

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 18, 1885.

## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### MOTHER'S GIRL.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,  
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,  
To and fro upon errands,  
The little maiden hies.

Now she is washing dishes,  
Now she is feeding the chicks,  
Now she is playing with pussy,  
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,  
Pinned in a checkered shawl,  
Hanging clothes in the garden,  
Oh, were she only tall!

Hushing the fretful baby,  
Coaxing his hair to curl,  
Stepping around so briskly,  
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the haymow,  
Petting old Brindle's calf,  
Riding Don to the pasture,  
With many a ringing laugh.

Coming whenever you call her,  
Running wherever sent,  
Mother's girl is a blessing,  
And mother is well content.

### HEALTH HINTS.

"Blessings on the man who invented sleep," says Sancho Panza, but what shall we invoke upon him who "invented" insomnia? Happy indeed those who have never retired to rest, expecting refreshing, healthful slumber, only to find themselves in that condition aptly expressed by the phrase "as wide awake as an owl!" Medical works recognize sleeplessness as a disease, and prescribe for it accordingly. When medicines attack the cause, and cure by removing it, they are invaluable; but when relief is given by the use of soporifics, as chloral, morphia and the like, the sleep is not natural, and hence not fully restorative, while every time we resort to such means the dose must be larger, and the effect upon the system is more pronounced. I have suffered much from insomnia, and have tried many things to coax coy sleep to pay me a visit, but have studiously avoided the use of soporifics, believing it is better to be wakeful than stupified in order to sleep. I have tried watching a flock of imaginary sheep, each having a pedigree tracing back to the "original importation from Spain," jump over a pair of imaginary bars, saying the multiplication table backward, and repeating nonsense rhymes. I have arisen to a midnight lunch of whatever was to be found on my premises, oranges, apples, grapes or candy; have applied a wet towel to the base of my alleged brain, taken a sponge bath, or sat down to read

the dullest book I could find (having generally the best success with something of McCarthy's) with varying results in wooing Morpheus. Usually the sponge bath proves most efficacious. Sometimes, after mental excitement, a dose of Gelsemium—homœopathically prepared, three drops of the "first dilution" in a little water—will "send me off."

But not long ago, out of a learned treatise on nerves, brain, etc., etc., I sifted a bit of practical information that has helped me very much. If we observe the position of the eyes during these fits of wakefulness we will find that though the lids are closed, the eyeballs are turned upward, as if looking at some object above their level, forward outlook. The breathing, too, is usually short and hurried. Now, if by an exercise of will power, we can turn the eyeballs down instead of up, and at the same time take deep, full, regular respirations, as we do when sleeping, we produce a condition favorable to sleep and "she's got to come, she can't help it." I have tried this a number of times, and always, so far, successfully. The only trouble is to concentrate the mind on the process of going to sleep; other thoughts must be banished. I do not think it takes over five or eight minutes, perhaps even less, of this regular breathing with the eyes turned downward before "first you know you don't know nothing." It is best to try this method at once, as soon as we understand a wakeful night has been laid out for us, concentrating the mind on the business of going to sleep. The "philosophy" of it is that it is an excess of blood in the brain which prevents sleep. The slow and steady breathing, exhalations and inhalations about equal, remove the blood from the brain, which, thus relieved, permits sleep.

An excellent remedy for weak and inflamed eyes, when the veins are injected, lids reddened, and lashes matted after sleep by a discharge from the eyes, is simple salt and water. It is also good for dimness of vision, a condition we describe as having a "blur" before the sight. Bathe them twice or three times daily in water made perceptibly salt. The sensation is not unpleasant, as one would suppose; tears, you know, are saline. Some prefer hot water to cold, but it is the salt that hath the virtue. A physician of this city says oculists would have less business and people stronger eyes, were this simple restorative more generally known and used. Try this at least before you decide you must wear glasses, for

these, once put on, can seldom be dispensed with afterward. When one is conscious sight is somewhat impaired, instead of rushing off to an oculist to get "fitted," rest the eyes, give up all work that tries them. Sight is the most precious of our senses; we cannot afford to risk its loss for present gratification; nor to wear glasses the rest of our lives because of a little weakness, when rest and simple salt and water will cure.

