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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers,
And its hapless strifes with fate,
But the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb,
And life's bark drifteth far,
Oh! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing the gift to day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth.
A fading rose in a death-cold hand,
That perished in want and dearth.

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers
Ere the bier is spread with the pall;
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond your call.

For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggle forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

Margaret E. Sangster.

MODJESKA AS MARY STUART.

Helene Modjeska, Countess Bozenta, is one of the great queens of the theatrical world. I have seen her as the wayward, frisky Rosalind in "As You Like It," as the Lady of the Camellias in Dumas' "Camille," and as Katherine in "Henry VIII.," but in none do I like her so much as when she plays the unfortunate Scottish queen in Schiller's beautiful tragedy "Mary Stuart." The sad story of Mary, Queen of Scots, has always held a peculiar interest for me, born of its romance, its wrong, its sins, so heavily atoned, its tragic ending—one queen brought to the block by another, and that other closely related by consanguinity.

Modern historians are shedding so much new light upon the occurrences of that period that we are finding out Mary Stuart was not the wanton light love she has been made to seem by certain prejudiced chroniclers, but really a wronged woman and outraged queen.

Mistakes she made—who does not?—but she never made a greater than when she fled from the ill fated field of Rosevaley, and contrary to the counsel of her advisers, sought the protection of Elizabeth of England. Long leisure she had for repentance in the eighteen weary years of her captivity, subjected to all the indignities the religious malice of the times could heap upon her.

In the mimic presentation of this chapter of the Stuart's life, the curtain rises upon her apartment at Fotheringhay Castle while her jailor, Sir Amias Paulet, is forcing the locks of her cabinet and taking from it her papers and the last of her jewels, in the presence of her old nurse Jane Kennedy. This act, only one of many such lawless deeds provoked by the constant suspicion of her guards, does not at all move Mary, who listens with weary languor to Kennedy's indignant recital. She merely entreats Sir Amias to forward the letters he has thus secured to Elizabeth, then begs to know the fate decreed for her by the commissioners who judged her case a month before, "who came like ghosts, like ghosts they disappeared," she implores,

"Oh break this silence—let me know the worst,
What have I still to fear and what to hope?"

All the satisfaction she gets from her grim gaoler is the stern admonition,

"Close your accounts with Heaven."

Sir Amias leaves her, only to return to announce that Lord Burleigh and the Earl of Kent have arrived, their errand to make known the finding of the court. With scant courtesy does the rough Lord of Burleigh enter her presence; neither the dignity of the queen or the woes of the woman touch him. He bluntly declares the verdict of the court, which found her guilty upon the evidence of her secretaries, who have been bribed to false declarations. [It is now established by documentary evidence that Nau received two thousand pounds for this betrayal of his royal mistress.] Mary's protests against the jurisdiction of the commission, against allowing her servants to testify against her while she herself is denied a hearing, her demand to be tried before a jury of her peers, are alike unavailing. Burleigh, to her plea for justice, retorts

"Stern right ne'er stands a prisoner's friend,"
as indeed she had found it.

Burleigh, in an interview with Sir Amias Paulet, intimates to him that a very certain way to Elizabeth's favor would be to furnish tidings of Mary's death, thus relieving Elizabeth from the necessity of signing the death warrant, and ending the danger they fancied menaced England. For Mary's claim to the succession was indisputable; better if anything than Elizabeth's, and the latter's death might place Mary upon the English throne, in which case Elizabeth's ministers, who had so long sought to destroy her rival, had nothing to hope and everything to fear. But Sir Amias repels the suggestion of assassination with indignant scorn and loathing. He refuses to believe Elizabeth would sanction it (and the probabilities are that the gaoler would have been the scape-goat had such a thing happened) and declares that he is the custodian of his queen's honor, which demands the safe keeping of her unfortunate cousin; who must die by legal warrant, if die she must, and not by secret assassins. Foiled in his purpose, Burleigh retires, with looks of rage and hate for the too conscientious jailor.

