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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BABY GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!
What will the mother do,
With never a call to button or pin,
Or tie a little shoe!
How can she keep herself busy all day
With the little "hinderer" away?
Another basket to fill with lunch,
Another "good-by" to say,
And the mother stands at the door to see
Her baby march away;
And turns with a sigh that is half relief,
And half a something akin to grief.
She thinks of a possible future morn,
When the children one by one,
Will go from their home out into the world,
To battle with life alone,
And not even the baby be left to cheer
The desolate home of that future year.
She picks up garments here and there,
Thrown down in careless haste;
And tries to think how it would seem
If nothing were displaced.
If the house were always as still as this.
How could she bear the loneliness?

—New York Graphic.

THE FASHIONS.

The newest style for ladies' costumes, as reported from New York, is the Directoire redingote, which hangs straight on the sides and back, and slopes away to show the front of the skirt. But this is an extreme which has not as yet found favor with the general aggregate of femininity, who prefer the draperies and folds of less severe models. And rightly, too, for only slender, youthful figures, correct in proportion, look well in these Directoire garments; the fat girl, the girl with large hips and square shoulders, the women who have ceased to observe their birthdays, should choose more becoming fashions, even if not quite so "new."

The foundation skirts are from two and a third to two and a half yards wide, have two or three steels, as demanded by the height, and are simply faced around the bottom, without pleatings. Bustles are still worn, but the steels and bustles are so arranged as to give a graceful sloping line from the waist to the foot of the skirt instead of the abrupt, shelf-like projection at the waist which was worn so long and so huge. The idea is to obtain a slender, narrow effect; to do this the back draperies are very full and compressed in narrow space, and the front drawn far back high up on the sides. All the draping of the back is done in heavy folds from the belt, there are no tackings or loopings to the skirt.

Braiding is revived as ornamentation, and is often applied to panel, cuffs, vest

and collar in goods of a different color from the dress. Sometimes the braiding is put on the dress material as a border to a velvet or wool panel, and vest. Still another way is to set strips of braiding on a color, as mahogany or copper colored cashmere, between the perpendicular pleats of the front of a dress skirt. There are sets in passementerie of satin cords, with or without jet or iridescent beads, consisting of panel, revers, and cuffs, from \$8 to \$16 and above. A pretty and showy black dress has a panel and vest of white cloth braided in black.

The postilion basque now often has its characteristic pleats in the back omitted, and the lower edge prettily curved and edged with a narrow row of cord passementerie which extends down each front and around the basque. Even when skirts are severely simple the waists are very much trimmed. A pretty striped dress has vest of velvet of the color of the darker stripe, and a jacket in front with a rolling collar cut bias of the stripe which nearly meets with the front at the waist line, below which the jacket slopes back to disclose the vest. This vest, though of plain velvet in the model, would be pretty—especially for a slender figure, in surah, made loose and full. A very dressy waist has a velvet vest with double rows of buttons, and revers of astrachan edged with a heavy silk cord. The vest is cut pointed and a couple of inches shorter than the basque, the revers narrow to the points which thus are made to extend beyond the vest. I hope I have made this plain, for the style was one I thought very pretty. The skirt had a border of astrachan around the front drapery, which on the left side was brought around well to the back, curving up so that it was sewed to the belt about in the centre of the back.

Broadcloth, Henrietta, drap d'alma, and French cords, in the order named, are the favorite fabrics for wool dresses, which it is needless to remark, are every bit as fashionable as silk. Broadcloth is the most expensive, worth \$1.75 and \$2 for the better qualities, but is 54 inches wide and less quantity is required. Some houses are showing a line at \$1.25, of lighter weight, to meet the objection against great weight, but it seems more like a ladies' cloth with broadcloth finish than the genuine cloth. These dresses are made very plainly, not much draping, no pleatings, with ornamentation of braid on the corsage, or a velvet vest and collar. Henriettas range from 75 cents to \$1.25 and \$1.50 according to fineness; an excellent quality can be bought for \$1 and \$1.25, and the more expensive goods

which has silk warp is said not to wear as well as the all wool grades. For 75 cents and \$1, and up to \$1.50 you buy beautiful drap d'alma in black or colors, a diagonal weave which wears well; the French cords which were 75 cents last winter are \$1 and \$1.25 this season, because last year Henrietta "had the run" and the cords were neglected; they resemble what we called Empress cloth twenty years ago, except that they are reversible, the wrong side having a twill somewhat like Henrietta.

