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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PATIENCE WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defects discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—*Christian Advocate.*

A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forever old, and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

DAFFODILLY'S EXPERIENCES.

There are so many wonderfully helpful letters in the HOUSEHOLD that I hesitate to hobble in late in the day with my poor jumble, yet I want to still be one of the circle. I'd like, too, to have my "picture took" the next time A. L. L. is getting up photographs.

When the HOUSEHOLD came today, I was sitting in my room with a sort of rheumatic ache in my shoulders and half a notion to go to bed, but the perusal of its pages inspired me to write. When my husband gave me a bright new writing machine for a Christmas present, I vowed to freight down the mails with letters and the first should be for these columns. At that time my mind was crowded with

fancies and incidents which might in season have counted for something, but they are now all gone—chased off by facts of common living. Like Thomas Gradgrind, "I am a man (or woman) of realities. Of Facts and Calculations I am inclined to feel that all we want in this life is Facts. Stick to Facts, sir." Monday morning at seven o'clock sharp, these facts open up on me. Sally comes to do the washing. I try to have the muddy Mississippi water settled in advance. This "settling" is accomplished by diluting alum in it, which same curdles in boiling and spots in bluing, so that the clothes look perfectly beautiful when landed on the line—a streak of amber and a stripe of blue. By burning about \$1 worth of coal, working hard all day myself and paying Sally \$1.25, I get the washing and part of the ironing done on Monday. After Sally is loaded with all the cold victuals on hand and any old clothes we happen to have, she removes the shadow of her dusky face for another week.

Tuesday is the Ladies' Sewing Society, held in the church parlors. When I am more bilious than common and consequently more pious, I attend this meeting. We each contribute to the luncheon and a nickel for coffee. Sometimes there are as many as fifty ladies present. The sewing consists of aprons, dusting caps, fancy articles, and quilts, an obsolete nuisance still cherished by a few old fogies, and comforters. The latter are made to fill orders. The other articles are usually bought by the members of the Society at a rate twice as high as they could be purchased and made for at home. So far as I am able to learn there is no profit in the affair unless it be in a social way, or in the maddening, brain-destroying atmosphere of the rooms. There are always a few people in a company who abhor fresh air. I have never been an enthusiast about these enterprises, but as I belong to the meeting-house it seems a duty to go occasionally.

Wednesday some baking must be done and prayer meeting in the evening. Thursday and Friday are variegated with sweeping, scrubbing, sewing, receiving calls, or a trip down town to the stores, which are now so gally tempting with all kinds of goods one can hardly get home with a cent in her purse.

Saturday, more baking and cooking and cleaning. We prepare as nearly as possible everything for Sunday dinner, so that when we get home from church an hour will answer for the preparation of the meal

and the dishwashing. There are four of us; three girls and a man. We girls all get through work and are off to Sunday school at 9:30. By the time my class of boys has assembled I am tolerably composed and have about forgotten how I rushed up stairs and down and declared in a passion that some of us would have to give up going to Sunday school, and of course it would be me, etc., etc. The hour's talk with the boys, and we talk about everything, as I do not try to make more than one or two practical applications of the lesson, refreshes me, and we all agree, with a hand shake, to be there on time next Sunday.

Boys are so funny. Last Sunday one boy went out for a drink after the lesson. He reported on his return that there was a boy in the vestibule who would not come in because it was late. He had also inquired if a certain girl were in the room, and being told that she sat near my class, he said if he should see that girl he would faint. I sent Ferd out to "fetch" him and risk the faint. He came along, a pale, tidily dressed youth of about thirteen, who evidently thinks more about marriage than keeping his teeth clean. On his neck-tie he worn an immense red glass bug which looked as if it might nab his chin at any instant. He giggled and cast sheep's eyes at the girls until school closed. I could not keep from wondering if our Savior in his human experience passed through this phase of boyhood. This case is not hopeless, for three of the class were in the same condition when I took charge of them three months ago, and they are now interesting and interested. I do love a nice, smart boy.

Since writing the above, which was cut short by what I do not remember, I have added nursing measles to my experiences. One is not expected to finish letters or be very imaginative while shut up in a dark room anointing with hot lard a measly patient incessantly calling for water. I had some charming theories about cold water and fresh air treatment for measles, but when the bright eyes were pained by the light, the fever-scorched body chilled by the gentlest breath of cool air and the throat almost closed, I gladly turned back to the old fashioned remedies, darkness, hot drinks and grease. Blessed be some things of the past, especially a sure cure for the measles, which in many points are hardly less loathsome than smallpox.

