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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HERE REST.

BY LOUISE SNOW.

I entered the quiet place, where
Rest the worn and the weary,
They who the poorest fared,
And they who the best shared
In life, and bright without care
Found it, and they who dreary,
All here rest!

The rich and the poor, all here,
The high and the humble, equality
Find. True, tall columns mark where
Lie those who "much goods" had
In life, while unmarked, so sad,
Yon lone corner in sunken graves lie,
Where all rest!

For 'tis kind Mother Earth at last
Receives each, when life is past,
And all tenderly with green sod cover,
Wherein springing flowers gently hover.
Daisy, blue violet and clover are found
Luxuriant, on inscribed and nameless mound
Where they rest!

An ancient proverb solemn declares
Who visits the abode of the dead mars
His memory, which thereafter will be
Found failing to respond readily;
And, oh! if by touch of some magic wand,
All could, but once, be here led thus, and
Behold how rest

These dwellers, so peacefully abiding!
Without pushing, crowding, trampling or chiding;
Could wrong, hatred and revenge, thus effaced be
With envy, jealousy and malice, from memory,
While only the good and kind might remain,
Earth would be Eden, with this glad refrain,
Oh, how blest!

THE LINEN CLOSET.

The good housekeeper takes as much pride in an abundant supply of nice table linen as she does in her handsome dishes or sterling silverware. Its fineness and quality are as important to her as its quantity. The old fashioned woman—the domestic woman, who spun flax and perhaps herself understood the "treading" of certain intricate patterns in the old loom—was especially proud of her linen chest. In "The Mill in the Floss" George Eliot draws us a pathetic picture of "Mrs. Tulliver," after her husband's disaster, sitting in the store-room, one of the great chests open, her spotted and sprigged linen and her silver spoons and ladles all about her, sprinkling her best tablecloths with bitter tears as she tells her children that "they're all to be sold—and go into strange people's houses—and perhaps be cut wif the knives and worn out before I'm dead."

Such a housekeeper would never be content with what she would consider the

poverty and "shiftlessness" of a latter day matron of the middle class who only owns what is absolutely needful for every day, with a couple extra for the overturned gravy-boat or the unexpected guest.

Just after the holidays is a good time to renew the stock of both table and bed linen. Merchants are holding their annual closing out sales at that time and many a bargain is to be picked up by the careful buyer. Then, generally in February, comes on the new stock, fresh and white, in all its bravery of new designs, affording a greater variety to choose from.

W. & J. Sparling, Woodward Avenue, this city, enjoy an enviable reputation for the variety and excellent quality of their linen and house furnishing goods. The Mr. Sparling who has charge of this department, is a good judge of quality and has an eye for what is artistic and graceful—as well as fashionable—in design. In my quest for information I happened in while a portion of the new stock, just arrived, was still lying upon the counters, and I was shown a large number of styles at prices from 85 cents up. The dollar goods were especially handsome, I thought; seventy inches wide, fine and of good quality. The favorite patterns are small, conventional designs overlying the whole surface, with border to match, or in detached figures of leaf or fruit scattered at intervals. Cubes, squares, and circles were connected by an intricate network of radiating lines. The never-out-of-style birdseye damask, the ivy-leaf and many other designs afforded a wide range of choice, and at a dollar a yard were by no means dear.

Napkins to match are in the three-quarter size for dinner napkins at \$3 50 per dozen; and a size smaller, for lunch and tea, at \$2.75.

Just at present the popular fad is hemstitching; pillow slips, pillow shams, hems of sheets, towels, are subject to the hemstitching process which has, so great the rage for hand work, extended even to tablecloths and napkins. Sets already thus finished are sold at \$12 to \$13 per set, and it is much cheaper, if the craze has attacked you, to buy the damask and hemstitch your own cloth and napkins. You can buy the material at Sparling's for \$1.25 per yard, either the plain damask or that with a Greek key border with sufficient depth below it to allow of a hem, and the cost of your set will depend upon the length of your cloth and the size of your napkins.

The hemstitched towel is also "the proper thing." It is one and one-fourth

yards long, with an inch and a half hem, and the plain huckaback of which it is made costs 45 cents a yards. The "cover towel," which is thrown over the several towels in use on the rack, or hung in front of them, is elaborately embellished with drawn work, bands of cross-stitch embroidery in colors, or a large initial letter. Other towels, with knotted fringe and colored stripes on each end, are sold as low as 25 and 35 cents, and a good quality of damask for 50 cents. A preference for an all white towel is observed, on which, if a decoration is desired, a large initial letter is embroidered.

