

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 11, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SWEET CONTENT.

"My little world is very small,
Scarce worth your notice, sir, at all,"
The mother said,

"My good, kind husband, as you see,
And those three children at my knee,
Who look to us so trustingly
For daily bread.

"For their sweet sakes, who love me so,
I keep the fire-light in a glow,
In our dear home.
That, though the tempests roar outside,
And fiercely threaten far and wide,
The cheery blaze may serve to guide
Dear feet that roam.

"And as the merry kettle boils,
We welcome him who daily toils
For us each day.

Of true love kisses full a score
He gets, I'm certain, if not more,
When fond ones meet him at the door,
At twilight gray.

"One gets the slippers for his feet,
Another leads him to his seat—
The big arm-chair—
And while the children round him sing,
And make the dear old rafters ring,
One little daughter crowns him king
With blossoms fair.

"Ah, sir, we are not rich or great,
The owners of a vast estate,"

The mother said;
"But we have better far than gold,
Contentment, and a little fold
As full of love as it can hold,

With daily bread."
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again;
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed,
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

ECONOMY AT THE TABLE.

I think that, generally speaking, farmers' wives are not much in need of lectures on economy. They are our most saving and careful women; economical in dress and in household furnishings. They put up with many inconveniences with a view to saving money, or because they think they "can't afford" the desired changes. The greatest waste in the farmer's household is, I believe, in the line of its greatest abundance. Flour, meat, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit, are the products of the farm, and require no money outlay. Because we value least that which comes with little cost to us, these articles are more lavishly used than groceries, which we must pay for outright. There are two ways in which

one can be wasteful of such things; first, by an over-abundant supply, part of which finds its ultimate end in the pig's trough and second, a carelessness in preparation, or a "stinginess" which defeats economy by not making food palatable through want of the proper proportion of ingredients. Over-abundance is the most usual error; too much is cooked, and must be warmed over, perhaps two or three times, till we are tired of seeing it appear in the guise of "funeral baked meats." The very sight of a great dish, heaped with any kind of food, takes away our appetite for it; while curiously enough, the *sauce piquant* of hunger gains zest from less generous serving. The aim should be to prepare as nearly the quantity of food necessary for a meal, as possible. If potatoes are cooked at dinner to warm over for supper, there is no necessity that the whole quantity shall be placed on the table at noon, and the same is true of meats. I sat at a farm table once where a whole boiled ham was placed upon the table for a family of six. There was no attempt at carving, the meat was cut off in chunks, anywhere, and "the remains" figured prominently on the supper-table and at breakfast next morning. It should have been sliced neatly with a sharp knife, and only enough served for each meal. And instead of "eating at it" till it was gone, some other meat should have alternated with it, to give variety. At the same table was a large two quart dish of sliced cucumbers in vinegar. Few were eaten, and at supper the dish re-appeared, with the wilted, soaked slices liberally be-sprinkled with freshly cut ones. The appearance was so uninviting no one seemed to have an appetite for cucumbers. The cucumbers and the vinegar were both home products, of little intrinsic value; yet there was the waste of growing and the labor of preparation, and half the quantity freshly prepared would have been an agreeable relish. A similar dish of green peas balanced the salad on the other side of the ham; and after I had tasted, I no longer wondered the cook complained her "men folks never seemed to care for peas." They had been "boiled in water" and seasoning was conspicuous by its absence. The butter used would have seasoned half the peas nicely, and made them palatable, and the half would have been amply sufficient; as it was, there was waste of both peas and butter, for the almost untasted contents of the dish

were transferred to the swill-pail. These are a few instances of poor cooking and want of economy, though the housekeeper would have been mightily indignant at either charge. What is the use of slicing half a loaf of bread when not more than a quarter will be needed, and the remainder must dry up till it is only fit for toast? Why make a bread pudding in the interests of economy, and have it like a poultice for want of eggs and sugar to make it relishable? It is better economy to throw the stale bread to the chickens in the first instance, than to try to "save" it by a further outlay which, after all, does not make it eaten with relish. Where is the saving when we "skimp" the shortening in the pie-crust till we have a leathery compound which produces dyspepsia and doctors' bills? On the other hand there is the waste of lavishness, which to make things "extra good" adds a little to the just proportions, and defeats its object. A teaspoonful of butter, over and above the proper quantity, will make a cake fall flat as one's *chateaux d'Espagne*.

