

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THRICE CROWNED.

Upon a royal throne I saw one stand,  
A scepter in her hand,  
With grace and dignity to give command;  
And hireling vassals followed in her train,  
And glorified her reign,  
And far and wide extended her domain.  
"Long live the Queen!" they cried, with eager  
voice,  
And bade their hearts rejoice,  
That she thus honored was the people's choice;  
The jeweled crown and ermined robe she wore,  
As emblems of her power,  
Made them exalt her majesty the more.  
And all went well, for she was wise and just,  
A woman one could trust,  
And with her statesmen wondrous schemes  
discussed;  
And thus her fame spread all the world around,  
And nowhere could be found  
A nobler woman than the queen thus crowned.  
And yet no woman's heart, with all its pride,  
Can e'er be satisfied  
If love's sweet homage is to her denied;  
And, though she be an heiress to a throne,  
And vast estates she own,  
Her reign's a sad one if she reigns alone.  
And when he comes—the arbiter of fate—  
Her soul's own chosen mate,  
How dull and tasteless are affairs of state!  
Her heart, that erst had been a passive thing,  
Starts up, acknowledging  
With trumpet tongue its master and its king.  
With him her honors and her wealth she shares  
And feels, howe'er she fares,  
Twice crowned as Wife of him whose name she  
bears.  
The coronet of gems, the wreath of bays,  
The attribute of praise,  
And all the splendor of triumphal days  
Vanish before the glory now possessed,  
When she, Madonna blest!  
With rapture clasps her baby to her breast;  
And far removed from all disturbing schism,  
Receives the sweet baptism  
As one whom God has touched with holy chrism.  
True woman's heart, in every age and zone,  
Has one ambition known;  
To love most fondly something all its own.  
And though as Queen she rules with high behest,  
As Wife is oft addressed,  
The crown of Motherhood becomes her best.  
—Josephine Pollard.

### THE EXPOSITION.

In spite of the predictions of the croak-  
ers, the second Exposition, held in this  
city August 26th to September 5th, was as  
successful as that of last season, which all  
united in saying was "splendid." The  
great main building, with its immense  
floor space, was perhaps not as crowded  
with exhibits as last year, but this gave  
visitors all the better opportunity to see  
the display to advantage. Some of the  
firms which were represented a year ago

made no entries, but their places were filled  
by others. It would be impossible to men-  
tion all the exhibits, so I shall speak only  
of a few of the more interesting ones. F.  
G. Smith & Co. dazzled us by a case-full  
of diamonds, among which was a tiara and  
necklace once worn by the beautiful and  
unfortunate ex-Empress Eugenie. There  
was one great stone, a fountain of light,  
valued at \$20,000; three strings of real  
pearls, valued at \$5,000, costly rings and  
brooches, so that in all there must have  
been nearly \$100,000 worth of gold and  
precious stones enclosed in that one small  
show case, which was constantly under  
surveillance, and nightly escorted to the  
safe by a detail of deputy sheriffs. "Guess  
I'll come round after I get paid off and  
buy that diamond necklace for my girl,"  
said a young man to his friend as they  
paused before the case. "Huh!" was the  
reply. "I'm going to buy that twenty  
thousand dollar stone and apply for a  
situation as hotel clerk." The feminine  
beholders were either dazzled into silence,  
or exclaimed "How beautiful!" and  
"Which would you choose?" while the  
masculine contingent, generally, looked  
on with sublime indifference, which some-  
times deepened into contempt for those so  
foolish as to attach such value to sparkling  
stones. "If it had been a fine horse, now!"

The cracker companies had formed a  
"trust" and united in making a unique  
exhibit. An immense revolving cylinder  
and an equally immense wheel were filled  
with specimens of the various fancy  
crackers known to the trade, and when you  
look them over you decide their name is  
legion. The model of a full rigged ship,  
the "Dakota," was much admired; as also  
the fine display of yachts, rowboats, racing  
shells and other nautical craft made by  
several boat building firms of the city. I  
heard a young lady ask her escort, "What  
have you seen that you would like best to  
own?" and his answer came promptly,  
"That sail-boat over there!" I thought I  
heard her whisper "those diamonds" as  
they turned away.

