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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNANSWERED.

Why is it that the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road?
Why is it that the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?
While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest path to go,
While the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.

Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon dim with tears?
Why is it the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?
While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,
And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.

Why is it those that are saddest have always the gayest laugh?
Why is it those who need not have always the "biggest half?"
While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,
And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.

Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?
Why is it the grandest deeds are those that are never confessed?
While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,
And the deeds worth little praise are the deeds that are published well.

Why is it the sweetest smile has for its sister a sigh?
Why is it the strongest love is the love we always pass by?
While the smile that is cold and indifferent is the smile for which we pray,
And the love we kneel to and worship is only common clay.

Why is it the thing we can have is the thing we always refuse?
Why is it none of us lead the life if we could we'd choose?
The things that we all can have are the things we always hate,
And life seems never complete no matter how long we wait.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Martin, in the Chicago Mail.*

SCOTTISH SONGS.

I think I may say without fear of contradiction that Scotland has furnished us with the most and the sweetest and tenderest of our songs and ballads. England has given us a few songs which are yet popular; such as "Wapping Old Stairs," "Sally in our Alley," "His 'Art was True to Poll;" and we have our own "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Marching Through Georgia," which are distinctively American, and may claim "Home, Sweet Home" but though its author was an American it is somehow a song of all nations, everybody claims it. But when you wish to find simple, tender, pathetic songs, not few, but many, you must go to the literature of the "land 'o cakes," the land of mist and mountain, of tarn and loch, bonnie Scotia. However thorny her thistle, her songs are most musical. In them we perceive the exquisite beauty of the old ballads in their absolute simplicity.

I enjoyed an evening of Scottish song recently—a concert which, but for a mishap to the troupe of singers from Scotland who were to render the programme, would have been all Scotch. But it was a Scotch evening, after all, for we had the skirl of the bagpipes with a McKenzie at the chanter and tartan ribbons fluttering; but though the sound is said to be sweetest of music in Highland ears I must confess that to one unaccustomed to heather and moor the wonder is why more Scotchmen don't emigrate.

And the audience was one not often seen in an opera house. Grey heads were numerous; decorous, "sensible" black velvet bonnets that could in no wise be called theatre hats, covered the whitened locks of a large proportion of the women, and the men had an air of solid business prosperity and canny Scotch caution and shrewdness. But how their eyes brightened as the medley the orchestra played changed from "Campbells' are Comin'" to "Bonnie Dundee" and "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border!" And in the crazy Scotch reel I think some of these grey-beards saw, not the footlights and the curtain, but lads and lasses footing it right merrily at a village fair, and felt themselves again young and agile and able to dance with the best. And as if in anticipation of these memory pictures, after the piper had piped unto us, and pranced up and down the stage with that queer little strut which somehow seems a part of the "skirl," there came out a quartette of young dancers, clad in full Highland costume, kilts and plaids and tartan, bonnets and eagle feathers, and gave us a Scotch reel in its breathless, intricate steps. I cannot say that the Scotch dances are remarkable for grace and beauty; Lottie Collins and her "Ta-ra-ra-boom de-ay" can be equally agile and more graceful; but for good, straightforward business-like exercise there's nothing goes ahead of a Scotch reel. I don't see how even a Scotch Presbyterian could see anything wicked in such dancing.

Then we had a ballad, "Get up and Bar the Door," which set forth in a good baritone the quarrel of a Scotch husband and his wife as to which should get up and draw the bar that secured the door. Neither would rise; and after argument and persuasion failed, it was agreed that the one who spoke first should be the victim. Silence reigned for a long time, broken at last by the arrival of two storm-stayed travelers who begged shelter. No word was spoken, though the strangers were made welcome, and the new arrivals concluded the cottagers must be deaf and dumb, and one announced his purpose of kissing the good wife. This prospect aroused the ire of the husband, and he put in a prompt protest which caused him to be immediately reminded that since he had first spoken, it was his lot to bar the door.

And then sweet Jessie Corlette, gowned like a lily in white, sang "Edinboro Toun" the story of Jock and Jennie.