With good wishes and much love for the HOUSEHOLD. DAFFODILLY.
St. Louis, Mo.

AN ANSWER TO EL SEE.

I am astonished at the position El See takes at this critical crisis of our national life. She says she wonders where Mrs. Bidwell gets her information. It is really astonishing how people will wonder, and never exert themselves to do anything but wonder. I would advise her to cease wondering and go to reading; search the statistics of our government. She has a right to know these things. She says it is a waste of words to say our asylums are filled with inebriates. It is a statement I never made. I did not say there is now or ever was an inebriate in our asylums. But I do believe there are many poor unfortunate fellow-beings with their reason dethroned through intemperance. Our highest medical authorities pronounce it a brain destroyer. I believe there are children born with their minds impaired, caused by intemperate parents, with only a matter of time between them and the asylum. Does not El See consider there is any other traffic but that in liquor that is licensed by law, that is wrong, that is debasing and wicked? There are many unholy institutions that are destructive to both mind and body which are lawful. How can she come before the noble women of this nineteenth century and claim that we are *not* sinking lower every day! Will she give me a record, even from the dark ages of the world, when there was practiced such shameful abuse of innocence, unmolested by the law? She says if it be true we are sinking lower we are at fault. I say we are, and will be, until woman herself raises her standard higher, until she is willing to be counted something higher than a doll, pet, slave, booby, drudge, and be looked upon as a necessary evil, until she allows her mind to expand to a greater capacity than the chickadee. I do not consider wealth or luxury as advancement in civilization without purity. She says are not our criminals largely men who are studying to get something for nothing? I will agree with her, "that there is a vast amount of studying to get something for nothing," with a grand success. How a lady can look upon intemperance with any degree of allowance I cannot imagine.

El See is possibly the wife of a millionaire, or it may be she was fortunate enough to have a few bushels of wheat to sell when the famous Hutchinson wheat deal sent up the price. But I say "Blessed be the few among the thousands." How many day laborers were there, especially in our large cities, who could not buy a bushel at such prices? Does she know that our people are getting immensely rich or intensely poor? Is she willing that the millionaire, holding his interest bearing bonds, use money from the government treasury free, and loan it to us at such a sinking rate of interest? How many farms can be counted in a whole county that are not mortgaged, bearing such heavy interest that the owners can never redeem them?

El See says the insinuation that all women who are satisfied with our existing jaws are bad, is really the unkindest cut of

all, and she for one resents it. I never made such a statement, or even insinuated such an idea, neither do I believe it. It is untrue in every sense of the word. I do not think she means to make a false statement; I think she is "still wondering." Again, she cannot see how a true wife can assert that the mother is the child's best friend. I claim that a true mother *is* the child's best friend, it is in nature. We may love our husbands devotedly, yet it is not with a love like the mother-love. We may love our husbands better than our children love us, but not better than we love our children. How many divorces do we see recorded between husband and wife, and how few are the records of the alienation of a mother's love for her child! I hold the marriage relation sacred, and I honor El See for the same belief, but because we are wives we should not silence our ambition; we have but just commenced life in earnest. There is a greater work for us to do.

M. B.

LIBERTY MILLS.

THE APHIS ON HOUSE PLANTS.

An old customer asks how to destroy the aphides on her *Solanum Jasminoides*, and asks an answer in the HOUSEHOLD, as she saves them all for future reference. As the *Solanum* is so badly "loaded down" it would be well to burn it and so save other and more valuable plants, or as "a sickly sheep infects the flock" it may send forth an army that will quietly and rapidly multiply, and leech-like suck the life-juices from every tender portion of the plants they attack. There are many remedies recommended for the destruction of aphis, many of which would do the work well no doubt, but as surely destroy the plants also. Pyrethrum is always safe and as sure as tobacco, and far more pleasant to use. If plants are kept well sprayed and the air not too warm or close, and moistened by steam, they will be little troubled with insects of any kind. *Solanums* are given to breeding insects, and as there are so many other and more satisfactory plants and climbers that are free from insects as a rule, I would never recommend them as house plants. Weedy plants with rough foliage are fine harbors for aphis.

