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DETROIT, JANUARY 19, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

JUDGE NOT.

CLARA B. SOUTHWELL.

Judge not thy neighbor, all his trial
And care, you may not know;
His face may wear a pleasant smile,
Yet hide a heart of woe.
Grief and pain, temptations great,
Sorrow may be his lot,
Such as another's heart might break;
That ye be not judged, judge not.

Judge not thy brother-student, true,
His tasks may harder be
For him, each day, than yours for you;
And yet you cannot see
That it should be. "They are not so,"
You say, "for me," his lot
May different be from yours. Ah, no,
That ye be not judged, judge not.

Judge not thy fellow-traveler, thorns
Unseen may pierce his feet;
And even now, perchance, he mourns
While you have pleasures sweet.
Where you see roses, he sees weeds;
His dwelling is a cot
And not a home; your help he needs.
That ye be not judged, judge not.

Judge not thy kin, thy friend or foe,
Their paths may lie up hills,
That steeper and more slippery grow,
No shady trees, no rills,
No flowers, no birds sing or breezes play,
You do not know their lot.
So help them o'er their uncertain way
And love them, but judge not.

MARSHALL.

SERENITY OF CHARACTER.

To me, that is a most beautiful and suggestive thought expressed in these lines of Edwin Arnold's:

"Let us be like the bird, an instant lighted
Upon a twig that swinge,
He feels it sway, yet sings on unafraid,
Knowing he hath his wings."

The serenity and strength of character which lift us above the fret and worry of the accidents of life, its vexations and discouragements, and enable us to stand, conscious of yet superior to them, is an enviable mental altitude. Our spiritual life is mysteriously associated with the material; externalities must exert an influence upon our inner, soul-life, yet the spiritual is in the ascendant when material circumstances cannot affect us, when we can sing, though the twig bends. Who are the happy, contented women of our land? Not those most abundantly blessed with wealth and all creature comforts, but those who so possess their own spirits that they realize they had better lose money, time, almost anything, rather than that tranquillity of spirit which lifts them over the vexations and annoyances

of the day's duties. Calmness, serenity, self-poise, double the value of life; that which would ruffle the temper and cloud the brow of the fretful, impatient woman, slips harmless past us, as arrows rattle against chain armor. How many of our troubles vanish when we look them squarely in the face! How many times we brood over imaginary troubles, which we fear may come to us, letting the little clouds our courage should subdue, darken our spiritual horizon! Should we not rather assert our belief in the ultimate good purpose of all life, and set before us the fair plains of spiritual serenity?

"What doth the future say? Hope!
Turn thy face sun-ward!
Look where the light flinges the far-riking
slope;
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"We are too ready with complaint in this fair world of ours;" too ready to take Care into our hearts to rule us. We look down, not up; we feel a trembling beneath our feet and fall prostrate, instead of resting with tranquil courage, confident in our strength to meet the shock. We ought not to let the dust-clouds of the immediate strife of life shut from our eyes the grand purpose of existence, as we are apt to do. The serenity which is born of a definite purpose in life, lifts us into a region of spiritual repose, where we can exert a calm, steady, beneficent influence upon our fellows. Who is the greatest factor in social progress and achievement, the fretful, fussy woman, always "in a stew" about something, always prophesying failure, or she whose sweet, sunny spirit is like a gentle benediction from heaven upon the turbulent lives of her co-laborers?

Happiness comes to us and ours through this serene spirit, so beautiful to think of, so much more beautiful in its living realization; and happiness is the centre of spiritual energy and endeavor. It is the happy who make life's sunshine, —and happiness—ah, that we must find within. No amount of sorrow or misfortune need make a life wretched, or wrecked, or harmful, if we only know we have our wings. "The worst reality," says George Eliot, "is never unendurable when it comes forth from behind the clouds which envelop it." "Soured by trouble" need not be said of us if we cultivate and come into possession of that heritage meant to be ours. Our lives are completed as the shape grows under the sculptor's chisel; we round them into perfection as our days slip into eternity; the

marble wastes, but the statue grows. Jealousy, envy, bitterness, recrimination, are all hindrances to this shaping of life into beauty; calm self-control, tranquillity of temper, acceptance of the means at our command, guide the chisel in the flowing lines of symmetry and just proportion. Our strife should be to gain that noble vantage-ground of humanity from which with wide charity and pitying kindness—not patronizing forbearance, we can look upon the frailties and faults of our kind. "He who possesses himself has the basis for all things," says Canon Farrer; in which he corroborates our own Emerson, who bids us emancipate ourselves from the things "which sit in the saddle and ride mankind;" while Longfellow says:

"Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."

