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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

OVERWORKED.

From out the rosy land of dreams
She comes at early morning;
The dew upon the meadow gleams,
Fair as a bride's adorning.

Aroma from the waving pines,
And fields of blowing clover;
The noisy brook that sings and shines,
With willows bending over.

The eastern sky is all aflame,
As though, to one beholding,
The gold and sapphire clouds that came
Were heaven's gates unfolding.

But all this glory stands apart,
Nor charms her with its beauty,
For care sits heavy on her heart,
Where falls the line of duty.

The cows await the milking time,
With soft and patient lowing,
The sturdy farmer, in his prime,
Must hasten to his mowing.

His wife must speed the morn's repast,
And work with nimble fingers,
For farmers all, from first to last,
Make hay while sunshine lingers.

And when the meal is o'er, the pails
Of foaming milk are waiting,
With fragrance caught from sunny vales,
To future joys relating.

The cream lies thick, like cloth of gold,
Where shining pans are brimming,
Their riches gathered fold on fold,
All ready for the skimming.

Then, later, as in olden days,
With much of stir and flutter,
By weary hands the dasher plays
And wins the golden butter.

And so the day goes on and on—
No time for rest or pleasure:
"A woman's work is never done,"
Is true in fullest measure.

And as the sun sinks in the west,
And day grows into even,
Weary and worn she goes to rest,
And almost longs for Heaven.

—L. E. Allen, in *Good Housekeeping*.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

The above well-known expression is often quoted by those who have little idea of its age or origin. It has generally been considered a sarcastic comment on the errors in the revision of the Bible which received the royal sanction of King James I, who ruled England from 1603 to 1625. But the expression occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Act I, Scene 4, where the immortal bard of Avon puts upon Mistress Quickly's lips the words, "here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English." This play is classed by Shakespeare's biographers among those which were performed prior to 1601 and during the Elizabethan reign from 1558 to 1806, giving

the phrase therefore an earlier origin than usually ascribed it.

It might be amusing were it not so much to be regretted, to know how "the king's English" is abused, even at a period of unusual educational advantages, culture and refinement. In almost all conversations, the listener is made painfully cognizant of the grammatical shortcomings of those who ought to know better than to thus murder their mother tongue. It goes far to reconcile us to certain objectionable traits of aboriginal character when we are told that Indians never speak ungrammatically; and we envy them a language so easily managed, or their peculiar facility in mastering it, whichever gives them this supremacy.

It is said of Americans that we are "always in a hurry." Our haste enters into our conversation, and rapid utterance runs words into a verbal *melange*, inelegant as well as obscure and unpleasant. Between the slang, the elisions, the redundancies and the Yankee idioms, we are very willing to agree with the purists who insist "English is a composite language." The Yankee's nasal twang which makes now "neow" and cow "keow," has become his characteristic in literature; certain New England idioms are so widely known that one recognizes a native by his language; in the South the dialects are so marked that the native State is readily assigned in the same manner, and all are perversions of "the king's English."

It is hardly necessary to point out specific errors, in fact their name is Legion. Many who speak with a tolerable degree of accuracy, have a few words in their vocabulary which they persistently miscall. To some, the past tense of the verb to drown, is always "drowned;" attacked is often spoken as if spelled "attacked;" water is "water" and barrel "barl." Two great faults in pronunciation are particularly to be deprecated—the careless haste which jumbles words headlong after each other, leaving out syllables, and enunciating few or no words distinctly; "Jim 'n Jo'n me's goin' t' th' Flats fish'n' t'mor'," says the school boy as he buckles an algebra and a Latin lexicon into a weapon of offense or defense, as occasion requires. The other fault is a bad habit of dropping the final g from words ending in ing, as "goin'," "seein'." Often those who thus clip their words, add the letter thus eliminated to words where it does not belong, and say "kitching," "garding." They know better, have been known to comment on the same error in others, and are very willing to laugh at a cockney Englishman's struggles with his h's, forgetting the old adage about people who dwell in glass houses.

