

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JANUARY 24, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### AT HOME.

Upon the polished silver shine  
The evening lamps, but, more divine,  
The light of love shines over all;  
Of love that says not mine and thine,  
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.  
They want no guests, to come between  
Their tender glances like a screen,  
And tell them tales of land and sea,  
And whatsoever may betide  
The great, forgotten world outside;  
They want no guests, their needs must be  
Each other's own best company.

—Longfellow.

For this is Love's nobility—  
Not to scatter bread and gold,  
Goods and raiment bought and sold;  
But to hold fast his simple sense,  
And speak the speech of innocence.  
For he that feeds man serveth few;  
He serves all who dares be true.

—Emerson.

### UNCONGENIAL PURSUITS.

There is a large class of people who are conscious of being thoroughly dissatisfied with their whole past lives and present oppressive existence, who at the close of each successive year, seem to have missed the "something" which makes life a pleasure, and duty a joy, but who are quite unable to define the origin of the unrest, or to amend its inexorable dictation. To those who have followed a single occupation for a long term of years, perhaps a life time, and have attained satisfactory results in the way of increased finances, the assertion presumably would be unwelcome, even incredible, that he or she had been allied to an uncongenial pursuit. Yet a thorough investigation of the daily routine of duties of those who are suffering from prostration of the nerves, enervated ambition, or lack of resolution to meet the day's responsibilities with ready hand and cheerful heart, usually reveals that such is the case.

Parents, as a rule, entertain an indifference toward the future prospects and occupations of their children, which is simply appalling to those who regard a child's career as of serious importance. The rapid strides of wealth and multiplied opportunities which its profligate distribution has accrued, render it possible for nearly all families of ordinary circumstances to be accorded the advantages of the day. A large per cent of the homes both in villages and throughout farming communities are adorned and provided with much that is attractive and luxurious. Musical instruments have become almost a necessity. The writer knows of ten pianos within a

radius of three miles in a prosperous farming neighborhood of northern Lenawee County, and this is but a representative expression of the intelligence of the farmers of Michigan. And yet with all the facilities for learning, the mechanical improvements to lighten labor, and the broadening opportunities for the young to enter upon a life of activity and usefulness, there is more dissatisfaction existing among all classes to-day than ever before, as regards the labor which circumstances seem to have incurred. "If I had only got started right," is the lament of many a weary climber as he throws himself down at last on the tip-top rock of success, and looks back over the zig-zag bridle path, which was so long and steep and stony. To get "started right" is the shaft in the engine of life, and if the important factor has been omitted, the machinery upon which may revolve the most strenuous efforts will not run smoothly. "I've give all four of my children an education, and not one of 'em knows' nuff to take care of themselves," is the average summing up of the stern, parental retrospection of the day. It is laudably generous in these same parents to give the children an education. If the erring offspring could only be endowed at birth, with experience, judgment, and the enviable distinction of economical habits, there would be no risk as to the ultimate judicious application of that education. But unfortunately, discretion and maturity can only be attained with the growth of years, and if the inexperienced are launched on the sea of life without a pilot, they must inevitably run against snags. Upon entering the high school or college, what a boy or girl needs most, is a wise and judicial discrimination of the mental, moral and physical abilities of their respective natures. If a child possess a tendency to fill every blank page of all the books and pamphlets in the house with pencil sketches, can reproduce with surprising vividness the portrait of a member of the family, or the listless attitude of a neighbor as he crosses his legs and displays the half worn rubber hanging down at the heel, don't thrust upon such a one the choice of being a farmer, or starting out in the world single-handed. Such a talent, with a few years' proper cultivation, will yield to its fortunate possessor, thrice an annual income of the best 160-acre farm in Michigan. The artist on *Puck*, the most successful illustrated paper probably in America, received for many years a salary of \$7,000 per year, and resigned to accept a similar position on *The Judge* at \$10,000 per year. At these princely salaries the

demand is greater than the supply for people with ability to do the work, and if you have a child endowed with this happy talent, send him to an academy of design, where he will learn the value of such an endowment, the power to use it, and the proper course to pursue in order to render it of high commercial value.