BEATRIX.

FALSE AND TRUE PRIDE.

Much has been written for the HOUSEHOLD in regard to the position, socially, of hired girls, or of those doing housework for a livelihood. It is a question of importance to housekeepers as well as girls. Is it the work that lowers the girls, or is it the girls that will not raise themselves to a higher position? It certainly cannot be mere housework that takes away all polish and refinement, for we can point to many beautiful, refined ladies and their daughters who do their own housework, and they are not lowered in their own estimation or their social position, and certainly they do all a paid girl is expected to do. I have thought a good deal of the repugnance of girls I have known, who needed much to earn a livelihood, but would live upon charity and in idleness rather than go into a neighbor's kitchen and show skill and neatness (but I doubt if they could show either) in culinary matters, because *they would be looked down upon*. This subject has called to mind two illustrations of pride, one false, the other true.

A woman was left worse than widowed, with a large family to care for. In her girlhood she had not been taught anything to fall back upon in such an emergency, and she found herself helpless. Friends opened their doors to give her and her children shelter, but they were far from able to burden themselves with their support. Friends and neigh-

as *Mirabilis longiflora*; the flower tubes are often four to six inches in length. It is a very good plan to order seed early and arrange in mind the garden work for spring, as that season brings with it to the most of us an abundance of work that is not to be slighted or avoided, so I will soon give a list, although there are but very few desirable sorts that I do not have ready at any seasonable time without notice here.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

SUCCESS IN THE NEW METHOD OF FRUIT CANNING.

The Editor asked for reports on the cotton batting process of canning fruits. I tried it with good success. The fruit was elderberries for pies. I cooked them, adding one quart of good vinegar to two gallons of the berries; put them in the jar and folded a sheet of wadding four thicknesses, and a paper over that to keep off the dirt; tied them up while hot, same as in canning, and on opening them a few days ago, they were good enough to eat. If all fruit kept as well there would be no need of cans. I would like to know if any one tried putting up fruit early in the season that way. I shall try more kinds another year.

I would like to thank E. L. Nye for her recipe for coffee. We have all fallen in love with it; several families are using it around here.

I would say to the lady that had such a time wetting down her leach, next time have the husband wet it as he packs the ashes in, then if the next day be pleasant, run off your lye; if not, let it stand another day; the lye will be all the stronger. I could not keep house without my soft soap. I have a barrel half full of lye in the fall, run off, ready for the butchering. Put your grease right in as it accumulates and it keeps sweet, and is no trouble; all it needs in the spring is boiling up and the addition of more lye. I would add don't forget to put lime in the bottom of your leach, about two quarts, to catch the nitre.

I would like a recipe for corning beef.

ELENOR.

LANSING.

THE NEW PROCESS OF CANNING.

During the season last past I put up by the cotton batting process, strawberries, currants, red raspberries, black raspberries and grapes. They have all been opened now; the strawberries, currants and grapes were eatable after removing the top, but the raspberries were not good.

I think there is some risk about this method of keeping fruit, but shall give it another trial next year.

MERTIE.

PAW PAW.

THAT CHURN.—In answer to an inquiry "Old School Teacher" says: "I would gladly answer M. F., of Honeoye, N. Y., if I could; but my churn is one of the never-wear-outs, and the name was washed off long ago. I presume they are not manufactured now. I thought it had

given out entirely once, and my husband bought me a Bentwood; but I did not like it, and told him I wished he would get the old one repaired, which he did, and it is good yet, but if it gives out at any time, I propose to get one of the revolving churns without any dasher. I dislike to churn with a crank, or I might have had one before this. Mine is a lever-motion, but the handle and dasher turn on cogs, so as I lift the handle the dasher revolves half around, and as the handle drops the motion is reversed. It does not cut up the butter and destroy the grain as many churns do."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN washing windows dissolve a small quantity of washing soda in the water, if the glass is dimmed with smoke or dirt. Do not let the water run on the sash, but wash each pane with a piece of flannel; dry quickly with a soft clean towel and wipe out the corners carefully. Polish with a piece of common chamois skin or newspaper that has been softened by rubbing between the hands.

