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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs every way
To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrasse;
The wiser man, shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

EARLY FALL STYLES.

The merchants' windows have been decorated with new fall goods for a couple of weeks, although it seemed like "rushing the season" to see heavy woollens on exhibition before the dog-day month had departed. But this haste was probably due to a desire to catch the Exposition trade, which was not to be captured by "back numbers."

Wool goods are to be popular for street and church wear, leaving silks and velvet for more dressy occasions. The new goods are rough surfaced, and coarse and woolly in appearance, but are soft and clinging in effect. The bourette effects used several seasons ago are revived, with variations; fleecy camel's hair and plain goods with spots and stripes of long fleece are seen in all colors. Plaids seem to be popular, for early fall wear at least; and a great many different designs are shown to be combined with plain goods of the leading colors. A pretty cinnamon brown had spots of rough fleece upon it, the spots being as large as a half dollar and of a darker brown. A heavy diagonal rep in seal brown is to be made up with a plaid marked off in heavy lines of lighter brown shading to almost an orange, and having camel's hair threads an inch and a half long. A pattern dress, ten yards, is sold at \$14.50. A line which comes in green, two shades of brown, plum and gray at \$1.25, has a ground of the principal color with irregular flecks of dark red, orange, blue, brown, etc., with

large inch-wide bars of black. A French gray shot with irregular threads is lined into two inch squares by coarse black threads, and being a "novelty," sells at \$2. Astrachan stripes are seen on many of the new fabrics, and borders of stripes as well as the scroll and arabesque patterns. But it is more economical to buy the plain and plaid goods, and combine them, rather than pay high prices for these pattern dresses.

In plain goods, rich warm dahlia tints are handsome, as also plum and prune color, which come in many shades, and are very becoming if chosen with due regard to the hair and complexion. Reddish heliotrope is a shade new on the cards this fall, and combines the red and blue of the morning glory. The shades of violet, mauve and heliotrope are so beautiful that it requires the courage of St. Anthony to resist them; but alas, they are unbecoming to the average woman—and she's the one who usually goes "where angels fear to tread." One might infer the middle-aged woman with a rich lemon yellow complexion was possessed by an insane desire to lighten her customary suit of solemn black with heliotrope, lavender or mauve flowers or ribbons, thereby intensifying her sallowness and loss of youthful bloom. The tints of purple are the most trying colors that can be worn by most women. They belong to the peachy skin and bright hair of youth, or to the white-haired old ladies whose faces retain a clearness and freshness indicative of good digestions and avoidance of cosmetics in youth; and should be combined with white lace or mull, or worn with white wrappers. With black, the contrast is startling, and a black hat or bonnet fairly "swears" at the bunch of violets or lilacs put upon it with the mistaken idea of "lightening" the effect.

In smooth faced goods, the heavy cashmeres, almost as firm as *drap d'ete*, make elegant dresses, combined with velvet, or adorned with the new cord passementeries. Indeed velvet will be much used in combination with wool goods, and aids materially in remodeling an old dress. For instance, one may get enough velvet for a sham skirt, which only requires a deep facing round the bottom, and for panels on one or both sides. Over this is draped the English walking skirt, which is simply a long plain apron with sufficient fullness for grace and convenience, and long back breadths, pleated in small pleats which meet in the centre. The panels are dis-

closed on the sides. With this skirt is worn a short round basque, the back and sleeves of the wool, the fronts, cuffs and collar of velvet. Sewn in at the shoulder seams are gathered pieces of wool goods which meet low down on the bust and are continued to the point of the basque. This leaves a long V-shaped space in front. The front should be cut so that one side laps far over on the other, so that this velvet V may appear seamless, the dress buttoning under the folds. Put no more velvet sleeves in dresses; that fashion is a thing of the past. The new fashion is braided sleeves, collar and belt. The sleeves are cut of moderate size, full at the top, high on the shoulders, and close below the elbows. The braiding is sometimes a very close, an intricate pattern entirely covering the sleeve, in diagonal rows, or a deep point at the top with a band at the wrist. The sleeves may be of silk in Henrietta and cashmere dresses. Embroidery may be substituted for the braiding, and either may be done at home.