It is a very good plan to ascertain the habits and origin of plants that are new to us before investing in them; or in seeds or bulbs of tender tropical plants, frequently unadapted to our climate, or at least not acclimated as yet. Let the introducers test them faithfully, and then candidly and without flourish or exaggeration place them before the public with full descriptions of their qualities and origin, and in colors that will wash paint their attractions; and let us also know their requirements in cultivation. This last is usually treated lightly, as they all grow so readily, and many die readily, too. Not that new things are not to be desired, but be not hasty in choosing highly rated and highly priced plants in preference to the grand old flowers in their improved forms, given them by scientific flower-loving workers. Although I delight in the old-fashioned flowers, I

cordially welcome them in their fringed and fluffy draperies, their multiplied and commingled coloring; though often so enlarged and improved we fail to recognize them as our old familiar friends at first glance. But all really worthy accessions to our floral treasures are highly prized.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

TREATMENT OF THE CACTUS.

As I keep a number of cactus plants myself I will venture to answer A. B. C.'s conundrum. I think if she will withhold water from them through the winter, and keep in a cool place, then after about four months of such treatment water freely with warm water, she will soon see buds for bloom. From her description I think I have a plant of the same variety, and it gives me abundance of bloom. Have kept it in an old pail for three years, and it will do well for three more by adding a little manure occasionally. We have a plant in half of a large paint keg, put there nine years ago, and only a very small portion of the earth has ever been changed, as the roots completely fill the tub. We add the manure in summer while the tub is in the yard. The main trunk measures twenty-two inches, and is over five feet high. We also have another in a crock holding about a pailful, on a stand supported by three broom handles, the branches droop to the floor; this blossoms twice a year, fall and spring, and has not had the soil changed for eight years. It is not so much the quantity of earth as in treatment.

As I am a reader of the HOUSEHOLD and FARMER, and have received a great many helps from both, I am glad to be able to aid others a little.

MRS. J. D.

FANCY FIXINGS.

I have just seen a novel way for using the double fringed and shaped cards that are accumulating and lying around in every house now-a-days. This was a large branch from a tree, think it was a maple, but anything having a profusion of small twigs would do. Carefully bronze it over and fasten high up in the corner of the room, or, if very high walls it can be suspended over a center table and when the cards are hung about on the branches it makes the airiest kind of an air-castle and a pretty ornament. Another way is to use the fringed cards for mats. A scarlet bordered one holds an amberina vase, another a small easel, and still another a fancy shell or piece of fungus work.

A five-year-old niece made a hairpin ball for a present; that is something that the little folks can do. It is about five inches in diameter, made of odds and ends of zephyr in all colors, two circles of pasteboard being cut with a large hole in the center which she could draw the yarn through. A yard of narrow blue ribbon was fastened in when the tying was done, to hang it by, and of course her mamma did the clipping, but it was a pretty and useful way to busy the little fingers and very acceptable to

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS
OF OUR STATE.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. O. Ladd, of Old Mission, at a meeting of Mapleton Grange, Feb. 9th., 1889.]

Thinking it may interest some of our number I have gathered a few facts regarding the above subject. At the head, as a matter of course, stands the State University at Ann Arbor. It was established during the years intervening between 1837 and 1841. You will see therefore that it is the oldest institution in the State; as old in fact as the State itself, as Michigan became a State in 1837. The University has a permanent endowment fund, received from the sales of lands set apart for that purpose by the State government, amounting to about \$543,000. In addition to the interest on the endowment fund, it receives one-twentieth of a mill tax on all taxable property of the State, and its other sources of revenue are an annual appropriation from the State and the fees of students. The total amount received for its support in an average year is at least \$200,000. Its general management is under the control of a Board of Regents. The immediate management is in the hands of the President of the University and an able corps of instructors. In this school are taught the higher branches of mathematics, English literature, the languages, and actual practice in the professions of law and of medicine. It is noted for the thoroughness of its work in bestowing a liberal and practical education upon all who enter its halls as earnest students. It has a fine museum and art gallery. Among the most interesting objects in the museum is the Chinese collection, presented to the University when President Angell was American minister to China. This collection comprises specimens of every kind of Chinese handicraft, which you all know is very extensive, including wax figures or plaster casts representing all stations of life in China, from the grand mogul down to the small boy playing in the street, each attired in its appropriate costume. There is also an extensive library, the building containing it being entirely fire-proof. The walls are of solid masonry, the supporting beams and doors of iron, and the floors of glass.

