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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

I knew an old-time farm-house, miles remote
From shriek of steam and deafening noise of
streets,
Where one may hear the shy brown thrush's
note,
And smells the hayfield's sweets.
Therein were order and tranquillity,
Where all life's jarring discords seemed to
cease;
Far off, the world's loud current hastened by,
But there was calm and peace.
A soothing power charmed that quiet place
With gentle presence and serene control;
A gracious woman, with a still pale face,
A sweet and silent soul.
Such placid ways were hers, such tender art,
As made her one of love's own ministers;
She might almost have healed a broken heart
With that soft touch of hers.
Yet if her own heart ached—and all hearts
faint
And ache sometime;—she said no murmuring
word;
No breath of blame, of censure, or complaint
From her still lips was heard.
The farmer and his men came in at noon,
Full of the open-air's fresh vigorous life,
And had an hour of rest; a blessed boon
Denied the farmer's wife.
Ev'n the strong oxen rested from their yoke
When midday came, and when the sunset
dimmed;
When did she rest? At earliest dawn she woke,
Still tired and weary-limbed,
To lift once more the burden of the day,
And bear its heavy weight as best she might,
Tolling not only daylight's hours away,
But late into the night.
To-day her patient, uncomplaining breast
Forgets all grief and pain; life's golden bow
Is broken; gone at last to needed rest,
That sweet and silent soul.
Year after year she walked her quiet path,
Burdened with care and toils for every day,
And many children gathered round her hearth,
Grew up and went their way.
Calling her "blessed" as their thoughts went
back
To her mild ministry, and still, pale face,
Which the old home must now forever lack,
And nothing can replace.
Faithful and patient mother, friend and wife!
Thy name shall still be dear while long years
roll;
Thy mission ended not with this poor life,
O sweet and silent soul!

—Home Maker.

ZEAL WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE.

In looking over the accounts of the opening sessions of our present Legislature, I have been pleased to observe corroboration of a fact I have before observed; namely, that all knowledge of public affairs is not

centered in the persons of the masculine contingent; in other phrase, that even men sufficiently prominent to get elected as our representatives and law makers don't know a good many things they might—being men—be supposed to know about legislative business and State statutes. A women's society in this city once expended a great deal of eloquence on the need of regulations excluding objectionable literature from the mails, and its members thought they were taking up a new reform when they began to circulate petitions to the postmaster-general on the subject, quite unaware that a rigid censorship is already exercised. They got well laughed at for their "zeal without knowledge," a fate which ought to overtake some of our Solons at Lansing, judging from the amusing efforts at reform. A representative eager to be ranked among the economic reformers produced a bill to do away with the law providing for the State weather service, apparently ignorant that this is born of Legislative appropriations, not of legal statute. After the Supreme Court had passed upon the cumulative voting law and declared it unconstitutional (which those who enacted it might have known had they exercised a little common sense), a bill was introduced for its repeal. Unconstitutional laws are dead without legislative action. Another new man who wanted to satisfy his constituents he was the right man in the right place introduced a bill for a reform only to be reached by a constitutional amendment. The number of laws passed by the late Legislature which have been declared unconstitutional proves exclusively that even men are not always well posted on those matters which come peculiarly in their province as exercising the right to vote and make laws. It quite softens my sense of inferiority to know this fact.

I have already observed that a man whose ignorance is colossal is invariably the loudest in declaiming against education, schools, and "high-toned fellers" who don't dig ditches and clean stables. There is a war perpetually on between ignorance and knowledge. To give ignorance a chance to make laws is to defeat the best intents of legislation. The attack upon our school system is the work of ignorance, "zeal without wisdom." As a specimen of the intelligence and educational standing of those making it, the following is submitted—an exact copy of a resolution offered by a supervisor of Gratiot County, a candidate for the nomination to the Legislature from his district and chairman of the "Indus-

trial Committee" of the county, and which was passed unanimously by the board of county supervisors. I clip it from the *Lansing Republican*:

"Resolved that the office of county school Superintendent is unnecessary and burdensome to the people taking from the tax payers of Gratiot Co. 12.00 dollars A year for which the people Get no recompence.
"resolved that the officers of the township board of review is unnecessary and burdensome and give the people no recompence therefor be it resolved that it is the wish of the board of Supervisors now assembled in the Court house at Ithaca Gratiot Co and the wish of the tax payers of Gratiot Co at large that those offices be discontinued.