Mothers often complain of the indisposition to work, freely manifested by the "musician" of the family. "She is always at the piano," is the current accusation of all the family and all the neighbors. If she is always at the piano, no doubt the daughter referred to has ample talent to earn her living through an agreeable avocation, and rather than oppose such inclination, parents would do well to consider the importance of according every stimulant within their power. By the study of music one often acquires the ability to compose, and the royalty on one successful piece of music frequently amounts to a comfortable income. Then there are teaching and church work, both of which are congenial and profitable to an ardent musician, and if she be fortunate enough to enter a thoroughly equipped academy of music, she will learn that "tuning" is a fine art, and commands a good salary, and much more that will be of assistance from a pecuniary point.

No grosser evil exists than the attempt to dwarf the aspirations of the younger classes by constantly affirming that all branches of business, particularly the professions, are full to overflowing. With our steady increase of population, rapid strides of science, and vast resources of undeveloped states and territories, opportunities for unlimited advancement in every walk of life were never so great as to-day.

Followers of literature have always looked upon Carlyle with envy because of his great success in his chosen avocation. He was always a chronic grumbler, everybody knew and acknowledged that, and he also exulted in the reputation of never having praised a man living. Why one so eminently successful could be so crabbed and morose was a mystery. But the recent publication of Carlyle's letters has solved the problem. In writing to his brother, John Carlyle, the great author, whom the world recognized as supreme authority upon many subjects, says: "I can tell you from experience that it is a sad thing for a man to have his bread to gain in the miscellaneous fashion which circumstances have in some degree forced me into; and I can not help seeing that with half the expense, and one-tenth of the labor



which I have incurred, I might at this time have been enjoying the comforts of some solid and fixed establishment in one of the regular departments of exertion, had I been lucky enough to have entered upon any one of them."

This confession from Carlyle clearly attests that his morbidness was due to the fact that his inherent tastes recognized no affinity in the pursuits he had chosen. In despising his work he grew to hate all mankind, and it was very generous of an admiring world to call it "dyspepsia," and then shout praises to his tenacity of purpose.

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#### MANAGEMENT OF HORSES BY WOMEN.

[Paper read before the Farmers' Institute held at Lawrence, Van Buren Co., Dec. 29th, by Mrs. Isaac Monroe.]

The subject you have given me to write upon is one I know so little about, I fear I cannot do it justice. But I think women should know more about horses than we do. How few ladies even know how to harness or hitch a horse to the carriage, and we often hear men laugh about our way of tying horses to the post; still I don't think many get away that are tied by ladies.

Think how much more independent a lady can be who can care for her own horse, especially if no help is at hand, and she lives some distance from neighbors; if anything happens to one member of the family she can get a horse, and go for help, which sometimes is quite necessary; and again, we may be left with a number of horses, and if we do not know something about them, how can we dispose of them to the best advantage. We should know their value, and how they have been cared for; it takes some care to have nice horses.

For instance, after a hard day's work, a horse needs a good bed, plenty of room, not a stall so narrow or small he cannot move without striking the wall. Give them a good box stall and dispense with the halter; they will feel much better the next day, and the extra amount of work they will do, will well pay you for your trouble. Most ladies like a good horse to drive, and what can be a greater pleasure and comfort than a horse of fine disposition, one that will respond to the call of its master or masters; and if we give them kind treatment and the best of care, they will know our voices.

Some men think when ladies drive they must have an old horse, one that is apt to faint or fall by the roadside. Now what can be a source of greater discomfort, or the cause of more regret than to be the unfortunate possessor of such a horse, when with the same amount of feed and intelligent care one might have first class horses. I think after a lady has the care of a horse a while, and the horse knows her, he would rather be in her keeping, and will know when she takes the lines. Men will often say, when driving behind a carriage, "Well, I know a lady is driving that horse, just see how she goes down hill!" But "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and if a horse is trained to walk down hill when being broken, he will not depart from it just because a lady is driving.

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Miss Nellie Burke, the professional horsewoman of Omaha, who is said to be perfectly fearless; she manages her horse skillfully and admirably, and her performances rather throw the professional horseman in the shade. It is certainly a great benefit to women, for as a rule we stay in the house too close. Riding and driving bring us out door, give to us not only pleasure but health; we could do some of the driving on the farm, most of the marketing and many errands. Driving strengthens the muscles; trains the eye, obliges one to keep the mind on the team and gives an invigorating excitement which is healthful and pleasant.

