

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 23, 1892.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its latest resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with careful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering cares—
Poor hands so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh! friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow—
The way is dark and lonely, let me feel them now—
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh! hearts estranged; forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

CITY BOARD FOR COUNTRY PEOPLE.

I have read in last week's HOUSEHOLD Beatrix's suggestion to farmers' wives to take city boarders during the sultry months of July and August when mercury registers high in the nineties, and the very leaves on the vines flap listlessly for a little cool breeze.

How refreshing to the tired wife and daughter who in addition to their already heavy burdens of trying to provide for the extra number of harvest men! What a revenue they could gain by opening their homes to the city people!

Now would these same who so long for the quiet of the country consent to live as the country people must, rise at four o'clock and breakfast at five?

"Oh! impossible." I hear some one say. "It would wear me entirely out, we will take our breakfast about eight o'clock."

Of course it does not wear out the housekeeper to prepare these meals, run to the garden for the ripest berries

just when her bread in the oven needs the most attention, or it matters but little that she must stand at the steaming tub of clothes an hour longer to rub out the extra towels, sheets and pillow slips, etc. Oh! no, she is getting her pay, why she will soon be rich! Perhaps you will say, where is the hired girl, why, if they are so plenty in town just send us a carload, we have not seen a good one in so long they are a great curiosity.

But to return to my subject. Many times do we exclaim and hear it repeated by other country people, "How I wish I knew of some nice place in the city where I could go and take the children to spend the winter holidays in the country, it is so quiet; if we could only go where we would be in society more, attend the opera, theater, concerts, etc., which would be such a treat after a hard summer's work." I have looked over our country papers to see if some one had not seen this opportunity and was prepared to open their homes for the country folks. Certainly there are plenty of hotels where we can go with well filled trunks, and for a goodly sum occupy a suite of rooms for the season, but not a home is represented.

Now the person who would insert a card in our country papers, offering good board at a moderate price, and who would give an equal equivalent in juicy steaks and savory roasts, with plenty of vegetables cooked to just the right state, of dainty desserts of ices, cakes, oranges, and such other fruits as are obtainable at the time, and pleasantly furnished rooms with all the home comforts, might fill the house in a jiffy. But that is not the only necessity, country children are not used to confinement and would like reasonable freedom in the parlors, drawing-rooms, libraries, etc., they will not care to drum the piano out of tune or play horse with the draperies and lace curtains, for they are used to them at home and know their proper use. Make your proper restrictions and then be cheerful and let the children enjoy themselves and help to entertain the farmer's wife, treat her with the same respect you would when spending the hot weather at her home.

It will undoubtedly cost something at first, but if well managed, like all other business will succeed, and the country

people will have enjoyed the change so much they will be more willing to discommode themselves and return the compliment to their city friends.

GREENVILLE.

N. A. B.

SISTER SENSIBLE AS "DONNA QUIXOTE."

If my family must live on baker's trash for a week, and I don't get my clothes on the line till six o'clock in the evening, I shall take the time to put in my say on the new question. I've always said Sister Gracious was a man, and now I put him down as a falsifier and a coward. His piece in the HOUSEHOLD would be apt to teach the young at least, that there are occasions when it is right to deceive or tell lies. I say emphatically, never!! In every one of the illustrations he used, the truth would have been better, and the persons interested would have come out ahead every time, if they had stuck to it. Take the mother with a sick baby. If he had been lovingly and firmly taught to obey, he would have taken the medicine and she would not have had to resort to cocoanut dippers or lies to make him do it. I never heard a Beethoven symphony, but if I was fool enough to pay dollar for a ticket, and didn't like it, I wouldn't "roll up my eyes in pretended rapture," but I would just say, "It doesn't amount to shucks," and leave. As for the old maid who learned German to spare the professor's feelings, she had better set him to work in her garden or to wash the dishes, than to act like a fool trying to learn a language that is only fit for pigs to squeal in. Now here is a story about how a life was saved by telling the truth, and the teller thought it was certain death to one she loved, but even with that dreadful idea staring her in the face she dared not lie. It was in the revolutionary war. A brave young man had been sent to see what he could find out about the enemies' lines. He was discovered by the British and hotly pursued. As he rushed along to get back to his camp, he passed his home, the house being just in a fork of the road. His sister was standing in the doorway and saw him take one road. Pretty soon up came three British soldiers and demanded of her which of the roads that man running away took. She had been taught to

