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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WOMAN'S CAREER.

She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless white
And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light.
She bent with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon blue,
Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due.
I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her eyes,
And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize,
For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days,
To unclasp poor woman's fetters, and free her from man's ways.
Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon,
My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd speculate upon
What my graduate was doing, if athwart the scroll of fame,
Among unskilful workers, had been written high her name.
At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,
While around a dainty garment she sewed the lace with pride,
And at her feet her baby, dimpled, happy, crowing youth,
Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth

BULBS FOR THE HOUSE AND GARDEN.

I always know spring has surely come when the crocus is in bloom in a garden I pass in my daily walks to business. One day there is a crack in the ground and a pale green point projects inquisitively, as if asking if it is safe to come out, and day after the next day there is a cup of cloth of gold courting the coy spring sunshine. Then a pale lavender blossom comes, then a white one, but I like the yellow best of all. Sometimes an untimely snowstorm follows; I have seen them half buried in snow, but they do not mind the chill at all. And so, plant crocus bulbs for your earliest bloom; you can buy them at a cent apiece by the hundred, and planted in clumps or beds there is nothing so cheery and bright in the early months of the year.

Next best for out door planting are the tulips. They are dazzlingly gay and brilliant, and by choosing the late and early varieties may be kept in bloom a long time. For out door planting, the single varieties are quite as desirable as the double. The beds for them should be dug deeply and so arranged that the water will not stand on them; only the finest and most completely rotted manure should be mixed

with the soil, and a little sand worked in if the soil is heavy. Plant four or five inches deep, and six or eight inches apart. The single varieties may be purchased at from 50 to 80 cents a dozen; the scarlet Duc Van Thol are but 50 cents. The Pottebakker tulips have longer petals, and are very lasting. Nearly every dealer in bulbs sends out "collections," good bulbs, but unnamed, which are sold cheap; 50 early tulips, mixed sorts, for \$1.35; 100 for \$2.50; double the same price. The bizarre Parrott tulips have larger blooms, and are very gay and showy; these sell at from 35 to 50 cents per dozen.

A few hyacinths will give a good deal of pleasure and much delicious perfume. They need about the same culture as tulips, and should be planted in October or November, about three inches deep, and covered with a mulch, to be removed early in the spring. They are much more expensive than tulips, the cheapest costing 15 cents each, except in collections made by dealers where a dozen in mixed colors will cost \$1.10.

The old-fashioned daffodils are much sought for now; they are the Narcissus of the florists' catalogues, and there are a number of varieties. The Pheasant's Eye—*Narcissus poeticus*—will grow in anybody's garden; the single sorts are quite showy with their large "trumpets." Bulbs are worth from five to 40 cents each, but once introduce a single specimen and presently you have a family of them.

Lilies may be planted in the spring or fall, as preferred, but are more apt to give bloom the following season if planted in October or November. They should be planted in large clumps, several of a kind together, and if possible against shrubbery or something that will set them off and serve as a background. They should remain undisturbed year after year, and will grow larger and more beautiful every year. Plant the bulbs six or eight inches deep, in well-drained soil, where water will not stand on them, and cover with a mulch of leaves or litter. As for the sorts to plant, the range is very wide. There is the pure white *L. album*, and the magnificent *L. chalcedonicum*, of intense scarlet; the great golden-banded Japan lily—*L. auratum*—with flowers six inches in diameter, and the glowing tropical Tiger lily, single or double, an Oriental beauty in orange-scarlet with velvety black spots. The old fashioned Day lily is worth growing for its delicious odor, the Lemon lily, a clear, beautiful yellow, for its beauty; and the old *L.*

candidum bears comparison with its richer neighbors.

The ground occupied by the bulbs need not be left bare and neglected during the summer. The bulbs may remain undisturbed, and verbenas be set among them. But the verberna is a little "cranky" and does not succeed itself with a good grace, therefore the second season petunias may be sown. Almost any pretty low growing annual will make a most effective bed—the California poppy grown in a mass will make even a dull day seem bright. Just a dozen of bulbs if you cannot afford more, will make a beginning and, once you begin, you'll find you are willing to hoard your pennies to buy more. BEATRIX.

AN OLD FRIEND COMES AGAIN.