Berry Bros' cottage made of gums used  
in the varnish business was again an ex-  
hibition, together with cases filled with  
specimens of gums, some of which had  
been boiled and bleached till they looked  
like molasses candy and quite good enough  
to eat. Here were reliefs of a Maori  
woman and child, and a bust of a Maori  
warrior, made of gum found in Zanzibar.

Taylor & Woolfenden showed exquisite  
and costly laces, fans, handkerchiefs and

other goods admired by womankind; New-  
land & Co., elegant cloaks and furs, among  
the latter the expensive Russian sable, both  
made up and in the skins, which, small as  
they are, are valued at \$50 each; boas and  
capotes of ostrich feathers, both black and  
white elicited some queries as to the  
possible purpose of their existence.

The willingness of the public to sample  
anything that is "free" was exemplified  
by the crowds which constantly surround-  
ed the exhibit of Van Houten's cocoas and  
Armour's preparations of beef, where  
cocoa and beef tea were served in tiny  
cups to all who looked wishful.

Mabley & Co. made a large exhibit of  
men's furnishings, ladies and children's  
garments, china, etc., and the "endless  
procession" feature of their display was  
the source of considerable wonderment to  
those who had never seen anything of the  
kind.

The Michigan Fish Commission made  
another display, which was one of the most  
attractive features in the main building.  
A tiny waterfall had been arranged, and  
mosses and small evergreen shrubs height-  
ened the effect of the painted rocks among  
which the fish tanks were apparently  
placed. There were specimens of gold  
bearing quartz from the Ropes mine in the  
Upper Peninsula; and one corner on the  
second floor was taken up by an exhibit of  
shells, corals, crustacea, eggs of various  
species of animals and similar wares for  
the admiration of the naturalist. Thomas  
& Huyette, draughtsmen, showed plans  
and drawings of vessels, etc., and "blue  
prints" of Detroit and river scenery; Beals  
& Selkirk exemplified the processes of  
trunk and valise making, the Garland Stove  
Company had workmen engaged in making  
castings, who explained how the heap of  
moulders' sand was used; the Cardiff Iron  
& Coal Company came up from Tennessee  
to show us specimens of iron ores and coal,  
and samples of Southern lumber.

A new feature was a fountain in the  
centre of the lower floor, whose waters  
plashed in a rockwork basin and sprayed  
groups of foliage plants prettily arranged  
about it. The Armen'ian in his red fez was  
again on hand, with his outfit of alleged  
attar of roses and the tiny jugs in which  
he sold a drop of the perfume for five  
cents. As the real attar of roses is worth  
much more than its weight in gold, the  
genuine being sold at not less than a dollar  
a drop and not entirely beyond suspicion  
of adulteration at that, I have grave  
doubts as to whether that perfume ever



saw a rose. If he'd called it oil of rose geranium, for instance, it would not have sold as well but the statement would have been nearer fact.

The exhibit of fancy work was much larger and better than last season's, and so varied that to behold was like looking through a kaleidoscope. The manufacturers of crazy quilts are not dead yet, or else their works survive them, for that peculiar style of patchwork was well represented. One, entirely in black, its only embellishment being the ornamental stitches joining the pieces, was pretty; one was surprised to see the difference in color of the black silks, satins and brocades of which it was made. There were some very elaborate samples of drawn work, and of knitted laces, and any quantity of rugs, tidies, lambrequins and drapes, paintings on velvet and silk muslin; but what I admired most was a lunch cloth of plain linen in an all over design of white and gold.