This is my idea of horses: A perfect physical state, which implies typical health, a generous measure of open air, exercise, sufficient rest, food in proportion to work and weather, less for some work in summer than winter—less in hot weather than cool—gentle treatment at all times, with pure air twenty-four hours of every day. This is the law of health for women and horses.

#### THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE AT FLINT.

On the occasion of a visit to Flint, I embraced the opportunity to pay a long desired visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institute located there; and so, unaccompanied, I left my friends to take a long, uphill walk, to the buildings. After I had climbed the hill, entered a broad gateway and followed the winding gravel road to the main building, I found at the doorway a pleasant young lady ready to escort me through the school. I was here criticised for speaking of this school as an *asylum*, and asked to call it an institute, or school. So ignorant was I that I did not even know that there was throughout our country a sign language, but thought each word had to be spelled with the fingers or by writing. I learned in the first grade that a sign indicated an object or word, not a letter; and that the pupils conversed as rapidly as one speaking. Cards with pictures of all animals or objects known to the children are shown them, and the word naming the animal or object is written upon the board; in this way they learn to read. After three years they are able to use such text books as are used in all our schools. They recite mostly by writing upon the board. Depending as they do almost wholly upon writing, they soon learn to write rapidly and well. Some of the teachers went on with their regular work of recitation in arithmetic, grammar, etc.; others conversed with their pupils on various topics to show me how readily they understood; their answers were by signs, sometimes by writing; it was very evident that a correct line of communication had been established between them. Fifteen years ago I had made the acquaintance of an estimable lady whose only child was a son, then two years old, born a mute. I thought of him, and asked if he were there. I learned he was in the grammar grade. As I entered the room I was introduced to Mr. Monroe, the teacher, and said to him, "I would like to see Bertie Champion." He told me where he was seated and signed to Bertie that I knew him. He immediately signed back that he



did not know me. I then said I knew him when he was an infant. The teacher signed this to Bertie by making the motion of a rocking cradle with both arms. He looked at me, smiled, bowed and went on with his writing. I inquired of the teacher what they were doing. He told me that two weeks before he had signed to his pupils the story of Niagara Falls, telling them all he could about them, and then said that at some future time he should ask them to write the story. This was their work at this hour. As they completed their tasks he passed me several of their slates to examine. I was pleased with the excellent manner in which the work was executed, and the correctness in the use of capitals, punctuation marks and spelling. In all I found a sentence, or sentences, in which the arrangement or selection of words seemed very droll. I mentioned this fact to the teacher. He said, "It is always so; but did you ever stop to think that our language is a foreign language to them?" The hour for closing the morning session had arrived, and as I stepped into the hall to watch the children as they passed from the school rooms into the playground, I waited a moment to ask a few questions, when I saw a young lady approaching. She said: "Excuse me, but is not this the lady who used to be — " "Yes, it is," I exclaimed, and in that moment I recognized one of my most faithful and lovable pupils of twenty years ago. She has been a teacher in this Institute five years. To her I am indebted for much valuable information concerning this unfortunate class.

The Michigan Deaf and Dumb Institute was founded in the city of Flint in 1854. Over 1,050 pupils have received instruction there; over 300 being enrolled last year. The course of study begins with the words, cat, dog, etc., and extends through the work of the second year of our high schools. There are some pupils who do not derive much benefit from the discipline, those who do are allowed to remain here ten years if necessary to complete the course. They are then graduated and receive diplomas.

The first school for the deaf was opened in Paris by Abbi de l' Epee, in 1760. He used signs, but the sign language has been greatly improved since. A Spanish monk, Pedro Ponce, is the first person on record as having taught a mute to speak. He lived from 1520 to 1584. In 1778 Heinicke established the first articulation school in Leipsic.

In the Flint school there is a teacher employed one hour each day to teach the deaf to speak. I wish I had the power to describe the terrible harshness, creakiness, hollowness and highness of tone and extreme disagreeableness, of the voice of a mute. Of the teachers in the school nearly one-half are mutes. I cannot close this brief account of this school without mentioning an incident which made a lasting impression upon my mind. On Sunday afternoon I went to communion service at the Congregational church, and soon after service began I recognized Mr. Bangs sitting at my left and two seats in front of me. He was the first superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Flint, and successfully carried on the school for twenty years;

