

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, MAY 10, 1890.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WOMAN'S WORK.

With many a turn my steps I take,  
In many a crook and crevice,  
And many a biscuit I must bake  
For Maud and me and Levis.  
I sweep, I dust, I cook, I rise  
Up in the morning early;  
I wash the breakfast dishes and  
I churn and dress the baby.  
I make the dust and dry leaves fly  
Against my new broom fairly;  
I chatter, chatter as I go,  
Because I rest so rarely;  
"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever, ever,  
I go on forever."

I move about and in and out,  
While here the chickens feeding,  
And here and there at a hawk to shout,  
But little they are heeding.  
I walk, I run, I skip, I hop  
From one thing to another;  
I stop to dress a bruise or cut,  
For the children run to mother.  
Then to the garden I must go  
To see what work is needed,  
For plants must be set out you know,  
And then they must be weeded.  
For men can't stop, for they must go  
But we work on forever, ever,  
We work on forever.

I clear the tray and "put to rights"  
The dining-room and kitchen;  
I then go in my room to sew,  
And try to do some stitching.  
I wonder if there is on earth  
No respite from our labors,  
No time to go and gossip some  
With pleasant, friendly neighbors?  
Before I end this piece of work  
And try to think a little,  
I throw it down and run and make  
A fire and place the kettle.  
For men must eat and go, you know,  
But women can go never.  
Yes, men will come and men will go,  
But we work on for ever, ever,  
We work on forever.

—The Freeman.

### "NO TROUBLE"

In common with everybody else, or everybody who could, we attended the Flower Show, and as we chanced to be there during the cool uncrowded Thursday, we saw the display at its best, and feel prepared to endorse all that the papers have recorded; for, from the early start in the morn until ten p. m. return, everything was simply perfect, not a jar or mishap to mar the day's enjoyment.

On the following day El. See. "kept house" for a kinswoman, that she might prolong her stay in the, to her, charmed enclosure, for she is a literal flower worshipper. Just at twilight a ring at the door bell was answered by "the girl," who

found an old woman in a thin single shawl shivering on the porch. When she came in to the warmth her cough was so troublesome that she could hardly tell me, in her broken French, that she had walked that day from Rochester and was going to Romeo to visit her son and "Could I stay the night? I very all tired, so many up, down." I could hardly credit her story at first, that she had started on a fourteen-mile walk, parallel with the railroad, and had already accomplished a half of the distance over the steep, stony hills—the "up, down" as she expressed it. I asked if she had no money and she said, "Oh no, I not walk so far if I had money," and all for the lack of forty cents that poor old white-haired woman was traveling that weary way, having had nothing to eat since the morning. Her story was all true, as I knew when she told me her name, her husband dying years ago from a fall from a scaffold, leaving her with five small children. I hastily brewed some tea, and sitting at the table encouraged her to eat some supper, though she was "all tired." In our talk she said: "You white hair too and you so young face," and as explanation I said: "I have had so much trouble." Her old eyes lighted up and her homely face was fairly radiant as she looked at me and slowly replied "I have no trouble." I must have looked my astonishment at such a statement, for her features took on an almost saintly expression as she repeated: "I have no trouble. God so good. He got my husband all safe, but that not trouble. If we part, all far" and she motioned wide with her hands, "that trouble, not when God have him. I belong to God, too; I go when He wants me, I Christian woman here," putting her old wrinkled hand over her heart; and meekly bowing, I could only say: "I think you are." What a rebuke that old widow mother's faith was to me? Homeless, penniless, weary and worn, she could say from the depth of her heart that she had "no trouble," and so many who could count almost innumerable blessings go on through life burdened with a load of care! From the depth of my heart I pray for a measure of that old woman's faith and trust to help me in the many "up, downs" of life. It was a homely lesson that I cannot forget. Next morning she went rejoicing to the depot to finish her journey thus, and when, an hour later, a cold storm set in I was thankful to feel that she had reached her destination.