In the Art Gallery, Constantin Makoffsky's great picture, "The Judgment of Paris" was the principal feature. Last year his "Russian Wedding Feast" was admired by thousands. At the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, Eris, the goddess of Discord, angry because she was not invited, tossed upon the table while the guests were seated about it, a golden apple, bearing the inscription "To the Fairest." Juno, Minerva and Venus each claimed the award, and the politic Jupiter, not daring to make a choice which might imperil his royal serenity in the abode of the gods, referred the question to a mortal, Paris, the son of Priam, the faithless husband who deserted the nymph of Mount Ida and married Helen of Troy. Each of the rival goddesses offered the judge a gift. Juno promised royal power, Minerva, invincible success in war, while Venus would confer the gift of love, he should be beloved by all. The picture represents the moment when overcome by the dazzling beauty of Venus he gives her the golden trophy, while the offended Juno looks haughtily from her chariot and scornful Minerva turns indignantly away. I heard an untaught criticism on this picture which well conveys an artistic truth. An elderly lady, just leaving the room, said "Venus aint got a stitch of clothes on but somehow she don't look immodest."

There were some good pictures among those in the general collection. The "Queen of the Montauks" reminded one of Janauschek's impersonation of "Meg Merrilies;" Hopkin's "Home of the McGregors" is a beautiful landscape, representing a bit of Scotland's picturesque scenery, the home of the lawless but devoted followers of the McGregors who figure in "Rob Roy." Two beautiful Autumn scenes, "October Days" and another whose name I have forgotten, were artistic gems and fit companions for each other; and "Can you Break a Five?" was another example of that marvelous imitation of textures which deluded so many who saw the old cabinet with its painted postage stamps, dollar bill, "shinplasters"

etc., last year, the work of the same artist. "The Pride of the Farm" was a girl carrying a big pumpkin; the question involuntarily arose—"The lady or the pumpkin, which?"

The crowd on Saturday afternoon, "Military Day," was immense; the grounds were fairly covered with people divided between their anxiety to see the soldiers, see the balloon go up, and hear the band. I could think of nothing but a mammoth swarm of bees, as I looked down over the grounds, and especially when the 6:30 boat brought up a crowd of a thousand or more from the city who advanced upon the grounds in solid phalanx. And not the least amusing feature of the Exposition was the people who attended it. Some came in as if they owned the whole thing and had come round to collect the rent; others with a bored air, as if they didn't really want to come but as it seemed the proper thing they'd try to do what was expected of them; others evidently proposed to investigate everything, quite regardless of other people's toes. There was the woman laden with enormous lunch baskets which she carefully bore with her wherever she went, while her husband basely deserted her and sought safety in the stock department; there was the mother who bore about in her arms the walling baby in long clothes toward which spectators' hearts went out in pity, and the resplendent maiden whose cup of happiness overflowed when an acquaintance in uniform joined her. What a fascination buttons and blue have for most women!

We sat on the balcony overlooking the stand where Cappa's Fourth Regiment band was discoursing popular airs and watched the shifting spectacle before us, the ever changing crowd and the little lake with its fleet of sail-boats—a nautical merry-go round, while beyond stretched the beautiful river and the fair Canadian shore, and this is what we overheard as the band played "The Last Rose of Summer:"

"Makes a man awful awkward to put him in the middle of a sandwich, doesn't it," as a young man ambled by with a girl on either arm, his hands complacently clasped across his stomach and out of step with his fair companions.

"Get on to the old gal with the curls! Isn't she giddy? See her flirt that fan? Why she's fifty if she's a day! Land alive, what a kitten! She looks as if she might be Dickens' 'Mrs. Nickleby' flirting with the cucumber man!"

As an acquaintance passed, "Isn't he the most awkward fellow you ever saw? He's always falling over himself!"

"Isn't Cappa sweet?"

"Oh, he's perfectly adorable; he's got such a magnificent moustache."

A very showy dress elicited this: "Do see that green plaid suit! Why you can fairly hear it!"

"I always think of boiled lobster when I see a woman dressed in red."

"What makes a man stand round in a crowd with his elbows out? Somebody ought to punch him. There! (as somebody did give him a knock) take in your wings and don't fly so high."

"Say, that old lady down there, the one with the umbrella, I saw her standing by the bath-tubs in the main building and asking 'What's them?'"

And so it went on, "Words, words, words!"