a man greatly beloved and respected. At his side was seated Mr. Brown, who is a mute, and is a teacher in the high school. As the hymns and scripture lesson were announced, Mr. Bangs found the places and handed the books to Mr. Brown. When the solemn tones of prayer were heard, Mr. Bangs' hands told them, word by word, to this imprisoned mind. Not by spelling or writing, but by using both hands, repeating each sentence as rapidly as it was spoken. And when the old story of Jesus' love and suffering was told in such pathetic language, the same medium conveyed them to Mr. Brown, until his face lighted with the holy love it always begets. The sacrament was passed and they two alike were prepared to receive it. Before the service closed it was announced that a collection would be taken for superannuated ministers. After the ushers started down the aisle, Mr. Bangs signed its object to Mr. Brown, who bowed, drew from his pocket a half dollar and gave it with a look of pleasure.

I never realized before how entirely dependent this class of persons is on some one else. How very much of this world and the knowledge of the things which surround them, is hidden from them after all our best endeavors in their behalf! How great a benefactor was he, whose mind first conceived the idea of establishing a sign language! How very thankful I felt that God had opened the hearts of the people of Michigan to make an annual appropriation for the education and happiness of these unfortunate persons.

CHELSEA.

F. E. W.

## ALL FOR LOVE.

The old story, as old as human nature with its vast museum of antithetical passions! Every lineament of the poor dead, wasted, high bred face bespoke it, while the baby-sweet bud, blighted by death's cold frost in the very hour of its first unfoldment lying there so pure and still on poverty's wretched bed, gave added proof to ample evidence.

It had been a "runaway match," the girl marrying one far beneath her in mental, moral and social standing. In all externals she had perforce come down to his level, but that in her inner life her soul had fed hungrily upon the dwarfed growth of culture and refinement that it held within its limits, was evidenced by the impress that that soul in its departing left upon the perishing clay that had at once been its keeper and betrayer: O passion, cruel is thy treacherous recoil. O love, evanishing is thy ephemeral lure! With thoughtful tenderness the hands of gentle strangers prepared the dead mother and babe for the last ceremonies, for she was a stranger to us all and had only drifted in amongst us to die, and to die quickly.

And as we laid the babe with a rose, a lily and myrtle leaves upon her breast, I queried in my heart "Would she have said 'Had I foreseen that even this would be the end of it all so soon, I would have married him as I did, for I loved him so deeply and purely, that had an angel from Heaven begged me to forsake and forget him, obedience would have been impossible.'"

Instinctively my mind felt the impress

of the answer, "She would have said it."

The current literature of to-day makes boast that girls are growing more self-reliant, that they are developing in all ways calculated to relieve them of the probabilities of anything like a morbid sentimentality, but do many facts substantiate the statement?

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

## HOUSE PLANT FERTILIZERS.

While I offer the hand of floral friendship to the writer on "House Plants," I must beg leave to differ with her in regard to the fertilization of the soil for plants. Happy would it be for the florist if he had but to resort to his garden to satisfy the wants of his floral dependents. The knowledge of the wants of each particular genus and variety is the keynote to success in his vocation, as well as to the horticulturist, farmer, stockman, beekeeper, poultry raiser; all find the question of nutrition the most important of all. Our plants are not all native to America, but are principally from distant climates, each having its peculiar atmosphere and soil, to which the plant is adapted in growth, and success in growing such plants depends on knowledge of the conditions of their native habitat. Although the study may seem elaborate, it is pleasant and essential to the flower lover. There are many who will by watching and studying plants in their care understand their needs, while others kill with kindness or neglect, everything being done in extremes. Our staunch and much-enduring friend, the geranium, if not a native of the soil is so well acclimated by years of good and bad treatment, and so nearly allied by kinship to many of our garden plants, we may have a very good success with it even in good garden soil. But it smiles gratefully over the extras of good living. I find, as well as the balsam, tropeolum and others, although dissimilar in appearance, its "next of kin."

As "Josiah Allen's Wife" would say, "It is a cast iron fact" that rank barnyard manure is unsuited to house plants, or for direct application to any plant life; yet when thoroughly decomposed and improved by the addition of other fertilizers, it is one of the essentials. When we mention woods' soil, we do not refer to muck from swamps, but to the decayed leaves and vegetation which when undisturbed, gathers by the agency of wind and storms into little hollows, and is enriched by washings in storms until it is one of the best plant foods. A compost of woods soil, sand, ashes, suds, night soil, animal manure fermented, deodorized and thoroughly decomposed, is an excellent manure for plants, out of doors or in. Pansies will laugh and wink slyly as if knowing what it will do for them; the dahlia, gladiolus, geranium, coleus and rose delight in such rich applications, and in blooming time appreciate liquid manures in addition.