There are lighter weight goods, in narrower widths, at lower prices, which make quite pretty dresses, but are really less economical in the wearing than heavier and wider goods. They cost as much in linings, trimmings and making, and you have to buy more yards because they are narrower, and they wrinkle and look mussed even with careful wear. Plaids are used again, principally in combination with plain goods; see HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 8th for directions for making up. These plaids are very much broken, and several colors appear with three or four shades or tones of the same color, combining in such a manner as not to be "loud."

NEW BONNETS.

All the milliners are now prepared to show us the latest as well as the sweetest thing in hats and bonnets, and as femininity is always interested in millinery I am going to tell about the lovely new styles I saw at Metcalf's, whose millinery department is now managed by Mrs. Hutchinson, but lately at the head of a large establishment of her own here. Shapes are very varied; almost anything that is becoming and within a certain limit of style, is fashionable. Felt and velvet are popular materials, but there are many novelties which are strikingly handsome. Soft, full crowns are to be worn again, and the rich fullness of ostrich feathers is a favorite garniture. Many of the soft crowns are of felt or broadcloth, beautifully embroidered, while fabrics woven with threads of gold and silver or with the cashmere colors are very showy and elegant. One very pretty hat had a soft crown of folds of green velvet, spreading from the narrow back, a front formed of three rows of satin-faced green velvet ribbon and a garniture of shaded green tips, which formed a high full trimming above the pleating. On each side green plumes came from the back toward the front, and passementerie ornaments in cashmere colors were folded with the velvet crown on each side. Another lovely bonnet had a puffed brim of dark brown velvet, a crown of what seemed a soft

brown felt studded thick with small star-shaped flat beads, which were secured to the felt by invisible stitches; the sides of the bonnet were of the same material laid in folds. The trimming was of very rich wide ribbon, double-faced, a satin centre with inch-wide border of cords; this ribbon passed across the back of the crown and formed a careless knot at one side from which two long loops were arranged to partly cover one side of the crown. A stuffed bird and a loop or two of ribbon formed the front trimming. A very showy, striking bonnet for a quite young lady was a red felt, trimmed with shaded red ribbon, and black cock's feathers arranged on one side. A blue felt with embroidered crown was trimmed with folds of blue velvet and an aigrette of peacocks' feathers, which were clipped to just the eyes. Feather turbans and hats are to be worn again; one very pretty hat was composed almost entirely of impeyan plumage, which covered the brim and the upright part of the crown, which was of folds of velvet; an aigrette of impeyan feathers formed the only trimming. A lovely evening bonnet was composed of ivory white, soft felt embroidered with what seemed a cord of deeper tint, the crown raised high on the left side, the brim of black velvet and a stiff black wing on the left, while a boa of white ostrich plumage was caught up on that side, back of the wing, the long end being left to encircle the throat, forming a beautifully soft, delicate setting for a fresh young face.

Very wide brimmed, rakish looking Al pine hats are to be worn by misses. One of these, in gray felt, faced inside the brim with blue velvet, leaving bare a margin about half an inch wide on the outer edge, was trimmed with folds of grey velvet and white ribbon, while entirely encircling the crown, except where the brim was caught back to it, was a row of tiny downy grey birds ranged closely side by side, looking as if they had been taken from the nest, half fledged, and submitted to the taxidermist. It was voted "horrid" at once.

Ostrich feathers are in full favor again. Most of the wide hats are trimmed very fully with them. Many of the hats seemed to be furnished with ties, which, attached at the back, are brought forward and tied under the chin. We were told bonnets and hats were not to be so "altitudinous" this season, but the diminution in height is very trifling. Trimmings are less narrow and pointed than last season, however, and hence more generally becoming.