never, never tell a lie, and with tears in her eyes and with a bursting heart, she pointed to the right one. The British officer argued to himself, "She wouldn't tell me the one he took, so the scamp has taken the other road," and down that they all went, much to the astonishment and delight of the sister, so the brother escaped, and all because the sorely tempted girl told the exact truth. There is a plant known in seed catalogues called "Honesty." Let's buy a paper of it and send to "Sister Gracious," so that he can have it in his garden, in the place where he works, and I hope he will always pin a bunch to his coat when he writes letters to the HOUSEHOLD. Once more, if the members know of one case where deception or white lies (or black for that matter) ever really benefitted them, or got them out of a tight place, let us hear all about it; and remember however honest we may be, there is always room for improvement in that respect.

SISTER SENSIBLE.

PRISCILLA'S PERPLEXITY.

Is it true, as is sometimes asserted, that women are less reliable than men? Do they make promises or engagements which when made they think they can fulfill, but as other things come along to take their attention, they deliberately ignore because it will make them some trouble? Such persons will borrow patterns, books or papers and never trouble themselves about whether they are returned at a proper time or indeed at all. Of course these are small things, and after a time they cease to be of any value to their former owner. I am not going to argue it at all, I only ask the question, Are women less reliable than men when taken as a class? I know many women who are so careful and conscientious they will handle borrowed articles with more care than if they owned them, and will return them as soon as possible, and have known men who never returned a borrowed tool; it might stand out in rain and shine until the owner goes after it.

Isn't this the class of persons who will "borrow you to death," if they live near you, and who always run up large store debts? They only consider their present wants and pleasures; they think there is time enough to look after the future when it gets here.

I was so fortunate this year as to be able to attend the commencement exercises of Albion College. The exercises were held in the Methodist church. The auditorium looked like a flower garden; on nearly every head belonging to the women and girls was set a mass of flowers, tossing and quivering at every motion. I wish I could describe the dresses of the young lady graduates. The most of them wore the light weight silks so much worn this summer; they were each of

one color, but with flowers or figures brocaded in the goods, no two were of the same shade, but every color offered in the stores I think; one was orange, another a light silvery green, and two or more shades of pink, the same of blue, yellow and cream and white; of course every shade and color had its appropriate name, but I have never been introduced, so of course I am not on speaking terms with them. Nearly every dress had quite a long train and the waists were marvels of artistic ingenuity. No two were just alike and yet the same general effect was obtained; it is here that the artist shows her ability, but the youth and enthusiasm made up for any deficiency in finish. The most of the dresses were trimmed with chiffon, a few with lace; many had narrow satin edged ribbon mixed in with the other trimming; a few had a bow of ribbon with ends hanging to near the bottom of their dress; the bow was fastened on the back at the shoulders, to me it made the gowns look like wrappers; some of the skirts were fastened back so tight the wearer could hardly walk, but the majority were loose enough so the wearers could walk with grace, and not betray the exact locality of every joint in the individual's anatomy.

RIVERSIDE.

PRISCILLA.

AMUSEMENTS.