If you have bunions which make life a misery, get half an ounce of prime tincture of *Thuja occidentalis*, and dilute it with one-fourth its bulk of water. Apply with one night and morning; and if very bad saturate a bit of cotton and bind it over the joint before retiring. It will relieve the soreness and effect a cure, unless the bunion is constantly aggravated by a tight shoe. The same remedy will alleviate the misery of corns, but will not always cure them. It is almost invariably a cure for bunions, however.

My favorite remedy for cold and sore throat is the homely one known to my grandmother, red pepper tea. Not the cayenne pepper of commerce, which is principally brick dust and Venetian red, but the red garden peppers raised for pickles. Make the tea strong, very strong, very hot and very sweet; take half or two-thirds of a coffee-cupful before retiring, and wake up pretty nearly well next morning. Be a little careful about taking cold again.

BEATRIX.

### A RAINY DAY'S RAMBLE..

Little did I think when I closed my last letter to the Household, away back in the sweet springtime, that the sultry summer would be waning ere I would write again.

"What have you been doing? Getting the twins and the other 17 off to the seaside?" "Not a bit of it. I've been doing 'road work.'"

How Persis and every other conservative woman in our little coterie bridles and champs her "bit" at that bold statement, while every radical remnant of Eve in the crowd smiles and exclaims "One more link loosened in the chain that enslaves us," while I, oh ladies! pardon the plebeian performance! place my thumb against my knows, pretend my digits have an ague, and inform you that you both fret and rejoice without cause, for I have only been working on that time honored, undisputed, never-to-be-ignored highway that leads direct to the masculine heart—namely—the masculine



of the necessities of life, which but a little of this same money would provide for them? Others, toiling hard early and late, eke out but a miserable existence for themselves and their families, while in a measure, they daily assist in filling the coffers of the already rich. Ah, yes! "All men were created equal," and all will surely stand upon an equal footing at last.

I think the people of these United States could pay no greater tribute, nor raise a higher monument to the memory of the greatest man of the age, than to help the poor, and not to spend for mere outward show that which might do so much good in the world; but use it, in the name of Grant if they will, to relieve the sufferings of the multitude.

My sisters, what say you in regard to this prevailing evil? *i. e.*, spending for worse than needless show that which might feed the hungry?

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAPLETON.

#### SCRAPS.

A LADY friend recently confessed to me her exceeding terror during thunderstorms. It was a matter of education, she said; her mother had been very timid, and had brought her up in the same fear. While frankly admitting she knew it to be against reason, and due to early training, she was yet, through her own unconquerable (is it unconquerable?) terror, bringing up her own children in the same way. With the first gust of wind and rain and distant muttering of thunder, she began to pale, and called her children, who with awed faces clustered around her. I was sorry to see this education in timidity continued to another generation. Timidity is something to be overcome, not encouraged. Not that I would teach children to be foolhardy, or venturesome, or to fear no danger, but rather point out the danger and how to shun it, and educate them to be courageous. Childhood's fears are very real; I would never ridicule or ignore them. Rather explain, and reason away the cowardice. The phenomena of nature are constantly recurring; one cannot afford to go into nervous spasms over every thunder shower. Scores of storms must be encountered in a lifetime, whereas if lightning strikes us it will strike but once. The chances are one to ten thousand we will not stop at a thunderbolt; if the one chance is ours, we will never know what hurt us. Accidents are occurring everywhere, all around us, yet we never pause to consider their possibility, why save all our fears to let them loose when a storm is brewing! No. Teach the danger of seeking shelter under a tree in an open field, or of walking in an open field with scythe or pitchfork on the shoulder, of standing in an open door or looking out an open window, of working about the stove when electricity is playing freely, but not the absurd idea going to bed on feathers, or taking off crinoline or corsets when a shower comes up. Yet if a child is nervously apprehensive of a storm, humor its fears and soothe and ex-

plain until the terror is outgrown or conquered. It is dreadful to be so timid; it is something to be fought against and subdued, rather than encouraged and increased.

