

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DEC. 7. 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### REFLECTIONS.

How little we think of each other,  
As we tread the path of life,  
We forget the weary brother  
Amid the toil and strife.  
We forget there are sad hearts round us,  
To be cheered by a loving act,  
Oh! why do we never see the chance  
Until it's forever past?  
If we were only more careful  
To do what good we could,  
And try to lighten the burden  
Of others, along the road,  
I'm sure our own would grow lighter  
For each kind deed we had done,  
Till we'd find our sorrows almost gone  
At the setting of the sun.  
Then how sweet would be our musing  
After a day well spent;  
When we knew we had helped another  
Bear the trial God had sent.  
And I think in the heavenly morning,  
When we meet around the throne above,  
We'll be welcomed by all we've cheered below  
By the smallest act of love.

AUNT MARY.

Nor wives nor maidens, weak or brave,  
Can stand and face the public stare,  
And win the plaudits that they crave,  
And stem the hisses that they dare,  
And modest truth and beauty save.  
No woman, in her soul, is she  
Who longs to poise above the roar  
Of motley multitudes, and be  
The idol at whose feet they pour  
The wine of their idolatry.  
Coarse labor makes its doer coarse;  
Great burdens harden softest hands;  
A gentle voice grows harsh and hoarse  
That wars and threatens and commands  
Beyond the measure of its force.

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

### STREET STUDIES.

There is an infinite pathos in the faces of the neglected children of the poor. Their hard life, the unending struggle with poverty, their few pleasures, their many privations, give their young faces a prematurely old look, and a keenness and sharpness foreign to the child nature. Theirs is not the free, careless, happy, irresponsible life of childhood. They develop a precociousness at a bargain, a shrewd knowledge of values, an unchild-like foresight, a self-reliance, born of their early struggles to secure life's barest necessities. Some of these qualities go to make sturdy men and women of them, since the ranks of millionaires are constantly being recruited from the children of poverty, who have conquered the conditions of their early lives by determination, frugality and foresight.

There is no sadder reading to me than

the line often added at the end of a brief paragraph announcing the accident by which some laboring man has lost his life—"He leaves a wife and a large family of children in destitute circumstances." There are volumes of grief, of struggle, of privation, a whole epitome of human misery, in those few words. The little clinging hands hinder the woman from the work she might find to do, yet mother-love would not spare one of them. What a vista opens before her!

I went, late last autumn, into one of the poorer quarters of the city in search of a washwoman who had been recommended to me. The early twilight was closing in, a mist swept up from the river and wrapped everything in its ghostly pall till even the electric lights looked ghastly against the sky. You know how eerie one feels in an unfamiliar spot, in such an atmosphere. I was turning away from an ineffectual attempt to decipher the number on a door, wishing I had stayed by my fire and taken daylight for my pilgrimage, when from out of the fog a slip of a girl had appeared from somewhere, and stood regarding me intently. I was too startled to speak for a moment. Where had she come from, so silently, so suddenly, with her thin, colorless face, her long black hair, those coal black, eager eyes? I can see her still, and were I an artist I would paint her as "The Wraith of the Mist," that elfin face peering through the fog which seemed to blot out all details of figure, and leave only a pair of brilliant eyes, like stars shining in the dark. "There ain't nobody to home who'd ye want?" spake the vision, all in a breath. And when I told her, she said "My! she moved away 's much 's week ago." Didn't know where to, didn't know of any one who knew, but "mostly everybody round here goes out a washing." Then she vanished, as she came, but not from my memory. I should like to know the future of "The Marchioness," as I named her in my thoughts, for she resembled in unkempt hair and attire, Dickens' famous picture of Sally Brass's bound girl. Four or five years might transform that girl into a beauty. Round out the immature figure and the thin face with generous food, shear the tangled mop of hair, and let healthful living send a rose glow through that clear olive skin and curve the lines of cheek and chin, and a Woodward Avenue belle might envy the charms of this child of poverty. But beauty is often a fatal gift to the poor girl. King Cophetua's

bride nowadays is not the beggar maid, however beautiful; my Lord of Burleigh mates within his circle. Will her beauty be her downfall, or will she marry some lusty "dock-walloper" or truckman and fulfill the chief end of woman?

