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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,
As sweet as you wish to see;
As faithful and gentle hearted,
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine home-loving woman,
Not caring for fuss or show;
She's dearer to you than life, John;
Then kiss her, and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,
As likewise your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order,
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cozy nest, John,
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure—
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John,
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know,
'Twill lighten her ead of the load, John,
To kiss her, and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John,
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last mile-stone first, John,
'Twill be your comfort amid your woe,
To know that while loving her here, John,
You kissed her, and told her so.

—Woman's Magazine.

AIDS TO CONVERSATION.

I find so many of my own grievances so plainly portrayed by Jannette, that I really feel that after a long absence I should like a word again with the HOUSEHOLD. Now a trip to Detroit is one of the anticipations of my life, and with scarcely one in that great city to know my face, I naturally think of the kind invitation of Beatrix. But at each thought of it comes a shrinking back at the newness of the position, and I come to the conclusion that I am like one of these little figures which are compressed into a tight box, which suddenly spring out when the box is opened, and when out are incapable of action, and seem dazed. In my imagination I was cautiously approaching the door when from it emerged one of those "faultlessly attired ladies of such great capabilities." She is a lady and doesn't mean to do it, but I feel her summing up of my entire self in "How she looks; from the country!" and with a pitying look of condescension and perfection of movement she glides on like one of the pieces in a kaleidoscope. But I stand, and the last twenty years of my life show the walls Time has built around me. The foot much of the time upon the

cradle rocker does not give leisure to study street costumes; health which allows but an annual or biennial trip or an attendance at a wedding or at church doesn't keep one on the alert for the latest novelties in dress; developed babyhood calls for nursery jingles instead of new magazines, boys' kites and balls and dolls' dresses instead of fancy work; dishwater, dusting and darning and not kid gloves for the hands, with a stern necessity over all which bars out everything but actual necessities; each day's work unfinished and crowding into the next, keeping the mind in constant tension to do the things most essential and to leave undone that which could best be spared; and so it is that here in the last of the light of 1889 I wake up to the fact that there is outside my box a whole army of women possessing the field who were unheard of thirty years ago. The noise of their movement and of their victories has entered our seclusion; our lives have been energized by their strong words; our intellects have been quickened, our hearts warmed and our sorrows assuaged by their sympathies carried by the press, but this has been all within us; and never until we step upon the great thoroughfares of life do we know the power of the fashion delineator and the difference between unassuming home life and the conventionalities of the outside world. But as I was not standing in reach of Beatrix's door, but mechanically doing my work I mused on. I questioned again why I should hesitate to knock, for so often the feeling of near friendship comes to me as I read her helpful words for us. From her broader sphere the currents of thought often flow into and fill the little channels we make in our circumscribed lives, so that soul yearns for soul. But as a good neighbor of mine says, "So long as we are tabernacled in this fleshly tenement, our minds will not be free from its influences." I am compelled to feel that the great mogul Fashion will hinder the flow of speech or wit mightily, unless he is carefully consulted. So knowing my inability to conform to such decrees I discover myself embarrassed and without words even before entering the presence of one in whom I feel perfect confidence, and in many ways sympathy.

In plain words, are we to become a nation with *caste*, governed by dress? My imagination gives no clue as to what may have been the nature of the call of the representative woman I fancied I met, but we meet her everywhere and if you have never felt her power strive for one month to lift

up the lives of the laboring classes. What keeps from church, from college, from visiting, from lectures, from society, our bread-winning population? Provide the opportunity and wait the replies. "Nothing suitable to wear." "The expense of clothes." But if I talk so much I am sure I shall never be welcome in the editorial rooms. This is a good wide topic and I hope to hear from many more. I touch but upon one thought.

MRS. SERENA STEW.

A GOOD THING SAID.

Under the plea for conversational points, M. E. H. solicits "a number of the HOUSEHOLD readers to say one or two good things each." Now that is an excellent plan, but not an encouraging one, and lest the severity of the condition imposed may defeat the project, a few simple suggestions are submitted, that something better may follow.

The best conversationalists are not those who can say the most in the finest language, on the greatest number of subjects. Good speakers may possess the ability, but it is not required of fine conversationalists. Nor would they listen so adroitly as to throw all the talking over to the other party, which might simply be a polite method of flinging an opponent. Rather would they adapt themselves to any subject at hand, with such tact as to put their listeners quite at ease, and challenge a mutual interchange of thought and expression.

