the broad Detroit, have been spared wherever possible and have aided not a little in making the park beautiful; we had not to wait for the trees to grow. There is a tool-house, made in the guise of a rustic cottage, which I have decided shall be the model for my humble cot when my Spanish galleons enable me to own a summer home. I cannot describe it, further than that it is made of slabs and boughs of trees with the bark on, and is altogether too pretty to store wheelbarrows and spades in. I never saw so pretty and tasteful a cottage—one so in harmony with my idea of summer life in the woods—at any summer resort. There is a base-ball "diamond," and a parade ground; a police-station for the warning of evil doers; a deer park where are kept a dozen or so of these timid animals, which seem to have lost all fear and readily approach to take from your hand your contributions of fresh clover or fruit. A pair of eagles seem very uncomfortable in confinement, and viciously pull and jerk at the dry sticks which form their nest; and several species of owls wink and blink at the curious behind the wire netting which baffles their attempts to escape. Snake stories are now regarded as fictions of a disordered imagination. Mosquitoes? Well I should say yes. But I have seen them just as numerous when I lived at home on the farm. Sitting at twilight in a spot commanding a view of rippling waters and rainbow-tinted clouds, we listened to his gentle song, a cloud of fish-flies, gauzy-winged, innocuous creatures, settled upon us as lightly as thistle-down, a wandering firefly let his pale lamp in the grass at our feet, but when a big pinch-bug came tumbling along in its awkward, ungainly fashion, Fidus Achates, who had been distractly fighting these various insect callers, jumped up in a great hurry, exclaiming, "Great heavens, the mosquitoes are getting bigger and bigger. Let's go home!"

A dozen of us made a little picnic party here on the Fourth, by way of expressing our approbation of the good work done by the signers of the famous Declaration one hundred and twelve years ago. There were thousands of people on the island, the Casino was overflowing, the canal crowded with boats, everybody was perspiring and good-natured. There were family parties, from the grandmother to the babe in arms,

and the lone man who was celebrating on his own responsibility; there was the young man with his best girl, who wanted her as Achilles wanted Briseus, all to himself, and was vainly seeking a spot where he thought he could enjoy a *tete a tete*, and there was the youth who had ventured to incur the financial responsibilities of two girls and divided his attentions as impartially as the peanuts he bought; there was the giddy young thing of forty who was so afraid of snakes, and the restless woman who was always sure a location a little further on would be more shady, and insisted on picking up the picnic paraphernalia and moving onward. There was the industrious workman whose holidays were rare, with wife and little ones, and the dude endeavoring to swallow his cane. Yet among all these, of differing rank and station in life, meeting on a common plane of democratic equality, I heard not one quarrelsome word, no loud talking, no disturbance, no lawlessness, everybody was peaceful and well-behaved. Even the street arabs were quiet; and the squirrels came down from the tree tops and whisked about in search of a free lunch, and were not molested beyond an occasional "Hi there!"

Some one has called public parks "the breathing places of cities." And to the little children who grow up in tenements, and the workmen whose days are spent amid the deafening noise of machinery, the quiet, the shade, the green turf, the ripple of song from the bird in the tree-top, must seem to a soul capable of being lifted above sordid cares, glimpses of the "peace which passeth all understanding."

BEATRIX.

ON THE HILLS.

Not the ancient seven of classic story, but the grand old "Pompey Hill," which has purer air and water, and is nearer heaven than any other inhabited spot in this State. It is noted for its beautiful scenery, its cool breezes whose wings are never scorched by sultry suns, its long, snow-drifting winters; and celebrated for its distinguished sons to be found in every part of the Union; in the senate and legislative halls, in the judiciary of the nation, in the armies of the Union, in the professions, and in all useful pursuits. Those born and educated in this town have linked themselves with the growth and welfare of the nation, and at the great reunion held here sixteen years ago, the children of Pompey came from the Atlantic and the Pacific coast, from the north and the far south of our country. Looking out over its fair fields, emerald slopes, and fertile valleys, I do not wonder the sons and daughters of old Pompey exclaim with all their hearts,

"Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills."

It is really not my fault that I was not born on this celebrated Hill, but as the birthplace and early home of my mother and her ancestors, it is full of interest to me. The old homestead where the family settled at the beginning of the century is still occupied by one of the descendants, a bachelor uncle past middle life whose eye is

as keen and heart as merry as any youth's.