"T'was within a mile o' Edinboro toun
In the rosy time o' the year.
Sweet flowers bloomed and the grass was down
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.

Bonnie Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kissed sweet Jennie makin' hay.
The lassie blushed and frowning cried
'Na na, t'will never do.
I canna, canna, winna, winna
Mauna—buckle to',"

The song recites how Jennie, when she became convinced Jockey meant business, allowed herself to be persuaded to "buckle to." And for an encore, we had that sweet and touching song of Burns, "Bonnie Doon," not half as well-known as it ought to be:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh an' fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care.
Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
that wantons through the flowering thorn,
Thou minds't me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

"Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause lover stole my rose
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

What is there about "Robin Adair" that so moves one? It is sad—almost all the Scotch songs save the warlike ones like "Bonnie Dundee" are sad—but when the alto horn took up the air and carried it while the other instruments harmonized and mingled in delicious

melody, swelling at last into a full volume of tones so rich and full you wished they might last forever, the refrain "Robin, Robin, Robin Adair" seemed like a human heart cry.

And "Afton Water," with its slow rippling music like the course of "clear-winding rills," what a rural picture it paints for us in its invocation!

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

"Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair."

Another quaint ballad whose author I do not know but whose words have been most appropriately set to music, was "Caller Herrin,'" the fish-wife's song as she calls her herrings through the town. With the last stanza the music changes to a minor key and wailingly reminds us how men go down in ships and face cold and storm and death, and women are widowed and children orphaned that we may have our herrings cheap; and the cry, "Caller herrin', caller herrin'," comes echoing back to us as if the burdened woman was passing along seeking more willing customers. Yet, what a contrast between the picture the song calls up in the imagination, silver-skinned herring shining in the sun, a stout callin buskit in brats toiling through the narrow street, and the fashionably attired lady whose gloved fingers toy with her sheet music as she trills the homely cry! The sense of incongruity is sometimes overwhelming.

It has often been said that the popular songs of a country illustrate the life of its common people; and Arlo Bates has written with scathing criticism of the realistic songs of the present, like "Annie Rooney" and Maggie Murphy's Home," which he styles "ballads of the tenement house," "of the vulgar, by the vulgar, for the vulgar." But Scotch folk-songs breathe a spirit of devotion, affection and fealty, especially those written by Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. One of the strongest traits of the Scotch character is most frequently illustrated —fealty, devotion, faithfulness, whether to love or land or chieftain. "The Scots are aye clannish bodies!" "Highland Mary." "Ae Fond Kiss Before We Part," and "O' all the Airts the Winds can Blow," are beautiful examples of the first; "Auld Lang Syne" and "John Anderson my jo" of friendly union; and nowhere can be found a more deep, faithful, heart-felt loyalty than echoes from the songs of the adherents of the ill-fated Stuarts. And did not the "Wizard of the North" give us that grand lyric that is like a patriotic bugle call in its appeal to loyalty to "our ain countree."

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
'This is my own, my native land!' "

Only the student of Shakespeare knows how many of our quotations and familiar phrases are borrowed from the immortal Bard of Avon. So also only those who are familiar with his writings are aware how many, how very many of our sweetest songs were written by Scotland's peasant poet. Few indeed are the exceptions. And perhaps the most beautiful among the exceptions are one already mentioned, "Robin Adair" (of which the peculiarly thrilling music is the greater charm), and Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal." A friend's terse acknowledgment, "It breaks me all up," expresses the effect of its pathetic lines:

I'm wearin awa', Jean,
Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld or care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

"Ye were aye leal an' true, Jean,
Your task is ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid an' fair, Jean,
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

"Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
An' angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal!
Now fare ye weel my ain Jean,
This world's care is vain, Jean,
We'll meet an' aye be fain
In the land o' the leal."

BEATRIX.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ANGELS.

In this summer land where nature is always smiling through life of leaf and bud, one loses faith in the almanacs and finds it is somewhat local and bigoted to believe much in the seasons. Even six years ago few houses were built here which provided for fires, because none were thought necessary; but eastern people have come in so fast, with eastern expectations of cold and eastern ideas of comfort, that now the ideal house has all conveniences common to our eastern homes.