I sometimes meet on a side street I have occasion to traverse, a girl of eight or nine years of age, on her way to or from a saloon, carrying a little tin pail full of beer. A flippant youth tells me she is "rushing the growler." I only know that in winter she is scantily clad, always looking pinched and cold, as if neither food or fire were quite sufficient. Sometimes I see her stealthily taking a sip from the pail, showing she has already learned the taste of its contents. By inquiry I learned she is one of the numerous family of a stove-moulder, who earns good wages at his trade. Her mother takes in washing, and I was told that all the money thus laboriously earned finds its way into the till of the saloon above mentioned. What an errand for a child! What a place for a girl to become familiar with! There is little that is childish in the prematurely old face, still less in the pert, saucy replies to anything said to her; the bashful diffidence of childhood is entirely wanting. What can we expect as the harvest of such a childhood!

The parents who sigh for the privileges of the city should be grateful that they can bring up their children in the purer air and healthier moral atmosphere of the country. It is no small thing to be thankful for. Especially if a man has lack of worldly goods are his children better off in the quiet of a country home, for if he is poor he must often make his home in a neighborhood where the surroundings are not at all to his liking; where the children's only play-ground is the street and their associates undesirable. Accustomed to city sights and sounds as I am, I am often shocked at the profanity and obscenity of well dressed, apparently well-cared for young children, whose parents would be grieved and astonished at hearing such language from the lips they press with good night kisses. It is the education of the street, its slang and coarseness, from which it is almost impossible to guard them. Count it chief among your mercies, then, that your seclusion enables you to keep your children from such influences, until their habits and characters are in a measure formed. I tell you it is a great compensation for certain wants we are apt to consider deprivations.

BEATRIX.

## ABOUT MANNERS.

I suppose Beatrix thinks it is time to drop the subject, but how can I, when she evidently does not quite understand my question, or if so, I am afraid her experience with country life has not been very extensive after all. I admit that there is no reason why we *should* not observe just as good manners in the country as in the city. My question was, how to secure them. I do not quite agree with her that people get just as hungry in the city, for I think there is nothing like hard work in the open air as an appetizer, but of course that should make no difference. What she says about eating is all good, sensible advice—if she will only invent a way to convince those hungry men. Now I want to whisper, just to reassure Beatrix, in case she should ever have occasion to take tea with us, that my husband does not commit the unpardonable sin of drinking tea and coffee from his saucer, but we, like most farmers, find it necessary to keep hired help, and to take just such help as we can get, and they are not always as particular as they might be. We have not the advantage which we might have in town, of having only our own family around us. It is not many years, either, since cup plates were provided, even at our fashionable tables, and I suppose it was not then considered a breach of etiquette to use them, and I do not think all of the husbands take kindly to the change. Now the question is, how are we to train the hired men and other grown up specimens of humanity, who have not been brought up just according to our ideas of propriety, so as to bring about the desired reformation which Beatrix seems to hold us wives responsible for?

I have been greatly interested in the subject of "What to Talk About." I find it so hard to keep up a conversation with some people and so easy with others. What a difference there is! It takes a great deal not only of tact, but also what we call the "gift of gab," to talk with everybody. My advice is, talk about almost everything except your neighbors' shortcomings; if that seems to be the only available subject, remember that "silence is golden." It is certainly much more satisfactory to sit down for a cosy chat with one other person, than for half a dozen or so to meet for a social visit unless particular pains has been taken to bring together persons with congenial tastes. In a mixed company, there are always one or two who can talk faster than the rest, even though they have nothing to talk about except their neighbors or themselves, and the others must either join in or sit silent and try to keep their disgust from showing itself in their faces.

BURTON.

S. J. B.

[I shall have to remind S. J. B. of the homely proverb, "It's hard teaching old dogs new tricks." If either men or women fail to recognize their deficiencies in any respect—table manners or other things—and fortify themselves behind "Don't care," their case is hopeless. We cannot

improve a person's manners or morals unless he sees the need of improvement and aids our efforts by his own. For this and kindred reasons, we must train the growing children and young people, and depend upon our admonitions to them and the force of our own example to modify in some measure the carelessness and negligence of those who are older. I have known a man who wiped his knife in his mouth and helped himself to butter, and stabbed a slice of bread across the table with his fork at his first meal at his "new place," become quite mannerly after a summer's sojourn in his employer's family, without a word being said which could offend him, simply through finding there was always ample time for meals and that his wants would be anticipated without his spreading himself all over the table. It was a good instance of the influence of example.—B.]