CLEANING rags, with which metal may quickly be polished, consist of a woolen rag saturated with soap and tripoli. They are prepared in the following manner: Four grains of soap are dissolved in water; 20 grains of tripoli are added to the solution. A piece of cloth about 24 inches long by four inches broad is soaked in this and left to dry.

ACCORDING to the *Scientific American*, the best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason at one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be inserted to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in the severest cases.

THE *New England Farmer* gives the following recipe for hulling corn:

"Select that which is clean and perfectly well ripened. The kind or color is wholly a matter of taste or fancy. The Southern White Dent is very tender and looks nicely when finished. Put a few quarts, after picking over carefully and winnowing, in a kettle of cold water over the fire. To three or four quarts of corn add two heaping tablespoonfuls of cooking soda or saleratus. Let it boil till the hulls loosen. If the lye is too strong add more water, if too weak add more soda. When the hulls will slip off freely from the corn, put into a colander or a large pan with holes in the bottom, and wash in cold water. The corn must boil until soft enough to suit the taste, and during the process several washings and change of water will be required, to remove the lye which the corn takes up from the first water. The kernels will double in size during the cooking and the kettle must be large enough to hold plenty of water. If the corn rests too heavy on the bottom of the kettle because of too little water, it will be in danger of scorching. Both hominy and hulled corn are excellent articles of food, and may be served in various ways, in milk, with syrup, or with sugar and cream."

THERE is always a great desire to know how to furnish cheaply. A Chicago paper says a bedroom can be very prettily "fixed up" by using blue jean, the cheap cotton goods whose peculiar hue is just now very stylish. Some time since we notified our readers that this material could be used for draperies for windows, and for portieres, especially if decorated with needlework. Now its use seems more general; it is used for carpet, relieved by pretty rugs of various sizes and colors, and for dados, being tacked to the wall in broad, shallow pleats, under a cheap but effective gilt moulding. The wall above should be covered with a paler blue figured paper, and for a frieze a broad band of blue, painted on the wall, with a narrow line of gilt defining the union with the paper. This finishes the wall in a very beautiful and unique manner, which is also comparatively inexpensive.

SALT PORK POT-PIE.—Wash two pounds of salt pork in plenty of cold water, cut it in inch pieces, put it over the fire in two quarts of cold water, and let the water reach the boiling point; when the water boils pour it off the pork, add two quarts more of boiling water, and boil the pork in it for half an hour; meantime peel a quart of potatoes, slice them half an inch thick and put them with the pork; season the pot-pie palatably with salt and pepper and cook it gently; after putting in the potatoes sift together a pint of flour, a heaping tea-spoonful of any good baking powder, a level tea-spoonful of salt and quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper; beat one egg to a foam, mix it with the sifted flour and add enough cold water to make a soft dough, working quickly; dip a dessert spoon into the pot pie to heat and wet it, and then put the dough into the pot-pie by the spoonful, wetting the spoon each time a dumpling is put into the pot-pie; after all the dumplings are put into the pot-pie cover the saucepan containing it, and continue the boiling for about twenty minutes, or until the dumplings are entirely cooked.

Contributed Recipes.

FIG CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup cold water, with a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; one and a half cups of raisins, chopped a little (not fine); two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one of nutmeg; two eggs, half pound of figs, and a little more than two cups of flour. Bake in two layers. Put a layer of figs in the middle of each layer of dough; place frosting between the layers, and cut with a sharp knife to keep from crumbling.

MRS. J. A. M.

MOCK SAUSAGE.—Soak dry bread in sweet milk. Chop fine cold meat of any kind, and mix with the bread in equal quantities. Season with salt, pepper and sage, with a little butter; make into small cakes and fry in hot butter or pork drippings.

A. M. S.

POTTED BEEF.—Boil the beef and cut off all the fat. Chop fine and season with salt, pepper and a suggestion of sage. Melt butter enough to hold it well together. Pack tightly in bowls or jars, and pour melted butter over it and it will keep a week.

CORNER BEEF.—To one hundred pounds of beef allow four quarts of coarse salt, four pounds of sugar, and four ounces of pulverized saltpeter. Mix well and spread between the layers of meat. Keep under a weight.