It requires an artist in the culinary line to so disguise the remnants of today's dinner that they may appear at breakfast or supper next day, free from the suspicion of a former presentation. But it can be done. Were you served at breakfast with a square of toast, daintily browned, with a spoonful of finely minced fowl or veal upon it, steaming hot, seasoned to a turn with butter, pepper, and the faintest flavor of celery, would you recognize the skeleton of yesterday's baked chicken or veal cutlets? Would you know the slice or two of broiled ham left over from breakfast, if set before you in the guise of a ham omelet at supper? In this golden-brown French toast, with its accompaniment of scrambled eggs, what would call to mind a big plateful of stale bread that yesterday pointed the proverb "Waste not, want not?" Even hash is eaten with zest when one has confidence in the cook, and baked hash is good enough for the Governor.

The city housekeeper, whose every mouthful of food represents a money outlay, *must* be economical unless backed by the purse of Fortunatas. She learns to prepare many savory dishes out of what would be wasted in a farmer's family. True, it requires time and thought, and trouble, but it keeps down expenses and varies the bill of fare. The constantly recurring question "What

THE HOUSEHOLD.

JUST BEYOND OUR REACH.

[Paper read by Mrs. R. D. Palmer before the Norvell Farmers' Club, March 27th.]

It is much more satisfactory and pleasant to always look on the bright side, and not go moaning and groaning among our friends, because things in the future look rather blue, if it is not within our power to make them any better. A good many of our misfortunes and troubles lose their sting at a nearer view, and when we come to bear them, and we may even be led to rejoice that they were no worse. But not so with the bright and beautiful, and the pleasures of this life. They look much more beautiful and attractive when we look at them from a distance, for then we fail to see their imperfections; but how we long to grasp them, when they are just beyond our reach! How beautiful the flowers that are beyond our power to possess. We may have some in our yard that are just as lovely, but we become familiar with them and they do not awaken our love for the beautiful, like the flowers that are just beyond our reach. With what delight one will work to obtain a water lily, when it is just out of reach. The most beautiful and tempting fruit is almost sure to grow on the topmost branch; and how delicious and tempting seem the clusters of grapes that are just beyond our reach, or perhaps are growing on our neighbors' vines; with what delight children look forward to the time when they shall grow up to take our places, and how we older ones puzzle our brains over the unseen future.

Life at its best is very short, then why this hurry and rushing onward? We have no promise of tomorrow; "only to-day is thine, wisely improve it." Some are dissatisfied with self, and are reaching after some other person's gifts and privileges, failing to see that they are only fitted for the little corner that they are placed in; but I will say, if you wish for more room, do all you can that is within your reach, and you will have no reason to complain of lack of occupation; for without personal effort, we will be dwarfs in mind as well as body. Look not with regret in the past, for it is beyond your power to bring it back, but go forth to meet the future with good resolution, and without fear. And let wisdom govern all your acts if you hope to win success, and show that life need not be a failure, and it may not be beyond your reach to become one of earth's noblest workers. The greater the privileges misimproved, the more terrible the doom.

Obedience is the test and proof of love, and all our strength and enjoyment are conditional on this. When we have neglected a chance for bettering our fellow man, we may even be led to weep for blessings lost, but we cannot recall the past; that is beyond our reach. There is much advice given to parents on how to keep the children within the fold, but not much said about the children's duty in helping to make the home pleasant, that father and mother may enjoy its pleasures. How many daughters have

grown up under the mother's watchful care, refined and educated, and are considered the ladies of the house, doing only the clean and nice work, for fear they will soil their hands or dress, while the mother does all the heavier work and drudgery! The care of the family proves too much for her, and at a time when they least expect it, the mother is through with this life, and is carried to her last resting place. The daughter can then see where she might have spared that mother in many ways, when it is beyond her reach, but oh, if she could have mother back, how pleasant she would make the home for her! How many daughters, trained in our public schools, might and ought to be of use to their father in helping him to keep his accounts, and in many other ways. The father of a large family, who toils hard all day at farm labor that his dear ones may be fed, clothed and educated, should have a nice cosy place, where he could rest in the evening, in an easy chair, and enjoy his weekly paper or some good book. Girls, help your parents in every possible way, and make home cheerful; kind words and deeds do not cost much, and they never give reason for regrets. Children should exert as great an influence on their parents, as parents do on their children; do not neglect these little acts of kindness until it is beyond your power to perform them.