I feel the past arise; scene after scene seems to pass before the mind in the slow-moving kaleidoscope of time, and one catches something of the delicate adjustment, the fine relation of events each to the other, and their wide-reaching influence upon the generations which have come down from the "Fathers." There arises the early struggle of the pioneers upon this, one of the frontier stations of civilization, when the forests covered the land as with a pall. The first settlers placed their homes upon the hilltops where they could get light and air and look out over the great ocean of waving green. Here they felled the trees and cultivated with painful toil the slender crops. Amid all their toil and privation they founded the old academy which has been of national consequence. It stands here to-day, time-worn and weather-beaten, yet every crack and crevice crowded with memories of the past.

Wandering about the old homestead, I see again the old house peopled by those who have gone "into the silent lands;" there are faces at the lonely windows, and the departed enter through the open door. I see the shadows fall across the sunny floor, the shining myrtle creeps around the yard, and the roses blossom just as they used to do fifty years ago. I can see "the mother" as a child. There are no white hairs above her brow, her cheek is round and fair. The great hope and wonder of childhood fill her being. The mystery of life thrills the soul, and the loneliness of death unfolds its story to the child heart. Even here by this window, she used to sit and "weep and wonder." Ah well! it is for us that life teaches the low, sweet communion of sorrow. It touches us with a blessing springing out of the eternal calm. Nature stamps her fairest features clearest upon our hearts. Life gathers into deepest remembrance the most beautiful influences, and from the seeming shadows about us fashions some tender reality to soothe our pain.

I have seen for the first time the row of white stones bearing the family name in the cemetery. What a beautiful country this quiet city overlooks! They who fell asleep here made the wilderness blossom, they struggled with privation, trial and storm, until their rugged hearts grew weary and they were laid on this lovely eminence facing the lighted east, where the sun daily climbs over the embosomed hills and kisses the waving grass above their dust. Here one feels in the presence of peace and holiness, the peace of life immortal, and the holiness of God!

How many graves bear this one name I know! Perhaps these lives have touched me nearer in influence, yet I feel as I look at the other stones, "They all belong to me." There is nothing at all "our own." As the great overshadowing sky, the sunny landscape, and the soft sweeping air are the heritage of all, so is that we call death and sorrow the heritage of all. We are bound by the mighty relationship of life, united by the infinite links of love. We cannot step outside this unity, and the heart-throb of one human life touches and vibrates the chord of universal sympathy. Even while

our hands cling to the frail dust, and our tears fall fast upon the earth billowy with our dead, life woos us with the promise of the future. The luminous presence within shows us all we have hoped for, all we have loved, even more that we have dreamed, eternal in the future!

POMPEY HILL, N. Y.

S. M. G.

HOME ADORNMENTS.

[Paper read by Mrs. N. H. Bangs, of Paw Paw, at the joint meeting of the West Michigan and State Horticultural Societies.]

Home is one of the dearest words to the American people, and by an instinct divinely implanted and carefully nurtured by all English-speaking people, we cluster around it high and holy thoughts. When all else fails us, we turn with assurance to the trinity of "Mother, Home and Heaven." With many, the idea of the three is so interwoven, interlaced, and bound about with the bands of close association, that they are inseparable. These ideas are safeguards, protecting us as armor in our struggle with the world.

The French, in the poverty of their language, have no word with which to translate our "home." They have mansions, houses, and palaces, but no home. To a close observer, or the careful student, this furnishes a key to much in the character of the volatile Frenchman, for surely our homes have much to do with the formation of those qualities that make or mar human lives. Our welfare as a nation depends largely upon our homes. The tendency of the times is toward massing all forces, and in this mad rush and push for a grand aggregate we lose sight of the individual power or unit, in which the most of us are more intimately interested and responsible.

Great minds are turning back and looking to the homes of the common people for the preservation of this nation, seeking for its perpetuation in the home education; and what shall we do but make them worthy such hope and trust, clustering around them all that is pure and of good repute.

Not often is a great climax reached at one bound, but it is usually the culmination of many minor efforts, each factor doing its own complemental work.

Again, it seems instinctive to adorn our persons, our homes, and whatever we hold dear; nor is this confined to civilized races, nor even to the human. The feathered tribes dress their gay plumage and parade in the sunlight; the sombre-robed birds have compensation for their lack of bright feathers, and by their song call our attention and claim our admiration. Even the modest violet lifts her head as high as she can and sends forth her fragrance to attract our notice, then refuses to be distilled, proving the love of embellishment universal.