Sir Edward Mortimer, Paulet's nephew, by his seeming rudeness and discourtesy to Mary, has won his uncle's approval and is deemed incorruptible. But really, he is passionately devoted to Mary's cause and has laid a plan for her rescue. He reveals his purpose to Mary, who is surprised and greatly touched by his devotion; and learning he is about to go to the English court, entrusts him with a letter to Leicester, Elizabeth's favorite, which he promises to deliver secretly and surely, though his own good judgment tells him Mary is deceived in trusting the courtier and sycophant whose aspirations to the hand of Elizabeth are matter of general talk. But Mary's persuasions and arguments overpower him, and he pledges the delivery of the letter.

Next, we have Elizabeth's audience chamber; the queen in magnificent robes holds council with Burleigh, Shrewsbury, Kent, and Leicester, and Mary's fate is the question at issue. Shrewsbury incurs her majesty's displeasure by advocating Mary's cause, and warned by his discomfiture, the others, even Leicester, give counsel more in harmony with their royal mis-

dress's mood. Sir Amias Paulet presents his nephew, Mortimer, who is graciously received by the queen, who, dismissing her cabinet, herself plainly tells him there is a certain way to her favor and that he who compasses Mary's death shall surely find it. Mortimer, disguising his disgust and loathing at the unwomanly cruelty and baseness of the proposition, "meets craft with craft and proves himself dissembler." Then to Leicester he gives Mary's letter, still distrustful though the courtier's bearded lips are pressed to the paper, and murmur fond words of its writer. Leicester, with all his professed affection for Mary, is too half-hearted, too cautious, for the hot-headed, chivalrous Mortimer who would not value his life a farthing's worth could its sacrifice secure Mary's freedom, but he promises to obtain for Mary the boon she asks in the letter, a personal interview with her royal cousin and captor. By adroitly flattering Elizabeth and appealing to her insatiable vanity, he secures a half consent to his plan for a meeting of the two queens in the forest about Fotheringay Castle while the English queen is hunting in the neighborhood. Owing to the unqueenly proportions of the actress sustaining the part of Elizabeth, who looked like a cook masquerading in good clothes, the gods in the gallery were inclined to gey my Lord of Leicester when he praised the majestic dignity and grace and dazzling beauty of England's queen and urged her to overwhelm her unfortunate kinswoman by permitting her to behold those surpassing charms. Leicester was a fine courtier; he understood women—or this one at least, and the next scene, the great "third act" of the tragedy, brought the two queens together.

(To be Continued)

THE LESSONS OF UNHAPPINESS.

Somebody of a happy temperament, sound health, little care and short experience, has written a rhyme saying that "Life is mostly what we make it, just whichever way we take it, filled with sunshine or with care, dark or gloomy, cold or fair," or words to that effect. Maybe there are a few saints dotted down here and there, who never groan or fret or rave over the aggravations and cares and afflictions of life, but generally speaking, they are not ambitious, energetic, quick, bustling folks who would if they could, do large things in the world. These extra patient people are content to sit quietly and be "let alone." They would be the same in the best conditions or the worst. I don't think they are a bit better than those who get up and howl when things get to going all crooked. I have a great deal of sympathy with the women who have brought their trials to the HOUSEHOLD. Telling one's troubles lightens the weight. I don't want to know the post-office address of these abused wives and

do not advise giving the name of the husband or other relatives who sit about the kitchen stove making daylight a nightmare, but these stories of unhappiness certainly have a lesson. They set others who have no such trials to thinking; and perhaps make us thankful for our better surroundings. And it may check some man in his career or stop his first attempts to inflict his selfishness on his family. If one lives comfortably with a man she has some things to endure, and should begin early to use all her tact and art and power, to shape him as she wishes. Some men can be frowned down, others scolded, and others cried into proper manners and conduct; but if one has commenced wrong away back in the forties, and has allowed herself during the first year of married life to be a servant; with no opinions or expressed wishes of her own, getting up to make fires, etc., all for the love of him, why then there is little help for her. There is nothing but to die, or take lessons in boxing and kicking and surprise him some morning by suggesting that he make the fires, and if he refuse, give him a thrashing and continue same until he is subdued.