There is a great variety of tray cloths, table centres, carvers' cloths, doyleys, etc., which come ready stamped with conventional or flower designs, the preference being for the former, or for leaf patterns irregularly scattered over the surface.

Lunch cloths are made of the plain damask, or of wide linen of medium fineness; they are hemstitched, with borders of drawn work, or with leaf patterns or conventional figures as decorations; these are done in outline stitch with wash silks.

Pillow shams are large and square, with hemstitched edges, and corners heavily embroidered, leaving space in the centre for an initial. In spite of all the talk about their being out of fashion, they are too useful and ornamental to be abandoned by the housekeeper who cannot dress her pillows in fresh slips every day. A new way to make pillowslips is to finish the end that is sewed together with a row of torchon insertion, sewing it along the edge to be folded and sewed together, then sewing the edges of the insertion together to form the end of the slip. This necessitates either lining the lace with ribbon or surah, or making a fancy slip to cover the ordinary ticking over which the pillow slip is drawn.

OUR RECIPROCAL DUTIES.

I have been waiting for some time to hear what replies would be made to the inquiry of Beatrix in her "Among the Books" in the HOUSEHOLD of January 3rd, "What is the limit of the reciprocal duties of parents and children?" How far filial affection will take us and just how far it is our duty to go, depends so largely on circumstances that it is impossible for any one to make a rule for another's guidance. No two families are situated alike or see things from the same standpoint. There is a right in all cases that need wrong no

one. It seems that in the case of Louisa M. Alcott there was no one else in the family who had the gift to plan and the will to do for the family as she did. Even the father, whom they all had the right to look to, would probably not admit the extreme selfishness of his way, would not admit that he threw the whole burden of the support of the family upon one weak woman's shoulders and sacrificed her life by the heavy load she had to carry. We all have certain duties towards each other, but no one has a right to the mental any more than the physical life of another, be the other son or daughter, friend or companion. Just so surely as every individual has to see and hear for herself or himself, just so sure do they have to make or mar their own happiness and fill out and broaden their own lives, circumstances and surroundings always having due influence.

Let us look at the devotion of one wife to the interests of her husband, Mrs. Thomas Carlyle. It was she alone who made it possible for him to achieve such great results, as far as was possible for any one to do so. She kept at a distance every thing that could annoy him in any way; and learned to do for his sake many things distasteful to herself and to which she had never been accustomed. It is no wonder that her mother was almost crushed by her marriage to the unsympathetic peasant, but Jeannie Welsh could see many bright things about her future husband that her mother could not believe were there. She herself was a genius of no mean order, and looked forward to the union as help and encouragement to herself, and to a happy life among books and pleasant people with some one in sympathy with her, as well as to be the chosen companion of him who in future she was sure would be the great Scottish author. And she was right as regards her prophecies, for he went far beyond her greatest hopes and made a name that will be remembered as long as the world stands, or German Literature, The French Revolution and Oliver Cromwell are sought for and read as they are now. She herself very plainly says "I married for ambition. I am more than satisfied, but I am miserable." Look at her when they lived amid the bogs and wild moor at Craigenputtock for seven years without companionship, "where we saw no one, not even a beggar;" compelled by their poverty to do all the work of the house and many things outside as well, so the fires might be kept bright and "the pot boiling," all of which was much too hard for one so delicately reared as she was and from which heavy toil she never recovered. Her life for many of her later years was one of constant suffering. They lived their lives separately, largely, in the same house, seeing each other perhaps at the evening meal—she silent, unless he led in the conversation. When a great book was finished he took himself off alone, perhaps for months, to recuperate and to gather new ideas and strength for the next volume.

I have been much interested in reading the memoirs and letters of Mrs. Carlyle, and will let Bessie Chandler tell you what I

think of the letters in *The Century*, November, 1883.

"I have read your glorious letters, When you threw aside all fetters, Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely, in your own delightful style. And I fear my state's alarming: For these pages are so charming. That my heart I lay before you,—take it, Jeannie Welsh Carlyle."

There are several verses more, equally charming, but I have already used too much space.

Does Beatrix or the HOUSEHOLD sisters think Mrs. Carlyle did only her duty or her whole duty? I have been much entertained by the talk about books by Beatrix, and I wish to say to her for myself, thank you, and continue to hold up the glass so that we may see by reflected light the many things that it is impossible for many of us to see otherwise, including wearing materials, styles, etc.