Next in order is the State Normal School, established in 1851-52 at Ypsilanti. It is under the control of the State Board of Education. This important school is for the purpose of training the students in the theory and art of teaching, and in all the branches taught in the public schools of the State. Like the University, it has an endowment fund from the sale of lands, an annual appropriation, and students are required to pay a small tuition fee.

Next in order and importance is the Agricultural College, located three miles east of Lansing. It was established in 1855 for the purpose of teaching young men the science of agriculture, and such branches as relate to the calling of the farmer. Michigan was the first State to establish an agricultural school. Students are required to work three hours a day on school days. There are 676 acres in the college farm.

Vacation is during the winter months. This institution has a permanent endowment fund derived from the sale of public lands given by Congress. It has received the proceeds of more than 235,000 acres of land. Up to 1882, more than 104,000 acres had been sold, from which was realized \$339,000. It also receives an annual appropriation from the State. Tuition is free to students from all parts of the world. It is controlled by the State Board of Agriculture, which consists of six members besides the Governor of the State and the President of the college. I would earnestly recommend the institution to all farmers who wish their sons to be well educated either in a general sense, or in the special, practical methods of farming. It is a safe place to send boys who have never been away from home. Its moral influences are among the best, and no young man who ever entered its halls of learning, left without being made better as well as wiser. The labor system enables the student to defray a part of his expenses. It also preserves habits of manual labor and fosters a taste for agricultural pursuits. The daily labor of each one being performed at one time does not occupy him longer than is requisite for preserving health and a robust constitution.

Next are our high schools and academies, which are preparatory schools. Next our public schools—common schools, so-called. From the common schools of the United States great and good men and women have gone forth to meet life's battles and to triumph at last by reason of strength of manhood and womanhood implanted in their hearts and minds in youth by faithful teachers.

Last but by no means least is the Grange. It is a school where all may learn, learn to do business well, learn to put their thoughts into language; and above all learn to "be honest, be just and fear not, with malice toward none and charity for all."

SOME EXCEPTIONS TAKEN.

I'm wondering how large a family A. H. J. has, when she says the washing will not be much larger if each one has a separate towel. As for our family we use a roller towel, and if I hang up a clean towel every day and twice on Sunday, I won't have as many as I would if we each used a separate one. We don't keep boarding-house, and have no hired help, but we are "all to home" and I can image what a washing we would have if such a plan were followed. If you live in town and hire your washing done it might do; but you would need a larger house than we have to do it. Just imagine a room which already has hooks for hats, coats, etc., and other necessary articles enough to fill it, then add ten or more towel racks and comb cases; I don't think any one would be able to see whether the wall is dirty or clean.

I wonder if we ever catch diseases from washing all the dishes with the same dishcloth? Wouldn't it be better to have a separate dishpan and dishcloth for each person's dishes? Seriously, I do think

people are sometimes careless, or rather thoughtless about a great many things, but I don't think that as a general thing, the towel is the spot where the danger lurks. Of course when a person is sick, no matter what ails them, it isn't best for them to use the family towel, and I think as a general thing you will find they do not.

One lady speaks of a family feeding her canned beef instead of nice sweet pork. Is she sure they had the pork? Many people, city people especially, have the idea that farmers have pork if they don't have anything else—pork anyhow and always—but to my mind that is a false idea. In my own home the pork barrel is a thing I never remember having seen. We sometimes buy a piece of pork for a change, but we never keep it on hand, and I don't think the average farmer keeps it always, in the way they used to in early times. Beef is used more commonly. In this neighborhood beef is used almost altogether in winter, and much is used during the whole year.

I was surprised when I read the "Farmers' Bill of Fare." I had read in some other paper that it was a very elaborate affair and contained many things which farmers, generally, could not readily supply. But when the FARMER came and I read the bill, I thought; Mrs. Sutton is a farmer's wife and knows what she is talking about.

YPSILANTI.