The "Destruction of Pompeii," as the boys who sold "all about the play for five cents" called it, was far finer than any one had anticipated. At least 250 people joined in the procession upon the stage, and stood about while the games supposed to constitute a Roman holiday were in progress. These were trials of strength, slack wire performances and bicycle riding. Whether these "amused the natives" in Herculaneum and Pompeii A. D. 79 I'm sure I don't know, so please don't ask me. The play itself is the merest thread on which to hang the games and the volcanic eruption of red fire and pyrotechnics with which it closes, and is taken from Bulwer's famous novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii;" and was presented in an outdoor theatre, so to speak, and on a scale impossible in a regular theatre. The immense stage represented a street in Pompeii, with temples and colonnades and villas, all apparently of solid masonry—and I will not dispel the illusion by telling the secret of their construction. An artificial lake separated the stage from the grand stand, which was nightly crowded with spectators. The canvas Vesuvius formed the background and from its crater came a shower of rockets, red fire and flame, which, accompanied with detonations representing seismic convulsions, the falling buildings and the shrieking people, made a wonderfully realistic picture and a beautiful scene, followed afterwards by a display of fireworks which provoked the usual "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the throng. And if you attended the Exposition and did not see "Pompeii" destroyed, you made a mistake, that's all.

BEATRIX.

#### THE TINTYPE GALLERY.

Of course, as the FARMER is supposed to circulate principally among farmers, all the readers of the HOUSEHOLD are familiar with that peculiar characteristic of sheep which leads them to always follow one of their number that may happen to start off in any direction. Let one sheep break away from its companions, and if they do not at once follow it will be but a short time before they have gathered about the straggler. Where one goes, the rest speedily follow; and the farmer's boy sent to turn the sheep into a new pasture, knows his task is as good as done the moment the first beast jumps over the bars.

There are a good many traits and characteristics of animals which are reproduced in—or are common to—human nature. This disposition to do as others do is one of the strongest and most remarkable, as well as one of the most amusing; and is observable in all grades of society. One woman puts up lace curtains at her windows; her neighbors observe and envy, and at last imitate. One farmer builds a fine barn; his neighbors may call him



several kinds of names, but end by building or repairing their own.

The young people have their little fashions and fancies, as "catching" as measles, and as harmless, fancies pursued with great interest while they last, discarded like last summer's dresses as soon as their brief reign is over. The autograph album has had its day; the era of gold beads and bangle bracelets is over, the rage for "friendship rings" is cooling as the thermometer rises—it takes so long to get the hundred pennies—but there is one craze that never goes out entirely, that comes in with the opening of the excursion season and holds on till the last county fair is over, and that is the tintype craze. The lads and lasses out for a day's pleasure no sooner strike the town than they begin to look for a tintype gallery, to have their pictures taken. Sometimes it's a merry group of half a dozen, sometimes a quartette out for a lark, but generally "one pair of spoons" seek the man of chemicals, with serious purpose to be "took together." The young man usually takes a chair, the young woman timidly lays one hand upon his shoulder, both "assume a pleasant expression," and go away blissful with a quarter's worth of their counterfeit presentment.

Well girls, did you ever think what a story that innocent tintype tells? You may quarrel with the young man and the quarrel may disclose him to be anything but a gentleman. You may wish to cut his acquaintance, may be ashamed you ever went out with him. But he has that picture, the two of you taken in an attitude of friendliness—not to say lovely familiarity—and however you may desire to repudiate his acquaintance, he holds the proof that you *have* been intimate friends, and he can use it in a way to make you hot with indignant shame—if you only knew it. Some day perhaps some man whose opinion you prize very, very highly, comes along. You want him to think well of you—but there's that picture! What will he think of your having been on such terms with "that fellow," as you call him now?

I've known girls who rather prided themselves on their collection of tintypes taken with their "fellers." But they were girls who went with "fellers," and it didn't matter so much. But you—modest, refined, lady-like girls, steer clear of the tintype gallery, no matter how your amorous swain may coax. You will not be sorry next year—when you are "going" with some one else.

DETROIT.