"resolved that a Copy of these resolutions be sent the hon Hugh Chisholm Gratiot Co representative with the request that he use all Diligence to secure the repeal of the law which Makes those offices possible."

Evidently what's the matter up there is not too much school system, but not enough. The schoolmaster should be abroad in Gratiot County.

That the "eternal fitness of things" does not obtain in Legislative assignments more than in other affairs of life, this anecdote, from the *Caro Advertiser*, seems to demonstrate:

"While one of our State senators, who is chairman of the committee on education and public schools, was looking over the appropriation bill for an educational institution yesterday he came across a large-sized item for the department of technology.

'What under heavens is technology, now?' he demanded impatiently.

'It's some new fangled kind of iron fence,' responded a colleague promptly. The agriculturist's blue pencil flashed across the item.

"'You don't catch me voting \$10,000 for any frills of that kind,' he asserted indignantly."

BRUNEFILLE.

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

My wife and I are very much interested in the HOUSEHOLD and eagerly peruse it each week. An article in the issue of March 14th I think calls for a refutation and I wish to give my views on the other side of the question. I refer to the paper read by Mr. Baker before the Grand Blanc Farmers' Club, "Who has been productive of the most profit on the farm—man or woman?" I think the writer hits the nail squarely on the head when he says, "The settling of this question requires an abler tongue than mine." In most cases a woman does have a hand in the most important things accomplished on the farm,

and many times it is through her good advice and counsel that success is attained. She is not much versed in horse trading, and usually the farmer who makes a practice of trading horses loses in the end. If the newspapers are reliable I think the male population is more than equally performing its part in "raising Cain." Furthermore, I think the writer would find it difficult to prove that ninety-nine out of every one hundred cases of crime committed in the past were caused by women. What are \$8,000,000 for cosmetics compared to the millions expended for tobacco and cigars, and the untold miseries and anguish caused by the liquor traffic? All this is allowed and more or less used only by the men. Are these unnecessary expenses any profit to the farm?

I do not expect my wife to make shirts and overalls; besides it is more economical to buy them ready made. It was customary for our grandmothers, in their time, to do all these things; and I think they should receive due credit for the important part they took in the development of our country.

Again, it is perfectly right for a woman to have help in washing and cleaning house, and she should demand it the same as a man does in haying and harvesting. But how many tired and worn out women are denied this privilege because the man thinks he can not afford it? On which side is the profit in this case?

If "single blessedness" is such an ideal life as the writer pictures it, why is it that men marry at all? And if one wife is no profit to a farmer why does he so generally and eagerly search for a second one? We admit that farmers sometimes fail through their wives' extravagance, but think of the thousands who owe all their success financially to the wise counsel and economical management of their wives in household affairs; also of the thousands who deny themselves every luxury and a great many conveniences to help pay off a farm mortgage! After the debts are all paid, who has been the more profitable toward saving the home?

In conclusion, I would say that nearly all of our most influential men were reared on the farm, and they have often remarked in their writings and public speeches that they owed all their success and popularity to the early training, good counsel and sound advice of a noble, self-sacrificing

mother.
JACKSON.

E. B. M.

DISH WASHING.

It has a "prelude" like all "symphonies," and it begins with the ending of the meal be it breakfast, dinner or tea. The dishes are all cleared of their contents, "sized," and set conveniently near to the dishpan. The reservoir and tea kettle are full of water hot enough for all practical purposes; dish cloth and towels are clean and dry, and soap of the desired quality at hand. If the time of year is summer, with the mercury playing somewhere up in the "nineties," the fire has either ceased to exist or is just hovering on the brink ready to "launch away." The screens are so ad-