MAY B.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I have been an interested reader of the FARMER and the HOUSEHOLD in both forms for many years, and among the various opinions expressed therein sometimes find those that conflict with my own views. El See's emphatic denial that a mother may be "the best friend we may, or ever can have," is a statement with which I cannot agree. With all due appreciation of the marriage tie, and reverence for the fulfillment of its sacred duties, which afford the light and blessing of our homes, I still hold that none but Omnipotent love can bestow a more true and enduring affection and kindness than a mother for her offspring, and I think few but childless women would hold such opinions. Mother love is without passion or flaw. Mind, I do not underrate the precious love of a true wife, only I do not place it one whit above a mother's love for her child.

I am well assured of the great differences in dispositions and temperaments which have bearing upon one case as well as the other, and in love is the light of the soul; or in the lack of it a benighted life, and one need not, should not, extinguish or conflict with the other.

"I gave my maiden-love, tender and shy;
And yet I was sad—why, oh! why?"

"I gave my wife-love, pure and true;
And yet—and yet I was longing, too!"

"God gave me mother-love, warm and strong,
And my sadness was lost in my lullaby song."
ASHTABULA, O. UNCLE BOTT.

CREAKING doors are a nuisance that even a feather dipped in oil will not always abate. Try a little soap on the hinges, or even a bit of No. 2 lead pencil.

BREAKFAST ON THE FARM.

I wish to say a few words in regard to breakfast on the farm. I have lived on a farm nearly all my days and never yet saw the time, unless help was hired, to prepare a very elaborate breakfast, especially in the summer, even if I was up before the fire was built. I always get everything ready over night as nearly as I can, then in the morning put things to cooking and go down cellar and skim the milk; for this must be done if you don't want to feed the calves yourself, and I do not, for I find enough work in the house, and if not, I would rather take exercise some other way than wading through the wet grass and lifting a pail of milk over the fence to have it bunted out of my hand perhaps. But I have strayed from the original theme. By the time the milk is skimmed the children are generally ready to be dressed, and by the time this is done and the breakfast taken up the men are ready, for their chores are light. While John milks and feeds the hogs the man has the horses up and harnessed. Now it is my experience that the oven will not be hot enough to bake the hot rolls and gems before we are ready to sit down to the table. What we do cook we can cook good and healthy, for no one has more to do with than the farmer's wife if she has a mind to use it. In my opinion warmed-up potatoes are generally cooked in the poorest way of any thing that comes on the table. I have seen women put some water in the spider and a little grease or perhaps butter, slice potatoes in this and then chop and spat and stir until the whole was one sticky, indigestible mass, not fit for a human stomach. I think that that which forms the principle article of food, can not have too much pains taken in preparing it. A nice way to warm potatoes is to chop them in the chopping bowl; it can be done much quicker and better than in the spider, and the salt and pepper well stirred in; have the spider hot, then melt a generous piece of butter, put in the potatoes and pour over them some milk, with as much cream as your conscience will allow, cover tightly, and in five minutes take off the cover, stir lightly and take up in a warm dish and I think no one will say that a warmed potato is not fit to eat.

Why is it that all the eggs must be sold? You will say that they have to buy groceries. Better do without the fried cakes for breakfast and cook eggs; the eggs would not pay for the material you would use in fried cakes. I consider them the most expensive cake there is at the present prices of lard. A good many women will use plenty of butter in their cooking, but think it extravagant to use cream—where is the difference? For my part I prefer cream where it can be used. I know some farmers who sell their hams; it seems such poor economy to sell the best and keep the fat side pork, when that same side pork in the middle of the summer brings more per pound than the hams did. Often the beef man is glad to get it in exchange for beef, and what a pleasant change!

I take the hams, before warm weather and flies come, slice and pack tightly in

jars (do not cook), and cover with melted lard, to be returned each time after taking out a mess. It is so nice for breakfast through haying and harvest, when we eat so early that we have no appetite. Who can do a satisfactory day's work on a poorly cooked breakfast? Some people think anything good enough for the hired man, and the husband can come in and get a piece if he gets hungry, but this does not always work, for men will not do the work well if treated in this way. Take the question home—would you like your son to be treated in this manner if he were some one's hired man?

BATTLE CREEK.

X. Y. Z.

THE INAUGURAL BALL DRESSES.