The other sort of misery connected with duty to helpless relatives is, it seems to me, easier to bear inasmuch as we shall never look back with regret for kindly services rendered to any one, certainly not for care bestowed upon the irresponsible. I listened to a sermon recently which was a message to me. The text was Gen. 7:16. "And the Lord shut him in." The minister said that no doubt the Ark which Noah built was ridiculed by the builders and architects of the day, but that it was meant only for the safety of Noah and his family and not for any display of architecture. Noah remained quietly shut in waiting for the Lord to carry him through the flood. There was but one window in the Ark and that opened toward heaven. Noah did not clamber up there every day to peep out to see what the rest of the world was doing. Had he done so he might have been drowned. The lesson was that we may be shut in by poverty or sickness or troubles of many kinds, but we have always a window opening toward heaven, through which we have sufficient light to cheer us, and that it is well for us to rest quietly shut in for a time until the flood subsides.

He did not say anything, nor does the Bible, as to how Mrs. Noah bore the shut-in time. I suppose she had to feed the snakes and slop the hogs and keep the children quiet, while Noah took his morning nap.

That woman who continues on her daily round of irksome duties, keeps the little house clean, has plain food well cooked and promptly on the table three times a day, the clothing of her family in good condition, is a heroine, even if she does fret some and scold and cry a little.

She is a martyr—she is a saint, if she adds to this the care of an imbecile and permits him to eat with her at the table. I have a neighbor, a cultured and refined lady, who is very deaf and has an imbecile son, a young man. He swears and acts sometimes like a demon. She does not hear it and loves him most fondly. I said to her, "I think you have wonderful grace." She replied: "I have hardly a bit. Satan whispers to me two-thirds of the time." But, she is always placid and sweet. I think most of us are like Joshua, the angel of the Lord stands on one side and Satan on the other to resist him. We can only pray, "Lord, be thou my helper."

DAFFODILLY.

St. Louis, Mo.

DANGER IN RAW MEAT.

"Why don't somebody put it in the papers all about tape worms? Every body eats meat, raw or half cooked. Think of the tons of dried beef that are eaten. They publish all about every other disease, but I never read in any paper that one might get a tape worm by eating raw beef." All this a lady said to me while she was suffering from the effects of powerful medicines taken to rid her of a companion that had afflicted her some years. As this trouble seems to grow more common I will try to tell of a tape worm's life. The mature worm sheds off one or more joints each day which come from the person alive and with them come the eggs or embryo of another generation of tape worms. These are often thrown upon the ground or grass with other chamber slops, and cows or hogs feeding there swallow them with the grass. I do not know what form this creature possesses at this stage, but it gets out of the cow's stomach and meanders about her body until it finds a snug nest among the muscles and patiently awaits its opportunity. That opportunity comes when some human being swallows that piece of beef, raw or half cooked.

Somewhere in that person's digestive organs it finds the sustenance necessary to develop its latent powers, and the first its afflicted possessor knows of its presence, is when the cast-off joints appear. Physicians remove them "without any difficulty," so they say, but the process involves from twenty-four to thirty-six hours of fasting, followed by powerful physic which must be a terrible strain upon digestive organs already weakened by such an enemy.

I have just heard of a physician who has removed eight recently, one, ten feet long, from a child five years old, and I thought, like my lady friend, that a little information might do good.

AUNT ELIZABETH.

MRS. J. Q. P., of St. Johns, who inquired whether black velvet ribbon which has grown rusty can be re-dyed, is informed that it can be thus regenerated. Brossy, 239 Woodward Ave, this city, does such work.

"SO LONG AS SHE REMAINS MY
WIDOW."

"Oh, dear! What a mean man he must have been, to have made such a will." "Wanted to keep his wife under his thumb even after his death." "Awful 'fraid she'd take a little comfort with some other man." Thus run taunts and criticism while he who dared to insert the odious clause in his last, perhaps his only testament, rests in peace. So does his widow; secure alike from financial risk and the schemes of fortune hunters. There are two ways of reading this line, and in some cases, where the widow is young and childless, it may be tyrannical; but the most of us, after years of observation, and perhaps a bit of experience, come to look upon it as a very wise and kind thing for a man to do—to leave to his wife the use of all his real estate so long as she remains his widow. She is rarely accustomed to the ways of business sufficiently to make any successful venture, and if wise enough to recognize this will feel for some time, as a friend once expressed it to me, "afraid of her own judgment, worried over every trifle," and will move cautiously and prudently, seeking not to increase, but only to keep what was left her. But another is likely to have a secret pride in her ability to manage property, and having heard of the few women successful in that line, hastens to follow in their footsteps, only to find herself dependent in her old age. There is much truth in the proverb concerning old canines and new tricks; and a woman whose lines of thought and action have for thirty or forty years been confined to household matters will naturally find herself strangely confused in any other.