When it is desirable to *make* conversation avoid direct questions, and proffer a suggestion which shall elicit something besides an affirmative or a negative for a reply. The comment made in answer will often furnish a cue which may be pleasantly followed in some defined line of thought or feeling. This requires attention to immediate surroundings and present occurrences and presupposes some general information. Some simple pleasantry, spoken with such enforced enthusiasm as implies an intent in the answer, will impart to your talk the charming quality of vivacity and beget communicativeness in your hearer. To this end you must manifest some interest in the person addressed. Nor need this be an affectation, for the very effort made to interest another reacts at once to interest yourself. It is like putting your features in the attitude of a smile to be pleasing to others; you cannot do it without feeling pleasanter yourself in consequence.

AGNES LEE.

GRAND RAPIDS.

CHRISTMAS.

A pretty lamp mat seen in one of our fancy stores was a large circle of old gold plush, stretched over a pasteboard foundation and finished with silesia on the bottom. A smaller circle was drawn just about the size of the standard of the usual parlor lamp. The space outside this was covered with a network of crystal beads strung in diamonds and converging or growing smaller as they approached the centre. In each diamond were long stitches of embroidery silk radiating like a fan from the outer point of the diamond, seven or nine being in the outer and larger row of diamonds, and decreasing in number in the diamonds nearer the centre. The colors of the silk were shaded from a dark orange brown to a pure chromo yellow from the outside to the centre of the mat. It was very pretty, and would cost but little.

Select three perfect "cat-tails" with stems a foot long and arrange them as an easel to hold a photograph. Touch the tips of the brown tops with a little gold paint, and tie a bit of gold colored ribbon where the three stalks are crossed.

A serviceable yet dressy apron may be made of seven-eighths of a yard of satteen, plain, and of some dark color, though an oxblood red is very bright and pretty. Turn over enough of the goods at the top to form a shir with a standing heading two inches wide. Cover a bit of canvas with the satteen for a band to encircle the waist, and fasten at the side under a ribbon bow. If you have a strip of wide black lace, lay it plain or full it a little across the bottom of the apron; or put narrow velvet ribbon across in diamonds or a Greek key pattern. Squares of plain velvet set corner to corner across the bottom are also pretty, the edges held down by brier stitching or by invisible stitches. This is nice for a school girl or for a saleswoman in a store.

Just a common, every day red-painted Shaker rocker can be converted into a bit of furniture one need not be ashamed to have in the parlor. Scrape off the red paint—and this is the "horrid" part of the task—and sandpaper the wood. Paint with cream or ivory paint, getting the specially mixed paint which comes in cans. Be sure to choose a *very light* cream if you order by sample card or your paint will be too yellow. When dry gild the tops of the posts and put a few lines here and there where taste suggests. Make a cushion to fit the seat of coarse cotton and stuff it very full of curled hair, the harder it is the better; cover this with old gold or blue plush; you can buy plush for 69 cents a yard which is quite nice. Make for the back a thin cushion to be covered with the plush, shaping it like a segment of a circle, with the point at one upper corner of the chair back, one straight line extending along the back horizontally to the opposite corner, and then sloping down across the back. Put a ribbon rosette or bow at the point. It is "awfully pretty."

Mount some of the pretty lithographs which are so common nowadays, as banners

for the sitting room or bedrooms. Two strips of wood, an inch wide and an inch longer at each end than the picture is wide, round or flat, are to be covered with plush in the color most harmonious to the tone of the picture. Attach one of these strips top and bottom and add a loop of ribbon to hang it up by.

A CHAPTER ON BAGS.