justed as to allow the slight breeze full play through the morning glory vine or climbing rose at the casement, and over the porch it is the faintest whispering lullaby, so soothing and grateful to nerves slightly ajar. The big golden robin in the top of the cherry tree is coaxingly calling to the canary singing in his golden cage, the quails are calling "more wet, more wet;" and there is a low rumbling sound like distant thunder. The bees hurry about the hive laden with honey and half a score of big bumble bees in gaudy "jelly weskits" are buzzing pompously about the roses. The glasses first, please. You say your mother washes them in hot suds, and wipes them without rinsing! It does make them shine! Well, we will try the clear water; wipe them on the linen towel then, they will be free from lint. Don't pile them as fast as you wipe them, set them out singly or they will steam and be streaked. Next the teaspoons—clear water for them also—then the glass bread plate. Yet, it is pretty and I have used it so many years; I bought it with rags too, it cost seventy-five cents. "Give us this day our daily bread" it says about the edge and it has certainly fulfilled its mission. Many and many a loaf has been sliced and served on that dish. Now we'll have some soap in the water. You do admire these dishes! They were my mother's; real china, no imitation about them. You will notice that there are no two dishes alike, hand painted and such fine glazing. One at a time—cups first, saucers, cup plates, cleanest first, then the greasy ones, knives and forks and large spoons—so many dishes are nicked by piling the pan full. I've seen girls take a half dozen little butter plates in one hand and give them a rub, slip the top one to the bottom, another rub and so on through the pile. They will be greasy when they are rinsed and dull and sticky when they are wiped. Every thing dirty as dishes should be washed off. I will rinse them in moderately hot water. There is nothing gained by having the water boiling; the dishes are so hot one cannot handle them without burning the hands, and then too it will crack the glazing. So many women complain that they have been cheated in their dishes when it is improper care that causes them to look so badly and give out so soon. Now pass me that cloth; we've come to the tin ware, and I always believe in letting each grade have its own cloth sacred to its use alone. So many tell about cooking in basins, I don't take much stock in it unless it's over a gasoline stove, then tin is the best. This "never break" ware is good enough, and no house should be without a steam cooker; this tube with holes near the top is a little difficult to keep clean but it is right to handle. I don't like to have tins or basins or pans scraped and dug up with a knife. Everything can be soaked off in a short time.

A meal can be prepared without having every dish in the house called into requisition. A little managing and common sense will accomplish miracles. I've seen women leave all their bake things until the dinner work was done—flour and dough and custard mixed in—it makes everything rough,

There isn't any iron ware this noon. Rinse the towels and spread them out on the clean grass.

Why sure enough, it is clouding up, how limp the clover looks and every thing seems fairly thirsty for a shower. I hadn't thought hardly it was so hot, it's cool and nice in here, I hadn't even felt sweaty; we've been visiting so doing the dishes. There's all the difference in the world doing work. Most of folks say dish washing is the dirtiest, most drudging work that there is done about the house. It's just as it's done, I tell 'em. A slack, slatternly person will muss every thing up, spatter dish water over everything and when she is through there is not a dish fit for the pigs to eat off of; the dish cloth looks like an old mop rag; towels sour as the swill barrel. I tell you what it is, any one can infuse a little poetry into every day life and it acts much like oil on machinery. There is more or less friction in all domestic work and when it is given a slight here and a slight there then of course it won't move off smoothly.

Where there is one girl taught to do a mess of dishes properly there are ninety-nine who will eye the dish water with nose tip tilted like a rose, and just use the ends of their fingers. Men talk about using brains as fertilizers on their farms; women better mix a little into their housework. Above all learn the girls to wash dishes and wash them clean and handle them carefully. Who wants to set out the table with plates whose edges look like saw teeth, cups minus handles and bits out all around the tops, saucers cracked? Let's have a survival of the fittest. Begin anew, and when we want to play ball get a base ball and bat and coax the little boy out in the back yard. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Don't forget it when you are squeezing out your dish cloth in the wash dish or wiping up spilt milk with the dish towel.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

BEGONIAS.

Begonias are now among the most popular plants for house or garden we have in cultivation. The tuberous-rooted, for rockery or border, are magnificent in foliage and flower. They require partial shade and good drainage wherever they are planted in or out of doors. Tubers may be lifted in autumn and stored in safety from frost and will keep as well as *Madiera* or other tender tubers. The class called "constant bloomers" is more delicate in habit, usually, than the tuberous sorts, but any begonia I have ever known could be managed as easily as a geranium or a poppy when their needs are understood. Give good light soil—a mixture of wood soil and sharp sand is just right—because always porous and rich with vegetable instead of animal matter. With this soil the begonias will never fail to grow and bloom well.

"Behind Time" does not tell me what variety of begonia she has, but I think the trouble is soil sour or sodden and perhaps too cold. Although partial shade agrees with them they will not do well

with cold, wet roots, and too large pots. There are some of the "house kinds" that after blooming profusely a long time will, like the Fuchsia, show signs of weariness and should be set aside to recuperate.

If my description of my conservatory windows was not plain I will add that the panes were set double with about a quarter inch space between, that no frost should enter through the windows. I hope Elizabeth may have a satisfactory house and conservatory and give us a full description of them in the HOUSEHOLD.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

A CITY GIRL'S PET.