There are some plants that require less of rich fertilizing, as *Farfugium*, *Achimenes*; cactus, etc., prefer light soil, but rich with vegetable manure. The very best *Farfugium* I ever saw was planted in compost from beneath the barn door and bridge, where litter from hay and grain



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#### THE DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE AT FLINT.

On the occasion of a visit to Flint, I embraced the opportunity to pay a long desired visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institute located there; and so, unaccompanied, I left my friends to take a long, uphill walk, to the buildings. After I had climbed the hill, entered a broad gateway and followed the winding gravel road to the main building, I found at the doorway a pleasant young lady ready to escort me through the school. I was here criticised for speaking of this school as an *asylum*, and asked to call it an institute, or school. So ignorant was I that I did not even know that there was throughout our country a sign language, but thought each word had to be spelled with the fingers or by writing. I learned in the first grade that a sign indicated an object or word, not a letter; and that the pupils conversed as rapidly as one speaking. Cards with pictures of all animals or objects known to the children are shown them, and the word naming the animal or object is written upon the board; in this way they learn to read. After three years they are able to use such text books as are used in all our schools. They recite mostly by writing upon the board. Depending as they do almost wholly upon writing, they soon learn to write rapidly and well. Some of the teachers went on with their regular work of recitation in arithmetic, grammar, etc.; others conversed with their pupils on various topics to show me how readily they understood; their answers were by signs, sometimes by writing; it was very evident that a correct line of communication had been established between them. Fifteen years ago I had made the acquaintance of an estimable lady whose only child was a son, then two years old, born a mute. I thought of him, and asked if he were there. I learned he was in the grammar grade. As I entered the room I was introduced to Mr. Monroe, the teacher, and said to him, "I would like to see Bertie Champion." He told me where he was seated and signed to Bertie that I knew him. He immediately signed back that he



did not know me. I then said I knew him when he was an infant. The teacher signed this to Bertie by making the motion of a rocking cradle with both arms. He looked at me, smiled, bowed and went on with his writing. I inquired of the teacher what they were doing. He told me that two weeks before he had signed to his pupils the story of Niagara Falls, telling them all he could about them, and then said that at some future time he should ask them to write the story. This was their work at this hour. As they completed their tasks he passed me several of their slates to examine. I was pleased with the excellent manner in which the work was executed, and the correctness in the use of capitals, punctuation marks and spelling. In all I found a sentence, or sentences, in which the arrangement or selection of words seemed very droll. I mentioned this fact to the teacher. He said, "It is always so; but did you ever stop to think that our language is a foreign language to them?" The hour for closing the morning session had arrived, and as I stepped into the hall to watch the children as they passed from the school rooms into the playground, I waited a moment to ask a few questions, when I saw a young lady approaching. She said: "Excuse me, but is not this the lady who used to be — 'Yes, it is,' I exclaimed, and in that moment I recognized one of my most faithful and lovable pupils of twenty years ago. She has been a teacher in this Institute five years. To her I am indebted for much valuable information concerning this unfortunate class.

The Michigan Deaf and Dumb Institute was founded in the city of Flint in 1854. Over 1,050 pupils have received instruction there; over 300 being enrolled last year. The course of study begins with the words, cat, dog, etc., and extends through the work of the second year of our high schools. There are some pupils who do not derive much benefit from the discipline, those who do are allowed to remain here ten years if necessary to complete the course. They are then graduated and receive diplomas.

The first school for the deaf was opened in Paris by Abbi de l' Epee, in 1760. He used signs, but the sign language has been greatly improved since. A Spanish monk, Pedro Ponce, is the first person on record as having taught a mute to speak. He lived from 1520 to 1584. In 1778 Heinicke established the first articulation school in Leipsic.