Leaving California last June, I returned in early October to find the same golden days, the same dazzling, buoyant air, and it seemed to me the same sweet rose-bloom. The fresh foliage I left had grown old and dust-laden, like a worn garment. The fragrant waxen orange-beauty had changed to the growing fruit. When half-grown or unripe, oranges are the greenest things on earth. They seem to have gathered into themselves all the darkest shadows of green and there they hang till the sunshine conquers them, diffusing slowly its gold through all their ripening spheres.

Friends told me the summer had been almost too cool. I had expected October would be warmer. It was perfect. Glory of sun day after day, once or twice a little sprinkled tenderness of rain, but not a day all overcast till the last of November.

Such a shining time for two months, when we needed part of some days to close our south blinds to keep out the sun! There is something indescribable about California weather, how extremes can meet in it; the way the sun can warm and the wind chill is wonderful. Take a walk on a day of bright sunshine when the wind is blowing, and while you are perspiring you will be chilling, and while you want a wrap you don't want one; you feel you would like to sit down you are so warm, but are no sooner seated than you get up wondering how near the iceberg is off which that zephyr is blowing on your back. You carry your umbrella of course, and yet cannot tell whether to use it for keeping off sun or wind. The walk is pleasant, but you invariably say on getting back to your room, "I never saw anything like it!" That is one of the enjoyments of California. This country opens up a new line of perceptions and experiences. For instance, when it rains take a walk. Don't wear a trained dress, don't be afraid of taking cold if you get wet, but go out with the fearlessness and receptivity of a child to see how it rains here, and how the out-door world enjoys a California shower. A shower may last from a day to a week. It rains steadily and for a change it pours. We had a week's rain the last of November at the opening of the rainy season; one quarter of the entire rain fall of the year fell. Then the sun glowed out and everything was renewed.

The world looked as if a new sweet consciousness had grown in its heart during the dark days. Nothing dimmed its beauty till several days ago it grew cloudy and we wondered if there would be a dark and rainy Christmas. The evening of the 23d. the rain began falling, warm and gentle as a summer shower. All day yesterday it fell as if the cloud-realm were exhaustless. Sheet after sheet of streaming drops was folded upon us. I went out to walk. I did not have a gondola or a pair of rubber boots, but I did long for the boots before I got back. In the course of two hours the streets in some places where my walk led me were the beds of rivers on each side, running in dancing waves and ripples of merriment. The street crossings were almost impassable. I came to a ditch freshly dug to keep the street-car line from inundation; its banks were soft, I cast a wistful eye to the other side, the earth softened and sank the longer I stood. As I pondered before the plunge whether I should reach the opposite bank or be ingloriously buried in the muddy tide, a voice broke upon my reflection: "Excuse me, Madam, can I help you across?" A hand reached across the "gulf," and I was safe on the other shore.

I came by the park, and as I passed the grass seemed to green and the leaves to bend to the rhythm of the drops; the earth bubbled over with gladness and freshened each moment under the soft touches of the cloud-fairies. The jeweled buds of the roses bent their crimson crowns, and here and there soft petals drifted down like

fairy barks freighted with pearls of rain.

The rose is the queen of flowers here, she is never absent from her realm. There are times of jubilee when she flings a magnificent wealth of bloom and fragrance over her kingdom, but all the year the regal flower unfolds her beauty and breathes her sweet spirit upon the air.

The rain ceased before the dawn, so Christmas morning came hushed and holy, and through the warm gentle day bursts of sunlight have flashed through the clouds, filling the land with beauty; while round the earth's electric circle has flashed to-day the sweetly solemn truth that we are nearer the Christ-life in its fulfillment than we have been before. HATTIE L. HALL.

LOS ANGELES.

A REMONSTRANCE.