A scrap bag is made of dark olive green macrame twine No. 12, and cherry-colored satin ribbon one and a half inches in width. The ribbon is inserted vertically in long chains designed for it between the shell rows, and is cut long enough to puff it slightly in the spaces. Make a chain of 74 stitches and join in the first stitch of chain. 1st round: Work four chain to take the place of a treble; one treble in the next stitch; one chain, two trebles in same stitch (these form the first shell); miss three, two trebles, one chain, two trebles all in the next stitch (second shell); miss three, two trebles, one chain, two trebles in the next; * seven chain, miss nine, two trebles, one chain, two trebles in the next stitch; miss three, shell; repeat from * around and join with double crochet in the third of the fourth chain which begins the round. 2d round: * shell, (that is two trebles, one chain, two trebles) under the one chain of shell of last round, repeat shell under the one chain of each of the next two shells; seven chains, repeat from *; there are three shells between the long chains. 3d row: Shell on shell same as in second row; repeat shell twice; * three chain, one double crochet under the two previous long chains; three chains, shell on shell; one shell on each of the next two shells, repeat from * around. On every fourth row three of these long chains are joined together by making three chains, one double crochet under the two previous chains followed by three chains. 4th round: Shell on shell; one shell on each of the next two shells; seven chains; repeat around. 5th round like 4th. Repeat the pattern from 2d round until you have 23 rounds of shells in all and six groups of the long chains, which will make the bag 12 inches in length. Now knot a heavy fringe of five threads 18 inches long before they are doubled around the bottom of the bag into every shell and under the three chains on each side of the double crochet under the chain groups. Then form the bottom of the bag by tying the fringe together into a large tassel under a bow of cherry-colored ribbon. Work eight scallops around the top of the bag thus: Eight long trebles in first shell; miss one shell; * eight long trebles in the next shell; miss eleven stitches of the foundation chain; eight trebles in next shell; miss one shell; repeat from * around. 2d row: Three trebles on first treble of preceding round; * one double crochet on next treble, three trebles on the next; repeat from * twice; one double crochet under the shell; repeat all around except that the last double crochet of every alternate scallop is made under the long chains. For the handle make a

chain of eight stitches and join. Work up three chains, one treble in the same stitch; as in joining; three chain, turn; one treble on treble. Work back and forth in this way until you have made a strip of 28 inches in length; turn and work a scallop all around thus: Five trebles under the three chains; one double crochet under the next three chains; repeat all around. On both ends of handle work ten trebles instead of five trebles. Sew on the strap or handle on the outside of the bag just below the scallops. Line the bag with dark green silesia and hem in a wire at the top to keep it in proper shape.

A duster bag made of a common Japanese fan is pretty. The fan can be covered or not, as you like best, with cretonne, velvet or any other material. One I admire is covered with bronze-green sateen, with pocket of the same with cretonne figures appliqued. The pocket is to be cut just half of the top part of the fan, only much wider. Turn the top down so as to form a heading of about one inch, then make three shirrs across, running through each a small rubber cord, or stout thread may be used for the cording if preferred. Full the bottom of the pocket what is necessary, at the very top of the fan, or what will be the bottom when suspended by the handle. Fasten neatly in place, then bind with ribbon all around the fan to the handle, which should be gilded. Tie a bow of ribbon around the handle close to the fan part, with a loop to hang up by. For the duster cut a square of cheesecloth, turn a broad hem and feather-stitch it with floss to match ribbon bow and binding.

A pretty broom case may be made of a fan in the same manner, by putting a strap of ribbon diagonally across the fan, under which the brush is slipped.

Another duster bag may be made of pongee, 28 inches long and nine inches wide. Cut colored velvet crescents, also maple leaves, and sew them on in groups and simply, and finish the edges and vein the leaves with tinsel. Turn the upper end of pongee away to a point and line the whole with ecru silesia. Turn the bottom up eight inches, and sew each side carefully; this forms the bag. Now turn the upper end over eight inches from the point; pass it through a brass portiere ring and secure it. Finish with five small plush balls at the bottom of the bag, and one at the point.

A bag to hold soiled collars and cuffs or small articles for the wash can be made in this way: Cut two pieces of pasteboard (part of paper boxes will answer) nine inches in diameter. Cover one side of each of these with cretonne. Put the two together right side out and overhand together. Cut a piece of the cretonne 40 inches long and 14 wide. Make a two inch hem on one of the long sides, and two lines of stitching half an inch apart, just above the bottom of the hem. This is to run the drawing strings through. Sew the two ends together. Then turn on the wrong side and gather the unhemmed side. Divide it in halves and quarters, and pin it to the round piece at equal distances.

Then overhand it strongly. For strings use ribbon or tape to match the cretonne.

A variety of bags of different material and sizes can be made after the same idea.

For a snow shoe brush broom case, buy at any fancy goods store a medium sized Canadian toy snow shoe. Cover a piece of cardboard five inches wide by eight inches long with plush, and then line. Sew this firmly to the net of the shoe on each side of the largest part. This holds the brush. Tie a ribbon bow matching the plush on the stick just above the net and sew a small brass ring at the back to suspend it. Also tie a ribbon around the handle of the brush broom.