Easter is a pleasant season. If Easter Sunday should be cloudy and rainy, as this one has been in our city, it does not prevent people from attending religious services, as moist weather does generally. In our Sabbath school we have an average attendance of 400. The festive programmes are always fine, the music of a high order and many outsiders come to hear and see, so that our school room was crowded this morning. The three superintendents read in turn the life, the death and the resurrection of Christ as given in the Gospels. Singers of different degrees of fame sang solos, and the primary class, numbering over 100 "favored us" with a chorus that sounded very sweet. Then a number of young gentlemen were asked to step up in front and distribute the flowers that formed a large cross standing on the rostrum. This cross was covered with red pinks and ferns, and could be taken off in pieces. Every person in the room was given a flower and leaf fastened with a bit of wire for a boutonniere. It seemed to me a lovely thought, for I know a number, both young and old, who have not touched a flower all winter. Seeing all the flowers and wishing for spring is why I think I took out "Chip's" new book that I wish I could send to all the HOUSEHOLD as a little token of my regard. She paid only \$1.98 for it, and it is a regular treasure just to have in the house. It is "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast," by Emma Homan Thayer, with 25 plates chromolithographed from the original water-color sketches. It is ten by twelve inches in size, printed on nice paper and bound in cloth and gilt, and contains two pages to each plate descriptive of the place the flowers were found, with incidents humorous and pathetic which occurred. I do not know of a book that would be more pleasing as a present. This particular book was purchased with the first milk money, and I mean by that, that we have now become owners of live stock—that is, "Chip" owns, manages and controls the "stock." Last August we purchased a "suburban villa," a new house with modern conveniences, a little land about it and trees growing upon it, thirty minutes ride by electricity from business. "Chip" was in search of health and eyesight, so Vashti made her a birthday present of a Jersey cow two years old which was named Winifred Louise; and a neighbor added a puffy little white puppy that was

nursed on a bottle for weeks and called Horace Greeley. She built a stable herself. About four weeks ago Winifred Louise presented a pure Jersey calf which was immediately called Josiah Allen and sold as soon as possible. He too was placed "on a bottle" and kept in the laundry until his own mother kicked at him on being introduced, thus saving all grief at parting. We have ten quarts of milk a day, and such cream. The neighbors are very glad to be supplied. "Chip" does the milking and delivers the milk to her customers. Horace Greeley, now grown to be a great coarse-looking fellow with brown spots and long ears and intelligent yellow eyes, accompanies her, carrying an empty bucket in his mouth, being yet in training. She washes and brushes Winifred every morning, scrubs and airs the stable and takes the cow out when the weather is fair, and enjoys returning vigor. I must also state that Greeley stands up for his food, jumps through a hoop and shakes hands.

Should any of our HOUSEHOLD think this a silly sort of letter, I want to say that I have had in mind mostly the boys and girls who will be amused and maybe encouraged in their work, knowing that a city girl within reach of many gayeties and follies prefers this homely occupation. I imagine too that some older ones who love animals and their ways will not disdain my tale, especially the one who asked for directions for polishing the old cow's horns. "Chip" spent a considerable portion of one forenoon sandpapering Winnie's, and she might be able to give some hints.

ST. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

LIVE NOT TO THYSELF.

"If what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again, the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize!"

How much of the philosophy of moral health and happiness is involved in the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might!" Whatever our position in life may be, if we do the best we can to the utmost of our intellectual capacity, we surely must be on the road of advancement; but what an innumerable amount our hands find to do! If one were to go through this world with an averted head, an ear deafened to the walls of human suffering; an eye, as it were, wholly incapable of seeing little acts of benevolence that might be done so easily, possibly our hands might present a more beautiful appearance and their toil be alleviated. But when I come in contact with those of the above type, I ask myself, of what material are they composed. Are their hearts stone structures securely fortified against sympathy? Thus do I ponder, but the problem seems inexplicable. Then there are those who are negligent and withhold the tender caress, the cheering word or loving service until death has forever removed love's opportunity. It seems that no tears mortal eyes might shed would blister and corrode like those which fall when remembering "hasty words and actions strewn along our backward track," and no "might have been" in life's history

half so sad. Ah! these little trivial deeds exhibit our real character more than vague phrases. While in after years the former moulders and disappears, a kind deed leaves an indelible stamp. Better far the silent tongue and the eloquent deed, for the latter will be as legible on the hearts we leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

The great Niagara excites our wonder. This grand work of the Creator is amazing, but one Niagara is enough for a continent, while we need millions of silver fountains and gentle rivulets to water our farms, gardens, etc., that shall flow incessantly in their quiet, lovely way. So with the acts of our lives. We cannot all achieve great popularity and be gazed at with awe on account of conspicuous power, but we can, like the tiny brooklet, in an unobtrusive manner, be very useful. It is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, that good is to be done.