Then that pitfall, marriage! I suppose it is the woman of it, but the pity of it too, that when a man tells us he is an angel, and loves us, and can not live without us, we always believe him and trust him with our happiness and dollars, just as blindly at sixty as at sixteen. Dickens' "Bumble," with his tender sighs and sweet morsels of flattery so delicately offered, turning so suddenly when left alone to weigh the spoons and inventory the furniture, bobs up serenely in many modern forms; and we will not have to search far to find children left penniless and homeless, because their father failed to protect the mother against his wiles. As for love, I can not say but what it comes in truth in the evening as well as morning of life; but it is not apt to trouble a widow whose property reverts to heirs on its acceptance.

Man's affection varies in price; often a few hundreds will take it readily; while on the other hand, if he really cares for a woman, and is such a worthy, successful man as her good, middle-aged sense ought to approve and require, he has a home and means; is willing to take her for her own sake

and let her property go to her former husband's children.

It is a well known fact that no law can deal justly with all cases; but as a rule, among farmers, this clause is of a protective, not restrictive nature. And why should we call him hard names when, according to his best judgment and ability, a man provides not only for his wife but also for his widow?

A. H. J.

SORROW.

Months have lengthened into years till they number two since I sent my last letter to the HOUSEHOLD, and I wonder if anybody remembers poor little me!

Many times I've resolved to write, especially after Maybelle's kind inquiry; (for which she has my thanks) but so many others expressed my views so much better than I could have done, I hesitated.

As I come among you to-day my heart is filled with sadness, and I ask your sympathy.

Until now, I've never known a real sorrow; this seems more than I can bear. My mother, the idol of my childhood, is very sick—physicians give us very little hope.

Dear father, my heart aches for him! How can he part with the loved companion of his early life? The gentle mother whose arms have cradled us in infancy and whose kind teachings have guided us to manhood and womanhood, how can we spare her?

Oh I've tried so hard to be brave, but the future looks so dark, the walls of despair seem to be closing around us! I can't see my way clear without mother.

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

HYGIENIC COFFEE.

Many people having dyspeptic difficulties cannot drink coffee. To such the following will be found a very pleasant and healthful beverage, one which will not disagree with the most sensitive stomach:

Take two quarts of bran; one quart of corn-meal; one half cup molasses and three or four eggs. Mix all together until the whole is thoroughly blended; then brown in a hot oven as you would coffee, watching carefully that it does not burn. As the top browns, stir with a spoon that it may be evenly browned. This is to be steeped the same as coffee, a tablespoonful to one cup of water.

If desired it may be mixed with coffee in proportion of one part of the preparation to two of coffee. A small quantity of ground chicory, say two ounces to a pound of coffee and bran is an addition to it. The chicory gives it a richer color and does not detract from the flavor. Only granulated sugar and pure sweet cream should be used in coffee for best results. Their use gives a finer flavor than anything else.

FLINT.

ELLA ROGKWOOD.

CHAT.

SORRY, A. G. H., but the HOUSEHOLD isn't a matrimonial bureau and we cannot make known through it the wants of your friend. Besides, we do not believe in that way of doing business. If a man cannot find a wife among his neighbors, friends or associates, or make a woman's acquaintance in a legitimate manner, he generally does not deserve a wife. This marrying as boys trade jack-knives, "on sight and unseen," on a day's acquaintance or through an advertisement, simply makes business for our divorce courts, who untie what never ought to have been joined together.