There seems to be implanted in the nature of all living things a necessity and desire for recreation and amusement. The tiny insect sports in the air; the lamb and the colt gambol and caper around their dams in the field, and human nature is not exempt from this propensity. The old saying that

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;
While all play and no work makes him a mere toy."

is true, if not poetic. A thing may be good, but abused in its use. Alcohol and distilled spirits are good, and indispensable in certain cases; but are used for bad purposes and are the cause of much misery. Good and evil were created, and are permitted in the world by an All Wise Being, for some good purpose. We would not know what is good were there no evil to shun. There would be no free moral agency were there no choice between good and bad, sweet and sour, handsome and homely. Because a thing is intrinsically good, it does not follow that evil may not flow from it. Writing a beautiful hand is good, but may help to forgery; learning to be a skillful artist is good, but counterfeiting may follow. Cards were invented hundreds of years ago to amuse a poor, melancholy, half crazed king of France, but they are used for bad purposes. Had they been in use in King David's time, he might have named them among those things he mentions in the 151st psalm, in praising the Lord. Had they been in use in Saul's time, he might have been

diverted from his lunacy in other ways than throwing javelins at David, and obliging David to fib to Jonathan.

If my father and mother had allowed me to play cards at home and played with me when I was a boy, I would not have sneaked off up garret, or in the barn, or to the sap-bush Sundays, as I did, to play. If there had been no other way of occupying my time, or of driving away care and gloomy thoughts, since I have been an invalid, I should have felt justified in playing cards, church member as I am, and as I was advised to do by a good church member; but happily I have learned to read and write. If card playing, chess, checkers, billiards, violin playing and dancing were denied the poor inmates of our asylums, it would be cruel. Man cannot live on bread alone. We are told in the Good Book he needs a variety for both body and mind. "What is one man's meat is another one's poison," is a wise saying. What may appear senseless and insipid to some, may be the reverse to others. A social dance or friendly game of cards, chess, or checkers can do no harm. Let more attention be paid towards averting the abuse, or wrong direction of these innocent amusements than in trying to banish them.

PLYMOUTH.

GRANDPA.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.

Does a man need a wife simply to cook his meals, sweep his rooms and mend his clothes? If this is all he needs, Bridget will do the cooking and sweeping and some poor woman will gladly mend his clothing for a small recompense. It will be cheaper—much cheaper than having a wife to clothe, feed and perhaps doctors' bills to pay.

Does a man want a wife to abuse, as alas too many of them do? If this is what he wants let him go out in the yard and kick the dog around. The poor brute will not approve of it, but then it will not scold as a woman might.

No! What a man most needs in a wife is a loving comforter. She it is who in times of trial and loss stands by him, consoles him with her womanly tact and loving words; who, while she twins her arms around him whispers words of encouragement and hope that urges him on to new exertions. His trials and misfortunes seem light to him when he thinks of her great love, and he is bound to succeed for her sake. When he is sick she it is who watches over him. Who will nurse him as tenderly as she whom he calls wife? His struggles are her struggles, his trials her trials and his losses her losses. A mother and sisters are all right and very nice to have, but a wife is all—mother, sister, friend, home. She makes home pleasant and cheerful for her husband; and best of all extends that which man, however strong, cannot do without—sympathy and love.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

A. C. D.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The manner in which a home should be managed and work systematized has been talked at, and written about until, like the "domestic problem," it is worn threadbare, and yet is unsolved. "What I know about housekeeping." is just about as lucid as was Horace Greeley's "What I Know About Farming." It looks well on paper; it sounds real reasonable when some brainy woman speaks for an hour on the various methods of utilizing time and fuel, of baking and ironing Tuesday forenoon so as to be able to let the fire go out afternoons. There never was yet two houses run on the same principle. The woman with children grown up and away can, by managing, get her work reduced to a science, and though the skies should fall never deviate from a set rule—but the poor little body with small means, an abundance of children and only one pair of hands to do the thousand and one things that constitute housekeeping, must do as she can. Children must receive a certain amount of care and attention, they are entitled to it; it is their right. As far as I am concerned, if one of the two had got to be slighted it would be the work, and yet I have known mothers to let the children scream and cry and worry while they carefully blacked the cook-stove, hung up the dishcloth just so, scoured the teakettle or scrubbed the floor. A woman cannot do any more work than she can; her husband may stand by, telling her by way of encouragement how much his mother did; she may strain every nerve and by a superhuman effort accomplish an unusual amount of work, but there is just as much lost in the long run as was gained, for every nerve and muscle of the body rebels and a nervous headache is the result.