L. C.

Do not take any stock in the "plating machine" advertised by W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, O. It is an old humbug revived; and we are sorry to see several of our generally careful and judicious exchanges are advertising this old fraud, who "bobs up serenely" under a new alias a couple of times a year, more or less. Why one of Uncle Sam's special agents has not put his thumb on this swindler before this is what we would like to know. At all events the advice we give to avoid this plating machine may save you some money, time and disappointment.

#### NOTES OF TRAVEL.

(Continued.)

July 13th. We rose to find we had reached the mountain range called the Belt. At Livingston we took a second engine, and the climb began. This is the point where tourists leave for the National Park, and many of our passengers left us. But up we go. The great engines puff and sob, the heavy train drags slowly, but at 10:30 the Bozeman tunnel is reached, at an elevation of 5,565 feet. The tunnel is 3,610 feet in length, and as the train runs very slowly, it takes some minutes to pass through. The lights in the car were burning, but a feeling of dread settles on one when the darkness closes down, knowing he is deep in the bowels of the earth. The rate of speed increased as we neared the opening, as if the train too, was anxious to greet the light. The mountains grew more wooded as we proceeded. Wild flowers were in profusion. As we ascend and descend the mountains we see an occasional cultivated field, with irrigating ditches, the water carried in aqueducts where crossing ravines! The scenery is grand, peak rising over peak, cliff and dome mingling their tops in the distance; many of them streaked and crested with snow. The track runs in curves, here on the brink of a precipice that makes one shudder to look down, then through a cut so deep that semi-darkness prevails. Trestles across ravines look so light one holds his breath while passing over them. Down in the valley a wagon road winds its dusty way, and a cowboy gallops leisurely along, at a speed that beats our carefully moving train. Away on the left stands a row of peaks, hoary and bare; up one mountain face a double row of jagged points forms a lane leading to huge ramparts at its summit. Then again, a high dome, clothed in verdure, will give softness to the rugged scene. At every opening in the gorge the snow peaks look in, with their varied tints of light and shade, as touched by the finger of sunlight. "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting hills, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting gates, that the King of Glory may come in."

Descending the mountain we strike the valley of the Gallatin river, and follow its course for some distance. This is a fertile section and well cultivated. A few miles further on, and we come to the confluence of the three rivers, the Gallatin, Jefferson and Madison, which unite here to form the Missouri in a rocky canyon, and the track follows its windings for many miles. Volcanic action is clearly seen in this region, by the bearing of the rock strata; they lie in disordered heaps and at all inclinations, wherever exposed. After leaving this stream, the country is arid and bare until we reach another small stream, when approaching the main range of mountains. Helena, Queen City of the Mountains, claimed to be the richest city of its size in the Union, lies near the main range, and the second engine is called upon to help us up the steep incline.

A picture awfully sublime lies before us as we go upward, following the windings

of the stream. Sometimes the mountains come down in a succession of rounded domes, again are cut by ravines. Sometimes the rocks assume a columnar appearance, again they are piled in rude and fantastic masses, irregular and broken, then in a long ridge with parapet and bastions, ever varying, never wearying the observer. The sky was flecked with clouds, and as the shadows fell on the mountains the effect was singular. It was as if a black pall had fallen on those places. The pictures thus given in varying form and color delight the eye, inspire the mind, and overwhelm every faculty by the grandeur and sublimity of the scene.

One point of interest, forgotten at the proper point, I will mention here. It is a place called Painted Rocks, where the Missouri river breaks through the mountains in a deep canyon, and the rocks are of the most vivid coloring, forming a picture of great beauty. But we are a long time crossing the mountains. Forward and back, curving here and there we go, rising at each turn, passing Monument Park at Butler—a place where the soil has been washed from the stone formation, leaving groups that imagination can easily construe as giants, geni or human figures, or monuments for them. The course is much like a switchback, but at last we reach and pass through the Mullan tunnel, which is one and a half miles long. In going up the dizzy heights one felt as if being conveyed through the air, but when descending the sensation is like flying. The sharp skir of the brake, the rapid rate at which you pass objects, the sense of quick descent, all give a feeling of unreality to the passing events, and a feeling of thankfulness is experienced when the level is gained.