I find in most homes decoration is left entirely to the women and children, more from habit and custom than for any other reason; but, unaided, woman only imperfectly accomplishes even this work—but when there is unity of purpose you will find the result satisfactory.

Do not plant all trees for the money there is in them. There are things afloat in this

world of ours that dollars and cents will not buy. A small lawn well kept is more ornamental than a large one where vegetation runs riot, trees and shrubbery untrimmed, the whole lumbered up with farming implements of styles old, middle-aged, and new. This plan is expensive, and though very common I would not recommend it. Tidiness out of doors, no less than indoors, has a peculiar charm for all. It gives an air of thrift, shows up the owner's ability in more lights than one. There is not thought enough given to this matter. Give it a careful consideration and you will find more in it than you are willing to trust entirely to the weaker portion of your household. Think that your surroundings not only aid in the education of your children, but you stamp upon them your own character. Make them fair to look upon, not forgetting that everything has its influence.

The good minister who was troubled because his sons, one after another, left the home nest for the sea, seeking a solution of the problem, asked his youngest son, who replied: "Father, we have lived under the inspiration of this picture of the pounding, foaming ocean bearing a sailing vessel."

Gather around you the works of the best authors. Do not clutter up your table with a superfluity of books. A great deal has been said in the last decade about a dearth of reading matter in our homes, until now people are rushing with characteristic impetuosity to the other extreme and they read too much, and mental indigestion is the result. Assimilation is not carried on and the last estate is nearly as bad as the first.

I heard a woman not long since, rather boastfully declare that about twenty papers and periodicals found their way weekly into her home and were read, too. Her mind did not grow in proportion to the amount of food consumed. None can, when gorged to that extent. A little reading every day, and a greater exercise of thought, of brain power, would produce a finer effect in the way of adornment. Cheap pictures? Yes, I would use them, sparingly, if the state of one's finances would not allow of a greater expenditure. I would prefer a steel engraving to a chromo, such as are given with every twenty-five cents' worth of laundry soap. Bits of coloring can be given with a bouquet of cut flowers, or with two or three potted plants. With easy chairs made from old barrels, and tables from drygoods boxes, I have but little sympathy. The real outlay exceeds the satisfaction in the result, and experience usually proves that a good article could have been purchased at the store for but little if any more money.

Again, adorn your homes with good manners. I must own to a great lack in this particular in our American homes, and to this in great measure we may trace the dissatisfaction with life in the country, and the many sneers "countryfolk" receive are largely due to this cause. There is no reason why gentility and politeness should not reign in a country home as well as in any part of the world. Politeness, defined as dignified complaisance and kindness, not snobbishness, should be cultivated and

made to ornament every home; and it will become an element of strength as well.

The ideal home should be the home in the country. Nowhere else can so much of beauty and brightness, so many of the good things of life, and so few of its ills, be brought together as there, if to our home life we give the best there is in us.

A SUNDAY SERMON.

Sam Jones, the much talked of revivalist, preached in Windsor on Sunday, July 1st, and all Windsor and part of Detroit flocked to hear him. His peculiar method of impressing religious truth upon an audience has been so often mentioned in the papers that we are not astonished at his utterances, which often savor of irreverence, and are so slangy and uncouth that they would not be for one moment tolerated from any one but Sam Jones. The valiant Jones, who does not disdain to, as he says, "fight the devil with his own arsenal," is not prepossessing in appearance. He is tall and lank and awkward; his gestures are uncouth, his long arms are constantly in motion and remind one of the arms of a windmill in a high wind; he wipes his brow, strokes his moustache with both hands, and draws down his thin sharp nose between thumb and forefinger almost constantly.

