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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### OUTGROWN.

Nay, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle;  
her love she has simply outgrown;  
One can read the whole matter, translating her  
heart by the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk to you frankly? The re-  
is much that my heart would say;  
And you know we were children together, and  
quarrelled and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture  
to tell you the truth,—  
As plainly perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might  
in our earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you  
stood on the self-same plane,  
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming  
your souls could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom  
of her li'e's early May;  
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does  
not love you to-day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they  
ever go up or go down;  
And hers has been steadily soaring—but how  
has it been with your own?

She has struggled and yearned and aspired,  
grown purer and wiser each year;  
The stars are not farther above you in yon lumi-  
nous atmosphere!

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses,  
down yonder five summers ago,  
Has learned that the first of our duties to God  
and ourselves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer; but their  
vision is clearer as well;  
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as  
a silver bell.

Her face has a look worn by those who with God  
and his angels have talked;  
The white robes she wears are less white than  
the spirits with whom she has walked.

And you? Have you aimed at the highest? Have  
you, too, aspired and prayed?  
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? Have you  
conquered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the  
mouths and the years have rolled on?  
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the  
triumph of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you.  
When to day in her presence you stood,  
Was the hand that you gave her as white and  
clean as that of her womanhood?

Go, measure yourself by her standard; look back  
on the years that have fled;  
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the  
love of her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover; her love like  
her soul aspires;  
He must stand by her side, or above her, who  
would kindle its holy fires.

Now farewell! For the sake of old friendsh'p I  
have ventured to tell you the truth,  
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might  
in our earlier youth

—Julia C. R. Dorr.

### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The fashions for girls from four to twelve years of age are simple and sensible. Their dresses are made with full bodices and plain straight skirts which are gathered to the corded edge of the waist, or pleated in front and gathered at the back. The sleeves are mutton leg in shape, made quite full, and set to puff high on the shoulders. A hem five inches deep is a favorite finish for the skirt, and if the goods is reversible, it is turned up on the right side and stitched twice, or a narrow piping of velvet is set in. Skirts are of medium length, to the tops of the high boots usually. They are often trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbons, put on in graduated rows or in diamonds; black being used on any color; many are perfectly plain.

For more dressy wear, waists are shirred on thick cords to form a yoke and the fullness gathered in pleats at the bottom of the waist. Other have bretelles of velvet ribbon tied in shoulder knots, and with long bows and ends at the back. Corsets of velvet, laced front and back, are also liked. A pretty way to make a waist for a girl of thirteen or fifteen is to form a plastron with shirt-like pleats of black surah, over which the bias folds of the wool bodice meet under a pointed silk belt. This is pretty in plaid goods, which are very popular this fall, and should be cut bias. A stylish model has jacket fronts, over a waist gathered full at neck and belt; the back round, with a sash of the material tied in a large bow. Dresses entirely of plaid, cut bias, have shallow velvet yokes, deep velvet cuffs on the full sleeves, and velvet collars. Four widths of cashmere are not too much to allow for these plain skirts for girls of fifteen. For girls eight years old, two and three-quarters yards are required. For party dresses, yellow is a favorite color, combined with black velvet. A "real sweet" yet quite simple dress for a girl of fourteen years is of plaid wool, gathered to a corselet of the same which is so cut that the most prominent lines of the plaid have an upward slope. The plaids must exactly match entirely around the waist, the slope being given in the arrangement of the separate pieces for cutting. The corselet is closed behind with small flat gilt bottoms, and the skirt sewed in with a large velvet cord. The shirt waist worn under this corselet has narrow tucks for a finger length from the neck, with a box pleat in the centre under which the waist

is closed; the fullness is gathered to a belt or shirred on a cord to be tied round the waist, and the sleeves are full, high on the shoulders and slightly gathered to a two inch wristband. The waist may be of surah, of nainsook, or of fine plain wool goods. Younger girls wear guimpe dresses, the nainsook guimpes being gathered full round the neck. Velvet is often used in place of the nainsook, made plain.

Last year's cloaks for misses can be modernized by putting in sleeves and collar of Astrachan cloth. If worn on the fronts, they can be bound or faced with Astrachan. Square pocket flaps are set on below the hips, and four large buttons on the back below the waist line. The new coats fit the back closely and are straight in front. Shoulder capes of Astrachan and Persian lamb are much worn by misses. They have high Medici collars, which however they may set off a pretty face for a front view, give a rather peculiar aspect on the back. Jackets are worn, and have bindings and rolling collars of Astrachan.