E. C. PALO.

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bors sympathized with them in their misfortunes, but soon sympathy grew cold when it was found they would not help themselves. A number of ladies were greatly in need of help during the summer season, (during the vacation of schools) and they went to see if they could not get help from the girls. They were ladies with hearts, and would gladly have treated the girls as members of their families. Did the girls go? No, they would lose social caste and be looked down upon. What kind of pride is it that is ashamed to earn an honest dollar, or do a kindness when one needs both, yet is not ashamed to eat the bread of charity? I think it false and "dirty too."

Here is a brighter picture, and one I love to look upon, for the young woman was once a pupil of mine. She was born of parents in humble circumstances, but by strict economy they managed to care for their children until the boys were large enough to earn their living, when they cared for themselves as best they could, but my heroine was the youngest and the idol of their hearts. They gave her the advantages of a common school education, but she early determined to teach, and improved to the utmost what advantages she had. She began teaching when quite young, but tried to confine her labors near home, as her parents were growing decrepid and old. In the meantime a brother had gone west, and as her father had become very feeble, and required more care than she and her mother were able to give him, she determined to take her father and mother and go where her brother was, he having invited them to come. Accordingly they sold their little effects and went. They found her brother glad to help her in the care of her father, but not able to support them all.

She was fortunate in securing a school immediately, as they went in the spring, and she determined to secure a home for herself and parents. She pre-empted, if I remember rightly, 160 acres, and hired a man and team to break it, and she determined to pay for it. Her school earnings must pay for her farm, and how do you suppose she earned her clothing?

She worked for her board, while teaching, to save that, and during vacation she *worked at housework* for pay.

Did she lose caste? No. She has continually raised her social standing, and has been an honored teacher in the public schools of one of our large western cities, and I have been told she is contemplating taking a course of study to fit herself for a higher position. I have not seen her for some years, but I am told she has a polish and refinement of mind and manner that would grace any drawing room in the land. She will secure herself a fine home by her own honest efforts, and a good position in society by her "true pride;" she will not need to look for the "coming man," but I imagine the "coming man" will have to woo her long and well before she gives up her independence.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TRUMSEY.

WOMANLY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The following incident was told me by a young lady who spent a couple of months last summer among the lovely lakes and streams of northern Michigan, where she met many strangers, and made many friends: "Mrs. —, from Chicago, was there. She paints beautifully and made many sketches to elaborate later. I was with her one afternoon on the shore, where she was sketching the bay, watching her as she worked, when she said: 'Do you paint, Miss —?' 'No,' I replied, 'I know nothing of the art.' A pause. 'Do you sing, Miss —?' I laughed. 'My friends would be 'saddest when I sing' if I did.' Another pause. 'Then you play, of course, Miss —?' 'I am not musical at all; do not know one note from another, though I enjoy music very much.' A longer pause. 'Well, excuse me, Miss —, but *what are your accomplishments?*' 'Really, Mrs. —, I don't think I have any.' 'Oh!' After narrating the above conversation the young lady said: 'I would have given *anything* to have been able to say I could play, or sing, or even recite, that 'Oh!' was so expressive! It made me feel so *small*, as if I had nothing to show for my years.'

Well, in the first place, a *true lady* would not have pushed her investigations to that final question, nor have uttered that supercilious "Oh!" because she would have reflected that though one may not have an eye for color and form, an ear for instrumentation, nor a voice for singing, these accomplishments, desirable though they may be, may be over balanced by others, more vital to humanity's needs. In my estimation this young lady, so mortified because she had gained none of the fashionable attainments of young women, possesses a good many more valuable ones. She is the "grown-up daughter" in her home, and quite as familiar with the kitchen as with the parlor. She can set a table so that the very sight of its snowy linen, shining silver and sparkling glass makes you hungry, and can satisfy that hunger with a beefsteak "done to a turn," delicious biscuit, cakes that melt in your mouth. She can take an old dress and so transform it that her friends congratulate her on her new one, and if that is not as much of an "accomplishment" in a woman of limited means as to be able to daub paint into travesties upon nature, then I admit myself no judge. She is never too tired or too busy to make her younger brother's friends welcome, to go with him if he wishes company, or listen if he feels inclined to talk about his plans and hopes. All through her home she goes, a help and comfort to all, "putting the best foot forward," draping the curtains so the holes not intended in the pattern will not show, hiding the worn places in the carpet by a skillful disposition of the furniture; and whether entertaining guests in the parlor or making a pudding in the kitchen, always "such a comfort." She has all the ac-

complishments which go to make a happy, cheerful, harmonious home, if she has none of those which redound to her own personal credit and ambition.