I was much interested in A. L. L.'s description of her western trip last summer, and in fact in all the letters of the little HOUSEHOLD. MARGARET. CALHOUN.

THE CONSERVATIVES.

I suppose that, in the universal economy of nature, conservative people, those who see only ruin in any departure from old customs, are just as necessary as those to whom a large amount of light has been given. They are drags on the wheels of progress, but sometimes the drag chain on the wheel serves a useful purpose. Thus let us endeavor to keep our tempers with the woman who comes right up with the two aged questions concerning woman suffrage, "What's the use?" and "Hasn't she too many rights now?" when it has all been patiently explained to her time and again. As to the use, perhaps the fifteen hundred women and girls, employees of the government, who were turned out of their positions on the eve of a presidential election that I remember, to make room for men who could by their votes help the administration that gave them their places to keep in power, might have considered a vote useful. And the opponents are not anxious? Do you remember the 50,000 women who sent a memorial to Congress praying that the burden of suffrage might not be laid on them? Poor things!

But to think that our Beatrix should be on that side, and that she fears the respect and consideration which men pay to us will be put in jeopardy by our putting a piece of paper in a box once in two or four years! No, no, Beatrix; nature has placed the deference that is paid us by men on a surer foundation than that. I do not think the right to vote is going to bring about all good to woman. The very foundations of our whole government and social systems are wrong and must be righted first. Still the right of suffrage to all who are amenable to the laws is a step in the right direction. It seems a little singular that the colored women of the South are the strongest opponents of suffrage. They were a perfect unit in their vote against the admission of women as delegates to the conferences of the Methodist church. It seems strange, with

their centuries of slavery behind them, but perhaps their intolerant narrow-mindedness is only the outcome of those years.

And now I move we drop this subject from our HOUSEHOLD. Arguments are useless to people already convinced, and I know I shall have to grab hold of my temper with both hands when the next woman inquires "What good will it do?" and "Haven't we too many rights now?"

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

[Oh fie, Huldah! Having seized the opportunity for the last word, you want to shut the conservatives off with their refutation in their teeth! And if your temper is more unmanageable than the Editor's has proved in meeting again and again those other chestnuts, "Women are governed by laws they have no voice in making" and "Don't I know as much as a man!" why all the more need of putting the drag chain on it. The conservatives are certainly not the fanatics, who rush ahead regardless of consequences, nor the soulless clods without brains who oppose every advancement, but they are really to the world and society what that useful bit of mechanism, the "governor," is to the steam engine, preserving a balance between the steam which, unrestrained, would destroy everything, and the inaction and inertia of inert machinery. The conservative may be slow but he is sure; he is not opposed to progress, but is determined to weigh consequences, to canvas conditions, to look at the matter under consideration from many points of view, to take no action rashly.—ED.]

IRONING TABLECLOTHS.

As a stranger in a strange land I come to the HOUSEHOLD to-day, and with your permission I will make a short call and get acquainted. I have enjoyed the HOUSEHOLD very much during the one year that I have known it, and have derived much useful knowledge therefrom. Have always found its pages filled with the true, pure sentiments of noble minds. Aunt Yorke's way of making pie crust just suits me; that is my way, and I have often wondered why so many of us housekeepers will always choose the longest and hardest process for performing our daily tasks, thereby becoming veritable slaves to work, instead of its master. Why not choose the easier and quicker methods, get our work out of the way sooner and have more time for intellectual improvement, and for society? We starve our minds that we may fill our stomachs with unnecessary food that will be the ruination of digestion and cost us the reading of some good book that our souls are hungering for.

I have waited all summer for some one to tell Dill A. Tory how to iron white linen table-cloths, but as no one has responded to the inquiry, I naturally conclude that every body irons them the same way—wringing wet. But as I do not, and as I use white tablecloths entirely, I would say to her if she would wash them in the usual way, then put them through a very thin starch water, dry and sprinkle just the same as any ordinary clothing, she can do them in one-eighth

of the time and they will look just as nicely too. I have tried both ways and can see no difference only in the amount of valuable time wasted on the former method. I usually make one do service for a week by always putting it on the same way and by putting on patches of oil cloth for the children and perhaps a doylie for the host and hostess. And it does not get very badly soiled during the whole time.

EATON RAPIDS.

SILENE.

CAPABLE.