A fan bag is a pretty novelty. They are made of two shades of ribbon. The outside color is nine inches in width, and the shade that serves as lining about half an inch wider. To make one take two lengths of ribbon a yard and a half long; the outside shade of terra cotta, the lining cream color, for instance. Sew them together lengthwise; on one side the edges will come together and on the other the cream color will show a half inch beyond the terra cotta. Next place the ends together and sew the sides. Turn down the top sufficiently for a heading and use very narrow ribbon for draw-strings. Such bags are very useful for parties or the theatre; and there is less danger of breaking the fan.

A very pretty way of decorating work-bags, shoe-bags, tidies and other articles is to apply sprays, or rather clusters of flat-petaled flowers cut from cloth. The whole flower is cut in one piece; they are then placed on the foundation, whatever that may be, and sewed down by a very small stitch between the petals and at the point of each petal. The centers are filled in with French knots in yellow silk; stalks are worked in cording-stitch with brown silk, and leaves in long stitch with three shades of green silk.

FOREST LEDGE.

MILL MINNIE.

THE CHILDREN.

I often wonder what our grandmothers would say if they could wake up and see the kind of children who inhabit the earth to-day. The country children of their day wore thick warm flannel clothes that were spun and woven in the home, or at least in the neighborhood, and of as pretty colors as their ingenuity and skill could contrive. Now the child who has not a bright colored plush, or a silk or a cashmere, or all of them perhaps, is the exception not the rule. Then the mother, once a year, made a new suit for each member of the family; these were used for the best, and those which they had been wearing as such were put on every day. Now she sews all the year round, every moment that can be spared from other more pressing duties, and often has a seamstress in the house for a few weeks, and also buys many things ready made. The children then were told, "Children should be seen, not heard;" now they are taught to be seen and heard also; then, they should speak when spoken to, now they do the most of the talking. Then the easiest chair

must be left for the oldest person; now, if there is a vacant rocking-chair with a cushion, that is the chair they will take possession of, no matter how many people are present who will never see their fiftieth birthday again. Then children were taught to say "Will you please pass the bread," or "Will you please give me a piece of pie?" Now it is mostly, "I want a piece of bread;" "Give me some more pie." Then if they were asked, "Would you like a piece of cake" or an apple, or an orange; the reply would be, "Yes ma'am, if you please;" now it is "Y-e-s." Then the older people took the lead, the children walked in the rear; now the young take the lead and the parents follow.

A few days ago a young lady fourteen or fifteen years old and her mother walked into a room where I chanced to be, the daughter taking, and the mother willingly yielding the precedence, not only in entering the room but in the conversation. The mother's face was a pleasing sight, it was radiant with the effulgence which reflected on her from her daughter. This same young lady precedes her mother into the store, and walks up to the counter and asks for what they wish to look at.

I see that little miss on the other side of the table, with her eyes snapping; she says, "I'd like to know what harm there is in that?" None at all, my little miss, she knows so much more than her mother, and the mother knows it also; so of course she would prefer to be a little retiring. The young lady knows her mother has never been in the habit of going out anywhere only to sell her butter and eggs, therefore how could she know what the needs of a young lady are? Of course the young lady does not remember how many years her mother had lived before she was born; if she ever thinks about it, she is sure her mother could never have been pretty and gay like herself; she must always have been plain and old-fashioned. But the young lady has been to school in town a few terms and been around with the girls, so why should she not know more about the world than her mother?

If mothers will be foolish enough to sacrifice their own comfort and their self-respect, and the respect of their children, who is to blame? Any woman who ignores good clothes, that her daughter may dress richly, and therefore drops out of society, is not only doing herself great injury, but is neglecting the best good of her children. There is no standing still here; we are going forward or backward; we are climbing higher or slipping downwards, even if so slow as to be imperceptible. It requires an effort and perhaps a struggle to gain a little advance, but "It pays," "it pays."

There are two or three other mothers I wish to show you; it's not at all likely there are any such among the readers of this paper, but I chance to meet one of them now and then. One of these mothers has a little daughter who is brought forward on all possible occasions to show off her smartness; and she is a smart little thing, but oh—the brass! The mother

does not see it that way; to her it looks like the promise of great things in the future; so her face is illumined. Another mother has a little boy of whom she is very proud, so he is brought forward to show off his accomplishments, which makes her face shine, but oh dear—that's all! Another mother was lamenting to me her children's bashfulness; they could not get up the courage to speak their little pieces. My reply to her was, "Do not let that trouble you for an instant, for it is such a pleasure to see a modest, bashful child; they are very rare now-days, even in the country."