It has often been a question in my mind whether this promiscuous education of girls in so-called accomplishments calculated merely to "show them off," regardless of natural talent and ability, is really worth what it costs. A girl, nowadays, must have a piano and "play," while her mother may be working herself to death in the kitchen; she may have no more musical talent than a Hottentot, yet she must spend years trying to develop what she has not. The music or painting often serve to excuse her from participation in the labor of the home; I know a young miss who is very much engrossed in "practicing" till her mother has washed the dishes; when this task is finished so is her practicing. Even if the girl has talent enough to enable her to become a mediocre player or artist, as most of our amateurs are, *does it pay*, especially since, after marriage, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, the accomplishments are neglected, and forgotten far more quickly than they were acquired.

True, the discipline of study in any line is valuable, yet I sometimes think that if girls would devote half the time they spend in the purely mechanical work of music and painting to the art of conversation, to the storing the mind with the treasures of literature, to the social improvement of the family and the community, a wonderful impetus would be given to society.

The trouble is, most people mistake a taste for, or more properly, enjoyment of music, for musical talent. If a child listens attentively to music, or can catch an air quickly, it is at once taken as evidence of ability to excel. Many a girl fretting over "napkined talents," would be amazed, could some fairy god-mother show her the true relation, to find how very much was napkin, how little talent. Yet we are always mourning over the "might have beens," and believing we might have done better things if the opportunity had been given us. Opportunity has been represented by a figure with veiled face, and wings attached to the feet. The veil shows how seldom we recognize it; the wings how quickly it is gone. The symbol is beautiful and appropriate, and the very elusiveness, the "winged feet," makes us look longingly after these vanishing occasions. Yet genius and talent ascend in spite of lack of opportunities.

Now, I am not to be understood as opposing the education of our girls in ornamental arts, given favoring conditions and sufficient ability to justify satisfactory results. But I do oppose this learning to paint or play, or recite merely because it is fashionable, or because some one else does. I object to the making housewifely, home-keeping, domestic acquirements subservient to tunes and plaques. There are many who achieve the one, without leaving the other undone; that is worth a girl's

endeavor. There are others who gain the ornamental and are instances of one-sided development. One thing we may assume as certain, those who have been able through ample leisure, plenty of means or natural talent, to gain what the world is pleased to term "accomplishments," have no occasion to underestimate those whose circumstances have been less fortunate, but who may possess far more of those qualifications which make happy and harmonious that which lies at the foundation of our prosperity, individual and national, the home.

BEATRIX.

HOME AND MOTHER.

What is home? Webster defines it as "one's dwelling place." In one sense this is true, in another not. A true and perfect home is a place where the heart is, where affections center, and where the standard of domestic life is so perfect that the strongest ties of the human heart find their sure resting place.

From the sacred precincts of home we glean the many lessons and precepts that mould our minds and character, fitting us for the stern realities of life. As our bodies are composed of atoms so arranged as to form a perfect whole, so our home life is made up of little things; little acts of kindness; thoughtful appreciation of the happiness of others; words of love fitly spoken, or their opposite; hence the importance of so ordering our daily lives as to bring the light of love into our homes, making it the dearest spot on earth.

Associated with the word home is another still dearer, that of mother. A recent writer calls them the "two sweetest words in the English language."

Home and mother! what pleasant memories they awaken; what a train of thought they bring to mind! Who does not look back to the days of childhood with vain longings and regret; longing for the days gone never to return, and regret that their pleasures and advantages were not better appreciated. One cannot always remain a child, and soon the home where the love of father and mother encircles us, like angels' wings, is outgrown. And as we launch our boats upon the ocean of life our hearts still cling to the home of our childhood; and if storms of adversity overtake us, it is there that we seek shelter, sure of finding a safe harbor, with love and pity as beacon lights to warn us from off the rocks that threaten to shipwreck us, and starting us anew. The weary wanderer turns with a sigh as thoughts of home flit across his vision, and he puts forth every effort to succeed in his enterprise that the time may be shortened when he may again be at home.