I am duly thankful to the friends who

come to my assistance, but my "cooking for one" cannot be depended upon. Just now I am watching by the bedside of a sweet girl cousin, noting the labored breathing and the hectic flush on the thin face, for the disease is consumption—that Nemesis of our family—and too well we know that in a few days at most, the light will go out of those large, pathetic brown eyes, and the fond parents who have caught at every straw of hope will be desolate. The father holds her in his lap as tenderly as when she first nestled there, twenty years ago, but his empty arms will soon reach out in vain for his "baby," for the destroyer makes swift work here, first the grippe and then the hereditary malady, and a few weeks tell all the story. We know that it will be well with her, but that cannot cure the heartache, and with all this and the lonely days that stretch out before us, how can we have grace to say that we have "no trouble?"

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

### THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

It had been a long tedious night, carling for a peevish baby, cross from teething and warm weather, and there were alarming symptoms of sick headache, which usually unfitted the Madam for anything like manual labor, and reduced considerably her limited stock of patience and reason. About daybreak both fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, and it was nine o'clock when the mother sprung from her bed, a nervous dread possessing her that numberless duties remained undone. Her help was much younger and less experienced than had ever been employed before; and when Samuel had told her early in the season that he could not possibly allow her more than one dollar and seventy-five cents per week for a girl, her heart had sunk, for various rumors had reached her ears that competent help would be three dollars per week. And this girl was a stranger, had come to the door only a few days before asking for work, and seemed thankful for the stipulated sum—a bright tidy, rosy cheeked girl. She sprung to her feet with visions of wild disordered rooms, baking undone, children late at school and the dread of Samuel's displeasure. Hastily smoothing her hair, pinning on a collar and tying her apron on the way, she struck out for the kitchen realm. The dining-room looked cool and inviting, it had been swept and dusted, the screens were closed, a bouquet of roses and morning glories on the table, which was neatly spread, the



plants fresh watered, the canary singing in his clean cage. Surely a good fairy had been at work here, for nothing remained undone. She opened the door into the kitchen and here were signs of the same deft hand. The morning's work had all been accomplished, milk pans and pails were out sunning, kettle and frying pan in their places; the fresh baked loaves, such an even brown, were cooling on the moulding board, two custard pies done to a turn, a pan of doughnuts stood by, every one golden, and swollen out of all proportion, and also a tin of delicious molasses cake, and Betty was just putting a roast of mutton into the oven; a basket of peas sat on a chair, waiting to be shelled, and a pan of new potatoes were nicely scraped and covered with water. The coffee had been kept on the back of the range, and it was the work of a moment to toast a slice of bread which, nicely buttered, was set down by the side of a saucer of red raspberries, and Madam could hardly refrain from exclaiming, "Why Betty, child, wherever did you learn to be so handy." It was something surprising to sit there in the pleasant dining-room eating a dainty nine o'clock breakfast, baby asleep, children at school, baking done, dinner commenced and planned, the click of the binder as it rounded the field of golden grain, the robins and blue birds rejoicing in a flood of melody, the flowers blooming—sky blue—it simply was Heaven, or else she was dreaming—Haggard like. But Samuel was overjoyed when noon found him at the dinner table, his favorite roast mutton, green peas and new potatoes, and custard pie so near like that mother made, so spicy with nutmeg, so golden with eggs, none of your water and flour affairs, and Madam poured the tea, and scarcely looked careworn and tired. And the baby, bless his heart, was tucked up in his high chair and cooed and gurgled away, just as if he had not made night hideous. And as it was today, it was tomorrow; Betty became a necessity. She skimmed the milk, churned and patted the butter into globes that had a higher commercial value than the greasy, salvy stuff some people made. The bread was always alike, her puddings were marvels of skill, she went to the creek for cress, she roamed the woods with the children in quest of wild flowers, scrubbed their faces, smoothed their hair for the table—it was Betty here and Betty there. When, after harvest, Samuel said to the Madam, "Here's fifty dollars, get ready, leave the baby with Betty; let's go to the Soo, or get some of those roses back to your cheeks," why! what did she do but get the prettiest outfit she could find, and she and Samuel departed. They hadn't been off on such a trip since they took a wedding trip twenty years before. And when they had returned it was in October's golden—and there was a spring in Madam's step and a light in her eye most beautiful to behold. And the neighbors said it was strange that Mrs. Blank should be so lucky. And the Gabrielles and Georgiannas went on in careless ways, never improving but always wondering when the domestic problem should be solved and