The first part of his discourse in the afternoon was not unlike that of any other preacher. Perhaps he saw his audience was surprised and disappointed, and questioning Whence this man's fame? for at the last he branched out in a fashion peculiarly Sam Jones-ish. Some things he said were so coarse as to be disgusting to persons of any refinement whatever; these I shall not repeat—they were not worth it. Some savored of irreverence, and some sustained his reputation for originality. One thing he said was: "Yes, you sit back and sing 'Jesus paid it all,' 'Jesus paid it all,' just as if you had nothing to do about it. I tell you Jesus didn't pay it all; He calls on you to plank down all you've got, and if 'taint enough He'll raise the rest of it." Speaking of narrow-minded and illiberal persons he said: "Such persons have souls so small I could cram them all into my vest pocket and never know there was anything there except when I was feeling for my toothpick." And again: "Their souls are so small you could pack 'em into a sardine box, put a one cent stamp on it and send it straight through to hell without any more postage." (It will be observed Mr. Jones does not use the revised edition of the Scriptures.) He quoted that passage which says "Even the devils believe and tremble," and told his hearers they believed but did not know enough to get scared; he quoted again, "Believe and be baptized;" and said according to that all that was wanted was a puddle of water somewhere and turn the devils in and you'd have a lot of Christians slashing around. He caused a peculiar sensation among his audience when he said, after meditatively scanning the sea of faces before him: "I don't think I was ever before tangled up with such a crowd of ugly men as I see here to-day." Some of those present evidently resented the personal reference,

but were calmed when he continued: "Thank God it is no crime to be ugly. When God wants a good woman he makes her as symmetrical as an angel, but when he wants a good man He makes him ugly as a mud fence. I never saw a pretty man who was worth killing." This *amende honorable* was evidently relished by some of those present, who by rights ought to have given the preacher a quarter for his "taffy."

"My wife's husband," by which title Mr. Jones is fond of referring to himself, does not believe in the Scripture doctrine of giving in secret, letting not "the right hand know what the left doeth." His laudations of his own liberal giving made some of his hearers a trifle tired. This is how he "makes money out of the Lord:" "I bought a suit of clothes for a drunkard out in Texas, to give him a start. A few days afterward a man made me a present of a new suit. The suit I got was worth \$75; the one I bought for the drunkard was \$30; I made \$45 on that deal." He excused the length of his discourse by the remark: "Don't get tired, I'm watching the clock. I don't often get a lick at you and I want to make the most of the opportunity."

Mr. Jones delivered some hot shot on the prohibition question. "You can't pray whiskey out of the country; you've got to vote it out. What are you whining round God for, asking Him to put it out, when God don't vote, nor the angels don't vote?" "A preacher too pious to make prohibition speeches ought to have his wings budded so he'd have no use for street cars. Men who are nothing but ministers of the gospel are small potatoes. God wants ninety-nine per cent man and one per cent preacher."

Mr. Jones has a plan of levying contributions which is quite unique. The purpose of his visit to Windsor was to help the church raise the debt of \$500 on the organ. Over half the sum was donated at the morning service, and Sam struck the afternoon audience for \$280, which, with the former donations, would wipe out the \$500 debt and leave the church a balance of \$100. He informed the audience there was to be "no sneaking," and ordered the main entrance doors to be locked. This not being done promptly he said: "Lock these doors, all of them; I mean business!" Then he informed us the only means of exit would be the narrow door back of the pulpit, to reach which every person must pass by the extended plate designed to hold the lucre. He was "going to shake hands with every member of the congregation before they went out," he said, and so he did—those who contributed. And the donations were liberal, for the plate was emptied again and again before the crowd in the church, packed as closely as possible, got past the "stand and deliver" point.

I confess that, so far as I am concerned, a little Sam Jones goes a good ways. I don't want any more of that style of preaching. He was constantly urging his hearers to "do as Jesus did," but I could not help thinking it might be as well to talk as Jesus did instead of using so much slang, such outre expressions, and trying so hard to be funny and make people laugh. There are classes of people to whom what I have heard called his "homely originality of style"

might appeal with force; he might address an audience of coal miners or dock whollopers with effect, but to the ordinary church-goer his methods savor too much of irreverence for things they have been accustomed to regard with veneration.

BEATRIX.

THE FRONT HAIR.

The *American Cultivator* gives some useful information to the girls with bangs in a late issue, which we reproduce for the benefit of our Michigan girls:

One of the most trying things to the average woman during the summer is the arrangement of the front hair. It is in this season of the year that the fortunate possessor of the straight bang enjoys unruffled serenity, for no matter how warm the day, there is no danger of the hair coming out of curl, while her less fortunate sisters are in an agony of dread lest the perspiration shall straighten their curls. It is a pity that the straight bang is not more becoming to the majority of faces, it is so easily cared for and kept in place, but aside from children and very young girls this arrangement of the front hair is not recommended. To be sure, occasionally will be met women who have retained their youthful faces, even though their hair is gray, and with such people the bang does not look out of place, but, on the contrary, is most becoming. As these kinds of faces are very rare, and few women care to make frights of themselves, even for the sake of comfort, the curled front is the most used, owing to its suitability to all faces.