If we are anchored in homes of our own what greater pleasure than a visit to the old home! Blest indeed are they who have a home; a father to give counsel and advice; a mother with her prayers and sympathy. Then let each one cherish their home, and honor their father and mother while life lasts, for when the time comes, as come it will, when the tired

hands are folded upon the pulseless breast, the dear eyes closed forever, and the silent forms borne to their last resting place, the home will be bereft of all that was held most dear and precious, and all that remains will be a sacred memory.

MRS. L. R.

WACOUSTA.

EXTRACTS.

According to a truthful Philadelphia paper a woman in that town wears a bustle so big, that when she is promenading on a sunny day, the shadow it casts frightens nervous people into believing the houses are falling down, and scares horses into running away.—*Detroit Tribune*.

No matter if a woman hasn't but three lines to write on a page of letter paper, she can't resist the temptation to write two of them on the side margin, and then sign her name upside down over the date.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Woman was made after man, and she has been after him ever since.—*Detroit Tribune*.

You are paying your interest in advance of time, yet the lady who holds the mortgage was here to see about it several days ago; but that's the woman of it!—*Detroit Lawyer*.

Woman: without her, man is a savage. Woman without her man, is a savage.—*Old Toast*.

A shadow flitting in a ghostly manner about the backyard of Wm. Satterlee, caused a great sensation among the denizens of that quarter, and stories of the place being haunted were quite rife, while a mob of people gathered as near as they dare to witness the strange phenomenon. At last, a bold spirit volunteered to corral the ghost, when it was found to be Mrs. Satterlee herself, minus her hoops, bustle and pads.—*Anonymous*.

The woman Thou gavest to be with me, she tempted me, and I did eat.—*Ancient Book*.

There never was any mischief brewed yet, but a woman was at the bottom of it.—*Exchange*.

The hope of the State is in her sons of the rising generation; and that they may grow up true, manly, public-spirited, with broad, comprehensive and statesman-like views, it is necessary that the energetic mothers should, in their early youth, be often at the bottom of them.—*George Francis Train*.

Let two or three old women get together, and you'll soon have a "school for scandal."—*Old Saw*.

A woman's tongue has sent more men to the devil than the total depravity of his nature ever did.—*Old Saw*.

O Frailty! thy name is woman. A woman cannot keep a secret. When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't; but when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

And this is the way our sex is slandered, did you say? Well, if it is all true, the men who will admire, love and trust such creatures, spending life and fortune in their service, can't be so very much better; so don't get angry and ruffle your plumes, sister woman, but, doing your duty as your conscience may approve, show your little world that rules have exceptions, or that assertions are of little worth when confronted with stubborn facts. So wear hoops or bustles if you will, wear little bonnets or big hats, tie-backs or full skirts; if you are true to yourself and to womanhood, you will win the admiration of some noble specimen

of the genus *home*, who would blister his tongue ere he would speak detractingly of woman. There are many wise men and women, and, alas! many foolish ones.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

CHAT WITH THE MEMBERS.

I wish to say to the lady who was enquiring about churns, that if she will get a Davis swing churn, she will be sure to like it; that is the kind I have, and I find that my churning is far from being, as before, one of my most dreaded tasks.

I am very much interested in the talk about reading circles, and would like to ask how they can be made interesting and instructive, where there is quite a large number of members. In order to take a regular course of reading and keep up the interest, it is necessary for the members to be present every time, and that is hardly possible, when the circle is large.

Why can we not have a little chat about our favorite authors. It is time to hear from Evangeline again; I will nominate her first speaker, and let all the others follow; perhaps Susan will "bring up the rear" with a eulogy on—but never mind, will wait until my turn comes.

Was it one of the HOUSEHOLD members who said that soot tea was good for the little white worms that feed upon the roots of plants? Well I think it must be good for them, for I have given my plants soot tea quite often all summer, and never saw those little worms thrive as they have this fall and winter, so far. I have tried several of those "sure remedies," and the surest one (to kill the plants) was removing them from the pots, washing the dirt from the roots, and putting them in fresh soil. I have this morning been treating the surviving plants to a strong dose of tobacco tea. "While there is life there is hope."

Oh, Chat, if you want those mopping and dishwashing machines, do please go to thinking and invent them yourself, and not acknowledge the inferiority of our sex by calling upon the men. I am really ashamed of you, but as there is not room for an extended lecture here, I will resist the temptation to say more, and close by propounding—with our Editor's permission—conundrum number three. What shall a man, who is working hard to get out of debt, do with an extravagant wife?