In looking at these charming "creations"—and also at the ladies who were trying them on and "taking pains about it, too"—I was forcibly reminded of what the courteous Frenchman whose artistic perceptions of beauty and style, and fitness—which is but another name for style—caused him often to be consulted on the soul-absorbing topic of dress by his lady friends, says:

"Ze madame and ze charming daughter come to me. 'Ah,' they say, 'such taste you haf! You must come with us. We go to buy some bonnets.' Ver-ree good. We go. I zee—ah mon Dieu—such a heavenly creation—white, with touches and flashes of blue. Mademoiselle, she puts it on. Ze blue eyes and pink cheeks are ra-a-diaat,

Ze golden hair poffs up over ze rim. Divine! "Madame zees it and calls out, 'Let me, ah, let me put it on!'

"Zee skin ees yellow and dragged, ze hair ees gray-black, ze eyes are hollow, ze lips blue. Ciel! What a par-rody.

"I shake my head. What would you say, Madame, ange-ry. I point with the little fingare to a beautiful tan crepe near by with a dash of flame on its rim—joost zee thing. Ah, no, ze daughter look ze pr-rettiest. She must haf like zee daughter!

"Such I zee ees the matter with many—zee ladies do not buy with their age. It becomes ze daughter—ze mother must also haf. Zee ladies must learn to buy with ze age."

I have come to think of not a few middle-aged women I see upon our streets and who seem to believe the Florida water of their toilet tables is from Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth, "She did not buy with her age;" and feel sometimes a sympathy with Miss Emerson, who, when she was in her eighty-fourth year, reproved the mother of Henry Thoreau, who called upon her wearing a bonnet with ties of brilliant color and magnificent proportions in these words: "I closed my eyes during your call, Mrs. Thoreau, because I did not wish to look upon the ribbons you are wearing, so unsuitable to a child of God and a person of your years."

BEATRIX.

CROCHETED WORK.

Work infant's booties with Saxony wool, in Afghan stitch, with which all are very likely familiar. They are worked in three pieces, the sole, the upper and the heel, which are joined when finished. Begin the sole with a foundation of seven stitches. Afghan stitch is worked to and fro on a rather long crochet hook, taking up loops in the first or forward part of the row and working them off going back.

Take a loop through each of the six stitches, and before the last, making seven in all; work off the last loop singly, then work off two and two, to the end. Work 24 rows for the sole; in the second and third widen one stitch on both sides, and in the ninth row narrow on both sides. Widen one stitch each in the 12th and 14th rows and narrow one stitch each in the 21st, 23rd and 24th rows. Next work the toe; beginning with 11 stitches work 23 rows. In the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 9th, 12th and 13th rows widen one stitch both sides, and in the last eight rows narrow one stitch both sides. Begin the heel at the lower edge with 45 stitches and work 12 rows without increasing or decreasing. Then follows an open row for a ribbon or cord. Now finish the top with nine rows in a pattern of raised dots, star stitch or any pretty stitch. Edge the top and front edges of the heel part with a row of single crochet in white silk. Overseam the front to the sole, then join on the heel, lapping it over the front on the sides. Then white silk is put on in her-ring-bone pattern.

Another baby's boot is made as follows: Make a chain of nine stitches, turn and work into the first from the hook. Double crochet into every loop and in the middle stitch you must always increase by making

three into one. Crochet into the back part of the loop in the second row so as to make the work run in even ridges. Every row is the same, always increasing in the middle stitch by making three into one. When 10 ridges are done, begin the side by working the first 11 stitches back and forth for 28 rows or 14 ridges. Now fasten this to the front part. Sole: Make a chain of 22 stitches and work in Afghan stitch. Increase at the beginning and end of each row for six rows; three rows without increase, then decrease six rows. Sew the sole to the boot. Take up 40 stitches in white for the leg, first doubling back the three-cornered flap and tacking it down. Do three rounds in double crochet. Fourth round * D. C., two chain, miss one loop, work into the next loop. Repeat from star. Nine more rounds in double crochet. Work a scallop for the edge as follows: One single, one treble, one chain, one treble into the next loop, not missing any loop. Repeat. Now run in ribbon and fasten bow on lapet.