It is a painful fact that the hardest years in the majority of women's lives are caused by combining housework and the bearing and rearing of children. It is hard enough, heaven knows, under the pleasantest conditions, but tenfold harder with a faultfinding; unsympathetic husband, who always holds up "mother" as a sample. We don't have a real strong buxom set of girls nowadays. They are delicate, slender; illy capable to cope with poverty and hardship; they usually marry strong, muscular men, and before they have celebrated the wooden wedding there are three or four little ones. Their health is gone, they are bundles of aches and weaknesses, but there is the housework staring them in the face. There are no means to hire help—which is not always procurable—no matter how urgent the need of it, and so the woman crawls around until some fine day she is found lacking in the ability to crawl, and then the head of the family comes to a realizing sense

of the fact that he has got to get on a hustle and find some one if he has a meal of victuals or his overalls patched. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." So strange that the patient, self-denying housewife is so seldom appreciated until the tired hands are patiently folded.

The hot days are here. The good man will come up at noon from his farm work, wash, pass his hand over his head if the comb is not handy, walk into the cool and shady dining room, and stuff down the nice dinner, remarking that he'd "like such an easy job, stay in the cool house, do what little work there was to do; 'twas powerful hot down there next to the woods, thought sure he should melt." The one who has the softsnap, she whose fingers picked and shelled the peas, hulled the strawberries for the shortcake, fashioned the flaky rusks, molded the butter into golden balls, broiled the steak, or browned the roast, is either in the bedroom hushing the cross baby to sleep, or else sits opposite him at the table, so heated and tired that she cannot swallow a mouthful and can scarcely keep back the tears. Oh! they know better, they don't think! If I were a man I would just walk around the table and pass my arm about my wife's waist and say, "You blessed little woman, to work so hard to get all these delicious things for dinner! They are all perfect; you are a famous cook, but now mind, after dinner I will help you do the dishes and you must go and lie down and have a nice rest, while I mind the baby." That would sort of even up things, don't you see? I don't believe so many women would drop out, so many become discouraged and soured, if the husbands would keep up the courtship. Women can work and endure if they have a stimulus. Men who have good wives, who make their homes pleasant and attractive, who work and save and help accumulate property, should not be chary of commendation.

"'Tis a little thing to say 'You are kind,
I love you my dear,' each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart I find,
For love is tender as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

"We starve each other for love's caress,
We take but do not give.
It seems so easy some son to bless
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less.
'Till it's bitter and hard to live."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.

I have but little time to devote to the cultivation of flowers, yet with the help of two little boys I have quite a display of lovely plants every summer. I like the kinds that live in the ground always, roses, lilies, pinks, flowering currants, almonds, iris and daffodils. With such plants and shrubs in my front yard it is decorated from the time snow melts in April until the roses and lilies fade in August. I have one clump of beautiful dark red peonies, and

one of graceful "bleeding heart." Will some one please tell me what its botanical name is? (*Dicentra spectabilis*. —ED.) Then I plant a few of my favorite annuals, also keep a few houseplants I must own are badly neglected during busy seasons, so that I have not as many flowers in winter as I desire.

I think that farmers' wives who love flowers will do well to confine themselves to some such plants as I have mentioned and to the hardy perennials, as they require little attention, and though many people do not like to wait until the second summer to see their plants bloom, yet I can assure every one of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD that she will never be sorry she waited after they begin to bloom; and as they are good for many years' blooming they are a source of ever-living enjoyment from spring to autumn.

The seed of perennials is very cheap, indeed, and for a small outlay of money one can get a good collection of ten or a dozen varieties.

Aquilegia is one of my favorites. Alyssum saxatile is much like the ordinary sweet alyssum, only the flowers are yellow, and it blooms in early spring. Hollyhocks are lovely for fence corners and background bordering; delphiniums for blue flowers, sweet williams and perennial phlox for bordering beds or walks, and don't forget the lovely perennial poppies and peas. Perennial peas are lovely trained over old stumps, fences or anywhere you want them and give you white and pink flowers. They are nice for a window, where you can sit and breathe their sweet fragrance while you sew on those tiresome buttons, or mend those trousers that are more hole'y than righteous.