Some parents who have formed habits of intemperance, when everything else has failed, have been reformed by their children, but those cases are few. How we should watch over our little ones, that nothing is thrown in their way to give them a love for the intoxicating cup, for it is claimed that some acquire this taste while yet in the nursery, while others inherit it. Mothers, be careful of your little ones, and while very young, teach them principles of total abstinence. For why should they ever be exposed to the vice that destroys so many of our youth, and blasts the hopes of fond parents. Can we say we have done all that we could, to place that temptation beyond their reach? Some of our leading professional men, who would have been blessings to society, when they took their first glass never thought of the downward road that they were entering, until they were going fast down the hill, and then to reclaim their steps, they find just beyond their reach. And so with a thousand of the other evils that we give way to; they become our masters, and we do not find it out until too late, that we have sold ourselves to a debasing habit. But if we have a trust in Christ, how beautiful and wonderful is the working of that unseen power, that will keep us from temptation, and lead us up to the very throne of God; and without Christ this would be just beyond our reach. This faith will keep us, though it may be unseen by our brother man, and we may be swept on with the grand procession of human life and events; and may we not, with this firm trust in God, let our lives be such that we may lay hold of other souls, and draw them in with us as

we rush onward to our glorious destination, that haven of rest; when if we trusted in our own good works, or our own strength, it would be just beyond our reach.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An exchange says that salt thrown upon anything that is burning and smoking on the stove, as when something boils over, will stop the smoke and odor.

In Italy dried tomatoes are a popular dish. The fruit is left on the vines until mature, then wiped clean and pressed through stout bags of coarse muslin, which allows the pulp to pass through but retains the seeds and skins. The pulp is then dried on plates. It makes a delicious soup, and can be cooked as canned tomatoes if properly soaked.

The *American Cultivator* calls attention to a common source of "tiredness" in housekeeping. That journal says:

"By some inscrutable law, evidently as immovable as those of the Medes and Persians, every table is made of exactly the same height, and all women in the world, whether tall or short, are expected to work at the table as it is made. To avoid the evident backache that comes with a constant stooping posture, the height of the working-table should be elongated so that it will be possible to do all work, such as ironing, mixing doughs and preparing any kind of food, in a perfectly upright position. This will do away with the constant strain on the muscles across the small of the back, which causes so much trouble to the great army of women workers and wears them out before their time. It is an easy matter to lessen this fatigue; a set of blocks under the legs of the kitchen table, making it exactly the height required, is a simple remedy, and one that can be furnished by the quick-handed father and son in any house. Then a stool, just the right height, should be placed beside it, so the tired worker may sit at the table whenever the work permits, and give additional rest to back and limbs."

This is excellent advice, and our housekeepers will do well to heed it.

The editor takes the liberty to quote a few lines from a private note from Mrs. R. D. P., whose essay appears in this issue, because it so excellently illustrates the truth that what we often consider impossibilities, need but courage to attack them, to become possibilities. She says "Our farmers' club numbers about forty. We meet the last Saturday in each month. At each meeting we have one or two essays read by the ladies. When we first organized four years ago, not one of the ladies thought they could write. But now over half of them take a part in writing for the club." So too, some who were very certain they could never, no, never, write for the *HOUSEHOLD* are now numbered among its most valued contributors.

Contributed Recipes.

GRAHAM CRACKERS.—Half cup sugar; half cup butter; one cup buttermilk; half cup of cream; one teaspoonful soda; Graham flour sufficient to knead very hard, and roll very thin. Cut in squares. Mrs. A. C. G.
PAW PAW.

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shall I get for the next meal" would be greatly simplified if farmers' wives would be less addicted to "plain boiled and fried," and more willing to try new dishes. But too many conclude anything that has a new element in its make-up must be a "mess" and "their folks don't like messes."

BEATRIX.