Crocheted Baby's Skirt.—One and one-half ounces; white Berlin wool; medium sized hook. Make a chain of 156 stitches, unite with a treble. First round four trebles then * three all into one loop, five trebles, miss two loops, five trebles. Repeat from star. There ought to be 12 of these scallops, each divided by the hole which the missing of two loops forms. Repeat the above for 12 rounds. Thirteenth round: Miss three loops and do four trebles instead of five; repeat. Fourteenth: Miss two loops and do four trebles; repeat. Fifteenth: Like 14th. Sixteenth: Miss four loops, three trebles; repeat. Seventeenth: Miss two loops, three trebles; repeat. Work two more rounds in same manner. Twentieth round: Treble crochet into every loop. Put on a band or knitted waist.

Pretty fancy stitch for various purposes: Make a chain any length. First and second rows Afghan; third, raise the first, * raise the next, then raise the one underneath, pull the wool through this lower one, then through the next two loops, then one chain. Raise the next stitch as usual. Repeat. Two rows Afghan. Repeat third row. Ladies, try this, and report.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

THE CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has had a marvelous growth in Michigan, numbering now nearly 5,000 members and still increasing. It is one of the most useful organizations of this age, and everywhere cultivates a taste for pure and better literature, exalts learning and promotes a better home and social life. Such an organization is now much required to make us more intelligent, discriminating in the books we read, and to aid in counteracting the hurtful influences of social dissipation. There ought to be a circle in every neighborhood to profitably utilize the long winter evenings most delightfully with readings and circle meetings. Mr. John M. Hall, of Flint, Mich., is superintendent of this department, and will send circulars of information to all who write him.

ABUSES OF LANGUAGE.

[Paper written by Miss Julia Ball and read by Mrs. E. N. Ball at the September meeting of the Webster Farmers' Club.]

From the time when Adam and Eve dwelt in the Garden of Eden up to the present day, language has been to a greater or less extent constantly abused. The first known instance of this abuse was when the serpent so wickedly tempted Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit; for surely, it is an abuse of language to use it for an evil purpose. While on the subject I may be allowed to say, that the opinion prevalent among men that Eve was at fault in the matter is an entirely erroneous one, and unworthy to be entertained. The blame most assuredly belongs to the serpent. This instance may be called the fountain head whence spring the many abuses of language, heard on all sides, and at all times; also the origin of ill manners. For oughtn't Eve to have at least offered the apple to Adam before tasting thereof herself?

How shamefully we hear our language abused by those who use it profanely; as is done by so many men and boys, and some women and girls! It becomes a common, or only manner of talking to some people. It is apparently utterly impossible for such to say a single sentence without one or more oaths in it. And far worse does it scound to accidentally hear one who is a minister of the gospel use such language, as I have known of their doing. If such language is *right*, why do not our ministers use it in their sermons?

The use of slang is another abuse of language, and need I say a very common one? Nor is the use of slang, as is thought by some, confined to that class of society known as the "*small boy*." Nay, we have our æsthetic slang used by the too utterly exquisite youths and maidens of our land—and I am not quite sure that this æsthetic slang is preferable to its more vulgar relative—the slang of the "*small boy*." Surely, unhappy Hamlet would never have exclaimed: "O that this *too too* solid flesh would melt," had he but known how his words were to be aped by these lunatics of the nineteenth century. You can scarcely talk with a person ten minutes in these days, without hearing at least one slang expression, and generally more. But let us stop a moment and see what slang is and where the expressions originate.

Slang, according to Webster, is vile, low, or ribald language; the cant of sharpers or of the vulgar. It was formerly used only by the vulgar; but at the present time it is used by nearly all, whether educated or not. I even heard a learned professor in a farewell address to the graduating class and school, when after making an important remark, which he wished to be remembered, say, "And don't you forget it." What is there about the preceding remark that causes it to be a slang phrase? It is correct grammatically and otherwise. It is slang simply because people have made it so. Many phrases which are to-day considered slang are no more slang than the above; only by custom. But others which are correct forms of language, have no such meaning as is applied to them, except when used as slang. Others are vulgar both in sound

and meaning; for instance, if a person likes a thing very much, instead of saying so in common language, some would say, "I like that just as hard," or something similar.