I think the greater part of poor humanity is so constituted that we are not usually very slow in letting our fellow mortals know of the pleasures and good fortune which come to us through life, and so I'll tell you, dear HOUSEHOLD readers, that while on a visit in Detroit during the Exposition, I enjoyed a call on our Editress, and a look through the HOUSEHOLD Album. It was a privilege I would have been very sorry indeed to have missed. Mrs. Ed., of Oxbow, said, not long since, if she thought "Our Beatrix" would be glad to see her she would give her a call, but I did not feel that way; I knew I was extremely anxious to see her, and so I called. I also had the pleasure of meeting E. L. Nye, and I'll just whisper to you in confidence, she doesn't look a bit as I thought she did. Oh dear! but I didn't stay half as long as I wanted to; and now after this, you may expect me to intrude quite frequently into your household, through the medium of our little visitor.

Detroit is a beautiful city, containing many wonderful sights and places of interest to quiet country people, but a few days spent there seem more like a dream than reality when we return and take up the cares of home and family, and I felt I could truly say "there's no place like home." The Exposition was all that it is painted—far too much to see in one day.

I met an old lady in the afternoon who was sitting on one of the benches outside waiting for her company to come and go home, who when I asked her if she had been all around, said: "Yes, I think I've seen it all," but who when I mentioned some things which particularly interested me, said, "Well, I didn't see that." I

don't suppose I saw all the strange and beautiful exhibits. It seems miraculous that such beautiful buildings and extensive grounds could be brought to such a state of perfection in so short a time. It proves conclusively that money and enterprise are mighty powers. If our lives are spared another year and circumstances make it possible, let us all visit Detroit's Exposition and set a day to call at our Editor's sanctum. The FARMER has been a constant visitor at our house for a number of years, and I hailed with delight the advent of the first number of our little paper; many of its correspondents seem like old friends and acquaintance, and I have occasionally visited you though you may not remember me.

I, with others, have been quite interested in the various "weeks." I don't consider Evangeline's such an impossibility. In fact I often accomplish quite a week's work myself; but it seems to me there are things of greater importance than "something good to eat," and with all the cake and other goodies made that week, it was quite unnecessary to bake a molasses cake on Sunday morning. It would be wise on our part to make preparations for the life to come, and if we don't enjoy hearing a sermon which warns us to beware of that place which must not be mentioned to ears polite, let us see to it that we are sure of a better end, for surely the reality will be more terrible than any words of man. As this letter is already quite lengthy, I'll make my best bow, and say good afternoon.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

OILCLOTH VS. TABLECLOTH.

I thank Beatrix for answering my questions so promptly, and hope she will be kind enough to answer one or two more, then I will try to curb my natural propensity for asking questions. Please Beatrix, how is it possible to secure the most refined manners at the average country table? I am as much in favor of good table manners as anybody, and as far as children are concerned, they may and should be taught to behave themselves at home, as we wish them to do in company, but—is it necessary to say more, I wonder? I believe Beatrix has lived on a farm and knows that hard work in the dirt and around the stable is hardly conducive to refinement; and if two or three hungry, thirsty and tired men should sit down to the table, and instead of sipping their tea from a teaspoon or waiting a long time for it to cool, turn it out in the saucer and spill a drop or two on the tablecloth, I do not believe she would look a very severe reproof at them; if she did it would do no good, you know?

As to the oilcloth question, it is hardly clear to me yet that Beatrix's feelings are much removed from prejudice. Certainly children need not be allowed to "muss" because the cloth is easily cleaned. I do not think refinement depends so much on the surroundings, except of course, everything should be as neat and attractive as possible. No matter how careful we may

be, table linen will get soiled and in most families it will be used when it is quite noticeably soiled. If we were accustomed to clean linen or even clean oilcloth, at every meal, I wonder if a tablecloth after three days' use would not seem objectionable! We certainly should not "spare a little trouble to make food as appetizing as possible," but the question is, why should it be less appetizing spread on an oilcloth? I don't mean the old fashioned black cloth with chunks of yellow paint scattered around on it, but the new, neat, white or marbled article, that is so pretty and will not be stained beyond redemption by every drop of tea or coffee that chances to come in contact with it.