A ride of a few hours brings us to Missoula, and here we have another ascent to make, the two engines laboring hard at times. Here we passed over a gulch on a trestle bridge 226 feet high, the highest on the route. The State line of Idaho is at Cabinet, in a heavily wooded country.

July 14th we saw the first timothy grass since leaving Michigan. Crops look well. It seemed strange to see cattle and horses all through Montana looking so well, while fields are brown and bare. Do they eat sage brush? Arrived at Spokane Falls at 5:40; the largest town since leaving St. Paul. Large brick blocks, fine residences, shanties, and tents, are all occupied.

The mountains are now in the distance, and rolling prairie lands with outcropping rock take their places. Irrigation gives good crops, but all not so treated is bare and brown. No more flowers appear; no trees, no smiling fields.

Reached Pasco at 11:25 a. m. The first experience was a man asking for help to get him some food. Is this a point? Am much disappointed in the Columbia river. It here rolls through a plain of sage brush, treeless and verdureless, a plain of shifting sand. We follow the Columbia for a short distance, then crossing it, take the valley of the Yakima. About 3:30 p. m. we caught sight of Mt. Adams, snow-capped and cloud crowned. High bluffs shut out



the mountains, but the arid plain has given place to flowers and verdure; usually the result of irrigation. Reached Yakimat at 5:10 p. m. Soon after crossed a river, then followed its course up a canyon picturesque beyond description. Rocks hundreds of feet high, now near, then receding; of the most vivid coloring mixed with the grey. In places they seem hung with delicate drapery, in others are exquisitely sculptured into fairy palaces, fitting homes of the gods of the mountain. The canyon widens, and fine farms are seen on every hand, all by virtue of irrigation.

Clealum Junction is situated in the Yakima valley. Rich mines are worked in its vicinity. John Chinaman hangs out his "washee" shingle here as "Wing King;" himself, pipe and cat, were in the door of his palace.

Again a second engine is taken to make the passage of the last mountain range, the Cascades. Through cuts, snowsheds and ravines, up we go; through the tunnel of Stampede we pass, and then down the winding, curving, tortuous passage of the western slope, and the mountain passes are finished. The Stampede tunnel is the longest on the route, and the descent the most crooked, and consequently most exhilarating. A spice of danger wakens the sluggish blood. It was dark soon after we reached the level, and at 11:30 p. m. we found ourselves safely installed in a Tacoma hotel.

Tacoma is a wonderful city for push and solid growth. It is substantially built, has rapid transit, electric lights and many other modern innovations, such as young cities like Detroit have not yet grown to. We took a ride on the Sound to Seattle, another city emblematic of the enterprise of this western coast. New blocks of brick, stone and iron are rising above the debris of the late fire, making locomotion at present rather unpleasant, but full of promise for the future. Electric, cable and motor cars climb the heights swiftly, and descend slowly at the will of the operator. Horses are soon accustomed to the sight, and pass without noticing them. May our metropolis, Detroit, grow to their level ere long. Mt. Tacoma, the king of the mountain peaks, was in view from all points here, lifting his snow-crowned head above the clouds. Two pleasant and profitable days spent here, and then, ho for Alaska!

MAPLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

#### DISTRICT SCHOOLS.

One can almost imagine the shades of Lincoln, Garfield and a host of other worthies arising and protesting in vigorous terms against such sentiments as School Girl expresses in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 23rd inst. concerning district schools. Why, bless you, School Girl, were it not for these humble and much abused district schools there would be no higher institutions of learning, for in them and them alone are the seeds sown, the foundation laid for

higher attainments in literature. How many great men, in our own country especially, have there been who could point with pride to the district school as their Alma Mater of literary attainments!

The writer has no literary accomplishments to boast of, but such as he has were acquired only at common district schools, and they were very common fifty-five and sixty years ago when he attended school. The lessons he then learned in the elementary branches were learned more thoroughly than in these too much belittled district schools than in the higher schools of the present day; because there were but few of them taught. And the poems he committed to memory by reading over and over in the old English Reader the "Beggar's Petition," "Nightingale and Glow-worm," "Bears and Bees," "Alexander Selkirk's Soliloquy," "Ode to Solitude," "Ode to Contentment," are just as distinct in memory now as when learned sixty years ago, and will never be effaced should he live seventy years more.