"Why don't parents visit the school?" is a question so often asked as to become slightly wearisome. I wish to propound the opposite query:—"Why do parents visit the school?" If we teachers are not competent to teach the pupils why are we hired? Certainly if we are not competent not one woman in fifty is any the wiser for her visit to the school-room.

If there is anything that make me feel tired all over it is to get my school into good running order for the session and then be obliged to respond to a knock which heralds some woman come "to visit the school and see how dear Johnny is getting along." Generally speaking she would do much better to stay home and patch Johnny's trousers. She comes in, seats herself in my chair, and ask questions about things she cannot comprehend when explained.

The routine of the school, so much derided but so very necessary in our crowded primary departments, is more or less upset; the children stare and neglect their lessons, and when her own particular child comes to recite he fails, and the mother looks as if it were all the teacher's fault. She does not understand why the first class are not taught the alphabet as she was "when she was young" instead of words and sentences, and wonders why they play with little blocks and sticks.

When school is over does she depart? By no means; she rises and keeps me standing for another half hour while she tells me all about Johnny's preternatural brightness, his attacks of croup, his age when he cut his first tooth, etc., etc. I think myself lucky if she does not favor me with her entire family history. At last when it is quite too late for me get through with the daily report in time to make a contemplated call or go down town, she goes; and I return to my desk wondering what this same woman would think if I should walk into her house some Saturday morning and investigate her modes of housekeeping.

But the woman who walks in and stays is immeasurably preferable to the bore who comes to the door but is quite sure she cannot come in. Instead she keeps me in the hall, while the youngsters make things lively in the room. I don't blame them; we used to be much worse in the High School whenever our teacher left us for a moment; but I have no patience with the woman who has so little common sense that she cannot see the impropriety of interrupting a business woman during business hours.

I do not wish to be understood to say that a mother should not come to see the "school-woman," as one note of excuse was addressed. It is sometimes very necessary for her to do so and is a kindness to the teacher; only let her come after school hours when we can give her the attention she demands instead dividing it between her and sixty pupils.

As a general thing, the mothers who keep their children clean and teach them good manners have little occasion for visiting the school. It is those whose children are "so good but just a trifle strong willed," "very bright but not inclined to study," or "so very obedient but will play truant," who try the already over-strained nerves and temper of teachers.

Men have their own business and respect that of others. Let women profit by their example.

In my two years of teaching I have found out why women are always having trouble with their servants. I wouldn't work under a woman as long as there was any work in the world with a man to boss it. I have had men come to me to introduce their children, to bring back truants, and even one half-intoxicated individual who brought his boy half an hour after school began and did not want him marked tardy; but not one ever failed to be respectful and even courteous according his light. And above all, they never put on their good clothes and come "to visit the school."

PORT HURON. E. C.

STATISTICS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

I have been much interested in that part of the ninth annual report of the Bureau of Labor which relates to women's work and wages, and have spent considerable time in the review of the summaries made by its compilers. This is the first time (except a meagre canvass in 1884) that the condition of working women in this State has been investigated. In a way the statistics thus gathered are valuable, as an indication of the worth of women's toil, though always their incompleteness militates against the possibility of obtaining a correct idea on the subject. And always too the vast army of the incompetent brings down the average of wages to a minimum for all. In the report I have mentioned one hundred and thirty-seven employments are catalogued as "open to women, but not all in which women's labor is employed are named. In this city 6,108 women workers, employed by 102 firms, are accounted for. The highest wage reported is in piece work, where by long practice and skill a woman has become an expert and can earn $3 per day.

But the highest regular day's wage is $1.66⅔, a very limited number receiving that amount; and the lowest is twenty-five cents, earned by the weary little girls whose tired feet respond to the peremptory call of "Ca—ash!" in dry goods stores. The average earning of the woman toiler in this city is 74⅝ cents per day, $4.63⅛ per week, $219.28⅛ per year; and the average expenses of these wage-earners are $207.85⅝ yearly. One thousand one hundred and nineteen were able to save something out of their wages; 4,999 saved nothing. The average savings of the fortunate ones were $52.21⅛ each—not much chance for clipping coupons in one's old age on such savings.