Colored cashmere dresses for the two and three year old girls have round baby waists finely tucked in clusters and with feather-stitching in the space between; skirts are full, straight and plain. Cloaks are of lambs' wool cloth and lined with white canton flannel; they are made with round waist, large sleeves and gathered skirt. Gray is the favorite color for boys.

For the "wee ones," black coats and bonnets are still worn. Made of velvet or velveteen, they are trimmed with a narrow edge of fur, or have collar and cuffs of fur. Little black bonnets with flaring fronts showing a yellow silk facing are trimmed with rosettes of black and yellow and have black strings. The wide felt hat above the diminutive figure makes the wearer look like an exaggerated mushroom in black. These hats are trimmed with a profusion of ostrich tips or full rosettes of black velvet ribbon in which a little yellow is sometimes mingled.

Fruit for jellies, scraps from lard, or any other squeezable articles may be easily managed by a home made squeezer made as follows. Two pieces of hard wood are chosen as long as desired, about four inches wide and an inch thick. One end of each is tapered to a handle, the others united by a piece of stout leather or a wrought iron hinge. The scraps, fruit, etc. are put in a bag, and this little implement enables them to be squeezed dry.

## GOING TO MARKET.

I went into the meat market yesterday for a roast or beef—by the way, sister “farmeresses,” do you know you can get a good kettle-roast for five cents a pound? Of course you can get better for eight and ten. This is rather a recent discovery to me, and since we have to depend on the market for the most of our meat, I think it quite a valuable one. To my taste, there is no way meat can be cooked that makes it so sweet and tender as roasting down in the kettle. What is left is just as nice cold for tea, and the fattest portion I put in the spider with the gravy left and heat it thoroughly (adding water to replace what boils away), and it is good for breakfast next morning.

This is not what I started to tell you, but I thought it might be useful to some one. When I went into the market there stood a young lady and the market man was trying to find out what she wanted; he was calling over all the different names for the various pieces in a beef animal; and the poor girl was so embarrassed I pitied her; she said no or nothing to everything. Finally the man asked her what she wanted to do with it. She said she wanted a piece to fry; he told then she should get a piece of steak. Then he inquired how much she needed; she said half a pound, so I concluded she was one of the many young ladies who have come to town to attend school and are boarding themselves. When she had gone out the gentleman—do not smile, for he is such according to our American standard, though not by the English, there gentlemen “toll not, neither do they spin” except long winded speeches in Parliament or long stories over their wine at dinner—“If the mothers of this country don’t have something to answer for I do not know; the ignorance of the girls is astonishing.” And I thought I would just say to the mothers, if you cannot instruct your girls how to market properly, tell them to go to the market man and tell him how they wish to cook the pieces and he will tell them in a moment what is the thing for them; and they will soon learn to know just what they wish; and this simple method saves all that painful embarrassment. Our market men as a rule are very obliging and honorable in their dealings.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

## “GOING A VISITING.”

“Good bye. Now, do come up! All of you, come up and make us a good long visit; now do; good bye;” and repeating the hearty “Do come ups” all through the little hitches and kinks of loading up, straightening out the robes and starting up the team, my neighbor’s guests drive off into the darkness; and I, from the shadow of the willow where I am seeking a few breaths of fresh air, and a moment of rest, listen and rejoice that there are people still living who enjoy this visiting; and wonder why I have ceased to do so. Is it because I have grown so disagreeable that no one wants to see me; because I am soured and see things in an unnatural

light, or because it has taken me half a century to learn to see them as they are? Of this I am at least certain; with no contagious disease of body, and as few blots as the average on morals and name, I can count upon the digits of one hand those places where, whenever the spirit moveth me to seek it, I am sure of finding a welcome; where, though the carpet hangs on the fence and the parlor furniture decorates the front porch, though the cupboard chance to be as bare as Mother Hubbard’s or sickness prevail, making all anxiety and confusion, I feel sure they will be glad to see me.

Oh, those chills! How they creep over us from *soul to sole*, when, after making extra effort to reach her, and anticipating all sorts of rest and helps from the visit, we are greeted with the subtle assurance that our friend would have been better pleased had we staid at home. Her house was never so dirty before; she is covered with confusion. She is half sick; she has had company until she is tired out; she had planned to color carpet rags, or to go to town. She may tell us of these or she may not, but before we have taken the proffered seat we begin to wish ourselves well out of the house and driving toward home.

