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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LOST!

What! lost your temper did you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it,
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
The laughter and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it—never, never!

—Sydney Dayre.

CITY LIVING VS. COUNTRY LIVING.

Busy Bee says she does not know as she would be contented with city life. Now my dear Bee, it would depend very much on what circumstances you were in whether or not you would like living in the city, I think. I write from personal experience because I have lived in the city, and I think that poor people are, as a rule, better off on a farm. They can raise poultry, so they do not need to buy eggs; they generally keep cows so that they make butter; they raise wheat for bread, and vegetables, fruit—generally—and although it takes much hard labor before all those things are ready to be eaten, yet we have them in greater abundance than when we are obliged to pay money right out of our pocket for every little thing that goes to our table, as is the case in the city.

One can buy milk, to be sure, but few buy over a quart or two a day, at most; and just think how far that will go toward cooking and a drink for two or three little ones who are hungering for "a cupful, mamma, a whole big cupful."

Ah! how it makes the tender heart of many a loving city mother ache to be obliged to refuse her dear little ones that "whole big cupful!"

You can buy vegetables and fruit too, plenty of them (oh, yes, if you have the money), but think of buying a peck of potatoes (many have not money to spare

to buy more at a time) and when you pare them find them so badly decayed inside that you get but one or, at most, two meals out of the peck, while you find the apples no better, if as good.

You take home a cabbage head that you have paid ten, twelve, or fifteen cents for, thinking the while what a delicious dish you are going to have for dinner, and find when you get the loose leaves off that it is full of black leaves, or decayed spots; you shave and slice and dig in the vain hope of saving enough from the wreck to make "just a taste" of cold slaw, only to find that to the very heart it is nothing but waste, and you finally heave it into the slop pail with a deep sigh and "Oh, how provoking," therefore going without cabbage for want—perhaps—of money to buy another, while the farmer's wife has only to go to the garden or cellar and get another.

Such are some of the inconveniences of living in the city if poor. One has few comforts and no luxuries, and so far as the table is concerned you can not have as much as many of the poorest farmers.

I could give the statements showing the cost of living in the city, but it would require too much of my time at present and too much space in our little HOUSEHOLD.

Now for the other side: If you are a person in a lucrative business with plenty of means at hand, think how many pleasures and advantages there are in the city for yourself and your children. There are lectures you can attend, entertainments to suit the tastes of all, while the church and school facilities are much better.

It is harder to bring up children in the city, because there are so many temptations to lure the inexperienced or unstable into wickedness. That is one very serious drawback to city life, and one with which I, at least, feel unable to cope.

Women as a rule do not work so hard, unless it be those who have to be the "breadwinners," and they can go somewhere and enjoy themselves, forgetting the work at home. On a farm it is very seldom that the wife can go anywhere without working hard to get ready and leaving much undone that will crowd on her when she returns home. She is so tired she can hardly

enjoy herself while away, and her thoughts are constantly reverting to the work she "should be doing," and she "must get back to get supper" or "Oh, I must go home or I can not get up early enough in the morning."

Yes, if one is rich it is very pleasant living in the city, but if only in moderate circumstances I think the farm is really the best place for any one with a family of children.

Robert did most truly give the sentiments of men, in general, expression when he wrote "I know woman is not only loved and admired for her charming character and winning ways, but for her style, figure and mode of dressing." What a "figure we would cut" in the ballroom in men's clothes!

I have always been glad that I was a woman, and I pride myself on being sensible enough to make my clothes in a sensible and appropriate style, let the fashions be what they may. Where there are so many styles surely one can choose one befitting every station in life and occupation, and look neat and charming, and I have known men who fell in love with girls in neat calico dresses, plainly made, who could have chosen wives from among women who could wear silks and velvets and have their garments made in the height of fashion.