On the other hand, we should try and show due appreciation when benignant acts are rendered us. Love for one another actuates us to an indefinite extent. An incident of my experience is evidence. A dear old school friend possessing those rare qualities suggestive of a *Lucile*, assisted us in the preparation for nuptial festivities. Words seemed inadequate to express my gratitude. I ventured to return thanks, even in a feeble way. A response soon reached me from which I extract these words: "My reward came in knowing that I was doing something to please you. For do you not know our greatest happiness lies in making those we love happy? What assistance a loving heart and willing hands could do, to insure all a success, was willingly given and proves to me the words 'tis more blessed to give than to receive.'" Rich are they who possess such friends. Love in its purity, its loftiness, its unselfishness is not merely a consequence, but a proof of our moral excellence; it is also the perpetual melody of humanity; it glorifies the present by the light it casts backward; it lightens the future by the beams it casts forward. Then live for the noble end of living, not to ourselves, but for others.

Bess, you are a jewel. That "Farmers' Cake" was pronounced excellent, by an epicure, too; and there was an unanimous vote for a resolution of thanks to you for that contributed recipe.

How many are reading Dr. Talmage's series of sermons entitled "The ten plagues!" By all means read the third one, "Pernicious Literature."

Will some HOUSEHOLDER send a tried recipe for marble cake for my benefit?

Wonder if Bruno has committed matrimony yet? Hope Brue will not keep us in suspense as to her intentions for the future. Matrimony is epidemic, Brue, it has affected many in our vicinity, some even having the second attack. Like "La Grippe" it's a universal disease. But right here my "better two-thirds" interrupts me by giving vent to the following metaphor, "I'd rather have the 'grip' by a darn sight!" But of course he don't mean it.

ADA.

EAGLE.

COUNTRY VS. CITY LIFE.

The declaration that "God made the country and man made the city," does not seem to have a very great restraining influence on a vast number of persons who are annually deserting their pleasant, independent country homes for a residence in the city, where the temptations to vice and prodigality are tenfold greater than in the country.

Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," ought to be in every household, and his assertion that

"In fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

needs no further proof of its correctness than the experience of those who have spent portions of their lives in the country and in the city.

The writer having spent portions of his long and somewhat eventful life amid rural scenes, and also in the whirl and excitement of city life, has no hesitancy now in saying the former is far to be preferred to the latter. At the advanced age of three score and ten, in feeble health and surrounded by all the comforts and privileges of city life, nothing would delight him more than to spend the remnant of his days amid rural scenes, where he could hear the crowing of the cock, the lowing of kine, and the hum of rural occupations.

A craze seems to have seized upon a large class of the rural population to abandon their country homes and rush to the city, expecting thus to enjoy greater social advantages, and be relieved of the toll incident to their former lives. The social advantages offered by a city are more than counterbalanced by temptations to vice in the glided saloon, the brothel and the gaming hells, which lead thousands of giddy youths to destruction.

This abandoning the country for the city fosters a feverish anxiety in the minds of the youth of the land to forsake their paternal homes, and try their fortunes in the city, where they are too often swallowed up in the great vortex of vice and misery.

How can Christian parents consistently pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then rush right into temptation in cities?

It cannot be denied that cities more than the country tend to corrupt morals, and promote effeminacy and extravagance, the very causes that overthrew ancient Greece and Rome, and that will surely cause the downfall of this republic.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

FANCY WORK.

For a scrap basket, paint four berry baskets on the outside with any colored paint preferred; cut pasteboard to fit the sides and bottom, cover neatly with any material and color you like best and slip inside the basket; fasten together with a large bow of ribbon in the center.

For a bureau scarf, cover the top of the bureau with red cotton flannel. Make a scarf as much longer than the bureau as you like of dotted mull with quite large dots. Then with colored linen floss work the dots in the ends and hemstitch the

scarf all around; finish the ends with lace. Or make a scarf of plain goods and work a vine in outline stitch on each end. The beauty of such a scarf is it can be washed and made as good as new.

To make a pretty tidy use one-fourth yard of light green felt. Work a spray on each end (apple blossoms are very pretty) and pink the ends; use only one half the length of the felt.