## THE EDITOR WOMAN.

Well now! what a reputation I am getting among my constituents, that none of them dare invade the dreadful feminine-editorial presence! Here's Mrs. Serena Stew afraid of confronting a faultlessly attired woman who will class her as "country;" and Jannette thinking she will be expected to stand on one foot like a meditative hen, without even being asked to take a chair or being able to find anything to say; and I don't really know what inspired Mrs. Ed with terror, but at least she did not call after saying she did so wish to venture. You are all, dear ladies, laboring under a great misapprehension. There is no earthly occasion to be afraid of Beatrix or consider her at all awe-inspiring. You have all seen the great pictures on the outside of the side show's tent, descriptive of the glories within, and when you had paid your ten cents and gone in and seen what there was to see you said, "My! is *that* all!" And very likely that is what you would say were you to venture into Beatrix's awful presence.

I have always remorselessly blue-pencilled any comments upon myself, my appearance, or impressions formed by those who have called upon me, because they have been so kindly complimentary that it seemed bad taste to publish them in a paper which I myself edit. But I will only say that those who come once, almost always come the second time if occasion offers, which proves, I think, they are not badly hurt by the encounter.

I was born on a farm; girlhood and school vacations were passed in the country, and I had nine years' practical experience as housekeeper, during which time I performed as many and as varied tasks as fall to the lot of most women on the farm, including bringing up pet lambs and running the reaper when we were "short of hands." I have turned my dresses and trimmed my own bonnets; and experienced the heart-sinking incident to having a quartette of visitors drive up at noon when there was not even time to make a "Sudden Visitation" pudding. And I have never had occasion to deny my birthright,

or hesitated to acknowledge I am country born and bred. I know very well from my own past experience, how those who seldom meet strangers dread the deliberate encounter in which they take the initiative. But anticipation is almost invariably worse than the reality; once the effort is made, the meeting becomes enjoyable. I should feel both hurt and grieved to have any who wish to meet me personally stay away through fear of being criticised. I am neither "faultlessly attired" nor "condescending;" but just a plain, every-day sort of woman without "airs."

I will not say, as old-fashioned people sometimes do, "The latch-string is always outside" to my sanctum. I can do better, and say the door is never closed and that a welcome is always ready for those who come to see

BEATRIX.

## CHRISTMAS HINTS.

As now is the time when every one is racking her brains to know what to make for Christmas presents, I will give the HOUSEHOLD readers some ideas which may be new to some of them. First are the clock frames, made of a piece of pine board nine inches square (eight inches will do). Have a hole made one inch from the edge in the left hand lower corner, large enough to put a small clock in, which can be had for \$1.25, and still cheaper in large cities. Have narrow pieces put on the back at top and bottom to prevent warping, and a stick put on the back so it will stand up like an easel. On some I have painted a mass of pansies, and on others wild roses; almost any flower will do. Any one who paints can think of a great many handsome designs having once an idea given.

Next are the memoranda slates. Ten and a half inches by seven and a half is a good size. Remove the red felt and shoe lacing, then gild the frames and some of the shoe lacing to hang up by, and put narrow pale blue ribbon in the holes. Hang a pencil on one side with a piece of the ribbon. Paint any pretty design on them. Three owls on a branch, a golden oriole on branch of cherries, wild roses, scarlet japonicas and cherry blossoms are all good designs.

Bangle boards are made in the same way by putting hooks on the lower edge of the frame.

ANN ARBOR.

G. F. O.

## CHAT.

I wish to express my thanks to the ladies who contribute to the HOUSEHOLD columns for the help which they have given me this summer. As I look back it seems that I would have been almost a "failure" without it. I say "God bless it" and the dear Beatrix forever.

If any one thinks it worth while to invite me to "come again," I will tell of some of my experiences in housekeeping, and will close by hoping that this will not find a place in that awful waste

HICKORY CORNERS

"B. ASK IT."

["B. Ask It" is cordially invited to come again and give us the benefit of her experiences. They are just what we want.—ED.]



## ENTERTAINMENTS.

One of our correspondents recently asked for hints about home entertainments, or those which could be gotten up without much trouble or expense, and several private inquiries of the same nature are at hand. It is quite evident, therefore, that there are a good many who "want to know, you know," about such things.