Now in spite of the evident advantages of oilcloth, and the fact that those reasons given do not quite satisfy me, and I can give none better, I do not think I shall be able to persuade myself to use a substitute for linen, and I do hope somebody will tell me, quick, how to keep it free from stains. In my experience it has been impossible. Of course if there is a cup of coffee or tea spilled, it will be attended to in time, but in spite of the best care there will be a drop here and there, hardly noticeable at first, but sure to be neglected, and after being in use a few months the cloth has lost its original spotless whiteness, and is a source of vexation whenever we hang it on the line.

That bread recipe I must have taken from another paper, and have never tried E. S. B.'s.

BURTON.

TO MEND BAGS.

As most farmers' wives have this unpleasant task to perform several times a year, I wish to tell the easiest way I have found. It is to be presumed that the man who brings in the bag or bags to be mended has already turned them wrong side out and shaken them thoroughly, but the chances are he has not, unless you told him to. I look them over, select the poorest to cut up for patches; then I baste them under the yawning rents, first on the outer edge, and taking care to cut good big patches; then turn the edges under and baste the inner edge. The small patches can be pinned on. Then I stitch them on the machine. They look better, can be done more quickly and last longer than if done by hand. To be sure the machine will need a good cleaning, but that can be done in a few minutes.

The most satisfactory winter dresses I have made for my two-year-old are of the turkey red twilled cotton goods that comes at fifteen or twenty cents a yard. I make them a modified Mother Hubbard, with the fulness in front laid in three box plaits, the back gathered into the yoke and a strap fastened in the seam on one side and buttoned to the other; this goods washes and wears well and does not require starch.

Now that the cool nights have come again we find the flannel night-dresses a great luxury, especially for the old people and children. Grandpa is troubled with cold feet even when sleeping in a warm

room, so I have made him some of dark grey flannel, cut sack fashion and long enough to come to the floor, with a pocket for his handkerchief, and he is greatly pleased with them. For the older children I made the night drawers, and for the kicking, restless baby a long sack to come well over his feet, run a tape into the hem and tie it up so he can never get quite uncovered; the first night he made a fuss about it, but now demands to have his "nightie" tied up.

Does any one know that green pumpkins will make equally as good pies as ripe ones?

We think it a great saving to buy groceries by the quantity at wholesale rates. We can get excellent baking powder (not Royal or Price's, but equally as satisfactory) by taking a case (36 pounds) for sixteen or seventeen cents a pound. It comes in six-pound cans, air tight, so they can be easily divided; the cans when emptied are nice for spices and other things that require to be kept closely covered. Sugar is sold so closely that one can not save much by buying by the barrel, only the convenience; tea, coffee and spices can be bought cheaper.

MRS. NO NAME.

FANCY WORK.

To make a pretty wall pocket for any purpose for which wall pockets are constructed, cut two squares of cretonne, silk, etc., of any size preferred. If the material is soft, line one of them and sew the other to it. Bend three of the corners together and secure under a bow; this forms the pocket. The other corner forms a flap to hang it up by.

Butchers' linen makes a very serviceable scarf for a dressing-bureau. It should be about two yards long, as wide as the bureau, allowing for the hemstitched hem, to be about one and a half inches wide, and the ends can be fringed or finished with drawn work and lace, or insertion of torchon or guipure lace with edge to match. This butchers' linen does up nicely, wears forever; and a bureau may be kept in beautiful daintiness by having two scarfs, to be used alternately.

The *National Stockman* says: Among the latest in pillow-shams are the scarf shams made of any material you prefer. China silk, of a tint which matches the prevailing color of the room, is often chosen, though any of the plain, sheer, white muslins are just as pretty, giving you an exquisitely cool and dainty effect at a much less expense. To make the scarf take a width of the selected material sufficiently long to be caught up in the center; fasten to the top of the head-board and still allow the ends to fall down on the pillows. If you make the scarf of silk finish it with an inch wide hem and drawn work. If made of muslin the most appropriate finish will be insertion and edge of finest torchon lace; or by embroidering a monogram in one end of the scarf and a spray of flowers in the other, using outline stitch for both, you may add much to the beauty of the scarf.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

[Paper read by Mrs. Mary E. Henry, before the Albion W. C. T. U.]