As this is out of the question, we brace up and try to create the welcome we expected to find ready made. We thaw out the cold spots and perhaps have a nice time and drive off, when it is over, with a fair share of the “Do come ups;” but, after all the *chill* remains the most vivid point in memory, and renders less and less inviting the idea of visiting. Everybody is so busy, and so tired! The standard of housekeeping has reached such a point that friendship must be sacrificed upon its altar. If we send word we are coming, we imagine all the extra work our hostess will feel called upon to do; and the many things which are likely to prevent us from keeping the appointment; while the freshness and impromptu feeling is missing any way; so we conclude to stay at home. The primeval forest, the log house, the great ox sleds loaded with neighbors “going visiting” are things of the past, and the hearty welcome and friendship which cheered their hearts as they sat upon benches or bed and partook of the rudest of fare, is rapidly following.

UNGRACIOUS.

## MY FIRST SHORT-CAKE.

By this I do not mean the first short-cake I ever ate, for that was 65 years ago last May, when we first landed at our home in the township of Plymouth, then a howling wilderness; literally howling of wolves by night, where the bee and the beaver were the only representatives of labor, and the painted savages the only type of manhood. We arrived at our destination just at the close of a tedious day’s travel through the woods, where roads had to be cut to allow the teams to pass; and the first thing I remember seeing was my brother baking what he called a short cake, made of flour and water, in a long handled frying-pan before a blazing fire. It seems to me no

meal ever tasted half so delicious as some of that short-cake in a bowl of milk. It is quite another sort of short-cake, of my own making, I am going to describe.

Being tired of baker’s bread, I determined to make myself a short cake. Getting the materials together, I put into my flour a heaping tablespoonful of starch, supposing it was baking powder. I fancied the dough was terribly sticky, but I managed to get it into a tin and into the oven. But that cake didn’t rise “worth a cent.” It blistered all up like a great warty toad, and turned blue as though it was badly mortified. I was a little suspicious of it, and so a piece was given to the dog, which caused him to rise right up and howl, which was the only rising the cake did. Experience has taught me to make very good short-cakes, on which I rather pride myself. Should this find favor in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD, I may give my experience in making my first pie.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A young lady asks if a royal blue silk can be satisfactorily dyed some less conspicuous color. It can be dyed, certainly, but we are not so sure that she will be pleased with the result. A dyed silk advertises its ignominy by loss of lustre and pliability. Much depends upon the kind of silk. A soft silk, like surah, can be colored with better results than grosgrain or the ordinary *glace* silk (such as we presume this royal blue to be) which comes from the dye stiff and lustreless, and decidedly unsatisfactory. We should prefer to utilize the silk in its present condition if at all possible, and dye as a dernier resort. It is too showy for street wear, but why not use it in the composition of a tea-gown or house dress, in combination with darker wool and velvet? Careful selection of tints would produce a harmonious result, in which the full front of the gown should be of the silk, shirred or finely tucked perpendicularly at the throat, and shirred in a broad V-shape at the waist line or confined under ribbons. A pleated width could be inserted on each side of the centre of the back of the skirt, and on the sides in fan shape, narrowing to a point on the hips. The sleeves might be of silk with deep velvet cuffs; or of wool with velvet cuffs and silk shoulder puffs. Velvet revers should turn back from the full front from shoulder to foot, narrowing at the waist line and widening again below it, and should be lined with the silk. Or a Medici collar faced with silk could be made, with velvet folds or bands down the sides of the silk front. Instead of inserting the pleated breadths in the skirt the silk could be used to make a full pleated, pinked ruche for the foot of the skirt, except across the silk front. Such a dress would be suitable for home wear at company teas, or when one receives a few friends informally in the evening.

Viniagrettes are small flat ornamental bottles, filled with aromatic salts or salts of ammonia, supposed to relieve headache,

faintness, etc. They are worn attached to chatelaines, at the end of "Queen" chains, or attached to slender chains to fasten in buttonhole and tuck inside the dress. They are made of cut and pressed glass, oxydized silver, silver and gold, sometimes set with jewels, and are of various prices. The oxydized silver at \$1 and \$1 25 are quite neat and pretty. The fancy for wearing them is over, and only a few are kept in stock by dealers in fancy goods. The possession of a very handsome specimen would justify a person in carrying it and having occasional "faint spells," but don't buy one unless you are nervous and "hysterick-y" and absolutely require something pungent and penetrating as a bracer.

BEATRIX.