What shall we say of the grammatical inaccuracies which come under the head of "misfit language?" Who of us can claim a clean record? I have heard a teacher of fifteen years' standing violate one of the simplest of grammatical rules by using a verb in the singular with a plural subject. A woman who is fond of saying she was "born under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument," and who bores her friends by her stories of the years she spent in "dear delightful Cambridge" uses language which in its daring defiance of established usage is simply appalling, while her occasional "nice derangement of epitaphs" would startle "Mrs. Malaprop" herself. "Where them carriages is," "goin' to go," "heh'ain't got no right," are gems I have heard drop from her lips. I sometimes wonder whether she airs her untutored eloquence at the Eastern watering-places she visits every summer; and I am sure if Howells or Charles Dudley Warner ever meet her, one or the other will "put her in a book." This lady's house is elegantly furnished, her dresses "poems"—for she pays liberally for the taste and skill of our best dressmakers—she is fine looking, but her conversation when she becomes very much in earnest or excited, is so out of harmony with her surroundings that the incongruity is painful.

Language is an almost certain index of the social position and real culture of either man or woman. We may buy fine clothes and expensive jewels, and surround ourselves with every luxury, but money cannot purchase the power to use cultured, refined, correct language, or to modulate the voice to low, even, well-bred tones. Both must be taught from childhood up, by constant association with those thus gifted. I read an anecdote recently which illustrated this point very forcibly: A lady seated in a railway car observed two women in front of her, who by their suitable, tasteful dress, reserved, lady-like manners, the absence of anything in the slightest degree "loud," she was about to place as belonging to the most refined and cultured class of womanhood. But before assigning them to this place, she waited to hear them speak. In a loud, strident voice, one said, "That's Lake Hill; there's where we buries folks." All externals went for nothing before this single sentence. I sat at table one hot day recently with a stranger, whose creamy, lace-trimmed dress, beautiful face and general air of "style" were quite overwhelming. You know there are people in whose well-dressed presence you suddenly become conscious that your clothes don't fit you, that your hands are red and awkward and your hair out of crimp.

That was the way I felt—painfully conscious of shortcomings of which I had been quite oblivious. But when the fair stranger opened her lips to remark that “the windows is all down and the parlor hotter ’n a noven,” my dress fitted me once more.

To use words correctly, with nice discrimination as to their shades of meaning, and always the right word in the right place, is the accomplishment of only the cultured and well-educated, who have either been carefully trained or have naturally a nice sense of the appropriateness of words, which seems in some almost an instinct. It is an accomplishment little taught, yet to be highly valued; for few words, though given as synonyms in the dictionaries, have exactly the same meaning. To be able to express thought in fitting, well-chosen language, to find the right word on the lips instinctively, to have “a large vocabulary,” as it is called, is essential to the writer, the speaker, the conversationalist, (though it may never be needful for us to rival Southey’s wealth of adjective in his description of “how the water comes down at Lodore.” Our teachers should impress this fact upon their pupils’ minds, and assist them to acquire “a habit of good language,” by requiring definitions of words, their synonyms, and discussing their proper uses and applications in language. A gentleman who seems never at a loss for the right word, ascribes his facility to the thorough drill of the old school-master, of the “Bartle Massey” type, in just this respect.

And parents must not expect that the study of grammar will result in a correct method of using “the king’s English” if children have been accustomed to hear careless and ungrammatical language from infancy. Language is taught by imitation; it becomes second nature, and the most patient study and constant care will not prevent occasional lapses into the old ways in after life. I would sooner by far attempt to train a child to accuracy in language without his even knowing of the existence of such a science as grammar, simply by permitting him to hear or use only correct phraseology, than by the study of grammar endeavor to overcome the habits of previous years. The child who hears correct language at home will use it himself; he knows no other, except as corrupted by outside influences, his playmates, hired help, and the like; the parents who depend upon “line and precept” to accomplish this, will find that glib recitation of many rules and still more numerous “exceptions” will not accomplish the purpose. The bad habits of youth may be possibly overcome by care and constant watchfulness, in ordinary speech, when words are chosen with a certain deliberation, but under excitement the old errors crop out, and we see the deficiencies of early training. In this, as in scores of other things, we see the importance of careful, persistent vigilance in youth. The difficulty is for the mother, with her multifarious duties, to make this linguistic training persistent and continuous. BEATRIX.