The words, which I have chosen for the foundation of my few remarks were found in the sense and sentiment column of a newspaper, without parentage, anonymous. They are as follows: "It is the mother who molds the character and fixes the destiny of her child." This looks like a very strong assertion; but any one who has ever made a study of prenatal influences, will readily understand how such an assertion might be a very truthful one. If this be true, how much harm is constantly being done to unborn children, souls called into existence without being consulted as to whether they wish to be made responsible, accountable creatures or not! If parents would but consider this aspect of the family life, would they not strive more effectually to give their children a better inheritance; the inheritance of a pure mind and an upright heart at least? I am aware that many will disagree with me on this subject, for a variety of reasons; some because they do not wish to feel their responsibility so great, and think to lessen it by not believing it, and many more through ignorance of the truth. The most pitiful thing under the sun is that the mothers of the present generation knew so little of prenatal influences, until too late to be useful to them and their offspring. But no one will deny that causes produce effects; we all see the effects, but few are able to trace them back to the cause. Often when the matter has been explained, the mother can go back and memory brings up occurrences which she had entirely forgotten; but now, seeing the effects in her child, she will recognize the circumstances or conditions which in all probability have been the causes of the effects observed in the child.

In asserting that "the mother molds the character and fixes the destiny of her child," I do not ignore heredity, which permeates all the gifts the mother gives her child. Heredity is one of nature's laws which man can modify by generations of cultivation, but cannot wholly change. All things produce after their kind, but one who has knowledge of the great improvement in flowers, fruits, vegetables and in animals, will readily believe that the right care, cultivation and training will greatly improve humanity. The mother can greatly improve though she may not greatly change the laws of heredity in one generation; but she can plant the seed of such traits or characteristics as she wishes to see bring forth an abundant harvest, then by care and cultivation these good, wise and noble traits can be made to grow. Isn't every earnest desire of the heart to be pure, to be truthful, to be charitable toward another's faults, the germ of good seed sown which if nourished with care, and not allowed to wither and die, will bear a richer harvest than banks or U. S. bonds? If we only transmit our own natural traits, how much are we above the brute creation?

The principal characteristics of a child exist in embryo before its birth, or in other

words prenatal, like the body small and weak; but they expand rapidly. All the good which the child inherits by parentage the mother does not need to labor to bestow; only cultivate it, and encourage its growth. The mind and heart of a little child may be compared to a garden; cultivate the good impulses, the promise of generous, noble, pure, truthful plants, and eradicate all bad impulses and dwarf what can not be exterminated by making the good crowd out the bad; the largest plants draw the moisture and fertility from the weak ones.

There is an old saying which I often hear repeated, that the child inherits from the father its physical nature, from the mother its spiritual nature. This is only partially true, as we have abundant evidence all around us. But I will say say right here, no matter how brilliant or talented a man may be, if his wife is one of those soft, sweet, indolent women, whose chief desire is pleasure and ease, his children never reach his height of intellect or ambition. But reverse the case with the parents, and it is difficult to tell to what height the children will attain with favorable circumstances; of course there are exceptions to all rules, but that does not disprove them.

In reading biography if you will observe where anything is said of the parents of the person whose record we are reading, we will invariably observe that their superiority came from seeds sown and the right training, combined with energy and ambition inherited from the mother. It is claimed of the Wesleys that their mother made them what they were. Napoleon Bonaparte is another example of what the mother's influence is upon her child. The father was drafted into the army before Napoleon's birth; the mother was necessarily both parents in one to her little family, talking with them and making them her companions. Her husband being in the army she studied all the war news, followed the movements of the troops to the best of her ability, with the means at her command. She became an intense partisan; she talked with her little ones, and taught them patriotism and fostered their martial instincts, and we see what it made of her son Napoleon. I might multiply instances, but our time is too limited.

We often hear public speakers quote this saying "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not who has the rest." Giuseppe Garibaldi's favorite maxim was, "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate; and you may do what you like with the boys." Here is one man who understood humanity and comprehended the relation of mother and child. Do you not see now the necessity of sowing such seed as you will wish to see harvested? "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," the "good book" tells us. Perhaps some one queries, "How can I sow the seed which I wish to see harvested by and by? By cultivating and exercising all the goodness and the graces in your own life. Not the outward life only, which is lived before people, but in the inner-life which no one sees, where no one enters but

your own soul, and God. No mother can live a dual life; that is, one life before the world, and a quite different life in the privacy of her home, and be sure that her child will inherit anything but the duplicity. If children are to inherit a pure, truthful nature, or any other characteristic, the mother must live that pure truthfulness every day and all the time, and practicing with persistent energy all the good things with which she wishes to endow her offspring. Nothing is more essential in the training of children than perfect truthfulness. The child's earthly ideal is mother, and it copies after her; isn't she molding its character also by her example?