#### THE WIFE'S MIND.

There is a story, "Her Heart's Desire," in the September number of *Harper's Magazine*, which I wish it were possible for all husbands to read, and give heed to. It recalled again to my mind a thought which often comes—How little even those who live together in closest companionship actually know of the feelings and real, inner, heart life of their companions, whether wife, husband, parent or child. We sit side by side with other people, think we know them intimately, believe we measure them according to what they are and know the hidden springs of conduct, yet all the while they are behind an impenetrable veil which shrouds their souls from ours. We pass long hours together, perhaps the hours lengthen into a lifetime, yet the heart of each has its closed portals behind which no other intelligence passes; it has its bitterness cherished in secret, its joy too holy to be shared. There are depths we cannot disclose if we would; and this knowledge of the inviolableness of the ego gives us sometimes an almost overwhelming sense of the awful isolation of every human soul.

In "The Minister's Black Veil," one of the sketches which make up his "Twice Told Tales," Hawthorne makes the Reverend Mr. Hooper, pastor of a New England congregation, appear before his people with a veil over his face, a veil never from that moment lifted, not even upon his death bed, where he tells those who would have removed it that the piece of black crape but obscurely typifies a mystery, the veil behind which every human soul retires, shrouding hidden thought and secret sin, and keeping each heart solitary and apart from all others.

But the story, briefly summarized, is this: Honor Kent, a wife of three years' standing, finds herself and her husband growing apart. There is a baby which keeps her at home and leaves him free; and he has fallen into a habit of going "down town a little while," and staying till bedtime. The wife has thus a lonely evening as well as a lonely day while he is away in the city at business; she seldom goes out, has few acquaintances, and grows homesick for her father's house and the bright, social, loving life she knew before she was married. Not that her husband is unkind

to her, oh no! He is always courteous, fairly generous of money though "giving," it only when asked, with an exhortation to economy of course. "He seemed to think rigid economy in his wife's expenditure more necessary than in his own." He loved her, of course—wasn't she his wife? But he never told her so, never called her the old pet names of courtship, seldom took her out "on account of the baby," but never seemed to feel that the fact she could not go was any reason why he should stay at home. And this foolish little woman, who loved her husband with all her heart, forgot that

"\* \* \* oft love's coldness lies  
In naught but its repression,"

and believed her husband's indifference a sign he had ceased to love her. She did not regard her marriage as a failure—there was the baby! and if she had not married she should have thought all her life she had missed something.

But, hardly without knowing it, or intending to do so, she met her husband when he came home in the evening after she had entertained these sad, lonely thoughts, and had contrasted her present life with her girlhood and the days when her husband was courting her and come to the conclusion that he no longer loved her, with an indifference which astonished and dismayed him. She spoke in the careless tone of a stranger; she omitted the good night kiss; she was as solicitous as ever about his comfort and convenience, but built about herself a wall of cool reserve which he could not penetrate. When he asked her why she had not kissed him good night she quoted a speech of his own, "Married folks shouldn't be silly;" when he asked her if she would kiss him, she said with steadfast eyes but pale face, "I think not. I do not think I love you any more."

Now, as the story-teller says: "A woman's life is made up of trifles, and this conduct of Honor's was the outcome of three years' practical solitude and brooding over trifles; and these trifles, piled one upon another, had grown into a great mountain. It was not that she had been left alone that particular rainy night; it was not that the day before she had asked for money for household expenses and been cautioned to spend it wisely; it was not that he had been careless of her feelings, forgetful of her wishes once or twice—it was simply a repetition of these things until suddenly, perhaps unreasonably, she had concluded he did not love her as in the early days of their marriage; and knowing herself in every way as worthy of his love her whole nature rose up in indignant protest at his injustice;" and she felt, at the time, what she said, that she did not love him any more; that feeling he no longer cared for her as he used to do, the knowledge had slain her affection for him.

Mr. Kent was stunned at first. He was satisfied with his married life, and, man-like, concluded his wife must also be content. To his astonishment succeeded anger. His wife's extraordinary assertion absorbed his thoughts during the day. By nightfall he had decided to forgive her if she showed

proper penitence. But she did not. His dinner was beyond criticism, the house in faultless order; the baby "sweet as a peach;" Honor herself as good humored, as talkative, as courteous and kind as ever, yet with it all there was something missing—something between them like a granite wall. You know a woman can be perfectly kind and courteous, irrefragable in manner, and yet in some indefinable, intangible manner, keep you at arms' length and let you know she is doing it, too. There is nothing you can find fault with, nothing you can seize upon as offensive, but she gives you to understand that in some way she has separated herself from you and you cannot fathom her motives nor guess at her thoughts; she is as illusive as a mist, as tantalizing as a sphinx, which looks as if it might speak if it pleased. Thus it was for many evenings; evenings John Kent took to spending at home studying his wife, who showed no signs of anger, of temper, of unkindness, only a curious indifference which puzzled and piqued him. When he thought he had lost his wife's love it began to seem the most desirable thing in the world to possess.