But to go back to those smart children. The query arises in my mind, what will those wonderful children develop into by the time they reach mature age? They are not impressed with the reverence due their parents or teachers, and in many cases no respect.

Really, there is no use of Polly's giving any advice on this subject, parents and children would both cry "sour grapes." And as long as every one is satisfied that that theirs is the smartest and the cutest, and will look up into your face with their eyes shining and asking in their own language, "Did you ever see the beat?" I must admit, I never did. POLLY.

FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

I entirely agree with Beatrix "that a gentleman is a man of refinement, of good manners and good breeding." It is true that often a man of good manners may be a rascal at heart, and it is also true that a man with good manners may be a gentleman in every sense of the word. Webster defines gentleman "as one of gentle and refined manners; a well bred man." If a man be well bred will he ever forget to lift his hat to a lady? No, his hand will move to his head without any thought of his, just as his foot moves forward for a next step. If I see a man on the street meet a lady and he does not lift his hat, he is instantly set down in my opinion as not a gentleman. Beatrix also said something about the average farmer's boys not being as polite as the city ones, and complaining because the girls did not admire them so much. I am a farmer's girl and know that to be true. If the farmer boys would cultivate their manners I think they would not complain about the girls admiring city boys more. I am very much interested in the letters about the "Art of Conversation."

I too with A. L. L. can enjoy gossip if it does not touch upon scandal. I despise scandal, and would hate to tell what I thought of a person if they began to say that "they said such and such" persons were doing things that were disgraceful to a neighborhood, or began telling the trouble of a family which that family wanted kept to themselves.

If you chance to be introduced to a person at a picnic or any out of door sports I do not think it out of the way to exchange a few words about the weather, and from the weather about the scenery around you and from talking about scenery you can

very easily lead the conversation to something you have read about scenery and if your companion be a sociable one you will not lack for topics. But often we meet persons who are very hard to get acquainted with and who will answer in monosyllables. I have yet to learn how to carry on conversation with such people. It is beyond me. If any one can will they please tell for the benefit of the poor unfortunates like myself, who cannot do all the talking.

Now about Christmas. Crocheted or knitted lace is always acceptable. I have not missed a Christmas for several years without giving enough lace for a skirt to some one. Hemstitched handkerchiefs make a nice present, but if you have not time it will not pay, for you can buy handkerchiefs that will last as long and not cost any more if you count your time anything. Knit a pair of mittens for one of your friends, and you will be liked better and thought of oftener than if you had made some fancy article that will lie around in the way and then be consigned to the rag bag.

Will some one tell me of a nice way to use zephyrs? I have quite a number of small balls of bright colored yarns that I would like to crochet up in something.

JESSIE.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

So many inquiries have been made about the sewing-machine furnished by the FARMER, and so many persons seem to fear it cannot be a good machine and sold at such reduction from agents' prices, that a few words of explanation appear called for. The agents of other machines have claimed these were old machines repaired and sold as new; that they are worthless after a few months; that the castings are so soft they can be whittled and soon wear out, etc. The facts are these:

Every machine we deliver is brand new; and is sent directly to the purchaser from the factory. The manufacturers sell us the machines at the same price charged retail dealers, and the difference between their prices and ours represents the profits of the "middleman," which the purchaser pays, if he deals with the agents. It is policy on the part of agents to decry the merits of the FARMER machine, since every one we sell is so much trade and profit taken from their business.

As for the charge that the machines can be whittled to pieces, etc., it is arrant nonsense, easily demonstrated.

As to durability, we have been sending them out for about eight years. An acquaintance of mine who bought one of the first—the low arm Singer, is still using it. It has been in constant use for at least seven years, without one cent being expended for repairs, the only expense being a paper of needles; and it has done a great deal of heavy work. The new "Michigan" is the best machine we have ever sent out, and is in every respect equal, at \$21, with a year's subscription to the FARMER included, to the machine agents retail at \$50. The difference is what you save by buying without the intervention of agents.