A CHAT ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

In looking over some old essays—relics of my school-days—I find these words: "Human existence is in my opinion, a gift from God, bestowed on us for the highest purpose, and I believe it is within our power to fashion our own character into a work of beauty, upon which the good and the pure shall delight to look; or we can adopt the dreadful alternative, and crush it into a wreck, fearful to contemplate." Though years have passed away since I wrote these words, yet my sentiments remain the same. I still believe it remains with us to fashion our destiny. I was then young and thoughtless, knew little of care, and nothing of experience, and though I gave quite a good deal of thought to writing essays, read so long ago in the little white school house, nestled among the hills of Lyndon, Washtenaw County, yet they were just thoughts, or in other words my essays were theory without practice. Farther down in the same essay I find, dotted with quotation marks, these words: "One of the grandest features in connection with this life is, that man is a free moral agent, no matter what his circumstances may be. The thoughts, words and deeds of each successive day, are slowly and silently forming our character. Every little act, no matter how minute or insignificant it may appear to be, is only another thread employed in weaving that wondrous web, called the web of time. Frequently have I heard this expression: Oh that I knew what I would become in the years that are hastening me on! Brother, sister, to thee and to thee alone belongs the power to settle that question. It is thine own hand that shall stamp upon thy soul the seal of its destiny. Travelers tell us it is but a stone's throw between the sources of the Rhine and Rhone, yet there are hundreds of miles between the mouths of these two noble rivers. Why? Because they flow in opposite directions. Cain and Abel both bowed at the same mother's knee in prayer, heard the same father speak words of counsel, yet how widely different were their lives. In this incident alone we have a striking illustration that man is the arbiter of his own destiny. Cain possessed equal facilities with his brother for living a useful life, but he failed to do so. The faintest breath of a breeze decides whether the raindrop descending from the summit of the Rocky Mountains shall find its home in the depths of the Atlantic, or in the snowy waters of the Pacific. Like the descending raindrops there comes a time in our lives, on the action of which depends all our after career."

Grand and crowning success is within the reach of every one if they but push forward and grasp it. But we cannot attain success in anything without labor. As Evangeline says, we cannot be successful in anything without having misfortunes and trials; but we will labor on, and by and by we will attain our object. My hope at the time I wrote the essay that I have sketched above, was that I might become of some note in literature. I loved to write, and at that time I had no trouble in putting my thoughts on paper quickly. I took great care to acquaint myself with different subjects, and well enough understood, I would write essays on them. Though quite young my correspondence went into newspapers, and I wrote an article or two published in the *Dexter Leader*. I had taken the first step toward my desired object, when the dearest and best man (to me) in the wide world, persuaded me to make his home happy under the sacred title of wife. With housekeeping came so many demands on my time, that with many misgivings and a long, heart felt sigh I dropped the cherished object of my youth. My object now is to make our home a home in reality, and to do a mother's part toward bringing up our little boy to be a good and useful man.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

MASON.

LIVING FOR TRUE ENJOYMENT.

[Essay read before the Farmers' Literary Society of Leroy, Ingham Co., by Mrs. Theodore Die z.]

All the good and beautiful things in the world, both as pertaining to the outward or material senses and the inward or spiritual, are our birthright and will soon or late enter into our lives if we do not constantly forfeit them by our mistakes or evil doing. All the marvelous beauties of nature belong to us; go where we will none can hinder us from appropriating and enjoying them, if only we have the power within to do so. And so is our love of the beautiful fed and kept alive even under most unfavorable circumstances, since the rising and setting of the sun, the green of the trees and grass, the sweet spring flowers, the clouds, the storms and all the varied scenes of nature are free, "without money and without price."

"I care not, Fortune, what you us deny;
You cannot rob us of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face."