Very probably this condition of affairs might have continued indefinitely had not the husband finally told the story to an old lawyer, a friend of his father's, whose friendly catechism opened his eyes to the selfishness, want of consideration and other "trifles" which had brought about the alienation. It was brought home to his consciousness that, in order that he might drop in to his club for an evening game of billiards, he confined his wife to a steam-heated flat when he might as cheaply and conveniently have given her a cottage in the suburbs; that he compelled her to ask for money, then never failed to counsel economy though admitting she was "a splendid manager," and more saving than himself; that he took her from a large circle of friends to the city where she had no acquaintances, and though she was a cultivated woman, secured no society for her, nor yet gave her his own. In short, the arraignment was so complete that, self-convicted of selfish negligence and knowing more of a woman's heart than ever before, John Kent set himself the task, humbly and sincerely, of winning his wife's love again, which, it is needless to say, he was able to do, just as soon as he comprehended that he, not she, was in fault and "turned over a new leaf."

The old lawyer's advice had one sound nugget of truth it might be well for all men to heed: "The less a married man separates his wife from his pleasures the happier his married life will be."

There are many married couples who are like John and Honor Kent, the husband thoughtlessly negligent of his wife's claims upon his society, forgetful of the fact that he swore to *love* her as well as maintain her, and that there is a world of strength and comfort to her in his verbal assurances of his continued, growing affection. And then the money question! Probably no man ever had a fair conception of what it costs a sensitive woman to

ask for the money she knows her husband knows is necessary to meet the expenses of their common home. Why must she ask for it and have it "given" when it is to be spent to meet the obligations her husband voluntarily assumed when he married her? Why the eternal injunction to economy when her "extravagances" for a month do not equal her husband's cigar bill for a week? and when he will freely acknowledge she is the more economical of the two?

The anguish which visits the wife's soul when she first admits to herself her belief that her husband no longer loves her is perhaps the keenest she ever experiences in her married life. In the knowledge are profound depths of humiliation and despair. How did she lose his love, how can she regain it, are questions she puts to herself in an agony of wounded affection. Perhaps, like Honor, she resents the loss, feeling herself more worthy of love than ever before; perhaps the knowledge hardens her and makes her resolve to no longer give what is not valued. And by her side may stand her husband, totally unconscious in his obtuseness of the conflict in her heart and her passionate longing for the old words of love and tenderness so freely bestowed before marriage. She is his; he loves her; she "ought to know it," he will say, but he has no conception of the glow of affection ready to kindle and flame in her heart, which would lighten her tasks and release her burdens, would he but put into words the sentiment he cherishes in his heart. Women, men tell us, are emotional creatures, yet they forget that emotional natures must be fed with the wine of encouragement.

It is dreadfully matter-of-fact, but there is a homely moral in the old story of a wife who reproached her husband with a lapse of his affection, reminding him of all the tender phrases and endearments of courtship, the pains taken to secure her society, his jealousy of rival aspirants for her favor, now all merged into the usual marital indifference. Quote this prosaic man: "My dear, did you ever see a man trying to catch a street car? He runs after it puffing and panting, and makes great exertions until he has caught it. Then he takes a seat and reads his newspaper, perfectly satisfied and contented. When I was courting you I was running after the car; as soon as we were married—" Here the wife burst into tears and exclaiming "Oh you brute!" rushed from the room, leaving the husband to solace himself with the reflection that "there's never any knowing what will please a woman, anyhow."

BEATRIX.

#### UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

When we left the *Queen* at Tacoma, we went to the Massasoit house, and getting the same room we had occupied before going to Alaska, we felt quite at home. Early the next morning we left by rail for Portland, and crossing the Columbia river at Kalama, arrived at Portland about four p. m. Portland is a beautiful city, more resembling our

cities than any we had seen on the Pacific slope. Grateful to our sight were the shade trees that line its streets, and the yards of beautiful flowers. It is a paradise of fruits and flowers. Think of roses in profusion, growing out doors from May to January! The air was filled with perfume. Were I obliged to select a residence on this coast this city would be my choice, as far ahead of any other we have seen. We went by cable cars up on the "Heights," where elegant residences and beautiful grounds speak of wealth and cultured taste. Electric cars take you out to Fulton park, through rural scenes wild and picturesque; then we took a motor car far out in the suburbs, where fruit farms are now laid out in building lots. Making a cornucopia of a newspaper, I picked enough blackberries, that added to some cakes made a fine supper to which I invited my spouse in our room. Portland is situated on the Willamette river near its confluence with the Columbia. Its population with its suburbs is now about 80,000. It is settled principally by eastern people, and its social, religious and educational advantages are on a higher and more settled plane than many other cities, whose "boom" growth has thrown together the most heterogeneous elements.