There seems to be no distinctively new styles of making up as yet. The straight clinging model known as the English walking skirt obtains with variations on the few advance fashion plates. Bodices are very much trimmed; all the ornamentation is seemingly bestowed upon the corsages, which are lapped and folded and slashed in a manner perfectly bewildering to the amateur dressmaker. Sleeves are still made to puff high on the shoulder and are loose; the plain coat sleeve is not, however, entirely a thing of the past. Such a sleeve is easily modernized by adding a puff at the top, with a pointed velvet band to conceal the joining, and velvet cuffs to match. Many elegant dresses have long plain straight fronts, with a deep band of passementerie in points across the foot, and a narrower pattern of the same laid over velvet folds to form the decoration of the waist, which has, in addition, a puffed or draped vest of soft silk. Bodices are still cut very short.

Cloth jackets are of medium length, the three-quarter length being so universally unbecoming that ladies refuse to wear them. They are double-breasted and of even length all round. The long cloaks fit closely in the back, and have double breasted, straight fronts, with large turned-over collars and deep cuffs of velvet; and are made of plaid cloths, home-spuns, or rough looking wool goods. For jackets, smooth-faced goods are preferred. Mantles and wraps are longer, but differ

little in shape; they absolutely demand a small bustle. Long cloaks for elderly ladies are of camel's hair or *drap d'ete*, while for carriage toilettes brocades, plush and colored camel's hair are worn, and literally covered with passementerie or embroidery. The shoulder capes with high flaring collars are shown in Astrachan, mink, seal, Persian lamb and gray krimmer, with muffs to match; and promise to be as popular as last season.

Straw bonnets with velvet trimmings promise to be worn later than usual this fall. A pretty fall bonnet is a low toque of dark straw trimmed with a full Alsacian bow of moire ribbon, with some fine dark flowers back of the bow, and ties of velvet ribbon to match the straw. Two-inch widths are used for trimmings, narrower for ties. Uncut velvet, both in ribbons and piece, will be used for trimming the toques, round hats and bonnets we shall wear this fall. Toques and bonnets are still very small. Feathers have the call and will be used in profusion on all millinery.

BEATRIX.

AMONG THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

At home again and never a word written for these columns from the Granite State, of all the beautiful mountain views, the falls and the marble quarries, because every day and hour were crowded with sight-seeing; but memory can easily recall an almost endless variety of pictures that are stored away "for future reference." Through New York I said "If these are mountains I am quite disappointed." They are not as grand as I expected." The Mohawk valley was beautiful and Saratoga was like a dream of fairyland, but Beatrix has described it and I have no need to add a word, but those who have not "been there" cannot understand how much I enjoyed her pen picture because I could see it all.

It was dark before I crossed the State line and I saw nothing of the Vermont scenery until morning, and then I was right in the midst of it, for in Rutland—the marble city—I saw the mountains in all their grandeur. But at first it was only an immense picture. I could not feel that there was anything *real* in the scenery. In fancy I was again in the Cyclorama, in Detroit, and all my surroundings were but a painted show; gradually that feeling was overcome, and how much I enjoyed it only those who see for the first time, after years of anticipation, can realize. Out to the farmhouse, seven miles from the city, I went next day and in such localities, at least, the country is far more beautiful than the town, for one realizes that "God made the country, man made the town;" and I told them, "We have cities enough in Michigan; I don't care to waste my time in those; it's the mountains that I came all this distance to see," and I was well repaid for my car-sick trip.

The Green Mountains rise, peak beyond peak, with old Killington, the highest of the range, plainly discernable although twenty miles away; and even the shimmer of the windows in its grand hotel was

noticeable at sunset. By the way, what a vastly different style the sun has of going down among the mountains from the view in a level country!