In the treatment of bruises it is well to know that hot applications are better than cold. Cold has a tendency to check the flow of blood; heat to augment it.

THE CHAUTAUQUA OF THE SOUTH.

Saturday Night. It is just too hot for anything: I have just finished the last page of this week’s HOUSEHOLD, with its recipes for making preserves, sweet pickles, devilled eggs, getting rid of vermin, keeping pork, etc., and I think I was never so warm in my life. I wonder about all you busy housewives at this season, and if you are more tired or less tired than I am. With Vashti off on a trip I am living alone in that vagabond fashion one will fall into when working away from home all day and keeping house at night. As I wrote the “Yours truly” of my fortieth letter at 6:10 this evening and covered my caligraph, I really felt that washing the supper dishes in a clean country kitchen was almost as attractive as my trip through the streets with a dirty face, limp dress and the necessity of yet doing my marketing for Sunday.

I want to tell you this time about my two weeks’ vacation, spent on top of the Cumberland Mountains in Middle Tennessee, at Monteagle, now known as the Chautauqua of the South, which guide books say is 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. I did not dive into antiquity to drag out the etymology of the name, nor have I the Argus eyes of a regular old traveller, to see everything at a glance and be able to give a full and impartial account of this charming place after so short a stay. To me it was a precious privilege of resting out in the woods in a primitive fashion in cottages and tents, sleeping on cots, meeting clever people, hearing grand lectures and sermons and concerts; drinking pure living water out of the rocks, taking jaunts to points of legendary and historic interest or picturesque beauty. And then I had never before seen mountains. We left Memphis at 11 o’clock at night, so that there is nothing to chronicle between Memphis and Nashville, unless I should tell about the old lady next to me who gave me the history of her duster before I closed my curtains. Spent a day in Nashville, where we patronized the street cars liberally in seeing that city, with its State House on a hill. We traveled through the finest part of the State, middle Tennessee, passing through Murfreesboro and Tullahoma, places I particularly remember in connection with some handsome boyish faces I thought I could see smiling at me as we rushed past the neat cemetery, near the former place, where they “sweetly sleep, low in the ground.”

As we started up the mountain about noon a rain storm came on but I kept my head out of the window most of the way. Two passenger coaches were attached to a long train of coal cars, drawn by a mammoth engine which drew us around and up the mountain sides very rapidly. The rugged pillars and shelves of solid rock towering above us, walling in deep chasms below, could but impress a poor grub-worm with a feeling of awe. I repeated verses of the ninetieth Psalm: “Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou had formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.” We flew through beds of palm like ferns and tall

elder-bushes “shedding the perfume of their summer snow” on the clear mountain air, and we caught glimpses of verdant valleys dotted over with villages and farms. It was like a fairy dream. The distant mountains clothed in purple mystery, those nearer like huge conical masses with sombre greenish sides rising up to the feathery clouds, were a picture of wonderful beauty to even my uncultured eye. I did not visit many of the celebrated “views”. They look good deal alike to me, and I never could think of the proper thing to say when we came upon a sketching party. Artists always seem to have the power of covering an ignoramus in the art with confusion. I counted more on going to the Hall of Philosophy or the Amphitheatre to listen to the wit and wisdom of the philosophers and sages there assembled. I heard so many wise things, so many smart things, that I felt like a poor pigmy indeed. Dr. Vincent was there and to hear him is a grand treat, as all members of the C. L. S. C. must know. The greatest celebrities had not arrived before I came away. I heard people who go to Chautauqua every year say that Monteagle is equal to that beautiful retreat in every respect except the lake. There is no body of water on the mountain large enough for sailing or bathing, but the air is full of life up there. I was sad when the day rolled around to return again to so many hours a day at so many dollars a month, but I wanted the dollars and could only get them by coming down to the valley again. Trust you have all had as pleasant a little rest.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