I wonder if some one can not tell us how to make some pretty, yet cheap fancy articles for home decoration. I will in some future number of the HOUSEHOLD. I do not fancy spades axes, shovels and like implements trimmed in ribbon bows and tobacco lead and put about in every corner of the house; nor a rolling-pin gilded and be-ribboned and hung on the parlor wall, neither does my taste run to beer bottles similarly decorated; but I do like some fancy work, and as my time to devote to such work is very limited, as well as the contents of my purse, I like to find out about things that are cheap, yet tasty, and useful too if need be.

HONEY BEE.

SOME idea of the wide field which is being reached by the Chautauqua Circle may be gained from the fact that during the fourteen years since its organization more than two hundred thousand persons have been enrolled as active members of the society.

MY EXPERIENCE IN POULTRY RAISING.

As this little paper seems to be the rendezvous for our household friends to tell of their joys and sorrows, haps and mishaps, work and worry, success and experiences, I come as a contributor, to tell you not of my success, but of my experience in the art of poultry raising.

When I was married and moved on the farm (having been a city lass) I was "perfectly crazy" to have some hens, and thought I would be equally as happy if my husband would only build me a henhouse; after a year or so of much coaxing, the day arrived when its erection was actually in progress—the fowls were secured and placed within its boundaries.

I started out with eighteen hens and five roosters. I decided to keep only two of the latter, and so in time dispensed with the remainder. Mine being related, I exchanged one of these with a neighbor who gave me one of the same kind—Brown Leghorn.

The first night I observed that my little company did not treat their new mate very cordially, and the following morning the new arrival had a black eye and a decidedly red comb, which indicated that a family upheaval had occurred during the night.

One afternoon closely following I chanced to look out of my window and saw those two roosters (Lick and Sullivan) were evidently going to fight it out. As to the number of rounds I could not say, but they were engaged in the warfare for at least one half hour. Lick finally being defeated, that night he disappeared, and has not been seen or heard of since.

I was only getting from two to five eggs a day. I had a little book, and everything that was essential to the management of poultry was inscribed on its pages. I was very particular to see that the hens had good ventilation, were kept warm and had proper food.

The morning after Easter I went out to gather the eggs, and lo! to my great astonishment, every nest was full of eggs, probably thirty! I wondered if the hens had joined with us in celebrating that memorable day, but it finally dawned on me that my father-in-law had, during my absence the previous day, visited them and had undoubtedly given them a "condition powder." It has never occurred since.

As summer approached my hens began seeking other quarters, and at this time I had only nine inmates of that cozy little hen house. There was not an individual hen that felt the least inclined to set, nor has there been one which did; my mother-in-law took pity on me and brought me over a hen with eleven chicks. I nursed them and watched them mature, and when old enough to paddle their own canoe, they very suddenly left. She gave me an-

other one with six ducks; two of these died, and the remaining four are still with me, but for how long remains to be seen. Should you enter my henhouse to-night with me, you would see Sullivan and three lone hens.

I have about decided to give up the idea of ever making a success of poultry raising, but at the same time a thought flashes through my mind, which speaks thus: Earnest application to the subject in view will always be rewarded with success. I think I shall try raising the White Leghorns instead of the Brown.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD readers come to my rescue and tell me the cause of this ultimate failure? I have any amount of time to fuss with them, and would so much desire to make a success of it. I do not like to be ridiculed, and my father-in-law is such a tease! He says my failure is due to the fact that I am a Baptist. To be sure we have had a great deal of rain this spring; but they escaped that deluge, and their misdemeanors cannot be thus accounted for. He keeps his hens on probation the year round and their food consists chiefly of grasshoppers, insects and wind, and they seem to flourish. Why mine do not perhaps can be explained by a HOUSEHOLD friend who has been successful. Let me hear of your experience.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

JUST GOT THROUGH.

Well, who has passed through the trying ordeal of being a farmer's wife when threshing time came to hand? No doubt I have many sympathizers among the HOUSEHOLDERS. This, my first experience, had many pleasant and unpleasant features connected with it.