their condition elevated. Ah! Betty has never learned to paint on velvet, or make worsted dogs and cats in crewel work, but she knows what constitutes a perfect home—well regulated, well balanced. Mottoes on the wall won't do it. Betty set her own price and Samuel paid it, not grudgingly either, and sometimes of a moonlight evening when they sit on the porch Samuel says, "I wish every house had such a Betty, wife;" and Betty, contented and happy, murmurs to herself before dropping to sleep, "I wish every home had such a Madam."

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### WORK FOR THE CHILDREN.

I am constantly searching the HOUSEHOLD for some helpful suggestions, and my search is ever rewarded with success, as every number contains something well worth reading. And if the ideas therein expressed do not exactly coincide with our own, it is nevertheless a help, for it helps us to form a more correct idea of the subjects.

In the HOUSEHOLD of April 19th Grandma expresses a desire to hear from some one in reference to children's help. As I am the mother of five young hopefuls I feel that I am in a position to at least give an idea on the subject, although it may be worthless. As my two eldest are boys I find it quite necessary to depend upon them for help, and while I do not advocate the idea of giving a growing child the work of an adult, my experience teaches me that it is absolutely necessary for the child's moral welfare that he shall have a share of the daily duties, otherwise selfishness would reign supreme. And I feel sure that a painstaking mother can find in her work a niche, in which each child can be placed, for which their nature and strength peculiarly fits them. For instance, my son G. can set the table, make a cake, wash and wipe dishes, and many things of that kind, with almost the skill of a girl; while his elder brother O. can hang a door, repair a broken lock, drive a nail just as it should be. But give the work of G. into the hands of O., dishes in his strong hands would clash together, the cake batter would bespatter the kitchen floor, the dish towel would hang around his neck "to have it handy," the bread would slide from the plate to the floor on the way to the table; and with nerves all unstrung you would mentally resolve never to ask that boy to do another thing about the house. Next day, when you particularly wish some repairing and he is away, ask G. to attend to it, and he looks at it in dismay; not wishing to be outdone by his brother, he goes to work, but is compelled to step back and say, "Wait until brother comes." No two can be trained alike. I began with a determination to teach my boys housework, or at least some portions, but find that it is like "turning a bull loose in a china shop" to set O. at housework, but he has his niche, which he fills with credit.

I wish that some of the mothers who read the HOUSEHOLD would give some suggestions for keeping boys home evenings. As we live but a few steps from Main

Street, I find that my boys are "prone to wander" soon after tea, and while I do not wish to be severe, I feel that I can not always keep them at home. An interesting book to be read aloud evenings is excellent, but even that proves insufficient at times, and they do not care for games.

MRS. D. S. E.

#### REMEDY FOR SORE THROAT.

A bad cold, taken mysteriously during one of our sudden changes of temperature, was quite obstinate about yielding to treatment, and left me at last with a very sore throat—swollen tonsils and great difficulty in swallowing. I took several remedies and made applications of hot and cold water, all to no purpose, and began to think I should have to send for a doctor and face the attendant bill. Finally I remembered seeing in the HOUSEHOLD, some months ago, pineapple juice recommended for diphtheria and sore throat. I tried it and found it a most effective and remarkably pleasant remedy. The pineapple was sliced, enough sugar added to make it palatable, suffered to stand several hours, then the juice eaten freely. A few of the thin slices were also eaten, after the difficulty in swallowing had been somewhat relieved. The next day my throat was no longer painful, though the inflammation had not entirely disappeared, but by evening it was as well as ever. I am glad to give testimony as to the efficacy of so simple a remedy, which is much easier to give to children than sulphur blown in the throat, etc., and which is so harmless in its working. I think many of the violent applications made for sore throat leave the throat and voice seriously impaired.