DAFODILLY.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

Milk is the best food for babes; it is the best for all young children in hot weather. The hours of feeding should be regular; a babe should not be offered food merely because it cries or is restless. Seek the cause of its disquiet elsewhere; change its position, loosen its clothing, give it a teaspoonful or two of cool water, but do not think “dinner” a cure for all babyish restlessness. The greatest mortality among children is among those under five years; the fatal “second summer” is reckoned the most disastrous of that period. The peril is greatly lessened by care and judicious handling in the matter of food and air. The baby’s stomach does not require tea, coffee, meat, pickles, butter, nor any such “stuff.” Till the child is ten or twelve months old, milk is sufficient for it. Then bread may be given, well ripened potatoes, and as it grows older, beef broth, and oatmeal. Insist on slow eating, and careful chewing of the food; this is important. Once in three hours is often enough to feed a babe; as he grows older, the time between meals should be gradually lengthened, but the food still given at regular hours. When the child comes to the table it is apt to want to eat everything it sees others eat, and it requires a good deal of resolution to resist its teasing, but we must do it, for its own good and ours too. No greasy gravies nor salted meats should be permitted the occupants of the little “high chairs.” A little tender beef may be given after two years, though it is as well to omit it.

"Summer complaint" is the result of overfeeding, heat and bad air. Look out for the food; then keep the baby as cool as possible, *out of the kitchen*, and in the open air as much as you can. Ventilate the house—the nursery if you have one—thoroughly, by opening the doors and windows every morning; and air the bedding of the baby's crib out of doors. By care in such ways we may save many of our "little blossoms" from early death.

BEDFORD.

M. M.

BITS OF TRAVEL.

Is there any country fairer than Illinois and southern Wisconsin? The inhabitants thereof claim there is not, and I admit I was not very skeptical. Lying along the Burlington & Quincy route are some beautiful pictures of scenery imprinted upon my memory. The ease of motion, the comfort and elegance of the parlor cars furnished all passengers by this road, were grateful indeed after the rougher travel on some of the southern roads, and offer conditions most favorable for observing the country through which we pass.

As we were borne into Chicago from our southern journey, the cool breath of the morning seemed a "welcome home." What a sense of satisfaction lies in that conscious pride of possession one feels on reaching his own section of the country! There may be something of selfishness in it, but after all it's a loyal pride. We recognize North and South as one in "Our Country," but there will always be partiality so long as there's a spot,—not so beautiful as many others perhaps, yet to which we turn as "home." Here we have given of our life and received again with blessing. Life is fraught with associations gathered from experiences which seem still to linger in a halo about the place. Here we have seen nature's wonderful growths, the little grains push through the brown earth, and from green turn to gold; we have watched the flowers unfold, seen their white blossoms shining in the tresses of the bride, and laid them in the pale hands of our dead. We shall never forget the soft beauty of the moonlight falling on the lawn, the calm shadows of the trees at night, while over them shine the bright heavens and the snowy stars of the Milky Way.

We recognize alike the power of environments, and of inherent tendencies to form us; therefore we do homage to the North with its spirit of growth and earnest purpose, from which spring with vigorous growth the creations of life. Thus, in the South, every northern visitor seemed proud to say, "I am from the North," and invariably the intelligence begets a cordial welcome and something of pleasant inquiry following our questions as to southern customs.

Prominent among early recollections are the great hills of my native state in the East. Always desirous of seeing the prairie, as we passed through Illinois' finely cultivated prairies, I was delighted, though in extent they are tiny beside the vast and beautiful prairies of Texas. The route from Chicago to Rockford is one of the most enjoyable to be found. The little

suburban towns lying out from Chicago are pretty as pictures, the country is so beautiful in its cultivation, the scene is never varied by aught unpleasant to the eye. Trees are appreciated, and one feels in the scarcity of them a deeper sense of their grace and utility as something of beautiful tribute to our needs.