As I before remarked, the most essential thing to teach a child is truthfulness; the next essential is self denial. Many a child of larger growth would be the better of learning and practicing that virtue. It is a difficult thing to deny one's self a coveted pleasure; and unless the power is acquired in childhood, it is seldom gained. If a child is taught to say no when his inclination is to say yes; if it can say no, when it knows that no is right, that child is one-half saved from the evil of intemperance. We are told this life is a warfare between good and evil; then how necessary to impress the little tender minds with the power of firm decision, and an acute discrimination between right and wrong? How many people, old as well as young, with a predominance of good in mind and heart, are led astray from the lack of a strong power of will to resist the first appearance of evil, and the temptation to take the first wrong step! So you see here is a third essential with which to endow your child, a strong power of will, or as phrenologists term it "firmness."

Judicious training and example combined are worth everything; but it is so much easier, and the prospect is infinitely greater of a good, wise, noble manhood or womanhood if a goodly share of good is born in the character.

Now in summing up; if the little child has firmness, is taught selfdenial, is truthful, with any other of the good planted in mind or heart, with the cultivating and training of early years, almost any one can predict the destiny of that child, for surely no one will deny that the strongest characteristics will rule.

I do not wish to be understood as releasing the father from his share of the responsibility in endowing, in training, and in example; but to-day my message is to women, to those who are or may be mothers. If the father will give bad qualities and set a bad example in place of good, he ought to suffer for it most, but "the trail of the serpent is over all," and all connected with him suffer, the child most, unless the mother has much the strongest individuality of the two; in either case the mother's effort to make the good predominate is made much more difficult.

Let me say once more, Women, remember your responsibilities, and also the great blessing which is yours when you give to the world and to society good, noble men and women. Remember "It is the mother

who molds the character and fixes the destiny of her child." How often do we see in print these aphorisms, "Woman rules the world," "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world."

It is impossible in one paper and in one afternoon to give this subject all the thought that should be given it; but if I have said anything to make even one woman think and study this great problem of life and birth, I shall feel that my time has not been spent in vain.

IS IT A SIN?

It seems that I left my last article for the *HOUSEHOLD* unfinished, omitted to sum up my "conscience record" after participation in what might no doubt be called a quest for recreation or pleasure on the Sabbath; and by your leave I will now make my peroration on that important part of the day's doings—namely, the frame of mind in which I surveyed the finished day. Well then, the only offence against Christian law and order with which I could charge myself with conscious guilt was in the fact that the family had not attended divine service before going to Belle Isle. I know that save this, for myself, there was no more sin in going there than there would have been in going out for a walk "around the square," or about town. But it is wrong to neglect or utterly omit Sabbath religious observances for things of this sort. I will also say that I have been to what an evangelist in this city calls "Hell Isle" with a party of friends since the park article was written, on a lovely September afternoon. And as we went to church in the morning committed no sin ourselves, and were not witnesses to anything that was criminal offense against Sabbath law and order, had no compunctions of conscience whatever as the day was summed up in review at night.

There is a great deal of cant and rant in the world. And there are characters that can not be held in proper and decent bounds as to their practices and public behavior without the strictest laws and straightest lines that what we sometimes perhaps inappropriately call bigotry—can devise and draw—bear directly upon them, and define their way and walk to the most absurd detail in dress, food and everything that enters into the daily life.

Years ago when Henry Ward Beecher was in the ascendant as a clerical authority, a passage in one of his eloquent sermons struck my mind most forcibly, for like many other of his sayings I felt that it was a prophecy. Speaking of these things he said: "All these Puritanical practices, laws and customs, are destined to fade out." Whether he elaborated the "fade out" idea I do not remember, but in my own mind I cannot refrain from so doing, when I see how rapidly his prophecy is being fulfilled. Born in the travail of a great necessity, they served a noble purpose long and well, and now they are fading rapidly away. And the question

of whether the fabric of our national life to which for so many years they gave so much in color, strength and texture, is destined to suffer irreparable loss in consequence of that "fading out" is not an unimportant one for the students of domestic economy and social science to ponder and investigate. Nevertheless, the popular mind has attained a momentum in free-and-easiness that overrides maxims and the ghosts of former things with an ease and grace that are captivating whether treacherous or otherwise.