But to begin at the beginning of my story, for it may help to cheer some other poor, forlorn schoolma'am just in the same plight, I was brought up in town and attended school till I was seventeen. Then I began to teach the young idea how to rise upward, and continued to do so till twenty. Then a-lack-a-day, what did Cupid do? Introduced me to the best young farmer in the world—at least I think so. Three months ago today we were married. At that time I could not bake, sew or cook, in fact it would be easier to tell what I could do than what I could not do—a much shorter story. I presume if a proposition in geometry or Newton's laws of motion would aid in the kitchen work I would have been all right. We live with my husband's mother and I often looked at her and wondered if I would ever get to be a model housekeeper, as she is. I thought to myself, "well, you may learn to do a great many things, but you can never learn to make bread or butter." Mother went to visit her daughter for a week and my niece, a girl of four-

teen, came to stay with me. We had six men to cook for and made bread which was eatable twice; took care of two churnings of butter and did the housework. I found the old maxim true "We never know what we can do till we try." Now, I look at mother and think "I'll try and be just as good a housekeeper as you some day." I consider myself a lucky woman to have such a kind, patient mother-in-law, who takes so much trouble to teach me how to work correctly, and such a kind, loving husband. I would not exchange him for the wealthiest town man in the world.

GRINDSTONE CITY.

FRANK'S WIFE.

[Come again, do, and tell us about your experiences in learning the new business. Are you brave enough to confess to us your failures as well as your successes? There is much to be learned from the former, but we all dislike to admit ourselves unable to do what we undertake. We are glad to welcome Frank's Wife in our circle and hope she will come again.—ED.]

THE GHOST AGAIN.

I thought surely that here amid this galaxy of literary stars there would be peace and rest for a Dead Man, but upon seeing the letter from L. A. I felt for a moment inclined to materialize, and gain a foothold once more on terra firma. There is an old saying, "If the coat fits, etc." I am sorry L. A. viewed my letter so gloomily. It may be wise to censure sometimes. Why not be told of faults if one is too blind to see them? There may not be any such women in existence at the present moment, but if there are, I hope they will mend their ways. I see plenty of good ones. Over there is one who has denied herself many pleasures, many of the luxuries of life, to be able to give her children every educational advantage, and as they leave school and she thinks she is to have them at home to enjoy, sees them drift away from the home circle into other interests and other fields of usefulness. It seems hard to bear—but she has done a good work. Son, daughter! be awake to the fact now before it is too late to thank her.

Yonder in that house with the vine covered porch is a woman who married at fifteen and whose secret thoughts are full of regret that she enjoyed so little of young ladyhood; that, just out of a district school, she had no more time for a college education. She might not now be wedded to the boor she is, if only some one had put out a restraining hand, or spoken a word of guidance; and he would have been satisfied with some one with less intellect, and yet her life is one of patience and kindness. A proverb to be read with profit is, "Happiness is found at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens." In the

red house around the corner lives a happy woman.

"Through beat of storm and stress of winter's cold,
She kept the summer in her heart of gold."

Let us look in her neat work room this Tuesday morning. It is eleven o'clock; dinner is under way, the ironing is done, the towels were folded and turned through the wringer; some grain bags her husband brought in have been mended with paste and a hot iron, and now she has come into this sunny room for a short rest. There is a little dust on the rounds of the chairs, and they are also very suggestive of last evening's sociability, but she considers it just as important to brush the dust and cobwebs of ignorance from her brain. She takes up the *Century* and reads "Old New York;" on the table lies the *HOUSEHOLD* and those two grand books, "The Life of Christ" and "The Life of Paul," by James Stalker. Yesterday she read the story "A Timid Woman" in August's "Short Stories." She went into a pleasant reverie, a bond of sympathy connected her with the timid woman who liked to write a letter to the *HOUSEHOLD*. Have the members read any or all of these?

Will some one tell me what is meant by a "blue Presbyterian?"

I shall probably come again, but you cannot always be sure of a

MARSHALL.

DEAD MAN.