We went on board the ocean vessel *Coloma*. I had never been on an ocean sailing vessel, and was much interested in its working details. This vessel trades to China and Japan, making three trips a year. Left Portland on the steamer *Lurline* at six p. m. August 1st, and for some distance found a monotonous view, sand banks, sage brush or marsh. But this changed as we ascended the river; bold banks became hills, and then mountains. The Multnomah river, a small stream, came dashing down the mountain ravine, with a sheer fall of 800 feet, dashed into foam and spray in its rocky descent. Saw the famed "Rooster" and "Castle" rocks; isolated columns of curious form. At the "Cascades" we took a narrow gauge train for the portage of six miles, the train running nearly all the way on the brink of the roaring, seething waters. A lock will ere long be completed, so that the portage will not be necessary. Taking the steamer *D. S. Baker*, we pursued our way amid scenes of wild grandeur. We stopped at Reed's Landing where there is an extensive salmon cannery, and took on an immense number of cases of this toothsome product. The season closes August 1st, so the establishment was shut down. At four p. m. we passed the mouth of Hood river, and got a fine view of Mt. Hood, lifting his snow-crowned head high over the other mountain peaks. We arrived at The Dallas, a pretty tree-shaded town of 4,000 inhabitants. Just before getting here, we saw at a bend in the river ahead, what seemed to be smoke or fog, but which on nearing proved to be clouds of fine sand blowing about; and the hills and rifts that we saw then and farther on, made one of the most desolate sights met with on the whole journey.

At the "Cascades," as the name indicates, the river passes through the moun-

tains of that name, and the scenery is magnificently sublime. Taking the train at The Dallas, the road follows the course of the river, and a short distance above we reach the point that gives the name to the town. The channel of the river contracts into a deep narrow chasm, filled with rocks where the water seems literally turned up on edge, so small is the aperture through which the huge flood is forced. The road follows the valley of the Columbia all the way to Pasco. We changed cars at Umatilla, and again at Wallula junction, and at Pasco were again on the main line of the Northern Pacific. The route from The Dallas to Pasco is all the way through the alkali plains, except where irrigation has been employed; and it is amazing to see what can be done in these sterile, arid wastes. Trees spring up rapidly, crops flourish with a luxuriance not excelled in more favored lands. But just step beyond the reach of the artificial watering and the white sand whirls and circles; your eyes smart, lips crack, and the exposed face and hands are soon chapped and seamed.

To see such towns as Pasco set down on such an arid, verdureless plain sets one to wondering over the problem of the differences of individual humans. The people wear a contented, cheerful look; the children delve in the sand with bare feet or dusty shoes, with dirty faces and hands, (to keep clean is impossible) and seem as healthy and happy as children anywhere. We recrossed the mountains and arrived at Livingston at 9 p. m., Sunday, Aug. 3rd.

MAPLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

Now that the harvest and the threshing, the corn cutting and the seeding are over, the extra hands in the fields been paid off and discharged, and the pickling and preserving nearly finished, we hope to have more letters for the *HOUSEHOLD*. The little paper is intended as a help to housekeepers and to give them an opportunity to exchange opinions on topics connected with the home and family. We are glad to hear from any and all; none need fear their letters will not be welcome. If you have anything to say, you are sure of an audience in the *HOUSEHOLD*.

#### Conbuted Recipes.

**FRENCH CURRANT CAKE.**—Sugar, one cup; butter, half cup; sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls; three eggs; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; half cup currants; two cups flour.

**MARBLE CAKE.**—Light part: One and a half cups white sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; whites of four eggs; two and a half cups flour. Dark part: Brown sugar, one cup; half cup molasses; half cup butter; half cup sour milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; two and a half cups flour; cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, half teaspoonful of each, and yolks of four eggs. When all is mixed, drop a spoonful of dark and then one of light in the cake tin.

EDA.

SAND BEACH.