I am just getting started in pansies, and why don't they bloom? The seeds were sown in April and not a bud nor a blossom yet! I keep them well watered and in the shade, but they grow very slowly.

Many make the mistake of setting their roses under, or quite near trees, and then complain of their unproductiveness. The roots of the trees take the nourishment needed to perfect the roses. Give a sunny spot in well manured clay soil, protect from the bleak north winds, prune them in the autumn after their leaves fall and mulch them in autumn with manure.

I keep but few bulbs as it is a bother to look after them in the fall. I have one bed of lovely gladiolus, with one sweet pearl tuberosa in the center, a *Zephyranthus*, or "Fairy lily," at one side and a caladium at the other, and when those plants bloom next September just come and see them. I have the little folk water them when they need a drink, and although the weeds get started and almost hide them before we get at them, the plants are now two feet high and graceful as a fern.

SHIFTLESS.

CARPET BUGS.

Will the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me what they know about carpet bugs? If there is a remedy what is it, or if we can give them something to nibble on beside our carpets and best winter dresses. Or is there some special care we can give our household possessions to prevent their ravages.

I can tell the lady who wonders why her jelly molds, that the tin tops to jelly glasses are a delusion and a snare—good the first year and good for nothing afterwards. We know of no better way than rounds of writing paper cut to fit next the jelly, dip them in alcohol and lay them on top of the jelly, and paste wrapping paper over tops of the glasses; all this to be done after the jelly has cooled and settled.

In making currants into jelly, if you wish to save all the fruit after letting juice drip from the bag, you can add water and sugar and can or make spiced currants. They are equally as good and we think even better.

Will some one please give recipe for preserved plums. M. T.

YPSILANTI.

HOW TO CARE FOR PANSY PLANTS.

Since my offer to send pansy plants to those who wished them, I have been quite deluged with letters. I did not expect such an avalanche. A number have asked directions for culture, and I will give my way in the HOUSEHOLD, since possibly it may help others: To begin with, I make the soil very rich. I want well rotted manure and good garden or leaf mould. The beds to be raised at least one foot above the surface of the ground. I carefully cut out all the sod first, to make a border around the bed: I like round beds the best for pansies. When the bed is ready I make a hole much larger than the plant I am transplanting and fill with water; then take a table knife, carefully lift the plant and press the earth firmly around it; water generously. Right here let me say, unless you keep your pansy bed well watered you will not get many blossoms, and your plants will dry up and run out. I water mine every night, soaking the ground thoroughly, and I can cut pansies at all times. I never am troubled with my pansies stopping in blooming as many are. The same stand of plants will blossom year after year from frost until frost again. I think it is because I water them so copiously. When we wash the suds goes on the pansies, and occasionally some manure water.

As to the winter care, I give them none at all, and I rarely lose any. The first winter I kept any over I thought they must be protected and did so, and lost all my choicest plants.

I transplant any time from April un-

til the middle of October. If given good care the plants will live if set out the hottest day in August, but be careful to shade them until well started. The north side of a building is the best place for pansies, although I have one bed right in the front part of the yard where it gets all the south and west sunshine, but the earth is very rich and I keep it moist, and the pansies are extra fine.

I have so many more requests for plants than I can at present fill, that the applicants will have to wait a few weeks until the smaller plants are large enough to take up. I can only send a dozen to each person, as there are so many, but set them one foot apart and you will find a dozen makes quite a large bed.

Please don't write for any more plants at present. I hope all who receive the plants will succeed with them. I send them as carefully packed as possible, and think if rightly cared for every one should live.

MACOMB.

SADIA BROUGHTON.

TAKING CARE OF FRUIT.