DETROIT.

L. C.

#### THE FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST.

In every household there should be a medicine case, or a small closet devoted to that especial use. It may be large or small; well filled, or supplied only with a few of the most commonly used domestic remedies, as circumstances permit. A case or closet which will answer every purpose of a more expensive one, may be made of a smooth wooden box of the proper size, such as may be obtained of any druggist or grocer.

Fasten its cover in such a manner, by tiny hinges, that when the box is placed on end it will form a door. With one or more shelves secured to the inside it is complete, with the exception of a lock and key, which should be added where there are small children in the family. It may be stained or painted according to fancy. Place upon a shelf in a convenient location and it is ready to be filled.

It should contain a bottle of tincture of arnica, one of spirits of camphor, one of essence of peppermint, (which by the way is very soothing to a burn or scald), one each of glycerine, witch hazel and ammonia; a small vial of aconite to be used in case of fever, and some quinine capsules for malaria, are also important. To these should be added a box of vaseline, a roll of



soft old cotton cloth, with a ball of soft string; adhesive plaster, and the more commonly used courtplaster; also a quantity of powdered slippery elm for poultices; which can be obtained at very slight cost at the druggists. Some further additions should be a bottle of reliable toothache drops, powdered alum, in case of croup, to be mixed with molasses, and a bottle of some good reliable liniment for sprains, etc.

These remedies should each be very plainly labeled that no mistake may occur in their use. Neglect of this precaution has sometimes resulted very disastrously. Nearly every house mother is familiar with the useful properties of the medicines here mentioned. The list may be added to at pleasure. Very likely many persons would assign a prominent position to "Dr. So-and-So's Famous Vegetable Pills," but with proper attention to food and habits, cathartics are rarely necessary; and their use is to be avoided as far as possible, as the habit once formed must be kept up indefinitely.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

#### THE SCRAP JAR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I heard my mistress read an article the other day about the family "scrap jar," and as I have the honor to occupy that position myself I thought an autobiography might be of interest to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD.

Although I am nothing but an old crock with a small understanding, a large mouth, and quite prominent ears, I was given to a young housekeeper by one of her relatives in the State of New York, with the remark—how well I remember it—that "Every little helps when you are just commencing." After a few years' residence in that State I was loaded with their other effects, not forgetting the baby, and started for the then wilds of Michigan, where we arrived after a journey of many days' duration. Then, sad to relate (it almost makes me shed tears to think of it) I became the family dye-pot, and was glad to hide my unsavory head behind the woodpile, and even then I would feel humiliated by hearing some stranger remark "What in the name of heaven is that vile smell in your back yard?" But life had some compensations even for me, and I was often gratified in those early days by hearing my overtaxed mistress say, "Whatever would I do without the dye-pot to make a stain of some kind and lessen the washing?"

Then all was changed and I was thoroughly scrubbed and made a receptacle for soft soap; that was comforting, for I might at least feel clean. My mistress then became old and sick and worn with disease, and I seldom saw her, but younger hands to whom I was nothing but the old crock, would pick me up and set me here or there, and I often trembled for my poor old battered sides, until one day as I stood by the leach feeling so forlorn, my dear old mistress was carried away never to return; and how glad I was that it rained and I might shed all the tears I wanted to without question, only wondering what would

next befall me. I was truly surprised one day to have the man whom I had accompanied as a baby come and pick me up reverently, set me in his buggy and carry me to his home, where it seems I am to remain as an honored guest, for I have been scrubbed and painted without and within, decorated with pictures, and varnished, and set in the sitting room; and only the other day I heard it suggested that a ribbon be tied around my neck, and I be put in the parlor, lest, being so feeble the baby should break my neck—not his—by falling over me.