The city of Rockford is universally admired. A gentleman who has visited nearly every city in the United States, said it had but one rival in beauty, and that a city of the Golden State. Situated on Rock river, a pure, bright stream; in the midst of fine, rolling prairies, a city of manufacturing interests, its growth is rapid and permanent. We met an old lady who came to Illinois in the "early days." She told us how they used to ford the river, as there was then no bridge, and from this circumstance the town was called Rockford. The Young Women's Seminary is delightfully situated. Physical culture has recently been introduced here, under a professor. Base ball is included in their games, though a Chicago reporter, in writing up the Seminary and ball playing there, said nobody who had ever seen the national game played would detect the slightest similarity between the two.

Continuing our journey northward, we visited Beloit, Shopiere, and other places in southern Wisconsin. "Best farming country in the world," I am informed. "Altogether ahead of your State! Michigan's all sand." "I didn't know it," I replied firmly. "Never been around Michigan City or Grand Rapids, have you?" the champion of Wisconsin soil asked. Notwithstanding this, I am not yet convinced we are "all sand." If so, statistics show sand to be very productive.

There were exquisite bits of scenery along the Rock river. Pictures so expressive of purity and truth,—though nature is ever true, I suppose, unless marred by man's hand. Associated with them in my mind are the landscape paintings of the masters; associated because of their unity in the truth of nature. There is something so expressive of large significance and earnest purpose poured around these creations!

I sat one evening at Shopiere and watched the sun go down. All the world seemed in that hour to grow calm; the lilac's delicate plumes were still; and though long ago we left the roses blooming in the South, here the buds were still close folded; the river sparkled and swept past below. Many times at home I've seen the Western glory of sunset, but it was not like this. The sun sinks down behind the tree-tops at a short distance from us here, but in that country of great, gentle slopes, with its wide heavens wherein the sun may spread his glories far, I felt as though a friend had revealed to me a grander heart than I had known he possessed. What an inspiration to the soul is that which speaks of larger life!

Calm with the peace of God, full in power and life, Nature is our helper; yet not supreme, for she does not speak to us near, she does not touch us, nor grow more tender as we plead for strength.

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

SPRING FLOWERING BULBS.

As the rose stands first in our ornamental shrubbery, so does the hyacinth among hardy spring-blooming bulbs. As we have late and early varieties, and as the flowers are very lasting it is easy to secure them in their unequalled beauty and fragrance for several weeks, beginning before the ground is fairly released from frost. The single varieties are more desirable than double flowered sorts, although either are well worth the care and expense required in their production. In beds they will flourish, if not injured by bruising or other ways, for many years without deterioration. I remove and plant the bulblets after each year's blooming. The bulbs may all be lifted and ripened off if desired, and stored until time for fall planting, but it is an unnecessary trouble.

The best time for planting any of the hardy bulbs is when the weather is fine and the soil is pleasant to work in the fall; still there is very little difference perceptible in their blooming if well planted, whether done early or late in autumn; and either of the three months of that season will do for the work. Hyacinths should be set three or four inches below the surface, with as many inches of sharp sand rich with decayed cow manure and good garden soil, and these directions will apply to all bulbs for the garden. There is nothing better for potting them for winter in the house than the above mixture. To grow them in the house for winter blooming a small pot will do for a single bulb, or several may be planted in a large one; but if planted singly they can be brought forward one at a time, and will keep the house fragrant the winter through, as the blossoms will last for a fortnight or longer, if kept cool a part of the time in a dimly lighted room. A hyacinth bulb is "forced" in this way: It is set one half its depth in a pot partly filled with the compost recommended above, well watered, and set in a cool dark cellar for several weeks. It is then brought into light and air and will soon blossom, the flower spike remaining in perfection for a couple of weeks if kept, as I have said, a part of the time in a cool, dimly-lighted room. When the bloom fades, withhold water and plant in the garden as soon as the frost is out of the ground, where it will live and flourish, but is not good for forcing again.