In the Flint school there is a teacher employed one hour each day to teach the deaf to speak. I wish I had the power to describe the terrible harshness, creakiness, hollowness and highness of tone and extreme disagreeableness, of the voice of a mute. Of the teachers in the school nearly one-half are mutes. I cannot close this brief account of this school without mentioning an incident which made a lasting impression upon my mind. On Sunday afternoon I went to communion service at the Congregational church, and soon after service began I recognized Mr. Bangs sitting at my left and two seats in front of me. He was the first superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Flint, and successfully carried on the school for twenty years;

a man greatly beloved and respected. At his side was seated Mr. Brown, who is a mute, and is a teacher in the high school. As the hymns and scripture lesson were announced, Mr. Bangs found the places and handed the books to Mr. Brown. When the solemn tones of prayer were heard, Mr. Bangs' hands told them, word by word, to this imprisoned mind. Not by spelling or writing, but by using both hands, repeating each sentence as rapidly as it was spoken. And when the old story of Jesus' love and suffering was told in such pathetic language, the same medium conveyed them to Mr. Brown, until his face lighted with the holy love it always begets. The sacrament was passed and they two alike were prepared to receive it. Before the service closed it was announced that a collection would be taken for superannuated ministers. After the ushers started down the aisle, Mr. Bangs signed its object to Mr. Brown, who bowed, drew from his pocket a half dollar and gave it with a look of pleasure.

I never realized before how entirely dependent this class of persons is on some one else. How very much of this world and the knowledge of the things which surround them, is hidden from them after all our best endeavors in their behalf! How great a benefactor was he, whose mind first conceived the idea of establishing a sign language! How very thankful I felt that God had opened the hearts of the people of Michigan to make an annual appropriation for the education and happiness of these unfortunate persons.

CHELSEA.

F. E. W.

## ALL FOR LOVE.

The old story, as old as human nature with its vast museum of antithetical passions! Every lineament of the poor dead, wasted, high bred face bespoke it, while the baby—sweet bud, blighted by death's cold frost in the very hour of its first unfolding lying there so pure and still on poverty's wretched bed, gave added proof to ample evidence.

It had been a "runaway match," the girl marrying one far beneath her in mental, moral and social standing. In all externals she had perforce come down to his level, but that in her inner life her soul had fed hungrily upon the dwarfed growth of culture and refinement that it held within its limits, was evidenced by the impress that that soul in its departing left upon the perishing clay that had at once been its keeper and betrayer: O passion, cruel is thy treacherous recoil. O love, evanishing is thy ephemeral lure! With thoughtful tenderness the hands of gentle strangers prepared the dead mother and babe for the last ceremonies, for she was a stranger to us all and had only drifted in amongst us to die, and to die quickly.

And as we laid the babe with a rose, a lily and myrtle leaves upon her breast, I queried in my heart "Would she have said 'Had I foreseen that even this would be the end of it all so soon, I would have married him as I did, for I loved him so deeply and purely, that had an angel from Heaven begged me to forsake and forget him, obedience would have been impossible.'"

Instinctively my mind felt the impress

of the answer, "She would have said it."

The current literature of to-day makes boast that girls are growing more self-reliant, that they are developing in all ways calculated to relieve them of the probabilities of anything like a morbid sentimentality, but do many facts substantiate the statement?

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

## HOUSE PLANT FERTILIZERS.

While I offer the hand of floral friendship to the writer on "House Plants," I must beg leave to differ with her in regard to the fertilization of the soil for plants. Happy would it be for the florist if he had but to resort to his garden to satisfy the wants of his floral dependents. The knowledge of the wants of each particular genus and variety is the keynote to success in his vocation, as well as to the horticulturist, farmer, stockman, beekeeper, poultry raiser; all find the question of nutrition the most important of all. Our plants are not all native to America, but are principally from distant climates, each having its peculiar atmosphere and soil, to which the plant is adapted in growth, and success in growing such plants depends on knowledge of the conditions of their native habitat. Although the study may seem elaborate, it is pleasant and essential to the flower lover. There are many who will by watching and studying plants in their care understand their needs, while others kill with kindness or neglect, everything being done in extremes. Our staunch and much-enduring friend, the geranium, if not a native of the soil is so well acclimated by years of good and bad treatment, and so nearly allied by kinship to many of our garden plants, we may have a very good success with it even in good garden soil. But it smiles gratefully over the extras of good living, I find, as well as the balsam, tropeolum and others, although dissimilar in appearance, its "next of kin."