The ladies belonging to the Lenawee County Horticultural Society discussed the subject of putting up fruits at the July meeting. We clip the following from the *Adrian Times*:

Mrs. E. P. Allis read a paper on "The preparation of the cherry for home use." The early cream and sweet cherries are good for table use; but not sour enough for canning, and are hard and tough when cooked. If there is a family of children around there will be none left for canning. The trees are also apt to be tender. The Richmond and Morello sorts are best for cooking, canning, pickling and drying, and make a pleasant sauce. Canned they are good, but as preserves the mother finds them pretty rich for every day use. After taking out the pits, they may be dried alone, or sugar added and dried, and may be used alone or with sweet apples and mince pies. The juice boiled and sealed is a good addition to any dried fruit. For a sweet pickle, there is nothing like cherries. A good rule is ten pounds of cherries, five of sugar, a pint of cider vinegar and spice to suit the taste. Place in a porcelain kettle, just bring to a boil, and turn out. Do this for nine mornings, then skip three mornings, and heat for the next three, till another nine times, heating eighteen times in all, then put in a crock and cover with parafine paper.

Mrs. Trine would fill the jar with fruit, and put in the hot syrup till again full; seal and place the jars in a boiler and bring to a boil, then turn off the heat, close and cover the boiler to prevent loss of heat, and let stand till cool.

Mrs. Crane places the sealed jars of prepared fruit in a tub, and pours boiling water about them to the neck of the

jars, covers the tub with thick blankets, and lets them stand till cool. Strawberries in particular are better for not being cooked too much.

Mrs. Helme had small bunches of the Niagara grape last year, from which she first pressed the juice, then heated to boiling, and canned without sugar. Boiling the fruit before extracting the juice changes the flavor; also fruit canned without sugar will soften more than that which is sweetened.

How to poach eggs in a ball is not known to all clever cooks. This is how it is done: The water is heated to boiling, and then rapidly stirred till a small whirlpool is produced, in the hollow heart of which maelstrom the egg is cleverly dropped. The motion of the water crystallizes the white instantly into a circular covering for the unbroken yoke.

Contributed Recipes.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—To one quart of scalding milk add three handfuls of meal; one tablespoonful of sugar; salt, and piece of butter the size of an egg, then another quart of milk and three beaten eggs and spice to taste. Bake in moderately hot oven one hour.

CORNMEAL GEMS.—One cup of sour milk; one of meal; one of flour; one-half cup of brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and one teaspoonful of soda. Drop in gem irons, and when done they will melt in your mouth. MAY BEE.

SALT RISING BREAD.—Two tablespoonfuls of meal, with boiling milk enough to make it thin as stirred in the meal; set over a lamp stove or in a place where it will keep warm over night. In the morning take two quarts of warm water; make in a sponge with flour; beat in the emptyings; set in a warm place. When light mix into loaves. This is splendid. Mix well; nearly as much as yeast bread. PERDITA.

CREAM PUFFS.—One-half cup of butter; one cup of hot water, put over the fire together and when boiling stir in one cup of flour; stir till it cleaves from the dish, then take from the fire and cool. Break one egg at a time and stir thoroughly in until three have been used. Divide in fourteen parts on a tin, not close enough to touch, and bake twenty-five minutes. When cold split and put in the cream, either whipped or mock cream. Cream like this is nice: One cup of milk; three tablespoonfuls of sugar; one tablespoonful of flour; one egg. Steam till thick enough to cool and flavor. This we use often and think it nice and not much trouble. S. F.

ANN ARBOR.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two-thirds cup of brown sugar; one-half cup of molasses; one cup of sour cream (or one-half cup of butter and one-half cup of buttermilk); a lump of butter size of a walnut; one teaspoonful of allspice; two of cinnamon; one-half teaspoonful of cloves; same amount of grated nutmeg; two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; one teaspoonful of soda; one cup of raisins; one of English currants, one of dried apples soaked, and boiled down in the molasses. Steam two hours and set in oven to brown slightly. This will keep a long time, and is excellent to have on hand for emergencies.