There is a great deal in cutting the front hair at first, and if this can be done by an experienced person, it will sit much better and give less trouble in doing up, as few people can cut the hair the same length on both sides. If it is cut right at first and trimmed occasionally it will be much easier to care for. When this is done at home cut thick enough for two rows of curls. Comb down that intended for the first row and cut the length required, cutting a little shorter at the sides than the centre. Now, comb down the top row and cut the same, with the exception that it must be a little shorter than the bottom. The length at first will depend upon whether the forehead is high or low, as the latter should have a shorter bang than the former to look well.

When doing up the front hair it is a good plan to roll the upper row of curls toward the back and the lower row toward the front, and when brushed or combed out the bang will have a pretty, fluffy appearance that it will not possess if both are rolled the one way. There are many kinds of crimpers and curlers in the market, but the kind we like best is a tiny black wooden roller with a loop of elastic at one end. It makes a loose puff that is very soft and fluffy when brushed in place. The objection to this roller is that with the heat it is apt to grow sticky, but this can be overcome by covering it with thin paper. Some use tissue for this purpose, but common writing paper is good, cut to fit the roller and fastened with mucilage. Before doing up the front hair always brush it thoroughly. Cold tea is said to be excellent to keep the hair in curl, many women using this in preference to any other preparation. Wet the hair with

the tea before doing up, roll up and let remain till morning. When let out it will be very soft and easily handled. Another very good preparation is to get an ounce of quince seeds, put in a quart of water and let simmer for twenty minutes, then strain, bottle, add a little scent, and it is ready for use. This preparation is said to keep the hair in curl in the warmest weather. The white of an egg is also good for this purpose. A thin solution of isinglass is liked by some to keep the hair in curl. Any of the above recipes are good if used correctly.

A FAIR LANDSCAPE.

I will not speak on politics, nor infringe on "woman's rights," but will talk of something pleasing to the eye. On the east end of our farm there is one of the most extensive and beautiful landscape views in the county of Allegan. Standing on one foot of ground and casting your eyes around, you can see a large part of three different counties, Allegan, Kalamazoo and Barry, six different townships, and by moving a little two more, making eight—Gun Plains, Otsego, Martin, Wayland, Cooper, Alamo, Orangeville and Prairieville. In the early morning with the sun behind you, to look down on the villages of Plainwell and Otsego, the one three, the other six miles distant, is a very interesting sight; on a clear day the pines in Wayland, some twelve miles distant, are very plain. In winter and summer alike, to me there is always something grand to look on the works of nature, and when I am on that hill I often think I am not shut out entirely from the world.

If I were the housekeeper I would always have a first and second class dishcloth, and they would each hang on their own peg.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

Useful Recipes.

SPICED CHERRIES.—Nine pounds of fruit; four pounds of sugar; one pint of vinegar; one ounce cinnamon; one-half ounce cloves. Boil the syrup, tying the spices in a bag; cook the fruit till the skins break; then dip out and boil the syrup till it is thick, and pour over the fruit.

GRAPE JELLY, SPICED.—Take half ripe grapes, crush, cook and strain. Take equal quantities of juice and sugar; to each quart add one-half teaspoonful of cloves and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Boil twenty minutes, and turn into jelly glasses.

PLAIN SHERBET.—Make a rich lemonade with twice the quantity of sugar ordinarily used. Pour a spoonful of boiling water over a little of the thin yellow rind, and when it is cool add to the lemonade. Strain into the freezer. It will take a little longer to freeze than ordinary cream.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES.—Eight pounds of fruit, four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of stick cinnamon and two ounces of whole cloves. Tie the spices in a muslin bag, boil sugar, vinegar and spice and skim; put in part of the fruit and cook till it can be easily pricked with a fork, take out and put in the rest. When cooked, boil the syrup down to one-half the original quantity and pour over the peaches. This recipe is as good for plums, pears or sweet apples as for peaches, and has been satisfactorily tested by many housekeepers.