I have seen persons who seemed to pride themselves on the great number of slang phrases they could use in common conversation; not among the uneducated simply, but among the educated as well. Their conversation sounds about like the following paragraph from J. G. Holland on Slang, only on different subjects. Holland says: "If a young man should 'kind o' shine up to you,' and you should 'cotton to him,' and he should hear you say, 'My goodness,' or 'I vow,' or 'Go it, Betsey, I'll hold your bonnet,' or 'give him particular fits,' etc., he would pretty certainly 'evaporate.'"

Another abuse of language, the last which I will mention, is puns. A pun is the name given to a play upon words. The wit lies in the equivocal sense of some particular expression, by means of which an incongruous, and therefore ludicrous idea is unexpectedly shot into the sentence. For example, a Massachusetts lady complaining to a friend that her husband (whose business had taken him to the far West) constantly sent her letters filled with expressions of endearment but no money, was told, by way of comfort, that he was giving her a proof of his *unremitting* affection.

A noted punster was once asked with reference to Carlyle's writings, "if he did not like to expatiate in such a field." "No," was the felicitous rejoinder, "I can't get over the *style* (stile)."

Now a pun is in itself a very innocent thing, and it may be asked, wherein lies the abuse. But if we stop a moment to think, perhaps we shall see. A pun repeated is apt to be stale and unprofitable; and it is very seldom indeed that an originally good pun escapes repetition. Even this would not be so great an evil if the repetition were made by some one gifted in that direction; but many persons seem to have a special gift in spolling a good pun in trying to repeat it. Perhaps then we may modify our first statement, and say that another and a very objectionable abuse of language is the repeated pun. Let it be abolished by all means. The reform of these abuses must begin somewhere, and why not here?

ABOUT THE STOVES.

My Argand base-burner stood in a corner of the stairway all summer, and when it came time to put it up this fall it sadly needed a polishing. To reach a place where a man could do the work to his ease and satisfaction the stove would have to be carried down the narrow back stairs to the back porch, and brought back again set up. That would mean two men to lift, and a dollar and a half of my hard earned greenbacks to pay for their muscle. Somehow while I was pondering the matter the refrain of an old nursery ditty I used to tell the children kept ringing in my ears: "'I'll do it myself,' said the Little Red Hen." The more I thought about it the more I thought I *would* do it myself. And I did. I polished off that stove in fine shape, so that it did credit to the Rising Sun polish I applied. I did not want the

dust in the room, so I left the stove where it was, spread papers around and under it, put on a big apron and an old pair of kid gloves, and went at it. And I did not get a drop of the blacking on the floor nor on the walls, though the stove was in the corner within six inches of the wall on two sides. Patience and carefulness did it, better than a "horrid man" would, but I was glad enough to have one of the latter put it in place, which was done with an easy exertion of strength I coveted.

I have blackened a stove before, and knew how, but will confess I never performed the task so quickly and easily as this time, although the iron was of course cold. I think the secret was the fact that I wet the polish only enough to make it like *very* thick cream—Jersey cream, rubbed over a considerable portion at once, let the moisture evaporate, then applied "elbow grease friction," producing a "shine" speedily. I had heretofore made the polish thinner, and been obliged to work the polisher more vigorously.

The mica was cleaned as bright as new with a little dilute ammonia; and the nickel brightened with whiting mixed with kerosene—I believe alcohol would be just as good and not so disagreeable—applied with a cloth and rubbed off and polished with a dry one.

By accident the ornamental urn on top of the stove was broken late last spring; the stove looked as if it had lost its head. I thought then we would have a new square Art Garland this fall, but "Old Hutch's" corner on wheat does not affect our business, therefore there seemed to be no "margin" for the purchase. By applying to a hardware merchant who handles the Argand stoves I learned the broken piece could be replaced by ordering from the eastern works where the stoves are manufactured, and at an expense of two dollars my stove is as good as new again. This I consider worth knowing, as many good heaters are annually discarded because of some accident, or because some portion is burned out. The second hand dealers buy them for a song, order the castings required, and fit them up and sell them at a hundred per cent profit. It is necessary, in ordering repairs, to give the name and number of the stove, and also the year in which it was made; and I see no reason why any one living in the country could not order repairs direct from the manufacturers if their local dealer did not deal in that particular make.