JOHN'S WIFE, of Alganssee, addresses these remarks to Theopolus:

"Certainly, Theopolus, hold that yarn by all means; it is your bounden duty to do so. Some day you will call upon your wife, when her hands are in the dough, probably, to 'just come and lead the horse while we un'load this hay.' She'll go, and dough is harder to break away from than a reverie. I agree with you on the "back hair" question. I believe in dressing the hair for becomingness, not style. But what about the young men's style of hair dressing? A horrible thought strikes me! Theopolus, do you wear bangs? A young man with bangs always reminds me of a picture in a story book of an angry lion, shaking his mane over his eyes to make himself look more ferocious. Your trials in the matter of buttons awaken profound sympathy. Why not have your wife run a shir string round the neck of your shirts and just tie it, it would be so much more convenient?"

CECIL, of Oakwood, writes us:

"I was much interested in the article about the test Professor Moulton gave of a good book—the number of times one could read it; and his assertion that fiction contained more truth than facts sometimes. We can not draw a satisfactory line between the natural and artificial because that which is made by art is sometimes as natural as the thing itself. Pope says 'All nature is but art unknown to thee.' Another writer says 'the best of perfumes is fresh air,' and adds this is what he calls nature in writing. We do not like that which is unnatural in art or in books. I would as soon deny a child a landscape painted by a true artist, as deprive him of a good fictitious story. Uncle Tom and Evangeline, David Copperfield, Little Paul, and many of George Eliot's characters, are real to me, and we could never do without fiction. How much we would have lost without the Iliad of Homer with its imaginary gods and heroes. Some one asks what we are reading. Chautauqua, the course doubly interesting on account of James Joy's Grecian History. How pleasant to go back to Periclean days and see how much we are indebted to Greece for almost everything we have, and to feel that a philosopher in this age may let a new scientific thought escape his brain without having to drink the hemlock. How different the death of Pericles and that of our own statesman Blaine, who sleeps beneath a wilderness of flowers! Man's love towards man is the glory of this age, even if some people do think the world is growing worse."

WOMEN TO THE RESCUE.

A little breath went through society, that hoop skirts were to be the fashion again. We paid no heed. Then the breath was a strong breeze, and now it blows hard from all quarters, "Crinoline is coming." We laughed at first; then said No, indeed!! But the barriers are breaking down, and soon the detestable fashion will be fastened upon us. Did Worth or Redfern command it? Did society women say it must be? Do husbands and brothers sanction it? What started the thing? I'll tell you. The manufacturers and dry goods dealers are in league. The first want to make money on a new design. The merchants are impatient over the small number of yards that are now used in the present graceful and economical dress-making. Without consulting us, and to fill their own purses, they've been laying their plans and pulling the wires for a twelve-month. Now in the name of common sense, shall we tamely submit? Why should we wear anything so unbecoming and immodest for the sake of making a few men richer? Perhaps an accident that happened to me, when hoop skirts were all the rage years ago, has set me against it, and is the reason of this outburst. It was in the White Mountain region, and I had been admiring the magnificent scenery from the top of a stage coach. We stopped at a small inn for dinner and I commenced that disagreeable job, getting down from my high perch. A strong nail had been used to fasten the seat to the top securely. An inch of it stuck up, the back of my hoop skirt caught, and I was suspended between heaven and earth and actually had to be cut down by the rest of the passengers. Was I mortified? I blush now, to think of it. So, women of the HOUSEHOLD, let us band together to resist this outside, selfish pressure to decide what, or what not, we shall wear! Let us all sit down "hard" on the hoop skirt, before it is the fashion.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

[Paper read at the February meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club by Mrs. H. D. Wetherby.]

I wonder if we ever stop to think what a power there is in kindness! How a sad face will brighten at a kind word and a heavy load seem lightened by a kind act. If we realize it, do we speak the kind word, and do the kind act? All classes and conditions of people are susceptible to kindness, high and low, rich and poor, old and young are swayed by it, so there is ample scope for us to use this power for the good of mankind—for the good I say, for it seldom works for ill. As onward we go in the march of life, we are coming in daily contact with our fellow travelers, and there are daily opportunities of giving pain or pleasure, of lightening the cares and trials of those around us by little