Nothing is more fun for the boys and girls than a sheet-and-pillow-case masquerade. There is no expense, but great amusement. Every effort is made to preserve the incognito of the maskers, who arrive draped in their ghostly habiliments, which they wear until the signal for unmasking is given. At a party of this kind given here Thanksgiving night, at a private house where the parlors, halls and dining and reception rooms could be thrown into one great room by opening the folding doors, the "ball was opened" by a grand march which changed into a waltz when the nimble fingers of the pianist struck one of Straus's lilting measures. Dancing, conversation and guessing at each other's identity filled in the time until the "Banana March" was called. A big bunch of bananas—it cost a dollar at a wholesale house—was suspended from the chandelier in the front parlor, and under it was placed a stand with a large glass salad bowl upon it. The march was led by a couple who had been previously instructed, and the rest had only to follow their lead. In and out through the various rooms they marched, and finally were led into the front parlor where the couples separated at the bunch of bananas, the girl going on one side, the boy on the other, and each taking a banana. Then they united and marched on, eating the bananas, and promenaded until they parted again around the big glass bowl in which the banana skins were deposited. Then the unmasking, which proved a merry time, then supper. "Oh it was such fun; I never had such a lark in my life," said a bright-cheeked but sleepy-eyed girl the next day.

An impromptu exhibition of waxwork is a good deal of sport for an audience, and not very much work for the managers. A ten-cent tariff for revenue may be exacted. Dickens' Madam Jarley has been often imitated, with "Little Nell" and "George" as attendants. But there is now in London a very imposing collection of waxwork "figgers" known as Madam Tussaud's. Make the entertainment Frenchy instead of English, and you will have a very amusing variation. Madame has a great many airs and graces, a great fan, a French accent and a monstrous viniagrette. She is assisted by a coquettish maid in cap, who is "Mademoiselle," and who dusts the figures and arranges them. They are "wound up" and go through some very mechanical movements during which the individuals must look very wooden-y and stare very hard at nothing. As for characters, you must originate them, from newspapers and books, etc., and Madame Tussaud must "explain the figgers." Pocahontas in feathers and war paint, The Maid of Athens with a red-flannel heart on her

thumb, The Madonna of the Tubs, Robert Elsmere before and after he had doubts, and lots of other characters can be thought up, and "realized" in this amusing mummery. Two strong young men, nicely dressed, as befits a very refined and elegant entertainment, are necessary to move the figures, which are brought to the front of the stage after "Mademoiselle" has crooked their elbows and perhaps twisted a head round or perked up a chin. This bringing forward is the most difficult part. The "figger" must stand with heels close together and arms bent at right angles and pressed close to the body; the attendants, one at each side, can, by placing one hand under the wrist, and the other under the elbow lift the perfectly rigid figure from the floor and carry it safely, while it maintains the required lifelessness.

For literary societies, it is easy to arrange tableaux, readings and music, perhaps act a scene or two from some author's writings, Dickens is full of such possibilities. Scott's poems, Burns, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Will Carleton, are also rich in suggestions. "Betsy and I are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" afford several striking tableaux, or may be rehearsed in character. Where tableaux are given, it adds greatly to the interest of the audience if some one recites, from the shelter of a curtain, or from behind the scenes, the description in verse or prose of the scene represented.

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

We have had the above subject treated from the man's standpoint, and now just for a change we will hear the woman's side. We all doubtless sympathize with Outis in his tribulations because of missing buttons, but as wives learn "to make the best of it," even when the garments upon which the buttons should be sewed are missing also, our sympathy cannot be as effusive as it otherwise might be.

By what law of esthetics has it come to pass that beauty is not as desirable in a man as in a woman, or has the hopelessness of finding it discouraged all fur her attempts in that direction and the search for the unattainable ceased? Certainly the wife is quite as much pleased with a husband well formed and well favored, as the husband can be with a wife ditto. But the repulsiveness of the average man of middle age is due as much to carelessness of dress and manners, unkempt hair and whiskers and untidy person as to the baneful habits of smoking and drink. If the wife needs occasional promptings to duty in regard to home dress and home manners how much more the husband! "The general agreement that women should not look for this quality in a man" must have been made without consulting the party most concerned, the wife. But masculine agreements are quite apt to be made in this way.

Again: "But where two independent wills are united, some arrangement is necessary to provide for the settlement of practical questions on which a difference of opinion exists, and just here is where the

great question of obedience arises. So great is the effect of wifely obedience that it is now recognized as an indisputed fact that the wife who gives the husband his own way the first year will have her own way everafter." If after such an experience she has any "way" to have. It is not an over-statement to say that nine-tenths of wives do give their husbands their own way the first year. But how many of them have their way ever after? But by so doing a very large proportion of them sacrifice health and happiness for the remainder of life.