In one thing I was disappointed, for until I knew by experience I supposed the mountains would narrow my range of vision, and instead I found myself unable to measure distances, but looking away, away through miles of valley scenery with the lower green foot-hills backed by the tall and taller mountains, with that in describable blue haze enveloping them, no two being of the same color, and constantly changing, but always wondrously beautiful. I have often criticised paintings, thinking there was too great difference in the color of that haze, but the reality proved how little I knew and I shall never set myself up as a judge again.

It is useless to try to describe those scenes in a HOUSEHOLD letter; but the yawning marble quarries and the noisy mills held so much of interest; Sutherland's Falls with their white foam of waters over the dark rocks were so beautiful; the meadows were so pretty with their yellow and white decorations of buttercups and daisies, and the great limestone boulders pushing their black jagged sides up in all inconvenient places; the large dairy herds of pure deer-like Jerseys with the sweet and clean Swedish creamery system; the steep mountain pastures that seemed to contain so much rock and so little soil that it was a constant source of wonderment as how the cows could get a living, then the speckled trout were so delicious and the product of the great maple orchards was so toothsome, even though it was "warmed over," daily for our benefit—that a whole long chapter might be written and very much still left untold on every subject.

One morning at four o'clock the call came up the stairs: "Cousin, you must get up and see the mist on the mountains; there may not be such another chance." So I dressed hastily and felt repaid for the loss of the morning nap by watching the constantly changing scenery, the mists that rose and settled, drifting between, over and about the emerald mountains until finally circling around the tops they looked exactly like the pictures of volcanos, with fire and smoke ascending therefrom, and when it rose still farther and formed the beautiful fleecy clouds they seemed the same mists all glorified by their nearness to heaven.

Another time, to please a romantic friend I climbed over sharp rocks up, up, on the mountain side until I was above the tops of the forest trees growing by the roadside, and there on a sharply projecting rock I sat with pencil and paper and a book for a desk to write a letter. The dog, Sankey—named for the great singer—was with me and had driven some small animal into a cleft of the rocks, so he kept up a constant barking, and after my letter had reached its third or fourth sheet I was surprised to hear the call from below: "Are you sick or in trouble?" It seemed the dog had attracted attention and a woman from across the valley came to see

if I needed assistance to get down. I held my paper up to view and shouted as to my occupation and she returned to her home thinking, no doubt, that I was a lunatic to take all that trouble over a letter.

The homeward journey included a week's visit in the Dominion on the shore of Lake Erie, where the boating, bathing and fishing, as well as the Salvation Army, made an entire change from my former sightseeing.

While waiting in Detroit I essayed a call on Beatrix but failed to find her, and when at the Exposition I "hung around" that Swiss chalet, but the fates seem to be against me; my calls are so ill timed that she is "not at home." But no matter how we come and go, or how uncertain are our letters, our paper and our Queen B. never fail us, and are always appreciated.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

HONOR

This school question has been written up so much I presume some are getting tired of it; yet I would like to say a few words before Beatrix calls a halt, as she did on the napkin business, and shuts me out. There is one principle that ought to be taught in all our schools, that is I think sadly neglected if taught at all, and that is the principal of *honor*.

Honor is made one of the fundamental principles of the German schools and we see its effects in our German population. As a class they are the most honorable people to deal with on earth; and as a general thing a person is perfectly safe in giving a German credit for a reasonable amount if he wants it. But the "Yanks" are quite different, and I presume it is owing to their education in a great measure. Dishonor seems to be a sort of pride with many. How often we hear men say, "I let Jones down for a thousand," "I let Brown down for quite a bundle," "I cut his eye teeth in great shape," "I lightened his wallet for him," etc. And it seems to pervade all classes of society, from the youngsters playing marbles on the walk to the highest officials in our country. There appears to be an eternal strife among the American people to get something for nothing; to rob somebody, no matter much who the victim is, friend or foe. Why, I have known a case where one brother robbed another of thirty thousand dollars, and afterward threw his household goods in the street and this in the winter season.