Marion Jones was a very capable woman. Every man within a radius of twenty miles would have taken his oath to it; in fact she was often held up as an example to laggard housewives. Her ways were considered the very best ways; her methods the most practical; and it was a perfect enigma to the woman who found night coming on and the day's work not half completed how she managed. For Marion did not confine her labors to the four walls of home—not by any means. She belonged to at least half a dozen societies; there was the W. C. T. U., she was corresponding secretary of that; the W. R. C., the Good Templars, the King's Daughter, the Literary Society, the Farmers' Club, and the Chautauqua Circle. Then there was the weekly prayer meeting, and the Bible class and all the little extras connected with this line of work, and Saturday evening was the only evening out of the seven that home saw her. Her family was not inordinately large. The husband, five children and the good Phyllis. Some of the near neighbors thought Phyllis must have a fairy god-mother to help her with those multitudinous cares, but Marion said it was head work. Diplomacy was essential in the home as well as elsewhere. She attended to the bills of fare, made the cakes and pies, kept the front part of the house in order, and received the visitors, put the finishing touches to the table and did the marketing, bought the groceries, sold the butter and eggs. The children, sweet dears! there was something delightfully uncertain about the care of them, for five must have swelled the contents of the mending basket immensely; and the delegates who often came to the various societies, and found entertainment at her home must have made extra cooking and baking. It sometimes happened that urgent matters made it necessary for her presence at State and National meetings, and an absence of three weeks was no uncommon thing. The members of the orders knew what to expect—a sound berating because they had been absent. So much work undone, duties neglected. And good, faithful John, when asked how she managed home and public duties, smiled grimly; and it was only when he was alone that he answered the question, and then it was mentally. There was before his mind the comely, industrious girl he married, selected from all others for her quiet, home ways, her kindness to her little brothers and sisters, the many womanly attributes he saw in her. She made a good, kind wife, a famous manager; and the farm increased in acreage, the children were gladly welcomed. But there came a change. There came along a woman lecturer at the school-house, and she told

the farmers' wives that they must soar above the dishpan and dust-brush; they must elevate themselves, improve their minds, get out of that old rut, take their places in the world as leaders. The bait was tempting. A few nibbled at it. Marion was caught. She poured over books and newspapers; she let the baby scream and cry, because she was so interested in self-improvement that she was deaf and blind to her surroundings. The breakfast table stood on the floor from morning until noon; dirty dishes were piled behind the pantry door. But Marion came out of this chrysalis state. She was a new being, henceforth life meant something more for her. Phyllis played ball with the china while she organized societies the children came up in a happy-go-lucky fashion. John couldn't remember when he had worn a pair of socks with heels and toes in them. Marion belonged to the Sewing Society that sewed for the poor heathen. She wasn't expected to mend for that great family. Fred brought his books home from school for mother to help him; she was busy "making out reports," so he went skating. The ice was thin; it was the old story, picked out of the water dead—carried home. Marion bore it with fortitude—"All for the best, taken to avoid some future ill." The two oldest girls married young. One got a drunken, worthless fellow, but she hoped to reclaim him through the influence of the W. C. T. U.; the other married a stock-buyer, a big, bristly fellow, of no refinement; but Marion said "there was no accounting for the fickle fancies of girls nowadays." The two little ones haven't matured yet; no one knows how they will turn out. Marion stands before the world a capable woman. She has done a great deal for humanity. But John—good, honest John—has solved to his satisfaction the problem "Can a woman successfully combine home and public life?"

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

In answer to Elizabeth I would say that we have several arrangements in our house that I think very convenient. One is a cupboard to lower into the cellar. I will try to tell how it is made. It is two feet wide and two feet eight inches in height. The shelves are thirteen inches wide; the bottom shelf is put two inches from the end of the side pieces, and the first space is thirteen inches, the second ten and the third or top one six inches. There is a back to this cupboard but no front, but a door in the cellar attached to the frame, in which the cupboard slides, also one in the dining-room about two and one half feet from the floor. Narrow strips of wood are nailed to the sides of the cupboard for tongues which fit into grooves for sliding up and down. A half inch rope is securely fastened to the top of cupboard at the centre; this rope goes up and over a fourteen inch well wheel, fitted in a wooden frame. A sixty pound weight is fastened to the other end of the rope. The weight has a suitable place to go up and down, similar to those for sash weights. It saves many trips up and down the cellar stairs, but would be more con-

venient if between kitchen and dining-room. We have cupboards there which are a great saving of steps in clearing and setting the table.