Cover a circle of pasteboard with satin and cambric; pad it well on one side. Take two colors of satin and make little bags enough to set around the circle; fill them with cotton and fray the tops, tie with baby ribbon; join together, and you have a very dainty card case.

For a necktie case, take a piece of plush fifteen by twelve inches for the outside. Quilt satin and wadding for the lining of the same size; join the edges and cover the seam with a cord; put two pieces of wide ribbon diagonally across the inside, work initials on one and "neckties" on the other and fold like the cover to a book.

Take a piece of chamol's skin seven inches long and two and a half or three inches wide. Cut the ends rounding and buttonhole stitch around it with any colored embroidery silk; tie in the middle with a small bow of ribbon and print on one side

"The world will never look just right
Unless you keep your glasses bright."

Take a piece of pink satin the size you admire the most for a banner and line it; put a cluster of peacock feathers on it; tie their ends with a small bow, and hang up with ribbon.

If Bess will take those horns and boil them in ashes and water and scrape with glass, she will find them polished nicely; they will look still better if given a liberal coat of varnish.

HILDA.

WATERFORD.

FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

A correspondent asks information relative to dresses for baby girls of one and two years of age. Dress your babies simply, good mother; it will be better for them and for you, and for once, simplicity is stylish.

For early spring wear, dresses of soft flannel and cashmere are made up very simply with straight skirts which are ornamented with feather stitching, and have little pointed yokes, to which the waist is gathered. The gathered skirt and full waist are sewed together with a cord. The edge of the yoke, a small collar round the neck, the narrow cuffs on the sleeves, are all feather-stitched with silk. More elaborate dresses are made of chambray, gingham, challi or China silk, with low round waists, no sleeves, and short skirts with one or two very narrow, scant ruffles, gathered on. A three inch frill is gathered around the low neck and may be edged with lace or embroidery, or feather-stitched, according to the material. These dresses are worn over guimpes of nainsook, plain or tucked, or very gorgeous with puffings and insertions.

If a guimpe is not desired, gingham and challi dresses are made with high waists tucked down the centre of the back and front. Coming from the shoulders to the

tucks a yoke is outlined by braid or embroidery stitched on. A little round collar, edged with embroidery, finishes the neck. Skirts are long, but not sufficiently so to impede locomotion. Sashes of soft China silk are worn with some of these dresses, they are three-eighths of a yard wide and, folded widely across the front, are tied in large loops at the back. Choose soft, delicate colors, rather than pronounced shades of red, blue, etc.

The approved head gear for these small people is the large poke bonnets with full crowns and shirred brims. They wear little lawn sunbonnets and wide large crowned hats in warm weather.

Few black dresses are seen on very young children, though black China silks or surah dresses worn over colored guimpes are sometimes seen. But the preference is for figured goods. A black China silk with yellow polka dots would have a yellow silk guimpe, or be cut with a low waist to be filled in with plain yellow silk and have long sleeves of the dress material. Velvet ribbon is applied as bretelles, with ends at the back. The China silks are not expensive in the cheap qualities; 27 inches wide, they can be bought as low as 65 and 70 cents per yard, are washable, and are much worn by everybody, though the cheap grades are not desirable for "grown ups."

THE lady who inquired where and at what price a parrot could be bought is informed that a young bird—about eight months old—can be bought at Royce's bird store, Woodward Ave., this city, for \$10. The birds are uneducated—that is, they can't swear yet.

ONE of the luxuries of invalid life is a flannel washcloth. To a sensitive person who dreads and shrinks from the touch of a wet linen or cotton cloth, the substitution of a washcloth of soft baby flannel will oftentimes serve to render the bath agreeable, if not positively enjoyable. It should be made of two or three thicknesses of the flannel lightly tacked together, and should not be larger than the nurse's hand can hold.

A VERY easy way to provide the growing girls with the set of solid silver teaspoons which every well-born young woman should have at her marriage is to buy one spoon at each birthday, having it marked with date and initials. We used to feel an odd teaspoon was in the nature of a family disgrace, whereas now it is the fashion to have every spoon of a different pattern. Teaspoons, dessert spoons, and the after dinner coffee spoons are all suitable for gifts on any occasion.

Contributed Recipes.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One cup New Orleans molasses; one egg; three tablespoonfuls melted butter; one teaspoonful ginger; three scant cups of sifted flour. Stir thoroughly; then add one scant teaspoonful soda (dissolved) and one cup boiling water. When properly baked it is very nice.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.