As "Josiah Allen's Wife" would say, "It is a cast iron fact" that rank barnyard manure is unsuited to house plants, or for direct application to any plant life; yet when thoroughly decomposed and improved by the addition of other fertilizers, it is one of the essentials. When we mention woods' soil, we do not refer to muck from swamps, but to the decayed leaves and vegetation which when undisturbed, gathers by the agency of wind and storms into little hollows, and is enriched by washings in storms until it is one of the best plant foods. A compost of woods soil, sand, ashes, suds, night soil, animal manure fermented, deodorized and thoroughly decomposed, is an excellent manure for plants, out of doors or in. Pansies will laugh and wink slyly as if knowing what it will do for them; the dahlia, gladiolus, geranium, coleus and rose delight in such rich applications, and in blooming time appreciate liquid manures in addition.

There are some plants that require less of rich fertilizing, as *Farfugium*, *Achimenes*, cactus, etc., prefer light soil, but rich with vegetable manure. The very best *Farfugium* I ever saw was planted in compost from beneath the barn door and bridge, where litter from hay and grain



driven in the barn was scattered, and no other manure with it but that, undisturbed and moistened by drippings from the eaves, with the sand beneath, a soil that was just suited to the *Farfugium*; excellent, with some further enriching, for callies and fuchsias, and for Chinese primroses and Japan lilies as "good as gold!"

Plants require plenty of air; not cold draughts, but what we would like for ourselves, and in regard to cleanliness and freedom from the ever pervading carpet dust, we may take our own health and comfort as guide. Insects are sure to intrude when plants are in too close quarters, just as with birds or animals, and although we may have our plants in the best condition, in buying sometimes we may chance to get a few insects to start with, and much annoyance ensue. We have plant enemies, like temptations thickly placed in the way, as I heard a farmer remark "There is a bug or a worm to grab every blamed thing we plant, either under or above ground, and if not enough in America they're free enough abroad to send us some." Yes, I say, and we'll find weapons that will annihilate them.

FENTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER (DILL).

#### BRIEF MENTION.

We have several short letters at hand which we find necessary to condense somewhat in order to make room for them in this issue, doing this in preference to holding them over another week. A correspondent who believes in furnaces, says:

"Some object to sitting around a hole in the floor to get warm. Now if such people think they can get warm faster by seeing the firelight, an old stove might be set in one corner of the room in which a lighted lamp may be placed, which will probably answer the purpose. It seems to me that Pearl Diamond must have overdrawn her picture of married life, but if that is true my name shall never be changed from  
TOPSY O'DAY.

MRS. F. W. H., of Ann Arbor, after some very kind and friendly compliments to the *HOUSEHOLD* and its editor concludes:

"I was very much interested in Mrs. Woodman's essay on house plants. I fully agree with her in regard to the refining influence plants have in our homes. To me a house without plants is akin to a house without children. I often think of what a poor girl once told me. In going about a strange city in search of a home, she paused in front of a house where the veranda was filled with beautiful plants, and decided to go in and make known her wants, feeling sure she would find warm and kind hearts within. She was not mistaken."

MAE, of Flint, expresses her literary preferences as follows:

"Who does not love to read? Longfellow, Tennyson, and Holland are some of my favorites. If any of the readers have not read "Lessons in Life by a Pair of Hands," I advise them to get it if possible. Pansy also is a favorite, and Mrs. Whitney. Anti Over should read her "We Girls" and "Other Girls." Received to-day a letter from a friend in Stafford, Oregon, dated Dec. 26th, 1886. Perhaps the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* will be interested to know that potatoes are selling there for ninety cents a hundredweight; wheat seventy-five cents a bushel and oats forty-two cents. Had been raining most of the time for two weeks, and the streams in the mountains

were so swollen that the mail carrier lost his horse and had to walk in that week. Crops are looking fine, no frost to hurt anything yet. Another letter from Kansas, dated Jan. 2, 1887, says the ground there is frozen; and one from northern Michigan says the bay is frozen over and good sleighing. Here my brother comes in and says 'thermometer down to zero!' Let's all go to Oregon where it is warm. I am coming to visit Dill's garden some time. I hardly think it would be very attractive just now."

#### KINDLINGS.

Thanks to Maybelle for her kind offer, but I can procure a potato ball within two or three miles of home, and yet the question remains unanswered. From whence did they originate? Did the first one come over in the Mayflower, or did it sail with Noah in the ark? Yeast cakes do not make the genuine article.