In the same way the beautiful in moral and spiritual life may be ours. All the brave and noble actions, all the lovely and unselfish lives we may enjoy and appropriate. We may take them to ourselves and make them a part of our own lives, by emulating them and cultivating a like spirit. I love to contemplate the many good and useful lives that have had or are now holding existence in this world. My heart rejoices when I think that to whatever age, station or country they belong they are my kindred and fellow workers. I am trying to keep step with them in the great march of life. Yes, all good things are ours if we will

make them so. All the grand resistance to temptation, the fighting against wrong; all the upholding right in the face of scorn and persecution; all the love and charity and tender kindness that have brightened the world; all the good honest work that has been done, all the patient faith and hope that hold back angry condemnation from the erring, and still give love and pity and the helping hand, all these we may make a part of our own lives. Few characters are perfect; most have their dark parts; some with many noble traits have a few disgraceful weaknesses, but we may take the good and leave the evil, or remember it only as a warning to avoid similar errors. But while we must always have a sort of fellow feeling for sinners, since the most of us find ourselves so often treading on slippery places, the dearest delight of all is to contemplate those good and pure lives, which while they seem raised above the common weaknesses and temptations of life, are so truly good, so loving, sympathizing, tenderly kind, that they are ever the readiest to pity, comfort and help the weak and sinning. Such lives exercise a sweet, unselfish influence, which seems to find out and stir to life the latent good in other hearts. Surely there are such dear elder sons who have remained in the father's house, have never wasted their precious patrimony of purity and truth, who walk among men a transforming power, and a beautiful example of what life ought to be with us all. Sometimes however instead of making peace, these true souls seem to bring trouble and discord. They mingle with the life around them like some purifying chemical with sour and bitter waters, and behold the bubbling and curdling and confusion which ensue! But after a time, what comes? The alkali has done its work—has conquered a peace—the waters are purified, softened and made fit for good uses. Christ himself said "I came not to send peace, but a sword," and yet the natal song of "Peace on earth, good will to men," is a prophecy which will be fulfilled in time, for real peace comes only of truth and righteousness. And so as we all wish, or should wish, to do our part toward bringing about the happy time when righteousness shall reign on earth, let us be stimulated by all good examples to be stronger in the right; more patient and faithful in all the relations of life, and above all more tender, kind and loving. In short, as they say when talking in meeting, let us try to "live up to our privileges," or as the newsboy better phrased it, "live up to our lights."

FROM ONE OF OUR HOUSEHOLD GIRLS.

It has been a long time since I promised Beatrix that I would write to the *HOUSEHOLD*, but it has not been because I have lost my interest in the little paper, but because of illness and the death of my baby brother. Thanks to the ladies for the directions for knitted lace, so kindly sent me. I tried the

directions given for English point lace, and could not make the rows come out even. I shall try again. Perhaps this will amuse the ladies who are members of the Grange: A family living in our neighborhood took their little boy to a meeting of the Grange. His sister asked him what they did. He said that his mamma preached, his father prayed and they all sang; this amused my mother very much. I think if Temperance would read "The Girls of the Bible," she would find it very interesting. I am waiting for an answer to Minnehaha's question about the school of elocution at Detroit. If she had told the name of the lake she lives near, I think I could place her, for I live near a lake myself, and I have spent many happy hours on it.

OKEMOS.

VIOLET.

ROOTING SLIPS.

A mistake occurs in my offer to school children; it should read "the 15 packets for beginners for 50 cents" as in the advertisement. Rosamond's plan for rooting slips is an approved method; for roses a glass shade should be used. The probable cause of failure in rooting her cuttings last fall was, it was not the most favorable time of year for the purpose, without bottom heat. The young shoots in early spring may be put in sand, and if there is a hotbed going set in that; but give all the heat possible to the sand from sun, and shade the tops of the slips. Many times rose slips are thrown away while there are minute rootlets, for they usually require plenty of time if there is not abundance of steady warmth given; and if this is done when the weather is mild and in fine growing condition, the more sure of success and a better chance for good growth before winter. For larger shoots of choice roses take a thrifty branch of suitable size and introduce through the drainage of a small flower pot, making a small incision or two in the sprout where it will come an inch or two above the bottom of the pot; fill half full of rich mellow soil, and roots will form very soon. This plan was first recommended by Mr. G. W. Parks, a Pennsylvania florist, and I find it valuable on trial.

To "peg down" carnations or other shoots, simply cut a slit in a small shoot, slightly bend at the cut, dig away the soil a little for its reception where the roots will be, lay the shoot down and cover. If at all stiff, cut across the stalk, and with long wooden pegs fasten firmly down. Here is a new plan with dahlias, and that is to peg them down to the ground; as they root so readily while the stalks are young there can be no doubt of its being a satisfactory way, if one has not an abundance of the tubers to plant, and it will save the breaking of stalks, for dahlias are very brittle, but altogether as satisfactory a flower as can be reasonably wished for. There is very little work or watching to be done for them, compared with the show they make and their great variety.