The affectionate nature of woman prompts her to make any personal sacrifice to please those she loves, and the husband soon learns to take these daily sacrifices as his due and to expect them as a matter of course, if indeed he is not too dull to see that the wife has made any sacrifice for him. But the wife if she is wise will deny herself the pleasure of sacrificing her comfort to the husband's selfish—for such they too often are—demands upon her, not only for her own sake but for his also, for his health and future happiness are concerned as well as hers. She will thus command his respect, the first essential to an abiding affection. In the perverted condition of society the order of nature has been reversed, and the race has suffered accordingly. When that order shall be restored woman will choose her companion, and the union will be more congenial, as her intuitions are more acute and her nature more spiritual than man's.

Right here let me ask, since woman's nature is more spiritual and therefore more capable of discerning the right, how does it come to pass that men are continually admonishing her of her duty? It is a self-appointed task, for who has made him judge over her? We will suggest that hereafter Outis and all of his ilk turn their attention to the masculine fraternity and expend their admonitions upon them, for they are sadly in need of an awakening of conscience to the duties of husbands and fathers. The preoccupation of the mind with business, and too often dulled through vicious indulgences, leaves the voice of conscience unheeded and the call of duty neglected with the so-called head of the family. It is time for the sober second thought of men of business, asking whither all this rush for that which satisfieth not is tending; and especially when it costs the sacrifice of the dearest and best interests of the family.

Now ladies, Beatrix's device (wise woman) for stirring up the HOUSEHOLD readers has had the desired effect in one instance at least. Let us not drive her again to the doleful expedient of calling upon a man to fill the columns of our very little paper, which should be sacred from masculine intrusion.

I have something to say upon the Sabbath question which I will defer. But I must assure A. L. L. that her philosophy was very pleasing both in manner and matter. Such articles are a delight. Let us hear from her again.

LILLA LEE.

IONIA.



## PETTY ECONOMIES.

My topic is economy this time, but before I begin I want to say that I practice that spoon-handle method of canning fruit Bess so loudly condemns, and have never lost as much fruit since I commenced to use it, as by the old hurrying way. I shall never forget the first experience I had putting up fruit—or rather watching a neighbor do it for me. Cans scalded and set in boiling water, a few spoonfuls put in, the kettle set back to heat, taken off, more thrown in, put back on the stove again and so forth, until at last after haste, hurry and worry and burning of fingers it was done. Now I fill at my leisure and let stand to settle a short time before sealing and my fruit never molds nor spoils if well cooked and placed in perfect cans. I always fill the space in the top with hot liquid before sealing, and have no other cans than Mason.

Like Simon's Wife, I too have to practice economy and on needed articles too (while luxuries are out of the question). Farmers' wives cannot always do as we would, but have to do as we can, and often have to make so little do so much that we lose sight of what real economy is. I have thought, dreamed and practiced economy until I really did not know where to economize next. I have had the blues until I believe they have become chronic. Royal says I always look on the dark side. Well, perhaps I do; but with poor health, inefficient help, and a family of seven to look after, I have about lost heart. When \$1 has to do the work of \$10, and we do not know where that \$1 is to come from, an inferior article is often purchased against our better judgment, and it takes a good deal for a family of seven. The four yards that made a good suit for Angelina at five would not suit her ladyship at seventeen; and Adolphus (as tall as his father), would hardly be presentable in the piece of his mother's dress skirt garnished with black braid and steel buttons that made the baby of three a nobby suit; Angelina's fastidious taste would be shocked at the piece of velvet from the rag bag which (minus the Diamond dye and rooster tail), did duty for a hat and did not look so bad either; her cloaks can no longer be made of her mother's, for she does not wear mother's old clothes now. Then there are Gustavus and Edmund, and Miranda the maid of all work, who has to be paid or clothed, which amounts to the same thing in the long run.

How about the tobacco? Do all the men but Royal use it the reason we hear so little about it? I want to say just here that I believe if wives and mothers would insist upon husbands and boys cleaning their own spittoons it would work quite a revolution in some households, for the masculine stomach is proverbially weak, and I do not think they would relish the job at all.

Cannot some one suggest some kind of evening entertainment that can be gotten up in a small town, or hamlet rather, to interest and save the young people from society where we do not want them?

BLUEBELLE.

## USE FOR WASTE WOOLS.

Jessie wishes to find some way to use her zephyrs. Now that Christmas is at hand, one thing I find handy and quite pretty is to buy light blue cheesecloth (or any color) and make pads for bureau drawers; then tie them with the wools, crochet an edge around them; tie them either in squares or diamonds. Make the pads the size of the drawers; use paper cambric for the back, put in cotton or sheet wadding sprinkled with sachet powder.