We have two general classes in tulips, early and late, and in either class are double and single flowers, of any color or variation the most exacting would require. Early tulips greet us before roses are in bud in the border, with the snowdrop and crocus; and are invaluable in bouquet or design-making. The late ones are just in time for combining with the blossoms of the early flowering lilac, pure and white, spireas, deutzia and the smaller bulbous flowers, as grape hyacinth, scilla. Those first named are in season for Memorial Day. Double or single white tulips are lovely when tastefully "put up" for weddings or funerals, the scarlet and golden ones make fine corsage flowers and with white narcissus, double or single, are exceedingly useful. For a brilliant show there cannot

be found a class of plants to "fill the bill" more satisfactorily than the tulips, and a small start of them will in a very short time produce an hundred fold. So also with narcissus and crocus, and I can recommend them for winter flowering. I would except the crocus, which is scarcely worth the room that can easily be filled with others more satisfactory. Pot them as described for hyacinth, only cover the bulb more.

The lily-of-the-valley is dear to all hearts and should be enjoyed by all, as it is so easily cultivated and increases so rapidly. Like the hardy bulbs, the flowers are of a richer texture, and larger, if given a mulch of leaves and stable bedding in autumn, which should be scattered over them thinly; thus giving all needed protection, and adding to the fertility of the soil. What can be planted and cared for so easily as these hardy bulbs, from the dainty snow-drop to the gaudy flapping parrot tulips? No other plants for winter can be more enjoyable and less trouble, especially as it would be news to me, at least, to know of insects assailing them. The hardy bulbs are the right thing in the right time.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

MANLY MEN.

I have been greatly interested in the discussions which have been carried on in the HOUSEHOLD, and especially that upon the subject of womanly women. Now with regard to the question Old School-teacher asks, I think circumstances should determine how to treat such a case; what would operate well with one would be a complete failure with another. It is a fact not to be disputed that God created woman equal with man, and often she has stolen a march upon him in intellect and good sound judgment. What can a womanly woman do more than place upon the altar of love her whole being, and enter upon the duties of life by her husband's side, as bravely as a soldier marches to the battle field? Their interests are the same and they work together. The home is *his*, as is often the case, and if he is a manly man, he teaches her to feel that it is hers also. He looks upon her with pride, and wonders that he was the lucky man to draw such a prize. Instead of closing his pocket-book, and gazing upon her with supreme contempt when she asks for ten cents, he procures one for her, and allows her not only to calculate, but invest for herself and family.

If he chooses to read the FARMER, he is willing his wife and daughter should have the HOUSEHOLD. When I meet a man who admires a pure and noble woman, and appreciates her well enough to place her on equality with himself, I call him a manly man. He is willing to allow her all the privileges due her sex, and is not satisfied with the title of lord and master. If it is a woman's duty to wash, iron, cook, churn, cut, make and mend the common clothing, see that all the household machinery is in good working order and economically done, attend to the welfare of the children, keep the house tidy and the home pleasant for her family—if she does all that is she not entitled to the companionship of a manly

man; one who will tell her how devoted she is, and how he loves her, what a good manager she has proved herself to be, and he is aware of the fact he has one of the best women that ever lived? A woman loves a husband who is thoughtful of her, one who will say: "Dear wife, you look tired and worn, jump into the buggy with me and we'll drive to town and see if you can get a little color in those pale cheeks;" and who will hand her a five dollar bill with the cheering words that it is a present, and she is to do with it as she likes. I will wager my life a womanly woman will see that every cent is used with prudence and care.

Our country demands a supply of manly men, and I agree with Mercy that a great responsibility rests upon mothers and sisters. It is the youth of the land we must save; the temptations that assail our noble boys are many, and when the heart is tender and receptive, then is the time woman has her greatest power. Her strength lies in moulding the character, and not trying to undo a lifetime of wrong. I once heard a man say, "My mother's daily life and teachings have made me what I am, I thank God for my angel mother," and indeed he was one of the best men I ever knew. History informs us the mothers of nearly all of our great and good men were womanly women.