I consider the Persian insect powder,

or rather *Pyrethrum Roseum*, one of the most reliable of insecticides; still I advise the use for roses of plenty of soot, as it promotes growth and heightens the color of the blossoms. I can furnish for ten cents per packet, the seed of *Pyrethrum Roseum*, a hardy perennial, and if we raise, grind and sift it, we are sure it is not adulterated. I have also double Pearl tuberoses for ten cents each.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S FAULTS.

"Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

We meet everywhere people who have been so unfortunate as to forget that they were ever young. We need not concern ourselves as to whether this lamentable condition is due to dyspepsia or misanthropy; since it is results we are to investigate; results manifested in various ways, but most frequently in biting sarcasm on the faults and frivolity of the young. When it is a woman who has thus lost memory of her youthful days, she generally becomes, by the acidulating process induced by this forgetfulness, one of those despicable things we term gossips. Now the gossips of a neighborhood are almost invariably the "light weights" of the community in other respects. They have no resources in themselves, no interest in good works, nothing of the spirit that prompts kindness to others, no talent for anything but talk, and talk that scorches and burns like fire. There are in almost every social circle women who bleach their household linen diligently, but never by any chance whiten a reputation; women who find their greatest pleasure in that most piquant of small talk, abuse of some one of their own sex. They are never so happy as when they have some victim writhing under the sting of their malicious words; and to carry "the news" from house to house, no weather is too severe, no roads too bad. They fatten on some unhappy mortal's misery, and feel it "a duty to Society" to hunt out and parade to public view all their neighbor's shortcomings and mistakes. Like the rolling snowball's increase, their stories grow by repetition; what were at first but surmises become blunt assertions; their twice-told tales "vex no dull ears," being altogether too full of malice. Such people may be feared; loved, never. As sailors take in sail and batten down the hatches before a squall, so lips are sealed and conversational sails reefed in their presence by those who know their propensity and do not share it.

Gossips of this kind are peculiarly unjust and cruel to the young people. They see evil in every social gathering. A party or picnic or sleighride is to them a device of the enemy of souls to lead innocence astray, at which he is present with his full complement of horns. They heartily concur with Dr. Watts, who during a severe bilious attack perpetrated this libel on God's love and mercy:

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare."

One is compelled to wonder what sort of company such people kept when they were young that they are able to discover so much wickedness where others see only harmless gayety. That must indeed be a jaundiced mentality which finds in the natural fun and frolic, jokes and tiffs, and transparently mysterious secrets of youth, the stratagems of hardened sinners. Motives are imputed which originate only in the brain of the malicious mischief-maker. The thoughtlessness of youth is magnified into impropriety, and nods and winks and innuendoes finish out the tale, till the listener, who is not versed in the gossip's methods, is made to see the effrontery of guilt where is only the unconsciousness of innocence. That is a most unhappy trait of humanity which makes it so easy to condemn, so hard to speak charitably. There is something heroic in the courage of those who dare speak in defense of the maligned, since it is so very, very easy to join in depreciation. And yet, how true the poet's injunction:

"Search thy own heart. What paineth thee
In others in thyself may be."

The effect of such uncharitable comment on the mistakes and follies of the young is not reformatory. Rather is it hardening and coarsening, making them impatient of the gentle admonitions of wiser and more sympathetic persons, and more headstrong and reckless. Their sense of justice rebels, not without reason, at the bitter and undeserved censure, the continual misconstruction of what they know is merely youthful exuberance of spirits, that must find expression in nonsense perhaps, but nonsense that harms no one.