To Anti-Over I would say, corn cobs saturated with kerosene are decidedly non-explosive. I know that Anti-Over is an expert with the jack-knife, as well as the hammer and saw, but where I saw the cob kindlings, the lady of the house had to favor her right arm on account of lameness. They were kept in a two-quart basin on the back of the kitchen table, covered with an old tin cover; one piece used at a time.

I have heard of a farmer's wife not a hundred miles from here who failed to have the supper ready when her husband left the field at six o'clock, merely for the want of shavings. The next night finding the situation the same, he took a bag and marched off to town after shavings. To such I would say where corn stalks are fed out and tramped on, they make splendid kindling when dry in the summer. I never carry the kerosene can to the stove under any circumstances, as I have no desire to go to heaven by the kerosene route.

BESS.

#### HELP THE MOTHERS.

There has been a great deal said in nearly every *HOUSEHOLD* on the question of housework, and indeed we know it's a great question, for its duties seem unending to those who are engaged therein; it is breakfast, dinner and supper, year in and year out, with plenty of other work between whiles. But then, don't it seem strange that although many young ladies seem to think it beneath their dignity to learn to get a decent meal, or help their weary mother wash and iron their tucks and ruffles, when a young man comes along and asks them to keep house for him, the most of them jump at the first chance? The new cares, household duties and trials, come upon them, and the young wife who before marriage hardly knew the meaning of duty, and was always shielded by a loving mother from work or anything which the daughter did not want to do, cries out against housework. Truly they are servants indeed, for the work must be done after a fashion, and who so fitted as to enjoy working as those who know how to work? Labor is truly a blessing, unless we are compelled to overwork; and let us remember that many times when we think we are overworked, we are overworried, which is far worse for both soul and body. So girls, you who have mothers, patiently plodding on in the kitchen, learn of them,

while you have them, all the helps of housework, and put them in practice by lightening the cares of this same mother; and in the future when cares press close upon you, you will be glad of the knowledge thus gained, and the time thus improved. What is the use of complaining that our lot seems to be so full of labor? If our dear ones were taken from us, and we denied the sweet privilege of caring for them, many would be our unavailing cries for those things at which we now repine.

"Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,  
Or our task seems very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
May we gain anew fresh courage,  
As we rise and proudly say  
Let us do our duty bravely,  
This was our dear mother's way."

NORTH ADAMS.

R.

We acknowledge the receipt of a fine cabinet photograph of "Mollie Moonshine" and her husband, of Old Mission, Grand Traverse County, for the *HOUSEHOLD* album. Our thanks are also due A. L. L. for excellent pictures of herself and her husband. We have now twelve cabinet and eight card photographs, and still cry for "more"

E. M. P., of Kalamazoo, desires information on the following question: "Which is the best, in point of work, safety and economy, for a family of eight persons, in the far west, where wood and coal are scarce and high, a kerosene or gasoline stove; and what kind?" We shall be glad to have our correspondents reply to this inquiry, as the information gained will be of benefit to others, as well as to E. M. P.

STEAM HEATING.—The subject of heating houses by means of hot air furnaces has been thoroughly discussed by different members of the *HOUSEHOLD*; but seeing no reference to steam heaters, I would like to ask some one who knows of them, or has used one, if this method is satisfactory.

HUDSON.

EURIE M.

A SISTER housekeeper says she had a gallon jar of very strong butter, "strong enough to stop a clock," which tasted so badly it imparted its flavor to everything it was used in. She filled a large kettle a third full of boiling water, put in the butter, added a large tablespoonful of baking soda and a teaspoonful of sal-soda, stirring frequently until it came to the boiling point, when she took it from the fire and put it in a cool place to harden. She removed the butter carefully from the water, worked a little salt into it, and repacked it. The grain was spoiled, but it made fairly good cooking butter.

#### Contributed Recipes.

SALLY LUNN.—One and a half pounds sifted flour; one pint new milk; two ounces butter; salt; three eggs well beaten; half cup sugar; half cup good yeast; make into a smooth batter. Pour into well greased square tins, deep ones are best, and when risen light, bake a delicate brown. Cut in squares; serve hot. To be eaten with butter, like warm biscuit.

TEA CAKE.—One quart flour; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; half pound lard; half pound raisins and currants. Roll two inches thick; bake in quick oven; split, butter, serve hot.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.