kindnesses, or making them miserable by our selfishness and indifference. The power of kindness will enable us to help in this great work, the making of a bad world better, and every time we have fostered in one being a desire to live a better, nobler life, we have made the world better. A kind act, accompanied by kind words, has arrested the steps of many treading the downward road. Let me repeat a little incident I once read showing that kindness has power to subdue, and rekindle the dying flame of reason. During the days of the French convention the master of a lunatic asylum asked permission to try a new method for the recovery of its inmates. It was usual then to treat these helpless creatures as brutes; to scourge them with stripes; to load them with chains and fasten them to the floors of their cell. Hundreds were thus bound when the master thought of a new way and proposed a radical change of treatment. He especially recommended that the insane be treated as patients, and freed from their chains. At last the convention gave consent, but the president thought the master crazy and said he would be murdered. The day came for the experiment to be tried and the keeper first released a wretched man who had been bound for forty years. This victim of cruelty did not destroy his benefactor as had been predicted, but staggered to the window of his cell, and looking out through the tears that filled his eyes, murmured, "Beautiful, oh, how beautiful!" Of course there are no such cases of cruelty now, but there is a chance for kindness to work good. Perhaps there is too much kindness shown in our State prison discipline, but I leave that for wiser heads. It is said that an Indian never forgets a kindness, or forgives an injury; and there are instances when at the time of some impending massacre they have informed a white family that has shown them some kindness, and thus given them a chance to escape. The whole brute creation feels the influence of kindness, and in the taming and training of wild beasts, kindness and firmness work better than cruelty. Then who will say that there is not a mighty power in kindness, and why do we not use it more freely? It costs us nothing, and we reap a rich reward in the pleasure it gives others, in the consciousness of having done some good to our fellow men. There are people whom we occasionally meet who seem to carry about them an atmosphere of kindness; it shines in their faces; and they are persons to whom we would instinctively turn when in need of a friend even though they were comparative strangers. I have heard some people say "O! it's all I can do to look out for myself, without bothering about other people." This is all selfishness; if we are all self and indifferent to those around us we will lose half the happiness that may be gained out of life, for

selfish souls cannot expand, nor feel the blessedness of deeds well done, while kind, generous hearts constantly receive happiness from the good which they do others. Let us then cease to be selfish, and learn the blessedness of doing good. Is there no one whom by kindness you can reclaim from a bad habit, none to whom you might lend some good book that will make them better for having read? Is there no sick neighbor to whom you might carry a little comfort, or something nice to tempt the listless appetite; no invalid whom you might cheer with an hour of bright, sunshiny talk? At all events we can use this power in our own homes, we can diffuse throughout our dwellings that sweet music, kind and loving words, for 'Kind words and sweet smiles are the roses of life; strew them wherever you go.' We can govern the little ones by love and kindness better than by fear, and they will make better men and women for it. We can smooth away their little troubles, and help them bear their childish burdens by kindness. How many of us as each day draws to a close can truly say that through us some good has been accomplished, some sorrowing heart cheered? Just so long as the world stands there will be bleeding hearts to comfort, there will be weary souls to cheer, and heaven will bless those who speak words of kindness and comfort, and help by kind acts the poor and cast down. And as kind words can never die, so kind deeds are never forgotten; and when we are but a memory, our words and deeds will live on and on. Let us then use kindness freely, and the world will be the better for our having lived in it, and will be brighter to us while we are in it, for

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make the earth an Eden like the heaven above?"

WE will be glad to have M. L. D., of Burton, give us some of her experiences either as grandmother or mother-in-law, but do not think the discussion of women's suffrage would be either profitable or interesting. The ground has been gone over so many times that the route has become a tiresome iteration. The State Legislature has just killed the bill introduced through the exertions of the suffragists, by inserting the word "male" as qualifying those citizens entitled to the ballot, and evidently the times are not yet ripe for the advent of women in politics.

CHLORIDE of lead is one of the cheapest and at the same time most effective of disinfectants. It is something that should be largely used the coming summer, for it seems to be generally conceded we shall have a visitation from cholera in the spring, and we must prepare for it by putting our premises in perfect sanitary order. To prepare the disinfectant, dissolve a teaspoonful of nitrate of lead, costing twenty cents a pound, in a pint of boiling water. Put two teaspoonfuls of common salt in eight quarts of water. When both are dissolved, pour the two together and when settled, you have two gallons of solution of chloride of lead.