"Woman's harshest judge is her sister woman," and the stern arraignment is as true as Holy Writ, and sad as true. Since woman should know through the weakness of her own nature, what temptations assail her sister woman, it would seem that the knowledge should make her tender, pitying, charitable toward faults. Instead, the most formidable obstacle erring woman meets is the condemnation of those who by every tie of sex and common heritage of weakness should most befriend her. The excuse for want of charity is ever ready: If the pure countenance the fallen, in the eyes of the world both are classed as frail. It seems to be assumed that the pure seek the erring ones out of sympathy with their sin, rather than a noble, Christ-like desire to redeem them and lift them up. As the abstraction we call "Society" is now constituted, women are enabled to claim that their safety lies in sternest condemnation of the woman, while the man, equal partner in guilt, is received in their parlors and basks in their smiles. It's a queer world, very queer! What a harsh, cruel edict it is which for one sin of passion, of temptation beyond strength, of perhaps inherited weakness, dooms a sister soul to the depths of degradation beyond hope of escape! It is this very feeling that no mental agony, however maddening, no repentance, however sincere, no after life, no matter how spotless, can restore lost position and silence Slander's myriad tongues, that sends so many headlong in

the downward path. When the spotless but sternly judging woman's sons are led away by the painted women of the town, may it not be that the measure of her uncharitableness has recoiled upon herself? The great woman-philosopher has said: "To be just to the erring demands courage, deep pity, self-knowledge, a mind which tastes no piquancy in evil speaking, feels no self-exaltation in condemning, that cheats itself with no large words into the belief that life can have any moral end, any high religion, which excludes the striving after perfect truth, justice, and love toward the individual men and women who come across our own individual path."

But putting aside our uncharitableness toward those who have actually fallen into sin, and returning again to the injustice done to the young by the evil-speaking of their elders I confess I find it difficult to recognize any religious sentiment in those who thus cloud young lives, by ill-timed gossip. The religion of the New Testament is a religion of love. "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." How can we obey this injunction, so in harmony with The Master's teachings and life on earth, when we speak coldly or falsely or even idly, of those who are entitled to our consideration, our sympathy, and that charity which "thinketh no evil?" I care not how zealous a church member, either man or woman, may be, how strict in outward observances, "pure religion and undefiled" has never touched the heart from which comes the bitter sarcasm on a neighbor's foible, or which spreads still further, and adds by surmise to the scandalous story of another's sin.

BEATRIX.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Shapely, white, soft hands are highly esteemed, especially by the fortunate possessors, who are apt to preserve softness and whiteness by "shirking" those duties which would tend to diminish either. Not a little of the aversion with which some ladies regard housework is due to the fact that it roughens and stains the hands. Poor, vain, but lovely "Hetty Sorel," surveying her beauty in the dim mirror in the Poyser mansion, was vexed that the butter-making had coarsened her hands and wrists, so she would be less a lady when her bright dreams were realized. And loving mothers all the world over, take the hardest of the homely duties of life to let their "Hettys" sport soft, unstained hands.

Yet it is no shame to a girl to like to have pretty hands, if to keep them beautiful she does not selfishly leave others to do the work she herself should perform. And I never think less of a girl, or woman either, for wearing gloves when she sweeps and makes fires, or works in the garden. The "sign manual of honest labor" is no disgrace, but the rough chapped skin, the cracks and callouses, are often not only painful but hindrances in sewing and other work. So do not be ashamed to put on your gloves for such rough work as comes to your share; nor

to take a little pains to insure smoothness of skin.

If you will remember never to take your hands out of water without thoroughly drying them, the great cause of "chaps" and cracks would be avoided. Do not use too hot water; dry the hands thoroughly; put on mittens to hang out the clothes, and you will avoid the terrors of wash-day. You can have your hands in soap-suds with impunity, if you will but rub lemon juice or vinegar on them immediately after. The acid kills the alkali of the soap which affects the skin, and softens and whitens. Oxalic acid will take off stains, but must be used with care as it is a poison. It makes the hands harsh, unless they are thoroughly washed in tepid water and rubbed with a little glycerine. Glycerine is better for the hands than cold cream, vasoline, etc.; but a little is better than too much. Glycerine, diluted with one-third its bulk of rose-water or lemon juice whitens and softens the hands. Indian meal and fine white sand are good to use when the hands are very dirty or stained. Oatmeal soaked in tepid water and the water used to bathe the hands, smooths and whitens them.

DETROIT.

L. C.

AN EXPERIENCE IN CANNING CORN.