I consider a good base-burner the best friend one can have during our long winters. The heat is much more even than can be obtained from wood fires, and maintained at any desired temperature with much less trouble and litter. And what comfort to come back, after an afternoon or evening's absence, to a nice warm house and a fire that only needs a shake and a damper turned to brighten up and give out its genial warmth. I have kept a fire for three days in an unused room, with the expenditure of one scuttle-ful of coal, by simply raking out the ashes in front enough to create a little draft.

If you are hesitating about discarding a wood stove and buying a base-burner, and will take my advice, you cannot do so too quickly.

DETROIT.

L. C.

SCRAPS.

THE essay on Hospitality, in the HOUSEHOLD of Sept. 22nd, touches a topic of considerable interest to the social world. The entertainment of guests nowadays is felt to be a privilege, to be extended by the person who entertains, rather than claimed by strangers or casual acquaintances as a right. In the more simple days of pioneer living, to be the friend of our friend was the passport to the best the house afforded. The "wayside inns" were far apart, and conversation with those who brought news from the old home was an equivalent for entertainment. But in these days our friend's friends go to a hotel; we do not practice the hospitality of Abraham upon the plains of Mimre, nor would our nineteenth century guests be satisfied with such simple, pastoral fare; they expect a dinner of three courses and two kinds of pie. Hospitality, in the strict import of the word, means the entertainment of strangers without recompense; but what is this, in effect, but turning the home into a sort of free hotel, where the departing stranger gets off cheaply by saying: "Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged for your hospitality, and if you ever come up our way, come and see us." But it costs time and money and trouble to entertain, and are we not justified therefore in electing upon whom we will bestow these gifts? Is it a duty to invite the tree agent, the implement man, the man who wants to buy a farm (but never does), to dine and lodge with us, when to do so puts an added care upon wife and mother, whose time and hands are already fully occupied? These men are abroad on their personal business, business in which they expect to make money, why should the farmer lessen their hotel bills by increasing in ever so slight a measure, his wife's tasks? What earthly right have people who travel for their own pleasure or business, to expect their casual acquaintances to entertain them gratuitously? Hospitality is a very delightful virtue—especially to the recipient. But the gentle Elia says that one of the homes which is no home is "the house of the man who is infested with many visitors." It is not of noble-hearted friends he complains, but of "the purposeless visitors who take your good time and give you their bad time in exchange." Is it not these purposeless visitors, who visit to suit their convenience rather than our pleasure, whose friendship is a matter of utility, who claim most of what passes as hospitality? "We have not sat down to a meal alone in ten weeks. * * * The summer has gone; we have all worked hard and have nothing to show for it; it seems as if we had done nothing but wait upon company." This extract from a private letter received to-day, tells its own story. It is the story of many other country homes during hot weather, when the hospitable hostess toils in the kitchen to get up company dinners, making the most of her resources, half ashamed of the feeling of relief which enters her heart as she "speeds the parting guest," and yearning to be alone once more with her "own folks." Society is necessary to human well-being; the hermit and the person who cannot bear to be alone alike lead imperfect lives, yet is one less alone if

surrounded by those with whom they have no common interest? Hamerton says the solitude which is really injurious is the severance from all who are capable of understanding us. And it is none the less true that so-called society or company which merely fritters away our time and gives us nothing in exchange, is quite as injurious. Is not, then, hospitality a virtue to be sparingly and judiciously exercised, in justice to our families, our finances, and ourselves?