I think my wood-box very nice too; it is a plank shelf on which to lay the wood endwise between the planks which support the chimney in the woodshed; just back of the stove and forty inches from the floor, is a small door which runs up and down by weights. I can throw it up, take wood and put into the stove from either side without moving a step. It is very convenient for ventilation also. There is another ventilator in the ceiling over the stove, and a north and a south window that can be lowered from a fraction of an inch to thirty inches, so I can keep fresh air in the upper part of the room, without opening doors.

Water is also very handy. Over the sink in the northeast corner of the kitchen is a tank holding forty gallons of rain water. There is a pipe from the bottom of the tank with a lever faucet. I have a two inch pipe that I can attach to this, when I wish to fill the boiler on the stove or the reservoir, and turn the lever and wait while they are being filled, or do some other chore. The pump for the cistern is below the platform in the well, about thirty feet distant, from which it draws the rainwater, forces it into the house and up into the tank. The cistern pump can be set in motion, when the windmill is in gear, by pulling a string that is by the tank, and when full a weight shuts it off. The well water tank is in the northwest corner of the woodshed and close by the kitchen door, so I have only to open the door and dip out the water, as the floors are on the same level. Our house is warmed by a furnace, in which we burn wood. We like that very much; and the house is also mouse proof, as the little animals can only come in the same doors through which we enter.

L. E. A.

LAWTON.

A CONSTANT READER says her cure for chilblains is to soak the feet in warm water and apply origanum to the affected parts. Do this two or three times a week. She also says that turkey red on cotton, colored with Perfection Dyes, will fade out in one season, but is perfect at first. And then pays us a compliment we highly appreciate: "The HOUSEHOLD is my favorite, but we all like both FARMER and HOUSEHOLD. It is second to none, and the cheapest paper we take. We wish you long life and plenty of subscribers."

FIDUS ACHATES, who has been a long time absent, comes with a hint to one who asked advice, saying: "If I may advise D. E. about those children, I should tell her if she has the necessary grit and grace, talk the matter over with the mother, and if she is a sensible woman she will look at the matter as she ought and keep her children at home. It's too bad that people will let their children bother other people continually, as some do; they seem to think no matter where they are, so long as they are not troubling them; and it does no good to set such persons the example of keeping your children at home; they will not take a hint."

LETTERS.

"I realize that I'm getting weaned from my children—I mean the two who went west. They've been gone five years and they hardly ever write." So said a mother to me a few days since. She had loved and watched over and cared for that son and daughter until they were grown, then they started out to seek their fortunes. The mother heart yearns for them but they "hardly ever write," so those who are yet with her seem much nearer. How true it is that the frequent interchange of letters keeps the love warm in our hearts? Those who write every week seem nearer and dearer than those who write but once a year.

Uncle Sam's mail agents may be overworked now but I would make the burden heavier, or rather, increase the number of assistants and keep those white-winged messengers always in transit. Some people find it hard work to write a letter, but it is only because they are quite unaccustomed to such labors of love or duty, business or pleasure. It is much easier to answer a letter immediately than to wait a week or a month, and we never need to think "what to write about" to one to whom we write often. True we cannot take the time to write long letters, promiscuously, but to our own, those who are going or sending to the office every day with a heart yearning for even a few lines, we may surely write often. When there is a death, a wedding or a birth we are duly notified, but in some families the letter writing is limited to such occasions.

The *Chautauquan* has given some good advice as to the how and when of letter writing, and as all the HOUSEHOLDERS do not read that excellent magazine may I not quote therefrom?

"Talking with a pen is largely a matter of habit and like all other things grows easier the more it is done. A letter is not a little thing. It is a bit of cheer to a home sick soul, the tie which unites absent friends. It is asking too much of your friends to love you tenderly when you excuse your neglect of them only with 'You know how hard it is for me to write.' You can tell the bits of news, the funny things you have heard or seen, the thousand little things which come so easily to the lips and which make a letter a part of one's personality. Make your letters of friendship full. Put in them a part of every day. Have you a business letter to write? Cut it short. In matters of business time is literally money. Do you propose paying a visit? Never do it until you have written a letter and early enough to enable a reply to reach you that you may not go at an inconvenient season. When your visit is ended and you are back again do not fail to write immediately to your hostess, saying you reached home safe and giving such bits of news as occur to you. If one cares enough for you to send you any token of thought, however small, do not let a day pass before you say on paper the 'thank you' which you would teach a child to give for any courtesy. One feels little inclined to repeat kindnesses which do not win a word from the recipient. If one writes to ask you about any subject in which you are proficient, or if one asks the kindly hand which you can extend then you may properly feel that this is the time to write a