S. J. B.

BURTON.

[We fear S. J. B. has put the "finishing touches" to her plants by her tobacco tea. Soot tea is an excellent fertilizer for plants, making the foliage dark and healthy, but we do not remember that it is fatal to the little white worms whose mission it is to feed on the bark of the tiny rootlets which are the feeders of the plants. In our own experience lime water, a tablespoonful applied now and then, has been found effectual. For earthworms, (angleworms) which are often so troublesome, there is nothing equal to spirits of ammonia, diluted at the ratio of about half a teaspoonful to a teacupful of warm water. The ammonia

is a benefit to the plants, and sends the worms out of the earth in short order. We see no reason why it should not be equally beneficial in the case of white worms. We should like to hear from Mrs. Fuller on this subject. None of the works on floriculture in the *FARMER* library make any reference to this pest, and the practical experience of a practical grower would be valuable.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

MAKING POULTICES.

A trained nurse says in the *Country Gentleman*:

"Flaxseed meal is the best material for a poultice; it is not always at hand in a country house, and then a substitute must be found for it. If many poultices are likely to be required, as in peritonitis, or inflammation of the bowels, it is well to buy a few pounds, for nothing can satisfactorily replace it. If it has not been applied to an open surface where there is a discharge of matter, the flaxseed can be scraped from the cotton and heated again, adding a little water if too stiff, or meal if there is not enough. To make it, have ready a sufficient quantity of boiling water in a sauce pan (two teacupfuls will make a good sized poultice), and into this stir enough of the meal to make a soft, thick paste. By stirring in one direction and putting in the meal gradually there will be no lumps. It need not boil after the flaxseed is in. Have ready a piece of old cotton, about two inches larger each way than the poultice is to be when applied, and a small piece of thin muslin. Dip a spoon in boiling water and spread the flaxseed evenly on the cotton, leaving at least two inches of margin on all sides; lay the muslin on top of the poultice and fold the margin neatly over it. This prevents the possibility of the flaxseed oozing out. No poultice or plaster should ever be applied directly to the skin; there should always be a layer of muslin, old linen, fine cambric, or some thin fabric, between, to prevent the skin from being boiled, and to make it more easy to remove the application.

"Carrots, boiled soft and smoothly mashed, make a good poultice, and turnips prepared in the same way are sometimes used. These must be spread quickly or they will cool too rapidly. Onions boiled in water to which a little vinegar has been added, make an excellent poultice; they should be crushed with a spoon when spreading them on the cotton. Indian meal makes a tolerable substitute for flaxseed, and is improved by the addition of a third part of slippery elm. Bread is a good material for a small poultice; it should be stale and only the crumbs used. Crumble it between the fingers, and pour over it enough boiling milk or water to moisten it thoroughly. When a poultice is intended to relieve pain, a small quantity of laudanum is sprinkled on the surface. If it is applied when there is an offensive discharge, powdered charcoal is used in the same way, or a tablespoonful of carbolic acid solution is put into the water with which it is made. A poultice ought to be removed every two hours at least, and covered with a piece of oiled silk, India rubber cloth, or several thicknesses of flannel to retain the heat. Before applying it test it with the finger; if it feels uncomfortably warm, it is certainly too hot to lay on a sick person. When a gentle stimulant is required, a mustard plaster is generally used. Equal parts of mustard and wheat flour is a good proportion. They should be mixed to a smooth paste with warm water—boiling water destroys the essential oil of the mustard and renders it less efficacious—and then spread as thinly as possible on a piece of stout cotton, covered with

muslin and applied. In ten minutes a corner should be raised, the state of the skin inspected, and, if red, the plaster removed. It is not desirable to raise a blister, as one made by mustard is more painful than any other. It is said that when mixed with the white of an egg, it will not blister. Flannel dipped in vinegar, and thickly sprinkled with red pepper, makes a stimulating application that is also free from this objection. An admirable plaster for a swelled breast is made by melting together a piece of resin the size of an egg and a lump of mutton tallow as large as a nutmeg; let them remain on the stove for an hour, and when taken from the fire, stir in the yolk of an egg. Have ready a piece of cotton the proper size, cut round and with a hole in the middle, spread the mixture on it, cover with part of an old handkerchief shaped like the cotton, and apply warm to the breast. It usually gives great relief, and may be left on three or four days."