Now my idea would be to begin with the children and the first principle we teach them, either at home or at school, should be to be honorable; and perhaps by the time the present generation passes away, we will not be such a nation of scoundrels.

LANSING.

AUNT BECKY.

JELLY made of green grapes is a good foundation for any other kind, using enough lemon peel or peach, quince or orange juice to give it a flavor. Rhubarb used when it jellies best will answer the same purpose. It is worth knowing this in seasons when fruit is scarce, as at present.

KIND WORDS.

What will bring more sweetness into our lives than kind, cheerful, loving words, whether spoken or written? For the past few weeks I have been shut away from the beautiful sunlight, only the four square walls to look upon, but the occasional dropping in of a kind neighbor with pleasant smile and a warm greeting greatly brightened the days as they wore away. Once more I am able to sit in the family circle, to take up the cares (I had almost said pleasures) of life. How thankful I feel for the privilege of looking out again upon the green earth and breathing the sweet pure air! And now I come again to the little HOUSEHOLD which is also one of my pleasures. I have enjoyed the many articles very much, it seems like speaking personally with the contributors. The pen picture of the far famed health resort, Saratoga, was very interesting and instructive. I encourage my little daughter to read historical articles, as I think such information worth remembering. "Speak Kindly to the Children" by "One of the Mothers," was admired very much. Who of us do not recall the words and manner of our mothers. Oh those kind words, how they burn themselves into our memory, even after "many a summer the grass has grown green, blossomed and faded our faces between." One requires so much patience, so much loving kindness in this world of ours. It is the little things, the little words that count.

"Little things light on the lines of our lives—
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;
And we think for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say,
Yet from end to end His meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way."

The poetry entitled "For the Best," in the HOUSEHOLD, Aug. 16th, by Clara B. Southwell, seemed to be written on purpose for us and for hearts that we thought faithful.

As the days slip by one by one into eternity, do we each realize we must give an account of every day? With gladness the good deeds are recorded, and may the bad be blotted out of the book of life. The discontent, fretting, and hastily giving way to temper seem to be our greatest foes to fight. Let us bear in mind that

"With needles, and thread made of gold or of lead,

There are goblins unweariedly working;
While the others, their brothers you'll understand,

Around and about us are lying.
They hear everything that we say or we do,
The words that we utter, the false and the true;

The arrows of slander received or sent;
The fretting, the frowning, the discontent;
The jealousy, malice and hate in each life;
The cruelty, selfishness, rancor and strife;
The virtues belonging to rich and to poor;
The deeds that are noble, and thoughts that endure;

The goodness the sweetness, the gladness,
The glee

Belonging to you and belonging to me,
And out of these things, be they joyous or sad,
Be they pleasant or dismal, or sorry, or glad,
Be they golden with sunshine, or darkened by gloom,

The goblins are spinning the threads for the loom

Which Time in his workshop has given a place,

And where, safely hidden, is growing apace
Tapestry brodered with conduct of ours—
The weeds and the briars, the fruit and the flowers!"

WOLVERINE.

MAY BELLE.

OFF TO ALASKA.

The steamship *Queen* lay at Tacoma, and on the evening of July 17th we went on board, as she was to sail at four o'clock in the morning. The *Queen* was put on this route this season especially for excursionists, is 340 feet long, has two decks of state rooms, registers 3,000 tons, is steel plated; is commanded by the most capable and courteous officers, and has an efficient and obliging corps of waiters. Capt. James Carroll has been on these waters fourteen years, and what he does not know of their intricate channels would be of little value. Whenever a difficult point was to be passed he was on deck, alert, eagle eyed, watchful; while his faithful lieutenants seconded his efforts. The enthusiastic description of the captain given by one of the men, "I tell you he's a dandy," was unqualifiedly echoed by all the passengers as we came to know his qualities.