letter. As you are able, give to those who need, and there is a need of the mind or soul which is as great, yes, greater than the needs of the body. Do you need to be told to write to the friend who is in trouble? Though you may disregard every rule given before do not fail in this. Grief is so hard to bear even when friends show their love and sympathy for us, but what is it to one who bears it alone? Let no trifling excuse keep you from saying, 'I'm with you.' It is easier, perhaps, to write the letter of congratulation when one's friends choose their life partner, or when proud parents announce the birth of a little one. Send good wishes to start the new life. It is very sweet to send a note to persons on their birth-days. All humanity likes to be loved, and feels kindly toward the one who regards others. Briefly, the proper time for letter writing is when you can help some one, or make some one happier or thank some one for having made you happier. The golden rule will cover this topic, as it does every other."

ROMEO.

EL SEE.

SUGGESTIONS.

The tearful task of preparing horseradish is made easy at our house by putting it through the sausage-grinder. We also prepare mince-meat in that way, and any other thing that needs chopping, such as suet, potatoes, apples &c.

Now that eggs are plenty again and pumpkins scarce, a substitute for the pumpkin itself may be acceptable. Carrots boiled and mashed through a colander "fill the bill" very well.

And do you all know that a quarter of beef can be kept hanging in the shed these mild winters? It dries and moulds on the outside, but the inside is as good as if frozen.

Can some one tell us how French mustard is prepared? A.
HOPKINS.

A BRIEF VENTURE AND A QUICK RETREAT.

After reading the many cordial welcomes extended to new comers, I come hoping for admittance within the charmed circle. There are so many good things in our little paper each week, but it seemed especially good last week, though I missed our Editor.

Ada's views in regard to novel reading are excellent. But we need to discriminate between them, as in many other things where both good and evil can be obtained. Methinks I see yawning before me a huge chasm—the waste-basket—into which I shall be hurled unless instant retreat is made. SCAT.

DEXTER.

ADVICE TO A MOTHER.

I wish to say a word to D. E. It makes no difference if your nerves are unstrung, and you feel as if you were a fit subject for the insane asylum, you must not send one of those children home. If you do you will be called a disagreeable, fussy woman, and you will soon be out of favor in the neighborhood. You must (to use a home-

ly but expressive phrase) "grin and bear it," and remember, if you are sick with nervous prostration in consequence thereof, your neighbors' children will not be blamed, but the cause laid somewhere else.

I have often wondered, when attending to the one hundred and one household duties of the morning, with a crying baby clinging to my dress, an older child asking how to pronounce some unpronounceable word in geography, and a third wanting a problem solved, what a man would do under such trying circumstances. Would he be patient? More likely he would snatch his hat from the peg, jam it down over his ears, and rush to the barn in a frenzy of despair. I think, as a class, mothers are the most patient of human beings. Their endurance and forbearance are beyond everything.

Pie timber seems to be a scarce commodity in our house this season. Will some of the good cooks of the HOUSEHOLD furnish me with recipes for prune and orange pies?

HOMER.

JEB.

MRS. EMMA P. EWING, in an address delivered at Chautauqua last July, said that the drink question lies contiguous to the food question: "Of the 50,000 drunkards who die in the United States every year, a large proportion have the appetite for intoxicating drinks aggravated, if not implanted, by the food which constitutes their daily diet. When I think of the abominable masses on which all classes of society feed daily, I am not surprised that the world gets on so slowly in reformatory movements; and when pious women come and tell me they are so actively engaged in benevolent work that they have no time to attend to the kitchen, I say to them as I say to you, No church work, no temperance work, no missionary work can be done effectively without the aid of good food; and not until you have the most perfect union of cookery and Christianity can the noblest work of Christian effort be obtained in this world or in the world to come." There should be a good deal of comfort in the above for the women who conscientiously sets her table with good, well cooked food.

MRS. E. B. T., of Winfield, asks if Perfection Dyes will color everything, and if they are all colors. Yes, these dyes will color everything which is usually colorable, and are in many different hues. The carpet she mentions as part wool and part cotton would probably give two shades of the color. It would be rather difficult, we should think, to color a large carpet and keep the tint the same through it all. Cotton will fade; there's no use claiming it will not. Fading is only a question of time.

THERE is a great deal of difference in toilet soaps. The best is without doubt the pure white castile, which is made with olive oil. Always avoid a highly scented soap. Not only is the odor left on the hands disagreeable to a fastidious person, but the soap is apt to be caustic in its action on the skin, because of the strength of the alkali, and the strong perfume is used to disguise the putrid fat used by the manufacturers.