I was surprised at the low wages paid dressmakers. Few of those who sew in shops earn over $5 per week. Judging by what it costs to get a dress made, there must be a wide margin for the Mesdames. A pant-maker can earn $3.80 per week; a coat maker $4; a shirt-maker $4.43; a cloak-maker from $7 to $8; button makers, $2.89; a seamstress, $5; I believe wages given the for seamstresses and dressmakers to be too low, unless in shops where apprentices are employed almost entirely. Nearly every dressmaker who goes out by the day demands and obtains from $1.50 to $2.50 a day, according to ability. A woman who is good at cutting and fitting and has taste in addition is always in demand at good wages.

Wages in the shoe factories are fair, but there is not work during the entire year. In the cigar and tobacco factories, 27 bunch-makers report earnings of $9 per week. Four hand workers earn $16.50; 46 cigar-makers earn $8.35; 31 earn $5.75; eleven earn $10.34; tobacco strippers $2.80. Cigar-making is "piece-work," and earnings vary with dexterity. The giris in the capsule factory seem better paid than in other lines, and as I have sometimes passed the factory as they were coming out at noon and night, I have noticed them to be very intelligent. nice appearing girls, well dressed and apparently well fed. There are many girls employed in corset factories, where earnings range from $3 for the "boxers" to $5.47 for the steel stitchers; most of those engaged in the work average $5 and above. The finishers in a laundry get $6 and $6.50; starchers and ironers about the same. Girls in the match factories get low wages. Many of them are Polacks, and you can smell brimstone half a block off when the force

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emerges at "quitting time." The highest wage is $4.20. Work in the chemical laboratories, of which Detroit has two of the largest in the world, is so well paid—according to the general run of wages—that girls esteem it a great advantage to secure employment in them, and rather look down upon their less fortunate fellow-workers. There is also the chance for advancement which is so much prized by an industrious, willing worker. Girls in the rag-picking establishments have the most disagreeable work of any and are paid poorly; 64 cents a day is the highest any receive and the full ten hours' labor is exacted.

Saleswomen in stores earn from $4 to $6 per week, a great many receiving but $5. Forewomen earn more, $10 and $11. Three girls get $11.67 per week as saleswomen in cloak rooms; but they are not only good saleswomen but have good figures and "an air" which helps sell many garments in the course of a year. They try on the cloak to show the intending purchaser "how it will look;" and the deluded woman buys it, thinking it would look as well on her pudgy, round-shouldered self as on the slight, graceful form of the woman lay-figure.

One woman earns $4.50 per week and supports a husband and *five* children. Another, in contrast to the ten hours per diem required of other toilers, works six hours a day and has Thursday afternoons to herself, as a domestic; still another who does housework earns $3 per week, and has her board and from one to three hours per day to herself. One girl works ten hours a day, and yet puts in *five* weeks, or 300 hours, of overtime each year. A widow is supporting herself and her ten children. A great many are supporting an invalid parent, or little brothers and sisters, or are helping to pay off a mortgage. Others not only receive their board at home, but are aided by their parents and spend their earnings for dress and amusements. Many married women do their housework nights and mornings, in addition to their regular day's labor. In glancing over the Report, I observed that a professional room renter at Grand Rapids makes $20 a week at her business, the most profitable employment named. None of that profession are named in the statistics of Detroit, but there are plenty of them here, and their plunderings are calculated to raise the average of daily wages considerably.

Generally speaking, the conditions under which women work in this city are good. Buildings are well lighted and ventilated in most instances, with proper conveniences, kept in as good order as is possible where so many are congregated. Wages are too low. But this seems something which cannot be remedied, so long as for every woman who works, another stands ready to take her place at the same or even lower wages. And I do not doubt that, if every one of the 6,000 women wage-earners in this city should go out on strike to-morrow, six thousand other women would be ready to march to the factory doors, saying to the employers, "Hire us!" There are "unions" among the cigar-makers and some other occupations, and a little flurry occasionally occurs among them, when they will not work themselves nor allow others, but there is not the *esprit de corps* among women which exists among men, and the strike soon "fizzles" because those engaged in it do not "hold out," but is said that where the women are organized, are the most intelligent and best paid workers. A significant remark made in the Report is that except where stated prices are paid for stated work, women never get as much pay as men.