The term "blue Presbyterian" was first applied to the Cameronians, that branch of the Presbyterian church which seceded under the leadership of Richard Cameron, whose opposition to the government and the established church of England cost him his life in 1680. The Cameronians were the strictest and strictest portion of the church, and chose blue as their distinctive color in opposition to scarlet, adopted by the cavaliers and adherents of Charles I. Cromwell's soldiers wore it during the civil war prior to the execution of Charles I., and their reason for its selection was that verse of the Bible which says: "Speak unto the children of Israel and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments, putting in them ribbons of blue." "The true blue dye" was discovered by a Scotchman, and probably named from that line of Hudibras which describes his badge:

"'Twas Presbyterian true blue."

MUTUAL RIGHTS.

I believe Belle M. Perry is right about my having enough to do without summer boarders, although I had intended to get a good girl to help with the work. I would like to hear the rest of what she had to say, as that is what makes our little paper interesting. And as to that talk with my better half, don't for a moment imagine

that I am not abundantly able to stand up for my rights. I have always done that; and if all farmers' wives enjoyed the privileges I do, there would be more contented wives. When we first moved on the farm eight years ago my children were all small, and I have seen the time when the work crowded pretty hard, so I know just how to sympathize with Honey Bee. But now the children are all of school age, and I get along very nicely.

Why do mothers persist in bringing up their girls to pick up after and wait upon the boys of the family? I never knew of but one exception to that rule. How can it help but make selfish and exacting husbands? My boys are all girls, so I cannot practice what I preach, but I am confident that if mothers would bring up their boys just the same as their girls, they would not require so much training after marriage. My sister has enough to do to wait upon her little ones, so when her husband says, "Mary, where's my socks?" instead of getting them as his mother did, she says, "John, they are in the same drawer they have always been since we were married."

I was much interested in Sister Gracious' letter recently, because I have a dear friend who is also deaf, and would like very much to hear of something that would benefit her. Does any one know anything about those patent ear drums that are so much advertised? I don't see why they would not be a help. I for one have great sympathy for any one afflicted with deafness, and always do my best to entertain them when in their company.

Owosso.

MRS. GERMAIN.

ABOUT PICKLES.

As the preparation of pickles is the housewife's chief business nowadays, the following will be interesting reading to her:

For whole mixed pickles, *Food* says: Allow half a peck of small green tomatoes, pick the stems off and wash, prepare half a peck of tender string beans, a quart of very small onions and half a dozen small green peppers; break the ends of the beans and leave whole; take the outside skin off the onions. Put the tomatoes in a stone jar in strong salt and water twenty-four hours, the onions in another jar in brine; cut the peppers in two twice; take out the seeds and leave in the brine; put the string beans in cold water over night; the next day drain and steam the tomatoes a few minutes, then put the beans in the steamer and cook until tender; then the onions about ten minutes; drain and mix all together, add the peppers, put the pickles in two or three jars; over the top of each jar pour half a teacup of grated horseradish; heat enough vinegar to cover the pickles, pour it over them boiling hot, put an inverted plate over each jar, then tie

up securely and put a cover on top. Let them stand one week, then drain off the vinegar and throw away; take fresh vinegar, add two cups of brown sugar, some stick cinnamon, ground cloves, tied in a cloth, and cook ten minutes; then pour over the pickles. If you have fresh horse radish leaves, wash and put a few over the top of the pickles; put the plate on to keep them covered with vinegar, and tie up.

For two hundred small cucumbers use one pound of coarse salt. After washing carefully, pack in a jar with the salt. Pour over them enough boiling water to cover them and let stand twenty-four hours. Pour this off and repeat. Let them drain well and then pour over them enough boiling vinegar to cover, in which cloves, cinnamon, mustard seed, allspice, six green peppers, and a piece of alum the size of a small egg have been boiled. Cover tight.

Pour hot brine which will bear up an egg over three hundred small cucumbers, let it stand twenty-four hours, drain and repeat. Then put into clear hot water and let stand twelve hours. Then let them stand in hot alum water for three hours. Let eight large green peppers, one large horseradish root sliced fine, two quarts of white onions, one dozen bean pods cut fine, stand in brine twenty-four hours, and then drain three hours. Scald two gallons of cider vinegar, and one-quarter pound of black and white mustard seed, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one ounce turmeric. Pour this over the pickles and when cold add one pint of prepared mustard.