There were about 200 passengers on board, representing 22 States, England, France, British Columbia and Alaska, also the District of Columbia. Of Michigan people there were D. P. Smiley, of Battle Creek; Miss Mae Fee, of Adrian; Mrs. G. O. Williams, of Detroit, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Langley, of Birmingham. There were many rotaries on board, representing divinity, law, physic and lucre; showing that a desire to explore the mysteries of nature is a common attraction to humanity whatever its station.

But the steamer is in motion, and away we go, enroute for all the wonders held in store in the deep inland sea and rocky fastnesses of the mountains before us.

In about two hours we reach Seattle. This city now claims 40,000 inhabitants. A short stay here, and the next place we reach is Port Townsend. The United States cutters Bear and Wolcott were lying here. We counted eleven large vessels in port. Population 7,000. The Olympic mountain range is in view, many peaks snowclad.

Crossing the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, we stopped at Victoria, situated on Vancouver island. It is a pretty English town in appearance and customs, a strong contrast to American cities. We went on shore, took a ride on the street cars and made some purchases. We lay here all night and left at eight a. m. As we passed out, a house was pointed out to us that was being built by a Mr. Donsmere. It is imported Scotch granite; will cost \$250,000, and be the finest house on the coast.

Entering the Gulf of Georgia we pass the San Juan islands—interesting to us as being the point of dispute with England in settling the vexed question of boundary. The German Emperor, chosen as arbiter, acknowledged our claim. The islands are high and rocky, and with the broad waters sparkling under a bright sunshine made a beautiful picture! On we go, through channels wide and narrow, diversified with islands of all sizes and heights, rocky and wooded. About eleven o'clock we came to a little settlement

where there is a lighthouse. Two steamers were here, and a canoe loaded with grass was paddled by. How can people find subsistence in such a desolate place, or food be found for animals! The rocks and banks are covered with moss of such varied hues that in many places it gives the effect of landscape gardening. Beds of foliage plants, beautiful but strange, seem set among the rocks on the mountain slopes. One can never divine the course to be taken. Sometimes you seem to have found the end of the waterway; it seems landlocked, but passing a rocky point, a channel opens. In a bay further on several open places appear; the most unlikely is probably the one chosen. In the afternoon we passed a little town at the foot of the hills. Shortly after came the shout of "There she blows," and all rushed excitedly to see the first whale. The huge leviathans gamboled like playful kittens, lifting their huge bodies half out of the water, and anon diving, throwing their great flukes high in air. It was a scene of great excitement, but a sudden shower sent us indoors. A chain of mountains lifted their heads above the stormcloud, and on the side of one the snow remained in the shape of a spray of white roses. The idea was perfect, and with the purple haze of the mountain background, it was wondrously beautiful. As it lay in white purity, illumined by the sun's rays, it was a picture beyond description. One could only drink it in with the spirit, giving thanks to the Author of beauty.

We entered Seymour pass, in Johnstone Straits, just before dark. It is a narrow, intricate passage, where the tide rushes with whirl and dash, making it a perilous point. A heavy fog gathered and we anchored at nine p. m., remaining until four a. m., when the fog lifted. The morning of July 19th was bright but cool; fleecy clouds of mist enveloped the mountain peaks. The water, like a mirror, reflected the verdure clad mountains in shimmering beauty. All is silence, solitude, strangeness. The fish leap from the water, showing their shining finny sides, seals are occasionally seen, sea gulls fly about, uttering their eyrie cries. No other sign of life is near. These winding, tortuous channels are very deep, the shore seems to go down as abruptly as the mountain rises. The feeling impresses itself on all that if accident should happen, these dark, silent waters would tell no tales.