WHAT is wrong about a church social? Why should not the members of a church and congregation gather and eat a social supper together—and pay half as much for it as they would have to hand "mine host" for a poorer one? There is music, recitations perhaps, but the feature of the evening is the supper. Possibly the exchequer of the church would be as perceptibly increased were each to donate in money the value of the provisions contributed, but a great many people are so constituted that it is easier for them to boil a ham for a church festival than put a dollar in the contribution box. They get as a bonus for their gift not only the complacency of donors but a certain mild excitement, the pleasurable exhilaration of mingling in a crowd. Jannette's argument is that the mission of the church is to save souls, not raise money by going into the entertainment business. But if salvation is free, it costs money to deliver the message, and if people will not give freely the cash must be coaxed out of their reluctant pocket-books; at least that is evidently the view taken by many clergymen who countenance these entertainments. A church in an interior town was carpeted by the exertions of a club of young ladies, who gave little entertainments, as novel and "taking" as they could plan, and patiently kept on until they had raised the sum necessary—and it seemed no inconsiderable amount to them. And they were so happy that they could do something "for the church," and so proud when their self-imposed task was accomplished and the carpet laid, that their exertions caused quite a little stir, and others helped in other ways toward beautifying the church. And those young people took a far greater interest in their church and its prosperity ever afterward than if they had simply given the proportion of the sum raised, outright—a gift which would have been beyond the financial power of at least three-fourths of the number composing the club. They gave of their time, their ingenuity, their talent, things not having a money value, but which yet brought money into the treasury.

I have heard more than one say that it made no difference to them whether they knew a face in the church of their choice or not; they went to worship, and they could feel that all around them were fellow Christians with whom they were in spiritual harmony. But there are others—and I think a majority—to whom the actual personal friendships and what we call the social relations of the church, are very grateful, and in fact, essential to what they would call "the home feeling" toward the church corporate. To such, the acquaintances and friendships consummated through

the church social and its variations are a help and benefit.

JUDGING from the comments which have reached me, I am compelled to believe the "spoiled baby" is not so rare as I had hoped. I agree with Jannette in her belief that to reform this sadly ill-treated child he must be removed from the care of his weak and indulgent parents, and placed in charge of some firm, judicious, yet loving guardian, whose patience must needs be almost divine. But he is "dear as the apple of her eye" to the mother, and his father's "darling boy," and neither would consent to relinquish the rights of parents, even for the welfare of their child. But the lesson of their mistake may, I trust, waken some too indulgent woman to the realization of the work she is doing in the training of her children, before it is too late. Even little children can be taught to obey, and that is life's first and latest lesson; they can be taught that disobedience brings pain and regret, and that is life's A B C, repeated times without number from the cradle to the grave. BEATRIX.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will M. E. H. kindly give us a brief history of her Literary Society? As we are nursing a society of that kind, now in its infancy, any information that will promote a strong and healthy growth, one calculated to survive after its founders are no more, will be gratefully received.

When a person is lost in the woods, why do they always travel in a circle?

In a late issue of the FARMER, in a letter from A. C. G. (headed Little Things) he says he often makes the poultry department pay the farm taxes. Well, well! A. C. G. must sell at an enormous profit or else his farm taxes must be remarkably low. I am afraid he raises poultry for profit on paper. Will he tell us how the thing is done?

When married ladies are doing business on their own account which is the most appropriate way of signing their names, for instance, Mrs. John Jones, Mrs. M. A. Jones, or plain Mary Ann Jones. I for one prefer to sign myself just plain

PLAINWELL.

BESS.

MRS. E. C. B., of Ann Arbor, says that five cents worth (each) of resin and castor oil boiled together will make enough "stick-tight fly paper" to last a season.

Contributed Recipes.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—For four gallons of cucumbers take one cup salt, six quarts of water (or enough to cover). Scald three mornings; pour over boiling hot, throw away, make a new brine and repeat three mornings; wash well and drain. Take equal parts of vinegar and water, and a teaspoonful of pulverized alum. Scald two mornings and pour over boiling hot. Then take three or four gallons, or enough to cover, of the best cider vinegar, one pound sugar, one ounce white mustard seed, one ounce cloves, two green peppers, a handful of horseradish chopped fine, boil five minutes, pour over hot. To make them green boil everything but the last in a copper boiler, but I only boiled the alum solution in it, and find them plenty green enough for health. Instead of using the spices and peppers as directed, I use the mixed spice, which is prepared on purpose for pickling and contains nearly all kinds of spices and peppers. I think I like it better. I think these pickles much nicer than those salted down, and they will keep two or three years, and perhaps longer. MRS. E. C. B.

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