The problem that confronts us is this: It is a most excellent thing for a girl to earn money and become self-supporting; she is thus taught promptness, punctuality, self-reliance, economy, the value of money. Against this, put the fact that her competition lowers to the lowest possible figure the wages of her sister, whose earnings must cover not only her own expenses, but provide for the needs of one or more dependent upon her. How can we strike a balance?

In this connection the following paragraph, scissored from an exchange, is *apropos:*

"There are to-day more than 200,000 women in the United States earning a living by professional and personal service outside of mechanical labor or work in the shops, in the practice of law and medicine, the teaching of music and art, literature and science, and in clerical work of different kinds in government and other official places."

BEATRIX.

EASY WAYS.

In making apple butter I always steam the apples and put them through the colander, or mash them with the potato masher. Add just enough boiled cider to make it the consistency of pudding. I set the kettle on top of two bricks and let the sauce simmer, giving it a stir occasionally, till in the afternoon, when my other work is done and I have had a good hour's rest, I take out half, reduce with cider a little thinner than it ought to be when done; put on the stove again and cook half an hour, put in the spices and it is done. Repeat the process with the remainder. It is a great deal better than the old fashioned kind. It has one bad fault—won't keep except under lock and key.

I tear up all my rags thoroughly, shake and dust them, then oil up my sewing machine and make an easy job of it. I sewed seven and a quarter pounds the other day in a little less than five hours. You can sew from six to eight pounds of ordinary rags in a day when you get used to it. Double your rags just the same as for hand-sewing; put under the foot (do not raise it), sew to the right then to the left so you can push the rags under the arm of the machine. Keep shoving them in; don't clip them till you get a pound or more. If you have boys or girls they can do the clipping and winding, or you can leave them for some of those disagreeable days. It will not hurt the machine for it is easily cleaned, and you will not be tired because when you see how much you have accomplished in one day and think you will not have to take up that rag basket every time you sit down, you'll feel rested instead of tired. You must start your machine with your foot, as you need both your hands for the rags.

To those who use the old-fashioned dash churn and hate to have it around on account of its spattering everything so I would say: Invest in a fifteen cent lantern globe; put on your churn cover, slip the globe over the handle, letting it rest on the cover, then let it spatter. You'll probably say as I did—"Splendid! not a spatter on the floor, and what a ninny not to have thought of it before!"

QUEECHY.

CHAT.

LOIS comes from Midland this zero weather to give us a bit of good counsel: "Keep faithfully the secret of your own home. Don't tell your troubles to your neighbors. Don't find fault with your husband to *anybody*, not even to your own mother. The moment you take your griefs outside your own door your invite the little demons of mischief to spread your private affairs through the whole community, and make what should be securely sealed in your own family circle the theme for sneers and innuendo and spiteful sarcasm or soulless pity. If you have a 'family skeleton,' dress it carefully, then double lock the closet door."

AS showing a woman's work for her family—what just the cooking amounts to in a year, Mrs. W. E. C., of Hillsdale, writes this short summary of her home bakery business in 1892: "I have a family of eight to cook for, with the usual extras in the way of hired hands and company. During the year I baked 580 loaves of wheat bread and 47 of brown bread, and biscuit for 35 meals. I made 295 pies, 40 cakes and 23 loaves of ginger-bread, 500 cookies and 780 fried cakes. I made johnny-cake for 13 meals and muffins for nine, and chicken or meat pies twelve times. I cooked 40 bushels of potatoes during the year. In addition, I put up 125 quarts of fruit, made nine gallons of pickles, two gallons of catsup, and 30 glasses of jelly. I also made ninety-seven garments and raised 198 chickens and turkeys. Perhaps you think this was 'my busy year,' but I really thought I had things easy, compared with what I have had to do some years. I have five children, the youngest five years old."