COMMENTS.

If there is a Dead Man to be heard from, don't let us find fault, for if all his letters will be as good as the first one, they will be welcome. In his aerial flight he can observe in a way denied us weaker mortals. It may be well for us to ask ourselves if we are like any of the women he described, and if we do resemble the objectionable ones to turn over a new leaf.

I agree with Aunt Merry, give us cheery, helpful letters.

I would like to have some of the members tell me how to furnish the hired man's bedroom, as we have a new house and expect to move in next month.

MRS. WORMWOOD.

A MEDICAL journal reports the radical improvement of a diabetic patient by copious use of a tea made of whortleberry leaves plucked before the berries have ripened. Two handfuls of the leaves are boiled in two quarts of water until the decoction is reduced to one quart. A quart of this tea, in two equal portions, was taken daily, and the patient confined himself to an exclusive diet of meat with much fat and drank nothing but white wine.

A CRITICAL RECAPITULATION.

Some one some time during the summer said in the HOUSEHOLD, "I will not write any more on this subject, for fear somebody will call me radical." Ah, my dear madam, you evidently are made of frail stuff. What! afraid to speak your honest convictions of right and wrong in behalf of any question of dress, equipage or moral or religious conduct? Afraid to be called "radical?" Do you know how much cause you have to thank God for having raised up His grand army of those who, keeping the "mark of the prize" ever in view have not been, are not now, afraid of being called radical? If you have an honest, earnest, well considered, well balanced conviction of truth or right in any way bearing on any of the thousand and one lines of transition by which the domestic, social, civil and religious life of our nation—of the world—is evolving, speak them, live them and seek for better light, for noble, truer, liberty. I have no patience with those people who will weakly speak a weak word for right and truth, and then back down and "beg pardon" for having said it, for fear they may be called radical. Ah, bless you, my good friends, were there no "radicals" humanity would have been a failure centuries ago!

Humanity's soul life strikes its roots deep down into two opposing forces, right and wrong. The depth of root and strength of growth attained by individual forces varies; the term "radical" being given from the very nature of the case to the one whose roots run deepest, and who thus becomes possessed of greatest power of resistance. The battle between these two sets of radicals began with the conception of creation. Will it go on forever? No. It cannot be. Well, then, God and the right will prevail! So don't be afraid of being radical, only be radical for the right.

E. L. NYE.

ORTONVILLE.

A CHILD'S TRIALS.

There is a brief period in the existence of the girl child of the present time that is fraught with many trials and perils to her. When a little girl is about two years old, her silly and fashionable mother puts her into dresses that barely escape the ground. Walking is attended with some uncertainty at that age at best, and becomes positively dangerous when the child's steps are made still more unsteady and uncertain by the dress which clings about its feet and gets in the way. I actually heard a mother say "Take up your dress, Gladys," to a little girl at a muddy crossing the other day, and the little toddler, already three or four feet behind her mother, still further increased the space as she lingered to grasp her dress in truly feminine fashion. I sat with a mother

on the piazza and meanly laughed with her at the futile efforts of her thirty-months old daughter to regain her feet. Trotting across the lawn she tripped on her dress and fell. The soft grass received her and no harm was done, but the child could not get up. The little feet were planted on the skirt of her fashionably long dress every time she tried to stand, and she simply could not regain an upright position. She tried a dozen times patiently, then growing tired began to cry. When tranquility was restored I put in a protest against the senselessness of hampering the movements of a child when it needs the utmost freedom in the exercise of its newly acquired powers, and mentioned the danger of injury. But the mother only said "Oh, everybody dresses them so!"

BEATRIX.