As I was going home to dinner the other day I was much amused by the attire and enjoyment of a group of children from five to eight years of age who were "playing soldier" on the sidewalk. They had furnished themselves with paper uniforms, paper caps and epaulettes, and with wooden sticks for guns were having "a real good time." A newspaper had been cut into narrow strips two-thirds its length, leaving the other third uncut; this plain part was fastened around the body under the arms, while the cut portion waved about the legs and permitted that freedom of motion so coveted by childhood. The cocked hats had an air *a la militaire*, albeit only of newspaper pinned into shape, and a cut paper plume fluttered gayly from the captain's chapeau. The epaulettes were of folded strips of newspaper, cut into fringe on one end and pinned to each stout shoulder. Boys and girls fared alike, and the parade was a gay one. Mothers who have many children to look after may perhaps keep them out of mischief by providing paper, pins and scissors, and allowing them to make military turnouts for themselves. Playing soldier is a stock amusement with the children, and to have "uniforms just like real soldiers" adds a new zest. B.

THROUGH some unaccountable oversight, the letter entitled "Sympathy and How to Express It," in the Household of August 4th, is credited to "Subscriber." Yet our readers will recognize Evangeline's thoughtful pen, and it is her name which should appear as its author.

L. A. B. wants to know how she shall prepare cucumber pickles for market. They are usually sold from the brine. Small cucumbers bring the best prices, the best being not over three inches long. We believe they are always sold by the hundred, not by quarts or gallons. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg, and after you have packed the cucumbers, pour it over them boiling hot. The brine must cover them, and a weighted board belaid over to keep them down. Keep the scum skimmed off. Unless you have a large crop, kegs are better than a barrel. This is an old pickle-grower's method which he says he has always found reliable.

MAYBELLE wishes to know what will take the mildew out of her new muslin. Unless the muslin is printed, a weak chlorine water, made by dissolving chloride of lime in water, and then dipping off the clear liquid, will do it nicely, as we know by experience. No danger of rotting the goods, unless the water is too strong, or the rinsing is neglected. But if the muslin is printed, what takes out the mildew will be apt to take the pattern too. Possibly by patience in wetting the mildewed spots—if on the white part—

with chlorine water and not allowing it to touch the pattern, the worst might be taken out. If our readers know of a sure way they will oblige Maybelle by "letting their light shine."

#### Contributed Recipes.

**BRINE FOR CUCUMBERS.**—An excellent brine for keeping cucumbers consists of one pint of salt, one quart of cider vinegar, and three quarts of rainwater; cover with a thick white cloth, washing the scum from the cloth occasionally. A crock or firkin may be used. When wanted for the table, wash in cold water, pack in jar, pour over them hot spiced vinegar, with a lump of alum the size of a walnut for a gallon jar full. They are ready for the table as soon as cold.

JOHN'S WIFE.

HADLEY.

**SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—Pare cucumbers of table size, cut them lengthwise into quarters or eighths, according to size. Pour over them boiling brine and let stand 24 hours. Take out, drain, and pour on boiling water. Drain again. Prepare a spiced vinegar by adding one cup sugar, one teaspoonful white mustard seed, a stick of cinnamon and a few cloves to one pint of vinegar. Let boil a few minutes and turn over the cucumbers. They are good the following day. The Household Editor "eats pickles with avidity" prepared in this way.

MRS. J. B.

DETROIT.

**ROCK CUCUMBER PICKLES.**—Wash and pack cucumbers in a crock in any desired quantity. Make a weak brine of Ashton salt (or pure salt); boil, skim and pour over the cucumbers boiling hot. For three successive mornings boil, skim, and return the same brine, pouring on each time boiling hot. Then pour off brine, drain thoroughly. Take one-third best cider vinegar, two-thirds water, and lump of alum; boil, skim and pour over cucumbers boiling hot. The next morning drain off the above, and pour on cold vinegar (best cider); put in some horseradish. Put horseradish leaves over them, and keep the pickles well under vinegar. If this rule is strictly followed your pickles will keep a year.

**DRIED SWEET CORN.**—After the corn is boiled, take a sharp knife and cut through each row of kernels from end to end of cob. Then take the back of a caseknife, and press down on the kernels (holding the large end of the ear up); and you will have the inside of the kernel to dry, and the hull will be on the cob. This dried corn will cook in one hour; and after you have tried it you will never resort to the old method. I can recommend Mrs. Bangs method of canning corn.