The little Indian village of Bella Bella was passed during the afternoon. Weather cold, cloudy but fine. Sunday morning, July 20th, we entered Alaskan waters, being opposite Fort Tongas at eight a. m. At eleven we saw a lone grave on the shore, enclosed with palings, a flag waving over it, and a rustic seat beside. An Indian village was on the opposite side. Near the grave was a deserted shanty. It was a terribly lonesome picture. In the afternoon the Rev. Herrick Johnson, of Chicago, conducted divine service, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Reed, of San Francisco. Mr. J. is an impressive speaker, and the sermon was excellent.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

We arrived at Fort Wrangel at 5:30, a desolate town of about 100 houses. A large number of these are decaying, many scarcely habitable, and but few new ones. Here we first meet with the Indians in their home life. They are short in stature, stout, round faced, oblique eyed, evidently of Mongolian origin. They are of the Thlinnet tribe, are said to be industrious and ingenious, and are evidently keen traders; ask and get outrageous prices for their wares. They have mats, baskets, wood and bone carvings, fur and bead trinkets, furs and Chilcat blankets for sale. These last are really wonderful productions. The process of manufacture is said to be kept secret, but the material is the hair of the mountain goat, twisted by hand and woven by some rude mode into a material which, worked into vivid colors of strange device, makes a fabric strong and beautiful, but like all Indian products, of an odor so strong, yet not captivating, that one shudders while admiring. The price, from \$50 to \$100, discouraged any purchase from me. I priced some articles of an old squaw, but thinking her prices outrageous, did not buy. She gave a guttural howl as I passed on, suggestive of what a war whoop might be. There is a garnet mine on the Stikine river, near Wrangel, and specimens embedded in native rock or singly are offered at reasonable prices. There is a saw mill, two churches, and an Indian school at the place. The Indians are dirty in house and habits. An odor not like that of "Araby the blest" pervades the place.

July 21st. we rose at 4:30, to witness the passage through Wrangel Narrows, a tortuous channel between mountains that seem to touch a little way ahead, but through which our leviathan of a steamer is skillfully piloted by our careful officers; the captain on the bridge, another forward, a third recording observations every minute, show the care necessary in threading this intricate passage. At five, the "Devil's Thumb," a curious rocky column 400 feet high, was visible. The Captain assured us his majesty was not far away from that appendage. Then the Patterson glacier comes into view, showing vast fields of green ice below the snow. The weather cool, the sky cloudy. The snow streaked mountain peaks are giving place to snow-crowned summits. At 10 a. m. we saw the first floating ice. Eagles and eagle nests are common. At two p. m. we came to the Takon glacier, where we were to take on ice for the round trip. We found a river of ice, 300 feet high at its face, and a mile across where it meets the sea. The bay is full of icebergs, large and small, and of varied colors. The men lowered a boat, and four of them, armed with hatchets, long iron shod poles, with hooks, and looped ropes, start to gather the ice. A piece is secured, a hook is lowered from a crane and the prize is swung on board and lowered into the hold. It was a dangerous service, and at first I was sick with dread to see them working; the boat often on edge as they reached for the blocks or hewed them in shape, often getting out of the boat on the

icebergs. It seemed perilous. We saw several icebergs born here. First comes a rumbling like distant thunder, then with a sharp report a mass will fall from the glacier into the sea with a great splashing, then a noise like the discharge of a heavy battery, which echoes and re-echoes through the caverns of the glacier, the sharp detonating sounds dying away in low repetitions. The top of a glacier is rough and jagged, full of fissures, and its face is crags and seams, changing with every portion detached. The return from the glacier through the bay filled with the ice floes was a fitting close of a memorable event.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

SCHOOL GIRL'S DEFENSE.

What have I done! That was all I could say when I had finished reading Grandpa's criticism on my district school sentiments, which, after a great effort, I had summed up sufficient courage to publicly express.