DETROIT.

E. L. NYE.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

A triangular board with each side just fourteen inches in length, fastened to harness hooks, and covered with plush, velvet or other goods, with bow of ribbon more or less elaborate to match material on one corner, makes a very pretty stool. There are different sizes of hooks; those seven inches in length make it about right height for size of board.

Another pretty article is made by covering an octagon pasteboard, (any size you choose) with satin, one side of one color and the other some contrasting color. Using the same two colors, make eight sachets, (four of each color) to fit the edges of the octagon; fasten the bottoms of the sachets to the sides of the octagon, alternating the colors. The tops will fall in slightly. Lovely! say all who see it. Fancy boxes and baskets are made by crocheting white carpet warp, and shaping over box or pail. Stiffen by using shellac varnish. Line with silk and run ribbon through open work.

JANNETTE.

THE TWINS.

My thanks are not less sincere for being long delayed, to the friends who so kindly responded to my request for advice in regard to feeding babes and cleansing nursing-bottles. I think perhaps you might like to hear how those twins thrive. They seemed to do very well for a while, but bowel trouble began, which was supposed to be caused by bad milk. Ridge's Food was again recommended by the physician, and all was well until the disease called marasmus appeared among children, and those little twin boys were among the first to go with it, with only an hour and a half between their passing away. I was with them through all, and saw them laid in the little white casket that contained them both when borne to Oakwood, their resting place.

I am very much interested in Beatrix's "bulb" letter, and can heartily indorse it, as I never received better returns from money expended for flowers than for forcing hardy bulbs.

DILL.

FENTON.

COME in and see our new sewing-machine, the "Michigan." It is a daisy. Only \$21, with the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD for one year.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE "GLEANERS."

A short time ago in response to an invitation from a member of the Gleaner Society, of South Albion, I attended one of the meetings. It was held at the pleasant residence of Mrs. A., situated half a mile south of the city.

The meeting opened promptly at two P. M., with an attendance of about thirty members and five visitors. I can best give an idea of their proceedings by quoting from the programme, as given in the *Albion Recorder*. The programme consisted of a biographical sketch of Mrs. Hemans and a recitation from one of her poems; Chautauqua reading, "Rufus Choate;" an essay entitled "Essays, and the Benefit Derived from the Writing of Essays," by the president; poetry, a solo, and a selection followed, when last but far from being least was the essay by Mrs. Palmer on "Woman, her creation, because it was not well for man to be alone." The position women occupied for many ages, and the position she is destined to occupy within the century, the education the young women should receive to fit them to fill such places as God gave them abilities, if properly cultivated, to fill, were points especially dwelt upon by the writer.

The question for discussion, "Ought happiness to be the chief aim of life? If so, how can it best be secured?" called out a variety of ideas.

After the question box and a few remarks from the visitors, the meeting adjourned to meet in three weeks at the house of the president, who is none other than M. E. H. whose letters we all enjoy so much. This Society is in a very flourishing condition, as shown by the care the ladies take in making their essays as interesting as possible.

The paper by Dr. Palmer you have all had an opportunity to peruse, and I am sure all will agree with me that it is an excellent production, and worthy of praise from all.

The members are not apt to become interested in the "light" literature of the present, while the works of our best authors are presented in such a favorable light.

I might also tell you of an enjoyable call at M. E. H.'s pleasant home, but will leave that until another time.

I hope Mae, of Flint, won't think that I have appropriated her "pet name." Mine was given me when I was a little girl. I also would be pleased to know Mae.

CONCORD.

KETURAH.

Contributed Recipes.

STEAMED INDIAN LOAF.—One pint sweet or sour milk; two cups molasses; one teaspoonful salt; one tablespoonful soda; two cups of wheat or Graham flour; one cup Indian meal. Steam three hours and bake twenty minutes.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three teacupfuls butter-milk; three quarters teacupful molasses; a little salt; three even teaspoonfuls soda; twice as much Graham as wheat flour. Don't stir too stiff.

RHODA.

BATTLE CREEK.