**CHEMICAL SOAP (EXTRA).**—Cut four pounds bar soap in small pieces, add it to six gallons of rainwater; let boil. Then add two pounds sal-soda, and when cool stir in four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and also four tablespoonfuls of ammonia.

PERSIS.

MASON.

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stomach. 'Tis a "hard road to trabble" these hot summer days, and every sister should see that she carries a "rebate."

Whenever the baking and brewing, the broiling and stewing have become monotonous to irksomeness, I have taken down "de shubble an' de hoe," rusted out among my flower beds and gone to raising hob with pig weed and pulsey, clover and catnip. And 'tis wonderful—the tranquilizing influence upon the tense and fretted nerves—of a couple of hours' work out where the lilies and the roses are "a growing and a blowing" under the sky and over the sod. Ah, those lilies! Too lovely to stay. One majestic stalk bore twelve perfect flowers, five inches in diameter, white and bright as frosted snow, with a fragrance deep and dainty—equalled only by that of their golden sisters. What lessons of life, of death, of beauty, of peace, these silent, swiftly perishing things do teach us wayward earth-bound beings, as they lift their sweet faces into the light!

'Tis a dull rainy day—the one we have been wishing for—coming just in the "nick of time" between wheat and oats. Business on the farm is at a halt while the heavens drip their elixir upon the thirsty earth.

I have just finished reading "Rosario," a little book written by Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Willing, who went in 1880 as missionaries to the city of Rosario in the Argentine Republic in South America. The book is very interesting, as it takes its reader right to South America, and shows her the people, places, customs and country quite *de facto*. Without intent or planning on my part my summer reading, so far, has been mostly "within the tropics;" even the novels that I have read for "dessert" have been of fabrics found in tropical territory. Who of the Household have read Miss Woolson's "East Angels?" The heart that dictated Mrs. Thorn's death bed confession to Margaret is familiar with the "shams" that are made up in the "green room" of feminine life. A brave body and a strong, still spirit trying to keep an imprisoned heart from beating its life out against its prison-walls!

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

#### SCALES OF THE GAR-FISH.

Every one seems to have the specimen craze now, and I suppose I have it too. I have lately received from Florida a nice box of gar-fish scales. They are beautiful, and do not look a bit like fish scales. They are about an inch long, fan shaped, and hard as a bone. I have given several to friends who wear them as charms on their watch chains. Some of the scales are ivory white, others of a reddish tinge. My Florida friend who sent me the scales says the gar-fish is the terror of everything in the southern waters, that fishermen avoid them, as they will instantly snap the stoutest line, or break the strongest nets. Their teeth are very sharp, and they are covered with a complete coat of mail of these scales, and are able to resist the attack of anything on land or sea. He says this was one he shot

with his rifle while the gar-fish was sunning himself on the surface of the lake. I have many more of these scales than I care for, and if any one would like a pair you may have them and welcome, by sending a stamp to pay the postage.

MRS. F. A. WARNER.

EAST SAGINAW.

#### IN THE HAMMOCK.

One more perfect summer's day at its close, I mused, as I watched from my swinging seat under the grand old trees a sunset so rich in its glory that it thrilled my whole soul into passionate wonder. I felt my heart awed into gratefulness for this beautiful token of the Creator's love, His thought visible in nature.

Then I curled myself in the hammock, placing under my head the book I had been studying, one of Evans' Metaphysical works, hoping thus to absorb something memory had failed to grasp. Grand themes he offers for contemplation! Not yet convinced of my great and unconquerable ignorance sufficiently to rest on it and forego the headaches I might, I pondered the questions: Are thoughts, ideas, the only existing things? Is there no external world independent of a perceiving mind? How may we become truly spiritual, and how free thought from the limitations of time and space? Can we attain a heavenly state here upon earth? The quotation, "Every thing exists in the form of husband and wife, without which nothing could subsist," occurred to me again, and I drew the somewhat erratic conclusion that no woman need to be unduly anxious about marriage, for her mate exists somewhere and will appear as soon as she is prepared for that state.