I imagine I hear some one say, Why do you dabble with both subjects? The truth is they are so closely allied I cannot help it. I appeal to the mothers; it is a grand old name, and may we never disgrace it by our neglect of duty. Let us hold our sons and daughters nearer and nearer our hearts, and when they must go out into the world for themselves, they will be manly men and womanly women.

AUNT POLLY.

MASON.

CHAT.

I wonder if Beatrix will admit a new member? I thought S. M. G. must have been at our Pioneer picnic at Long Lake, when I first commenced to read her account of the farmers' picnic. But I suppose such affairs are all alike. She described us pretty accurately.

I too want to say a word on this divorce question. I think the marriage tie altogether too sacred to be lightly made or broken. I said once to a friend that I wished the divorce law was abolished, for I thought it only productive of evil. But she thought I was putting it rather strong, Don't know but I was; still I do think if young people, who contemplate marriage, would drop a little of the absurd nonsense they talk, and try to know each other as they will have to know each other later, there might be more happy families in the world. Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Girls, just let me give you a little unasked advice. If you would treat the girls as though they were your equal in intelligence, and make companions of them, you would soon see who were "true blue." Girls don't want to be treated like dolls, just to be petted and admired. I think it would indeed be a novel sight if there were one couple where the wife carried the purse; it is something I never yet saw.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

FLINT.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

You can fill the cracks in the floor, in which carpet beetles love to work, or those between floor and baseboards, which let in so much cold, with a paste made as follows: Take one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum. Soak old newspapers in this till they are reduced to a pulp, add the other ingredients, boil and stir well; make it as thick as putty and fill the crevices; it will harden like *papier mache*.

To clean bottles, put into the bottle some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes, pour it half full of water and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you find the bottle as good as new. To clean decanters, rinse the bottles and put a piece of lighted coarse brown paper into each, stop close, and when the smoke disappears wash the bottle clean. This will remove all stains, but if any spots should remain the process should be repeated.

AN exchange says: "It is a very good use for the unworn borders of stair carpets to convert them into borders for rugs; but suppose one is not able, quite yet, to buy new stair carpets? A friend of ours, a thrifty New England housekeeper, has just solved this problem, and most successfully metamorphosed her stair carpet, the entire middle of which was badly worn, by buying half the length required for the whole flight, of the best ingrain, cutting it lengthwise through the middle, sewing two ends together, and hemming the raw edge. This just fitted on between the borders, over the old carpet. The pattern of the ingrain was fine, 'crinkly,' not decided in color, and harmonized with the border. It was marvellous how well it looked, and the expense was trifling; for the very best quality of ingrain carpeting can now be bought for less than a dollar a yard, and is found in almost perfect imitation of Brussels patterns."

Contributed Recipes.

FOAM SAUCE.—One cupful sugar; two-thirds cupful butter; one tablespoonful flour; beat together till smooth. Put over the fire in a small stew pan and stir in quickly three gills of boiling water. Flavor with nutmeg, lemon, or vanilla. This is a nice sauce for suet, sponge, or batter pudding. H. B.

TOMATO CATSUP.—To one gallon of tomatoes, after being boiled and strained through a colander, add three tablespoonfuls salt, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice and black pepper; one small teaspoonful cayenne pepper; one pint good vinegar. Boil to the proper consistency, and bottle while hot.

ECONOMY PUDDING.—Peel and slice a dozen tart apples. Cut fine sufficient stale bread to make a quart of crumbs. Butter a pudding dish, put in a layer of bread crumbs and a layer of apples alternately, having a layer of crumbs on top. Beat one egg, stir it into a pint of milk, add a pinch of salt, and pour over the pudding; put bits of butter on the top and bake an hour. Cover after it begins to brown. Serve with liquid sauce. BESS.

PLAINWELL.