The education obtained at these district schools has enabled the writer to occupy various public positions of honor and trust, from pathmaster up to member of the State Legislature, and from a district school teacher (where all the branches from A B C up to algebra, geometry, astronomy, chemistry, philosophy and history were taught) up to an instructor, or professor, as he was dubbed, in two agricultural colleges. And it will not do for any one to speak disparagingly of the people's colleges, dotted all over our free northern land, so long as one old pedagogue lives to defend them.

It is because of the disparaging remarks, too often made about our district schools, and the disposition to belittle their influence that they are not more efficient. Parents are deterred from sending their children to them, as children are constantly longing to leave primary nurseries of education and enter higher institutions of learning, higher in name, but by no means more efficient, if as much so, in imparting a thorough knowledge of the elementary branches, as the despised district school is capable of doing. In this way our common schools are robbed of their best talent both in the pupil and the teacher, and an injury done to many who depend for success on the mere name of having attended some noted institution of learning, or of graduating from such, than on personal effort, without which nothing valuable can be obtained.

How many graduated fools there are from our colleges, who think their sheepskin parchment is a sure passport to success, and make no personal effort to that end! While performing the duties of school inspector the writer found more failures in applicants who had graduated from higher institutions of learning than were found from those who had received their education in the common schools. There seems to be too much fuss and feathers, too much ceremony and military parade, and too little drilling in reading, writing, and

spelling, in most of our higher schools now, for the real good of pupils.

After all, the great mass of the rising generation in a free country must be rocked in the cradle of liberty, must drink their first intellectual draughts from these Plerian springs.

Let no one try to disprove their influence or importance, but rather do all in his power to promote and build them up.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Lansing Republican* who has a reputation for being an unsurpassed cook, furnishes the following: "As the apple season approaches, any recipe by means of which we may vary the list of eatables in which apples play an important part, may be welcome. If you have never tried apple shortcake, try it now. Prepare it exactly as you would strawberry shortcake, using apple sauce in place of the berries." And by the time apples grow again, you may consider an apple shortcake as great a treat as a strawberry shortcake.

TRY packing tomatoes picked just as they begin to color pink, as late as possible before frost, in boxes, between layers of thoroughly dried sand so that they do not touch each other, leaving on some of the stem to assist the ripening. Nail on the cover and keep in a dry, cool place. Pack with the stem end up. J. J. Thomas recommended a trial of this plan, which has proved successful in some cases in prolonging the season of fresh tomatoes.

#### Useful Recipes.

**CITRON PRESERVES.**—Pare the citron deeply and cut into whatever fanciful shapes you prefer. Make a tolerably strong solution of alum water by adding one small tablespoonful of alum to each quart of water, and boil the citron in it for half an hour. Skim out the fruit, cover it with cold water, and let it stand until the next day. Put it into a fresh water and boil until it has changed color and is soft; then make a syrup allowing one and a quarter pounds of sugar for each pound of fruit. When it boils add the well-drained fruit and cook fifteen minutes. Make lemon juice or ginger-root flavor this preserve nicely.

**CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—A good common pickle is made by putting freshly-picked cucumbers in strong brine, of one heaping pint of rock salt to a gallon of water. Boil and skim the brine, and when cold put the pickles in for three weeks, using the cloth and weighted cover to keep them under water. Drain and freshen in cold water which has been boiled, for three days, changing daily for fresh water; scald in weak vinegar with alum as before, with leaves if desired, though a yellowish pickle is proof that it has not been made in brass or copper. Drain from this and cover with strong scalding vinegar. Spread with two tablespoonfuls of unground pepper, two red peppers whole, one teaspoonful stick cinnamon and a tablespoonful of whole cloves to a gallon. For market, pickles are packed in barrels, half and quarter barrels, in vinegar. Never handle pickles after they leave brine. Use a perforated wooden spoon or tongs to take them out.