While thus perplexed in thought over idealistic philosophy, twilight grew apace, and clothed the earth in shadows. The calm of nature was undisturbed; one great star dared the dying day, and shone with trembling light in the pale vault of the eastern sky.

But now I hear voices, and see approaching my retreat a man and woman. They pause at a little distance, enjoying the calm beauty of the night. I know them and love them. Let me tell you how they seem to me now as the soft light shines full upon their faces. The woman is young, yet not girlish. "Is she pretty and good?" would be the masculine order of putting the question of woman's good qualities. Her face and manner are pure, womanly, full of earnestness and thought. You will find in her woman's grace and nobleness, yet she is not beautiful. Her companion is older, and a man having the dignity and strength of middle age; there are even silver threads in his dark hair and beard, yet his manner is chivalrous and youthful. His eyes are kind and full of tenderness, and though the lines of the mouth are very firm, I know he is gentle as well as brave. Thought I, I would like to ask his aid in my metaphysical muddle, but I will not disturb them by the consciousness of my presence.

Perhaps you would not think them husband and wife, because of the

disparity of years. It used to seem strange to me, but she says they wed because they loved; heart and judgment sanctioned their union, which is surely the grandest reason in all the world. Then, too, all must see how illy life is computed by years; it is thought, pain, soul-culture, experience, which make us men and women. Not everything is to be considered solely in reference to time and material interests. The life and desire of the soul plan for eternity. Love instinctively finds its own. Whether we pause or hasten amid life's myriad avenues, what is our own shall find us. However our conduct may appear to others, we act wisely when we have the best reasons for pursuing any given course. We may not judge, since we understand not others' needs.

Love is gradually built; we climb up to sit on the rounds of respect, esteem, admiration, confidence, trust, reverence, obedience, knowledge, truth—let any one of these rounds be displaced or broken, the crowning summit of love is shaken.

But our friends, in earnest conversation, have seated themselves on the ground, and are in happy unconsciousness of my close proximity, which surely proves that ideas are the only really existing things to them, and perception fails to inform them that the external world furnishes those ideas a listener and reporter. "But, married people," you ask, "what will there be of interest to us in their conversation?" Listen, the wife speaks: "I think with joy how surely we may know our Father's thoughts through their beautiful expression in nature. We may read his love and helpfulness as clearly as on the printed page we come into communication with human thought." Then laying her hand on his she adds: "But more glad and strong and happy I am to-night because of the human love, the Divine touching life into radiant glory through a warm, grand, human heart!"

Ah! I thought, those are sweet words; the weariness of the day will vanish in such an helpful atmosphere. That offers, in part, a solution of the question, "How to become spiritual." It is through the knowledge and blessedness of human and Divine love. In their lives is spiritual growth, and what is love without that? But what does he reply?

Oh! Love fraught with the helpfulness of beautiful expression! I saw him press the warm hand to his lips, and heard him call her, "My queen!" I know there was the glory and wonder of a new revelation in her eyes. I almost envied her as I said within my heart, love is the strength and beauty of life, truly it is a story of eternal duration.

Now he speaks again: "But the question of love is a boundless one. 'God is love,' and love is God. Love fills the universe and includes all within it, seeks to build, strengthen and beautify all. It is the native element of the soul, its life, its power. It must include the race in order to find its completeness of being. Less than that limits its activity, dwarfs its powers, and makes us narrow and selfish."

"You think I have not considered love



in its fullness?" she asked. "Doubtless I have not. We shall perhaps never know all of love's meaning, that would be to encompass all wisdom. The love I spoke of is that which the soul requires to complete its own being, since without union nothing can exist in completeness. True love is not wholly individual: as you say, it includes the race. The love-nature of a great and generous heart knows no limit. It reaches out into infinity, builds for eternity. The objects of love may fade and die, love itself is indestructible. Yet love may center in expression upon the individual who is lovely to us, and such expression should be always sweet to us. It does not narrow love, it simply proves the soul's recognition of something beautiful and helpful. We are self-made in that we recognize what we desire, seek what we need, and in every act of life follow out the inner principle of self-help. Yet it is beautifully ordained that we be unselfish even in self-help, for we can never build up a fair life-structure without aiding and perfecting all lives, including our own. Some natures are more helpful to us than others, for in our intercourse with each we are restrained by the laws governing and building that life."