Many hesitate because of the low price,

believing a cheap machine cannot be a good one. They have so long been accustomed to exorbitant prices that they have no faith in the merits of a low priced article. The expiration of patents has greatly reduced prices from first hands, but agents have made no corresponding reductions, whereas the FARMER does reduce prices. The reputation the FARMER has always maintained for honorable dealings with its subscribers is a guarantee against its offering worthless wares to its patrons. To do so would injure it far beyond the value of the machines. We sell them on their merits, and if on trial they are not as we represent them, we refund the money promptly on return of the machine to us, and the purchaser is at liberty to pay \$45 or \$50 to an agent. We have distributed hundreds of the machines throughout the State since we began to handle them, and are happy to say the complaints and returned machines have been few and far between.

BEATRIX.

THE SABBATH.

I wish to assure Aunt Philena of my sympathy with her in her sentiments on the observance of the Sabbath. I wish there were more like her who would stand up for the Bible and the Sabbath day. We have too much of this happy-go-easy style these days. Earthly pleasures too often take the place of Sabbath consecration. When I was a boy my sainted mother taught me to reverence the Lord's day. Sunday pleasure was a thing out of the question; but we boys would be gathered around mother's knee and taught out of that blessed Book the way of eternal life. She has gone to her reward, but her works do follow her and her memory is sweet. No pleasure rides on the Sabbath day for me.

Excuse me, ladies; I came in rather abruptly and did not even doff my hat.

HOLT.

COUSIN JIM.

CHAT.

Speech is silver, silence is gold, still it wont buy. "Me and myself" have consulted over many HOUSEHOLD articles and as I can not voice the thoughts, suppose I pen a few, with fear least my attempt at sociability only helps pile your "fire basket," still, like Darius Green and his flying machine, it will cause a flutter.

Poor deceived Outis, did you ever study life's book of economy? Please do turn the page where a sickly woman does not require as many shoes as a healthy one; besides one's head serves her in many places as well and better than her heels. A kind provider gives womankind some resource, and many a frail woman saves her husband's purse as much as those who turn the fanning mill and feed pigs. Outis's claim to martyrdom on his wife's account is undoubtedly a dream, furnished before the flickering fire in his bachelor den, and simply echoes the raven's croak. The heart's blood he mentions presumably comes from a lacerated finger while struggling to sew on a button.

I agree with Aunt Philena, that God meant something when he gave the com-

mandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." As beautiful as I know Belle Isle to be, I doubt much it's being a good place to meet God on his own day.

I believe in a realistic Heaven, but I will tell if I have got to sit ten thousand years, and have twenty thousand angels waiting on me. How the poor brain must labor to find so many wants! I wonder if it will take so much time for my lame neck and sick head to be well. What is Heaven if not present rest and joy at the opening of the portals after our weary waiting here? Why need waiters where there is no sickness or pain; why cannot every one wait on themselves and save confusion? Guess I better send a recipe for pickling onions to end off with.

HUB.

I have been waiting for some other Chautauquan to reply to Emerald, but as no one has I think I will, for I do not want her to think she is the only one in our HOUSEHOLD family. I too have just begun the third year's reading. I enjoy the readings very much, especially since the organization of a local circle, which we all find a great benefit.

Mrs. E. has my sympathy, for I never had so much trouble with fruit before, and I find it very trying to lose the work as well as the fruit. I read carefully all of the directions given her and hope for better success next year.

I think, with Aunt Philena, it is time every mother at least taught the children by example as well as precept that Sunday excursions and pleasure trips are a violation of the law she quotes and which we all teach the children, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Boats and trains will not run if no one is ready to go, so evidently every one who goes is responsible. We cannot be too careful of our example, for it is the greatest power we hold.

NELLE.

NORVELL.

Useful Recipes.

CRANBERRY DUMPLINGS.—Sift together one quart flour and two and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix to a soft dough with sweet milk; roll out and spread with one quart cranberry sauce, fold over, place in a pudding-bag and steam one hour. Serve with a sweet sauce.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Pare and core enough apples to cover the bottom of a pudding dish; put a little sugar and lemon peel on them, and bake till tender, putting in a little water if needed; soak one-half pint tapioca in one quart lukewarm water and a little salt over night; pour over the apples and bake one hour; eat cold, with cream and sugar.

APPLE SHORT CAKE.—Make a crust, as for baking powder biscuit; butter a pie tin, take a piece of the dough sufficient to press out with the hands to half an inch in thickness and the size of the tin; place in the tin, and spread the top with butter; mould out another similar piece and lay on the top of this, and bake. Prepare tart apples, as for sauce, adding a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. When the crust is done, carefully divide the layers, spread with butter, and put the hot apple-sauce between. Serve with sugar and cream, or other sauce as preferred.