THE SCRAP JAR.

HOWELL.

#### NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

Oh yes, I'm quite well acquainted with A. L. L.'s neighbor, the managing woman who wants to run the world and all that therein is. I think we all know her, in some of her various phases. There is only one passport to her favor, and that a willingness to give up to her domineering ways and help carry out her plans. The managing woman is a nuisance in the family. She plans; but she requires others to execute her plans; she fills the fire full of the proverbial irons and demands others shall burn their fingers getting them out; she begins a dozen different kinds of work and requires her household, *volens volens*, to take hold and finish; then she congratulates herself on the amount of work she can accomplish, forgetting to give credit to her coadjutors. In society she has a positive genius for planning entertainments in which the silent ones will do the work and she get the glory. She'll "work," like Mrs. Veneering in *Our Mutual Friend*, with a great bustle and fuss which deceive most people. We are apt to forget it is the empty wagon that rattles, while the one that is carrying the load moves silently and quietly. She wants to do the thinking for all her acquaintances, and it is heresy and schism to differ with her. She'll teach a Frenchman his mother tongue, give a minister points on theology, show an editor how she'd run his paper, and be all the time so fatuously self-satisfied, so blissfully unconscious that she doesn't know all there is on earth that's worth knowing, that it would be little short of murder in the first degree to undeceive her. Oh yes, I know her—but I wish I didn't.

Who could help smiling at Daffodilly's energetic assaults upon dirty people in the HOUSEHOLD of March 22nd! Yet, how pungently true her words! I too have known good Christians who made the beds immediately after breakfast "because they were warmer then," and never thought of opening a bedroom window while there was frost in the ground. There are hundreds of people, very respectable in other ways, who never consider it necessary to bathe further than the outlying regions of neck, face and hands visible to the public. I heard of a sixteen year old girl, daughter of a prosperous farmer, who said she could not remember ever having washed herself all over, and I no longer wondered at the malignant little pimples

on her face that she was always doctoring. It was nature's last forlorn effort to throw off the impurities prisoned under clogged pores, which found exit through those of the more frequently washed face. Then there is the dreadful odor of clothing worn day after day without airing, thrown off in a heap at night, in a close room, and put on again without even a shake. Such an odor is as easily named as white rose or heliotrope; and it advertises the personal cleanliness of the individual as nothing else can. Elderly people who stay much in the house, seldom or never bathe, and wear the same clothing day after day, are often repugnant to younger and more fastidious people for no other reason than this. It doesn't cost a cent to hang clothing and bedclothes on the line for a good airing; and sun and wind are powerful agents in sweetening articles which cannot well be washed. And in cities at least, there's no excuse for the poverty that goes dirty for want of water, for the supply is constant and in every house, to be had by turning a faucet. But somehow, the small boy's antipathy to soap and water seems to be shared by a good many grown up men and women.

To smite or not to smite, it seems to me is a point which every conscientious mother must decide for herself by study of her children's dispositions and temperaments. There are sensitive, shrinking children who would be humiliated beyond expression by blows; there are resentful natures that would be hardened into callous indifference; heedless, impetuous ones who act first and think afterward, who are best managed by being deprived of some pleasure or treat as punishment—as soon as the pain of the stripes is over they are as careless as ever; and there are others who, as "Grandpa" says, need firmer discipline than appeals to the emotional nature. There are flagrant transgressions that must be dealt with more vigorously, as the laws for the government of nations, while allowing perfect personal freedom, take cognizance of offenses punishable with loss of life or liberty. There is too a danger in the constant excitation of the emotions; that side of the child-nature becomes inured to such appeals and they lose their power; we see the truth of this in the indifference to remonstrances and entreaties manifested by the half-grown children of mothers who have ruled by appeals to the emotional nature alone. The problem of family government is something every mother must think out for herself. Beyond certain broad principles, common to all human nature, rules are ineffectual. Too much government is almost as bad as none at all. Hedge a human being about with restrictions, attempt to do everything in the world for him—even his thinking—and he will revolt as certain as the sun shines. Two broad precepts may be laid down. Don't threaten. Don't say "I'll whip you if you do that again" unless you mean it and do it if the offense is repeated. Keep your word to your children. Government is greatly simplified if your children know you mean what you say and