"Yes," replied the companion, "let every one understand his own heart and the issues of his life, then he may also know those who love him."

"That is true," said she, "and no selfish, prejudiced person will ever love you. We must come into harmony with any life in order to give or receive. A natural blending of lives should be proof of harmony, and a safeguard against distrust, for the God-like impulse of humanity is to trust, help, love."

There, said I, not stopping for his reply, (which I think had special significance for her alone) in their lives is helpfulness, the highest law and the other name of life and harmony, the highest law of Heaven. I've believed firmly in this truth ever since I began to understand it, "Each finds his heaven when all is harmony in his own life." And here heaven is more beautiful and expansive because of perfect union; for do not 'lives, like rivers, blent, take in a broader heaven?"

Now one question remains, and I really believe it is fairly cleared up right here before my eyes; here is "thought freed from the limitations of time and space," surely, for it must be past ten o'clock and harvest time, and yet those two are oblivious to everything but ideas. Here, in my haste, and forgetfulness of the "limitations of matter," I failed to extricate myself gracefully from the hammock, and in my contact with terra firma, womanlike, uttered an exclamation of surprise, which quickly brought my friends to my side, much surprised to find I had been "so near and yet so far" from them all the evening. Then I had to ask pardon for "keeping so quiet," and it was granted, when I told them, through their instructions, I was a thorough convert to the philosophy of idealism.

LESLIE.

STRONG MINDED GIRL.

## EVANGALINE'S DEFENSE.

"The friend who holds the mirror to your face,  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
Your faults, your smallest blemishes within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin—  
Although it seems not so, he is your friend.  
But he who ever flattering, gives you praise,  
And ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,  
And pardon you, ere pardon you demand—  
He is your enemy, though he seem your friend."

"Old School Teacher," I think you are just a little bit hard on me in your last article. I am afraid that you did not read "Waste in the Kitchen" as a good school teacher ought to, or you would see that I was not talking about farmers at all; the article was suggested by reading about so much want and suffering last winter by mechanics and laborers of different kinds, who were thrown out of employment, and had made no provision of any kind for a rainy day, and it was attributed in a measure to incompetency on the part of the wives in managing their households. I have personal knowledge also of much poor cooking and wanton waste in such homes. No, I must say that I think there is a superior article of bread made in our farm homes; in fact if you want to sit down to a well spread table go to a farm house for it. I also have an excellent opinion of the Tecumseh ladies; my brother married his wife in Tecumseh, and she is a fine woman. I am really sorry that I gave offense, although innocently, for the ladies of the Household have shown me so much kindness that I should dislike to lose their good opinion.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

## A CHANCE FOR INVENTIVE GENIUS.

I want a new kitchen utensil, something not yet invented. The pressing need of the article is this: We much prefer salt rising bread to that made with yeast, but generally go without, because of inability to keep the "rising" at exactly the right temperature on a common stove, though the pitcher containing it travel from oven to top of reservoir, and all around the stovepipe. Consequently it is late in rising and the bread is not ready to bake till evening. Now if somebody would invent some kind of an incubator to keep it at exactly the right temperature, with a common kerosene lamp for instance, it would rise in six hours.

Are housekeepers, like poets, born, not made? I envy housekeepers I know who seem to delight in their work, who would not want any of it lessened because of their pleasure in every detail. I think it must be one of the happiest fates in life to have a work in which you can put your whole heart; to have joy and duty all one. But after twenty years' faithful trial of it I confess I don't like it. Not but what my share of it is done, because my loved ones shall not suffer from any neglect of mine. And to come down to particulars I quite appreciate nicely cooked, appetizing meals myself. Then clean clothes are a necessity, and where there is much to be done order must be maintained, or the wheels are clogged at

once. Occasionally, like Aunt Dinah in Uncle Tom's Cabin, I have "claring up spells," spasms which always attack me after a visit to a neighbor who is an enthusiastic housekeeper. But the next day the thought of the total hopelessness of it all chills my energies. No matter in what perfect condition you have brought every thing to night, the same routine (with a few extras), must be gone over to-morrow. You can spend the whole forenoon in preparing a dinner which the family and those hired men will demolish in twenty minutes, leaving only a chaos of dirty dishes to be washed, and have the knowledge that the same thing must be gone through at supper time. Moreover, I like to help my husband in the momentous business of getting along in the world, and house-keeping instead of adding to the family pocketbook is always taking out. Still, as I expect it to be my lifework for the years to come, I should be glad to cultivate a liking for it if some one will tell me how.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