A pretty and "cute" present—and it will use the wools—is to buy baby insoles, you can get them in No. 2, and make the crochet slippers same as our large ones. They are handy for baby to put on, and are very warm.

We all enjoy the HOUSEHOLD; I find many suggestions to help me. TOM.  
ANN ARBOR.

## OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

I have watched with interest the account of the experience of those who passed through bright and cloudy weeks, the doleful experience of Simon's Wife and so on. I believe the higher spiritual part of our nature, to a great degree, is independent of outward circumstances, and that no cloudy week can effectually trammel or crush the finer instincts of the soul. I believe Simon's Wife's talk is all moonshine, for in the first place I do not believe any man who takes and reads the MICHIGAN FARMER would ever act so. And in the second place I do not believe any true wife would so recklessly expose her husband's faults.

But I have watched with greater solicitude the discussion on the "The Sabbath Question," for it is a subject fraught with terrible issues. Our nation stands in jeopardy. Infidelity and Sabbath desecration are coming in upon us like a flood, threatening to engulf our fair land, and it is high time every lover of God and our native land should awake to the peril of the times. It is the duty of every parent and instructor to impress upon the mind of the young, both by precept and example, the importance of the maintenance of our Christian Sabbath as a sacred institution, for if the coming generation shall degenerate below the present standard of integrity and morals, and the noisy demonstrations of the rationalist, the socialist, the anarchist be not met by a firm resolve on the part of those who will soon guide the affairs of our nation, that our Sabbath shall be sacredly observed, then our grand republic will have gone far toward a certain downfall. As the bow in the clouds was the sign or token of a perpetual covenant throughout all generations that summer and winter and seed time and harvest should never fail, so the establishment and observance of the Sabbath day is a sign or pledge of national prosperity to the end of time; the sign or memento of the creation and Creator of all things, connecting on the one hand the human being with the divine Creator, and on the other hand with his fellow creatures, brother and stranger, children and servant, yea, the

very beast of burden, emblem of good will to all things created, and the absolute equality of all men.

In all the changes which time has wrought among the nations since the world began the relation of man to his Maker remains unchanged, and as the individual in the nation is the integrant of the nation, the character of the nation, as a whole, will be the character of individuals comprising it, and if we are a Christian nation, our Christian Sabbath must be observed. The proper observance of the Sabbath day is the keynote to a holy, consecrated life, for it is impossible in the turmoil and toil of this busy life, to remember our Creator as we should, if we spend not at least one day in seven in worship to Him, and preparation for an eternal abode with Him.

"And surely in a world like this,  
So rife with woes, so scant with bliss,  
'Tis blest that we may pause, 'til ear and heart  
Somewhat of that high strain have caught,"  
The peace of God which passeth thought."

We must remember too, that God has nowhere said remember the Sabbath day, to keep half or two-thirds of it holy. The Sabbath day comprises just as many hours from midnight to midnight as other days, and the sacred use for which it is set apart cannot be transferred from one part of the day to another, neither can we by works of supererogation make merit in one part of the day, and allow desire of worldly pleasures to run riot the remainder.

The Sabbath day is emphatically the Home Day, and there is no fairer picture in all the world, than that of a family circle gathered round the hearth-stone, engaged in sacred song or in the study of God's word or any helpful book which will develop the higher, holier life. And when Time shall have shattered the home into fragments,

"And afar on Life's billows  
The tempest tossed children are flung,  
They will long for the shade of the home  
weeping willow,  
And for the sweet song which their mother  
had sung."

HOWELL.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

M. J. M., of Locke, says a tiny spider infests her house-plants, making the leaves become spotted with white, and she wishes to know what will prevent its depredations, having tried everything she knows of in vain. If the insect is very small, and red or reddish-brown in color, it is probably the red spider, which is one of the most annoying pests we have, and very difficult to get rid of. The best way to circumvent him is to drown him by persistent syringing. Lay the plants on the side in a tub, so as not to drown the roots. Keep in a cool room; he thrives in a hot atmosphere. If any one knows a better remedy we shall be glad to hear it. If the insects are green in color and apoplectic in habit they are thrips or aphides, and should be smoked with tobacco as per instructions to Mrs. H. in the HOUSEHOLD of Nov. 23rd.

## Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED ONIONS.—One gallon onions, after paring; let stand in salt and water twenty-four hours; two quarts vinegar; heat; drop in the onions, and cook until a fork will penetrate them; put in a jar, and add one ounce white mustard seed, whole. Turn the vinegar over while hot.

HUB.