will enforce your words, and that is the method by which the habit of obedience is formed. Secondly, never whip a child until you have patiently investigated his case and know he deserves it. One undeserved, unjust punishment will undo the work of years through alienating love and destroying confidence. Children need to have the utmost faith in parental justice. And make a note of one further fact: If you have erred in your training and find your boys and girls beyond your control at twelve or fourteen, do not imagine "a good sound whipping"—scene the woodshed, medium a trunk strap—will do them good and retrieve the mistakes. It will not do it. The eternal irrevocableness of the past is nowhere made more manifest than in the unwise management of children.

BEATRIX.

## THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

As they say, the spirit moves me to speak in behalf of the district school. The question was asked some time since in what way women may benefit the district school. I think if parents (more especially mothers, as it usually depends on the mother's say so whether children attend school regularly or not), would make it their business to visit the school at least once each term, they might find the school of a much higher standard than they anticipated. Since boarding around is done away with, I am sorry to say that often a teacher is hired, goes through a term and is gone, and perhaps is never seen by half the parents of the children who attend school. This ought not to be so.

On meeting a boy of nine or ten years I very naturally asked the question, "Johnny, do you attend school?" "Nop; don't like the teacher," was the quick reply. Parents should visit the school and see for themselves, and not trust too much to Johnny's and Mary's tales. We can lead a horse to the water trough, but we can not force him to drink. We can send our children to school; it is the best we can do. If we allow them to stay out of school for every little cause of complaint, either fancied or real, the fault is ours, and harms our children far more than the teacher, who serves her term, receives her pay and goes, no doubt happy in the thought that she had a much pleasanter school than if all the rude boys had been in attendance, while they are spending precious time in idleness, proving the old adage true that "Satan always finds some mischief for idle hands to do." In nine cases out of ten those are the hardest pupils in the school to control who are allowed to stay out because they do not like the teacher.

Children sometimes complain of strictness and the like, when if the parents were to visit the school they might see—if not blinded by prejudice—that it was nothing more than a healthy discipline, with a persistent effort of the teacher to have the children advance in their studies, or that study instead of play is required. We all know that any school without order is just no school at all.

A friend tells me the male persuasion are

not welcome in the HOUSEHOLD, but I am a reader of the HOUSEHOLD and cannot remember ever seeing anything to that effect. How is it, ladies? NIX.

[All are welcome, without distinction as to sex. There is plenty of room for men and women with ideas.—Ed.]

## POMPS AND VANITIES.

If you see a small girl, say from three to six years of age, clothed entirely in black, don't expend any sympathy upon her supposed orphaned condition. She's only a victim to the latest fashionable fad. A little three year old, dressed in a black silk cloak, full skirt gathered to a plain waist, with full sleeves ending in a deep cuff—and wearing a broad black hat ornamented with two large rosettes—the milliners call them *chiour*, which is "Frenchier" than "rosettes"—of narrow white ribbon, took up a good deal of room on the Avenue the other day. Utterly absorbed in a tiny blue parasol, a new purchase, which she insisted on carrying upside down so she could see it, she took the middle of the walk, while her mother and aunt watched her delightedly from the outer edge of the pavement, and many were the smiles elicited by the quaint little figure with its sweet baby face and air of absolute unconcern. Another, a larger girl, wore a cloak of the same material, and a close black satin bonnet, which recalled memories of my grandmother's Sunday-go-to-meeting one. It had a full *ruche* like a cap-border for face trimming, and a black rosette on top. The satin was stretched on perfectly plain, and the bonnet entirely covered the head. Satin, *rhadame*, or *peau de soie*, almost any silk but *grosgrain*, which is too dull and lustreless, could be employed. No trimming is put upon the cloak.