## SUNDRY ITEMS.

I have been intending for some time to reply to the lady who had trouble with the chocolate not melting, but owing to the advent of baby No. 2, have neglected it. I have never had any trouble with Baker's chocolate myself, but L. of Climax, says she had the same trouble once, when the cake of chocolate had been exposed to the air for some time. Hope she will try again with better success.

I see in the last Household another speaks of failure in packing ham without cooking. I cannot understand it, for I have packed mine in that way for four years, and have kept it perfectly until December. Did she, I wonder, do as a neighbor of mine did, set the crock on the stove while she packed it, and the heat drew the juice of the meat so that the lower portion of it was not good.

I want to thank several of the sisters for information about rubbers for the Colby washer; you can obtain good ones at Reading, Hillsdale County, for twenty cents a pair.

I can echo D. P. Dewey's remark about the little paper bringing peace to the household, for now the "gude mon" and I each have a piece to read. I say "long life to it."

M. I. G.

BATTLE CREEK.

## SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

One of our correspondents asks if it is too late to prepare skeleton leaves, and if not, would like to know the process. No; it is not too late. There are two processes for skeletonizing, one of which requires the leaves to be soaked for several weeks in rainwater, till the cellular matter or "green" will easily separate from the veins. This is a tedious and unpleasant process, but is said to yield the most perfect leaves. The other method is to boil them for an hour in a quart of water in which four ounces of washing soda have been dissolved, to which two ounces of



slaked quicklime is added. Dissolve the soda in the boiling water, add the lime and boil ten or fifteen minutes, then pour off the clear liquid to boil the leaves in. If at the end of the hour the parenchyma does not easily separate from the veins by gently rubbing between the thumb and finger, under cold water, boil a little longer, then try again. Care must be taken not to rub hard enough to break the delicate network of veins, and it is necessary to boil more leaves than are needed to provide for damage in skeletonizing. The skeletons must be bleached, as they are of a dirty white color. To do this lay them in chlorine water, made by adding a teaspoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water. Some advise the addition of a few drops of vinegar. Leave them in the bleach fifteen minutes; if left too long they are brittle and break in making up. Dry under gentle pressure. As regards the best leaves to use, the various sizes of maple leaves, oak, elm, beech, ferns, sumach, give pretty and varied shapes. Large, coarse leaves do not make up prettily. Fine wire and a pair of pincers are the only "tools" necessary. The leaves are usually clustered as a flat bouquet against a black velvet background, or in a round one to be kept under a glass shade.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. A. R. asks whether, in speaking or writing to a wife, her husband's title, if he have one, should be given her, as "Mrs. Judge Smith." No; the wife is simply Mrs. Smith. The wife of General Grant is known, in society, as plain "Mrs. Grant." The wife of a man elected mayor of an interior city provoked much good humored laughter by having her visiting cards printed "Mrs. Mayor —." It is the wives of small dignitaries who are most anxious to assume the titles of their husbands. An eastern paper tells the story of a happening at a seaside hotel where a pail of salt water was placed at the door of each guest's room every morning. These pails were labeled "Smith," "Brown," or otherwise, according to the occupant. The wife of a newly made judge convulsed the boarders by affixing to the pail at her door the legend "Mr. and Mrs. Judge Jones."

"Amber" wants to know if she shall "bang" her hair or not, and would like the opinions of the Household on "bangs." No, Amber. Life is too short and type-setting too costly to waste either on so trivial a matter. The Declaration of Independence secures to every American citizen of either sex, regardless of age, color, or "previous condition of servitude" the right to life, liberty—and bangs.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some one tell us how to make good cheese on a small scale, to weigh from twelve to fifteen pounds? I know something about it; have made a few, but wish to know others' methods. What makes cheese strong? I am a great lover of cheese, but want it very mild and soft.