It seems eminently fitting that Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton, wives of the President and Vice-President of the United States, should have chosen for their costumes for the inaugural ball material made in this country and purely American in every detail. It is faille silk, made up with brocade on a satin ground. Mrs. Harrison chose for the pattern of her dress the leaf of the burr-oak, which is beautiful in outline and endeared by association, as the tree grows abundantly in Indiana. The design was drawn by Miss Williamson, of Indiana, the fabric woven at the Logan silk mills at Auburn, N. Y., the dress designed and made in New York. The goods is said to be exquisite in softness and richness. The panels have a brocade design of burr-oak leaves and acorns, on a ground of gray satin; and the remainder of the costume is composed of gray faille; it is *en traine*, corsage cut V-shaped front and back, and finished to the throat with a closely fitted passementerie of gold and silver beads. A magnificent lace flounce was used to ornament the flowing train. The material for Mrs. Morton's dress was made at the Logan mills also. In color it is a golden cream, with front and corsage of white satin literally covered with embroidery of gold and silver beads. The figure of the brocade is the Scotch thistle. It also was made in New York, and entirely by hand. Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Harrison's daughter, also wore a dress of American design and workmanship, the pattern being the graceful golden-rod, a species peculiar to Indiana being selected. The figure appears on a cream groundwork, and the material is combined with grape-green velvet. All three costumes are described as being very elegant in every detail of workmanship and design.

FANCY WORK.

For a novelty towel rack buy three large polished wooden rings and four yards wide satin ribbon. Tie two rings together side by side, and fasten with a bow. Tie the third ring to the other two, in two places, and fasten with bows in such a way that the third ring will be directly underneath the first two rings. A ribbon is put through each of the upper rings to suspend it by, also fastened with a bow. This makes a pretty Christmas gift. By using gilt rings and cream white ribbon, and pulling one or more fancy towels through each ring,

you have a pretty and very acceptable wedding present.

A very pretty covering for a small bamboo or cane chair that may be somewhat worn, is made of chamois skin. You may decorate it by painting a strip through the centre with gilt and bronze lustra paints, or work tiny stars all over its surface with gold thread. Make a fringe of the chamois by clipping it in narrow strips. Tack this on with brass headed tacks. Quite a pretty cover for a tiny round stand may be made in the same manner. MILL MINNIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE pieces of old merino underwear make excellent cloths to use for cleaning windows, paint, wiping up the carpet, zinc, and for many similar purposes. They serve a better purpose there than in the carpet rags.

WHEN flat-irons become rusty, says an exchange, black them with stove polish and rub well with a dry brush. Well, that may take the rust off, but how about the clothes that are to be smoothed with these polished irons? Make this the subject of experiments, cautiously conducted.

Babyhood says: When the baby stretches and wriggles, and finally, perhaps, cries out, try turning him on his other side, or almost on his back, and see if he does not relapse into another sound nap without further effort on your part. Do not forget to turn the pillow over also sometimes. The one or two-year-old who wakes in the night and sits up in bed, rubbing his little fists into his sleepy eyes, feels, perhaps, hot and uncomfortable. Try turning the pillow. If he is like some children the writer knows of, he will wait for the sound of the turning pillow, and then drop back on it into a renewed sleep. Remember also to keep a child's clothes smooth under him. Drawing down the rumpled night clothes and smoothing the cover has much to do with quieting the restless tossings of the little sleeper.

Contributed Recipes.

GRAHAM PANCAKES.—Two even cups of graham flour, and the same of buttermilk; a heaping teaspoonful salt; two scant level teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a gill of water; if the buttermilk is very thick a little more water may be needed; this will make twelve or fourteen cakes. We have eaten these nearly every morning since early fall, with fresh meat gravy, or butter and syrup as we preferred, and have not grown tired of them. We have always bread or biscuit, but it is never touched. M. E. H.

ALBION.

GRANDMOTHER'S INDIAN BREAD.—In the morning take two quarts sifted Indian meal; scald with boiling water till a little thicker than mush; let stand until cool enough to not scald the yeast. Then add a pint of canaille or white flour, half cup molasses, one tablespoonful salt, one cup good yeast. Stir well. If not soft enough add more warm water; if too soft, more flour. Set to rise in the pan it is mixed in until very light. Then stir down, add one even teaspoonful of soda, stir well. Let it rise again until very light, then bake. An iron basin is best to bake it in. MAPLETON.

MRS. E. O. L.