*Drap d'ete*, a goods much worn some twenty-five years ago, and which was re-introduced last year for general wear, though it has always been standard for mourning wear, is now brought on in colors, and light enough in weight for summer use.

Graduating dresses for the June commencements are of white China silk, wool crepe, nuns' veiling, or embroidered nainsook. They have high full waists, which a new whim declares must be fastened behind, large sleeves and straight full skirts. The idea is to have them as simple and girlish-looking as possible. The skirt has six breadths, unlined, a six-inch hem, and is shirred and sewed permanently to the waist. Under this is worn a skirt of stiff Victoria lawn, lace edged; this has a separate belt, but is also attached to the dress waist. A pretty bodice has all the material pleated to a short point front and back, and the fullness carried up to the neck, where it is finished with a standing ruffle of the goods made by turning it over double and shirring it in shape. If trimming is wanted upon these plain dresses, it is *grosgrain* or satin ribbon to match, of which are made shoulder-knots, a girdle with loops and ends, and two bands of ribbon around the sleeves. And

the girls can please themselves, they can wear white undressed kid gloves and slippers with white hose, light tan suede gloves and slippers, or black kid slippers and black stockings.

## BIRMINGHAM.

I have been a resident here about eight weeks and my impressions are necessarily subject to revision. It is a village corporation one mile square, situated on the eastern line of the township of Bloomfield, Oakland County. They claim 1,000 inhabitants and are confident the approaching census will verify the claim. There are several dry goods, grocery and hardware stores, bakeries and meat markets, millinery and furnishing goods houses. There are three churches, a fine graded school, and pipes are now distributed for a system of water supply of the most abundant and best water in the State. There is also a flouring mill; wagon and harness shops; in short there seems to be a supply for all the usual physical, mental, moral, religious and social wants of the residents.

There seems to be a great preponderance of middle-aged and elderly people; many being farmers who having labored hard in earlier years, are now passing the later years of life in a community where social and genial society is more easily found than on isolated farms.

They are a kindly people, given to friendly deeds. To a stranger they turn with kindly greetings, and by their attentions chase away the spectre of loneliness. This is accomplished in such an unaffected, hearty manner, no doubt of its genuineness can find room. We look forward to a happy time in our new home.

Last, by no means least, as one of the institutions of the place we mention the live newspaper published here; the *Eccentric*; a bright, newsy epitome of the local happenings and general intelligence.

MAPLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

MRS. M. A. FULLER sends the following remedy for chillblains: "Laudanum, one part; acetate of lead, two parts, mix and apply."

## Useful Recipes.

**CORN MEAL MUFFINS.**—Two eggs and two tablespoons of sugar beaten together. Add one and a half teaspoons of sweet milk—water may be used instead—half a teaspoonful salt; one cup of meal; two cups flour sifted with two heaping teaspoonsful baking powder, and lastly one tablespoonful melted butter. Try these; you will find them good.

**RICE WAFFLES.**—One quart milk; one cup told rice; one and a half pints flour; teaspoonful salt; three eggs, well beaten; two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Beat thoroughly and bake in waffle irons.

**CODFISH BALLS.**—Pick up the fish, carefully removing every bit of bone. Boil twenty minutes, drain, and spread upon a dish to cool. Add an equal bulk of mashed potato, a te. ten egg, a lump of butter and a little rich milk. Flour your hands, form into flat cakes and fry in dripping to a light brown.