Should the whey be hurried off the curd while warm, or is it best to let it drain partially? What is the rule for salting, and what would be the consequence if too much salt was put in? How long should the cheese remain in the press? Should it be cured in a dry, cool, or warm place? Is it necessary to grease the cheese after the first time? What would be the consequence if the curd should be scalded too much, or not enough?

MRS. M. C. M.

SISTER LAKES.

MRS. J. P. PHILLIPS, of Wisner, would be obliged if some one would tell her how to bleach a fine white straw hat. Can anybody give the exact "how to do it?" Sulphur fumes, "brimstone in a barrel" is the medium employed by milliners—or used to be, but we are not informed as to the precise method.

THE Household Editor acknowledges the receipt of a couple of the gar-fish scales which Mrs. Warner offers to give to those who write for them. We infer this fish to be the fresh-water gar-fish or alligator-gar, from the rhomboid form of the scales, which resemble a bit of coarse-grained ivory, and are curiously fluted, almost as if carved. Those who are collecting specimens for a cabinet will find them not uninteresting, especially if they study up the natural history of their specimens, in which lies the only benefit of "specimens."

In the little book kept by the Household Editor, in which are entered the names and addresses of contributors, there are many names of those who have written but once or twice. We would be glad to hear from them again, as well as from our more regular contributors. Do not be selfish, but describe your household helps and conveniences for others' benefit; if you make a pretty ornament for your home, tell the Household how it was done; if you find a way to lighten labor, let your discovery lift the burden for another. Let us help each other by asking questions, giving advice, and disclosing our needs, our aims, and ambitions, thus helping while being helped.

#### Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Pack a three gallon crock full of cabbage; if you like onions, take a quart, sliced thin; two quarts vinegar, or sufficient to cover the cabbage; two pounds of brown sugar; two tablespoonfuls ground mustard, two of black pepper, two of cinnamon, two of tumeric, two of celery seed, one of all spice, one of mace, one of pulverized alum. Pack the cabbage and onions in alternate layers with a little salt between; let stand until next day; then scald the vinegar, sugar and spices together and pour over the cabbage. Do this three mornings in succession. The fourth morning put all together over the fire and let boil for five minutes; when cold pack in small jars. It is fit for use as soon as cold. Splendid.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Three cups of ripe tomatoes, prepared; put in one quart boiling water, cook nine minutes; then add one even teaspoonful soda, half a pint of sweet cream, a piece of butter, salt and pepper. Have some

crackers in a dish, pour the tomatoes over and serve hot.

DRESSING FOR COLD SLAW.—Take six hard boiled eggs, chop the whites with the cabbage. Mix the yolks with a tablespoonful of mustard, teaspoonful of pepper, a piece of butter size of an egg, melted, and put in a small teacupful of strong vinegar.

MRS. T. W. SPRAGUE.

BATTLE CREEK.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—Three eggs; one cup butter; half cup sour cream; half cup skim milk; one cup New Orleans molasses; four cups sifted flour; one tablespoonful ginger; two small teaspoonfuls soda.

COFFEE CAKE.—Two eggs; one cup dark brown sugar; one cup New Orleans molasses; one cup cold coffee; four cups sifted flour; one cup raisins, washed and dried, and then rolled in flour; one cup English currants; half cup butter; one teaspoonful each ground spices; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful lemon extract.

CORN BREAD.—Two cups buttermilk; three-fourths cup molasses; two cups corn meal; one and a half cups white flour; small tablespoonful soda, dissolved in the buttermilk; teaspoonful salt. Steam three hours. To be eaten hot. Slice and steam when you wish to warm up.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—One pint scalded milk; let it cool, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of lard, two of hop yeast; a teaspoonful salt. In winter mix the batter over night; in the morning knead, set to rise again, and at noon roll out very thin, cut in large rounds, put on a piece of butter and fold the dough over. Let rise, and bake for tea. In summer mix early in the morning, instead of at night.

MRS. C. SESSIONS.

LEBANON.

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