[A GOOD SUGGESTION.]

DEAR EDITOR:—Your article on sweeping and dusting was timely and sensible. Yet you have put on your neck a yoke grievous to be borne. Why break your back to carry out the books and bookcase in order to sweep and dust? If the bookcase rests on the floor no appreciable amount of dust can accumulate monthly below it, and hence no need of moving.

Books should be kept from dust at all times. This may be done by the tight-fitting glass doors, but they are expensive and generally in the way when you want a book. If the shelves are placed so that only one inch space is between the top of the book and the next shelf, and then a narrow curtain of dark colored glazed cambric (three inches wide,) is tacked on the front of the shelf and extending one and a half inches below the top of the books below, dust will be kept from the top and sides of the books, and only the backs exposed. These light curtains are not in the way in removing or replacing a book, and allow full view of the titles of the books. R. C. KEDZIE.

Agricultural College, Lansing.

We have several times been reminded that if the *HOUSEHOLD* was paged continuously and an index furnished, it would add to the convenience of those who desire to refer to letters or recipes published therein. But the Editor has not been willing to take upon herself the further task—and it would be no slight one—of preparing such an index, which would necessarily be quite voluminous. We suggest, however, a way in which any of our readers who keep a file of the *HOUSEHOLD* may readily refer to any matter which has once engaged their attention as being likely to be wanted again. Procure a sheet of blank printing paper and fold it the size of the *HOUSEHOLD*. Down the center of the page rule two heavy double lines, dividing the page into two columns. Rule off a space two inches wide at the right of each of these columns, and, if you like, use one column for recipes and household hints, the other for letters and suggestions for making various articles. Whenever you see a recipe you think you

will try "some day," or anything to which you may desire to refer, enter the title on the wide space and put the date of the paper in the ruled column. You have thus an index of such subjects as are most valuable to you, personally, which it is but very little trouble to keep up.

"*MERCY*," of *Metamora*, whom we have missed from the *HOUSEHOLD* for some time, writes us of a long illness ending in the loss of a beloved one, and of her own ill-health and many duties, which have caused her silence. She says: "With this thought in view, that silence never expresses the good will and interest which we may feel, be they ever so gratifying, and also knowing full well it is an encouragement and a satisfaction to you, to have expressed the good feeling which may arise in kindred minds as the results of the labors of the *HOUSEHOLD* and its members, I write you to speak the interest I have felt in the success of our little paper."

Mrs. L. R., of Wacousta, says the *HOUSEHOLD* is a "perfect treasure," and adds: "As I am a young housekeeper it is a great help to me; there is so much that is good and useful to be found in it, I should hate to be without it." We take the liberty of omitting the *nom de plume* chosen by our new correspondent, as it has been appropriated by one who has written for the *HOUSEHOLD* within the past year. We shall be glad to receive the recipes mentioned; and to hear from L. R. frequently.

M. J. H. says she has tried Mrs. Forrester's directions for knitting infants' shoes and "can't make head or tail of them." She would be grateful if some one would send more simple instructions.

Useful Recipes.

HOW TO SUGAR POP-CORN.—Put in an iron kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three of water, and one teacupful of white sugar. Boil until ready to candy, then throw in three quarts of corn, nicely popped; stir briskly until the sugar is evenly distributed over the corn, then set the kettle from the fire and stir until it has cooled a little, and you have every grain separate and crystallized with the sugar.

POP-CORN BALLS.—Chop fine about two quarts of pop corn, boil together one cup of molasses, half cup brown sugar, small piece of butter. When it hardens in water add a pinch of soda; stir in the chopped corn, spread on large pans about half an inch thick, and when nearly cold make into squares. Balls can be made in the same way, using whole instead of chopped corn, and rolling in powdered sugar or fresh corn. Or, put into a kettle one tablespoonful of butter, three of water, one teacupful white sugar; boil until nearly ready to candy by dropping a little into cold water. Then throw in three quarts of corn nicely popped. Stir briskly until the candy is evenly distributed over the corn. Set the kettle from the fire, stir until it has cooled a little, grease the hands and press into balls. The balls can be colored pink, which is harmless, and can be made with one ounce of powdered cochineal, one ounce cream tartar, two drachms of alum, and half a pint of water. Boil the cochineal, water, and cream of tartar till reduced one half; then add the alum. Put in small bottles to use.