On reading Huldah Perkins' experience with canned corn in the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 27th, it reminded me of a recipe I once gave a lady for making bread. She was very much pleased with my bread and wished me to teach her how to make it, and I very willingly gave her full directions. On meeting her a short time after, I asked her what luck she had. She replied that "the loaves could not be penetrated with a crow-bar." And as she expected it would go off like "hot cakes," she made ten loaves, none of them being eatable. So it was ordered that the ducks should have a feast, but if there had been one more loaf they never would have needed any more to eat. Poor bread is something I never have.

I have a very good recipe for canning corn, and I thought it no more than duty demanded to give the lady a chance to try again, hoping for better luck. When I first began to can corn I put up only one can. It proved so good that I have canned corn ever since, now five or six years. My recipe reads as follows: Gather the corn and prepare it the same as if it were to cook. Cut it off the cob and pack it in the cans. Be careful not to pack it too tight. If it is not packed tight enough it will not do any harm, only to shrink. Take the boiler and put sufficient straw on the bottom, set in the cans, being careful to put plenty of straw between them, so as to prevent them from boiling together and breaking. Screw the covers partly on, not air-tight, but enough so that water cannot get in. Then fill the boiler with cold water so that it will be within about an inch of the top of the cans. Boil two and a half hours, keeping it supplied with boiling water as it boils away. Then take the cans out one by one and fasten the tops on securely; turn

them upside down and boil one and a half hours. When wanted for use it will not need any cooking; just warm it up. You may think this a rather long process, but I trust you will be amply paid for your trouble.

OLD MAID.

GREGORY.

THE *HOUSEHOLD* Editor acknowledges with very many thanks the receipt of a box of beautiful spring flowers, tulips, pansies, etc., and apple blossoms, from Mrs. M. E. Fuller, of Fenton.

Useful Recipes.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Line a pie-plate with nice puff paste. Slice juicy, well flavored apples into the plate till it is half full; pour over them a custard; bake; then cover with whipped cream flavored with lemon, or a meringue of white of egg and sugar.

CODFISH IN CREAM.—Pick up into small pieces, fish that has been soaked in cold water over night. Heat rich milk or cream boiling hot and add the fish with a spoonful of flour that has been mixed smooth with a little cold milk. As soon as it boils up, break a fresh egg into it and stir just long enough to cook the egg and then remove it at once from the fire.

FRIZZLED BEEF.—Have the dried or smoked beef shaved very thin, place in a stew-pan with rather more than enough water to cover it, and when it boils add a spoonful of flour made smooth in a little cold water. As soon as it thickens add a generous piece of butter, a little pepper, and turn into a hot dish. It is very nice turned over toasted bread.

THE ORIGINAL "SALLY LUNN" BUNS.—Sally Lunn lived in Bath, Eng., and the famous buns which bear her name she made and sold to the wealthy residents, delivering them herself; and this is how she made them: She took one quart of flour and mixed with it a half teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then rubbed in half a cup of butter, four beaten eggs and one pint of milk. She then poured the batter into round cake tins, and baked them in a quick oven.

APPLES WITH RICE.—Boil rice very soft and line with it a well-buttered pudding-dish. Lay over it a layer of sliced apple, using an easily cooked variety, alternate layers of rice and apples until the dish is full. Add a little water to keep the rice from becoming dry on top, and bake until the apples are done. Another way is to pare some apples and remove the cores, and fill and cover them with boiled rice, allowing a cupful of uncooked rice for each half dozen apples; cook in a steamer. Eat with cream and sugar.

AFFECTIONATE TO HIS WIFE.—"Yes," said Gigglesnicker, as he passed the doughnuts to the new boarder, "I like to see a man affectionate to his wife, but men have different ways of showing their affection. Now, there's Briggs. He always puts his arm around his wife when he goes to work in the morning, kisses her good bye, and leaves her to bring up the coal. I tried it once, but I found my wife had rather have me show my affection by shovelling off the walk and putting up her clothes-line than by kissing her good bye. Young man," and Gigglesnicker put on his serious fatherly look, "if you want to show affection for your wife, just do it in that way which'll take a little off from her shoulders." After tea Mr. Gigglesnicker went down to the drug store, and Mrs. Gigglesnicker went to the shed and split the morning kindling wood.