AN exchange says: "A young lady attending an evening tea was so unfortunate as to spill chocolate on the front of a delicate dress. By soaking in strong witch hazel the stain was removed without changing the color of the goods. A young man upset a bottle of ink over a pair of light summer trousers. The same treatment removed every trace of the stain. Another lady got wheel grease on a light silk, and it also yielded to the charm of witch-hazel."

KEEP YOUR EYE ON GODEY'S.—The name of the well-known and popular magazine familiar to so many as Godey's Lady's Book has been changed to "Godey's, America's first magazine." It was first established in 1830 by L. A. Godey and soon became a household word. The new Godey's is to be much better than the old. In the first place, the magnificent work of art "Godey's Idea of the 'World's Fair,'" which is to be presented to every purchaser of the October number, is said to be so beautiful and artistic in design and coloring that every one will want it. It is a faithful reproduction of one of W. Granville Smith's latest and greatest pictures, produced expressly for Godey's. The publishers' guarantee that the Magazine will be filled with surprises and beauties from cover to cover. First in the contents comes John Habberton's complete novel, "Honey and Gall," a companion to "Helen's Babies," fully illustrated by Albert B. Wenzell. This is an idea first conceived by Godey's and now produced with brilliant success. Godey's fashions will be a most conspicuous and beautiful feature of the publication, there being, in addition to carefully edited descriptions and fashion articles, four exquisite plates produced in ten colors, and representing four of the leaders of New York society, attired in the latest Paris costumes. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's "Home" department will be read by the women of America with

delight, and all the Magazine's old admirers will read with interest Albert H. Hardy's carefully written article on "Godey's, Past and Present." Among the choice verses is the latest poem written by the late Josephine Pollard. John Habberton reviews all the books, and the whole forms such a rich literary feast that to examine a number of the new Godey's will mean to irresistibly desire it.

Useful Recipes.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Nine quarts of tomatoes, which should not be overripe, but merely turned. It is not necessary to peel the tomatoes, merely to slice them and pack them in the porcelain kettle used in making the sauce. Drain off all the clear juice which you can from them. Add four tablespoonfuls of table salt, two of allspice; one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, a teaspoonful of black pepper and two teaspoonfuls of cloves. Pour over all a pint and a half of vinegar. Cover the kettle containing the catsup and let the tomatoes simmer for three hours, being careful that they boil all the time. Let the catsup cool in the kettle and when it is cold, strain it through a sieve, bottle it and cork it up.

CHILI SAUCE.—A peck of ripe tomatoes and eight white onions. Skin the tomatoes by putting them in boiling water and rubbing off the peel with the hand or a cloth. Then peel the onions. Chop the tomatoes and onions together as fine as possible. Put them on a fire and let them boil for fifteen minutes. Then add a pint of vinegar, a tablespoonful each of powdered cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Tie the spices in a bag of cheesecloth and let the whole mixture cook for about five hours, or until it is quite thick. Be careful that it does not burn. When you are ready to take it off the fire, strain it if you wish to, though it is not necessary. But in any case, remove the bag of spices and add a tablespoonful of ground mustard, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and two teaspoonfuls of white ginger, and salt to the taste.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Boil seven pounds of grapes, merely picked from the stems and washed a little in a bowl set in a kettle of boiling water. When they have cooked in this way for an hour, strain through a sieve fine enough to keep back the skins and seeds. Add three and a half pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon and the same amount of cloves. Cook the mixture till it is thick. This may be varied in flavor by changing the spices, using one teaspoonful each of salt, ground nutmeg, ginger and cloves, half a teaspoonful of pepper and allspice, and a quarter of a red pepper, minced or shredded fine.—N. Y. Tribune.

PEACH SNOWBALLS.—Boil a cupful of rice in a large vessel containing a gallon of boiling water; put a teaspoonful of salt in the water and see that it boils rapidly, stirring with a fork so that the grains do not stick to the bottom. As soon as tender, drain; spread a couple of tablespoonfuls of this rice on pudding cloths large enough to hold a peach; lay a pared and stoned peach in the centre of each; tie up and steam for an hour.