But instead of being troubled by supernatural fears arising from the thought of any unintentional wrong I had done to the memory of our departed farm boy statesmen, I imagined I saw, looming up before me, the flesh and blood reality of an enraged country school master, whose acquaintance I made in the district school, wielding in his unrelenting hand, not a pen or a sword, but a well worn hickory ferule.

I am almost afraid to attempt to write again, for I think if Grandpa is a "really truly" grandpa, and if he be so unfortunate as to possess granddaughters who are so constituted as to see at the first glance only the funny side of every experiment, he could not have so thoroughly misunderstood me.

Now perhaps Grandpa thinks that nothing but my conceit and presumption could allow me to again venture into the realms of a subject which he has accused me of abusing so shamefully. Well, I will frankly admit that I have my share of conceit, but at the same time I have the welfare of the country schools as much at heart as he, although his greater age and experience enables him to deal with the subject in a more fitting manner.

I am a farmer's daughter and am proud of it. I was born on a farm, brought up on a farm and expect to spend the greater share of the coming years of my life on a farm. I know the value of farming land and the success of the farmer depends much on the intellectual and moral character of the neighborhood, therefore Grandpa must see that I can have no object in trying to help to pull down the old country school system, except to build it anew.

What a living arraignment of their venerable system is the "Deestrick Skule" entertainment now in vogue among the different church societies throughout the State!

Please do not think me imprudent, Grandpa, but do you not think our schools would reap more benefit from your efforts in their behalf if you united with us abused

scholars (I frequently have sarcastic remarks about my early country training flung at me) in trying to do away with some of the old worn out customs which are constantly subjecting them to ridicule, than by scolding poor little insignificant me for simply rising in meeting and telling my experiences? SCHOOL GIRL.

SPICES make fruit look darker than when they are not used.

WHAT has become of all our cooks, that we get no more recipes for that corner? There is always room for tested recipes of any kind, and they are always welcome.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* in "The Story of a Magazine," publishes an interesting account of its origin and history to date, which shows what merit, push, and liberal and judicious advertising can do for a magazine. For its subscription price, which is but one dollar per year, the *Journal* gives the largest amount of reading matter, and good reading, too, of any publication with which we are acquainted.

Useful Recipes.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Those fortunate enough to have peaches this year can pickle the poorer ones by the following process and will find them very good: Two quarts of cider vinegar and four pounds of sugar, stir till the sugar is dissolved. Tie a teaspoonful of ground cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon in a muslin bag, drop it into the vinegar. Put in the peaches and cook till a straw will pierce them readily. Seal in cans.

CANNED LIMA BEANS.—Fill the jars full of uncooked beans, then fill full of cold water and lay on the tops. Place straw or hay in the bottom of a wash boiler, place the jars on this, and pour in sufficient cold water to half cover them. Put the boiler over the fire, cover it closely with the lid, and boil steadily for three hours. Take up the jars, see that they are filled to overflowing, and screw on the cover as tightly as possible. Stand aside, where the air will not strike them to cool. When cold, again screw the covers, and keep in a dark, cool place. Asparagus and peas may be canned in the same way.

CRAB APPLE PRESERVE.—Peel, core and cut in quarters enough Siberian crab apples to make six pounds. Weigh out six pounds of sugar. Cook the crab-apples till nearly tender in just water enough to cook them. Cook the peelings and cores in another kettle. When the quarters of crab-apple are tender remove them gently with a skimmer to a porcelain dish, and strain together the water in which they are cooked and the water in which the peelings and cores were cooked. Measure it. If there is more than three pints of liquid boil it down; if there is less add water to make this amount. Add the six pounds of sugar to this strained liquid and let this syrup boil up rapidly for ten minutes; then add the cooked crab-apples, and cook them till they are clear and perfectly tender. If they are to be made into marmalade the cooking must be continued till they break into pieces and become one mass and finally are stiff enough to curl, when the finger is pushed through a little taken up on a saucer.—N. Y. Tribune.