

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 6, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

FORESHADOWED.

BY A. H. J.

Under the rounded, dimpled chin,
I tie her hat-strings into a bow,
And plead for a parting word and kiss
With the tender love that all mothers know.

She gives them both in a hasty way,
Then dances off in her merry glee,
To join a group of her mates at play,
With never a backward glance for me.

And, as I turn to my work, I look
On a picture held in the clasp of years,
Till my heart grows sad with keen regret,
And my eyes are heavy with unshed tears.

For I see the time when, bright and glad,
In youth's fair world she will seek her part,
With but little thought for the woman sad,
Whom she leaves behind, with a lonely heart.
THOMAS, Mich., April 28th, 1884.

HOW MUCH SHALL SHE BEAR?

In one of A. H. J.'s letters she asks what the bride of a few months can do when she finds her husband is a gambler, libertine, drunkard, or heartlessly cruel, points out several paths she may choose, but advises her to keep silent until her wrongs become unbearable, and let the world first hear them through legal steps for a separation. This is the only dignified—I had almost said decent—course, the only one a self respecting woman can pursue. To parade a husband's misdoings before the public is not a wife's part, no matter how ill treated; the world should only know what it can see.

But the question how much a wife should bear before resorting to man's law to release her from the promises of her wedding day, is of considerable moment. There is no denying that this easy rupture of the marriage bond is the great and threatening danger of the times. The proportion of divorces to marriages is something appalling, (it has doubled within twenty years,) especially when we remember that every divorce means a home destroyed, a family sundered, and generally children deprived of one or the other of their natural protectors. The remark is often made that if people cannot live together peaceably and happily, it is better they should separate—and, inferentially, each seek a new union and greater harmony. But this free and easy change of partners leads directly to social anarchy, and to the destruction of every tie that mankind is bound to hold sacred; and would shortly place us upon a level with barbarous tribes, where family ties are cobweb fetters.

The four legal grounds for separation,

unfaithfulness, conviction of crime, habitual drunkenness and gross cruelty, have been increased in some States to nine! The charge of cruelty is made to cover those who tire of their companion, see some one they like better, or are inclined to return to the old freedom of single life. The legal gentleman of our dinner-table remarked recently that four-fifths of the divorces granted were for alleged cruelty and "incompatibility of temper." The parties had simply tired of each other and wanted to take another chance in the matrimonial grab-bag. One item in the bill of complaint in a divorce case was the refusal of the husband to buy a furlined circular for the wife! A six-footer weighing a couple of hundred avoirdupois was released from a *petite* lady whom he could almost have put in the pocket of his Newmarket, on the grounds of "extreme cruelty!" In nine cases out of ten a third person waits just outside the court-room, and when the decree is granted, the marriage of one or the other of the divorced parties follows quick upon it. "Marry in haste and repent till you can get a divorce," seems the sentiment of the day.

Shall a wife leave her husband because, like the renowned "pumpkin eater," he has "married a wife and cannot keep her" in her accustomed luxury? Because her married life does not come up to the ideal existence she pictured, because her husband has grown careless and neglectful, because she has allowed the deadly chill of indifference to settle over her own heart, because she has seen some one else she likes better—none of these justify her. Mutual forbearance is the vital necessity of the married life. The secret of social success is to wound no one's self-love, and this gives us a key to help keep the marriage relationship happy.

"For still in mutual suifrance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving."

If the marriage tie were thought to be more irrevocable, if the wife took the pains to keep the husband that she did to win the lover, if the husband would not forget the courtesy and tenderness which won him favor in his *fiancee's* eyes, if both would conspire to make love a constant fireside guest, the *couleur de rose* would not fade with the waning of the honeymoon. What most destroys our happiness is so often what we might blame ourselves for, our own follies and mistakes.

If a girl knows before marriage that her husband-to-be drinks, gambles or is a

libertine, but rests her happiness upon the frail hope of reforming him afterward, is she justified in appealing to the law to release her from a covenant she entered into with her eyes open? The Supreme Court of Iowa has just decided this point, and girls contemplating marriage will do well to heed the warning. The judge refused the petition of a wife, whose husband was a confirmed drunkard, when the evidence showed she knew him to be intemperate when she married him, saying: "You voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband. His promise of reformation made before marriage, does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard, you must content yourself with the relationship." The sentiment applies to other conditions as well. Girls, if the young man who comes wooing you has any of these vices, which will so surely render your life miserable if persisted in, wait; *let him reform first*. If he will not reform, and wait until you are convinced that it is no passing spasm of amendment, give him up, no matter how dear he is. Better a sharp pain which time will heal, (ah, you think you can "never get over it," but you will) rather than a wretched lifetime spent in endurance. And when you do marry, resolve to abide by your bargain; bear all things, endure all things; and only seek release when both God's law and man's agree in setting the union aside.

BEATRIX.

THAT WOOD-BOX OF MINE.

I have spent my life thus far "in a struggle with dirt," but now the unequal warfare is at an end, and all because of that wood-box of mine. In every farmer's family where the woman does her own work the kitchen is, in reality, the living room for the first half of the day, and when a neighbor drops in of an errand, or for a hasty morning call, they are very likely to sit down there for a few minutes' chat while the woman goes on with her work. The kitchen where "I am monarch of all I survey" is large, high, light, and pleasant, but instead of giving such caller a seat with ease and grace (?) I was always obliged to make a dash for broom and dust-pan to brush up the litter from the wood-box, that was filled to overflowing and scattering dirt and bits of bark all over the region round about. Much of the wood used by farmers comes from the tops of trees used for sawlogs or rails, or from "picking up" the woods, and such makes any

Apiarian.

Two Methods of Treating Foul Brood.

Dr. A. B. Mason, in a paper on the cause and cure of foul brood, read before the Southeastern Michigan Bee Keepers' Association, gave three methods of treating this much dreaded disease, as follows:

"The first I tried was Mr. Muth's method, with salicylic acid. I took disinfected hives and put in frames filled with foundation, and set the hive near where the diseased colony stood. I then shook and brushed all the bees into, or in front of the new hive, (none of the bees should be allowed to enter any other colony). I then removed the infected hive and combs to a place where no bees could find them, till I had time to extract the foul honey, melt the combs, and boil the hive. I then fed the colony about a pint of boiled honey each day for a week. To this honey I added salicylic acid as directed by Mr. Muth. His directions are sixteen grains of borax, sixteen grains of salicylic acid and an ounce of water, and put this amount in each quart of honey. I boil all infected honey before using it to feed bees. Some have reported that this method has proved a failure with them, but with myself and others in this locality, it has been a perfect success.

"Another method of curing the disease, is the starvation plan, and I was as successful with this as with the acid plan. I shook the bees into a clean hive and confined them until they had consumed the honey taken in their honey-sacs, which was shown by their beginning to fall from the cluster. A more convenient way would have been to put wire cloth on the top of a hive, or box, and place it on its side, so as to be able to see when the bees fall from the cluster. I then gave them clean hives with foundation. I had two colonies that seemed bound not to starve. One held out for nine days, and the other for ten days, before showing any signs of giving up the struggle.

"The other method I call the California plan; and it proved to be so much more troublesome, that I tried but few colonies by it. In the evening, cage the queen; the next evening tie the queen cage to an empty frame; place it in a clean hive and shake all the bees into the same hive; leaving them so that they can fly for three days, and then shake them into a clean hive, and release the queen. I prefer Mr. Muth's plan with salicylic acid; because the bees can be at work, drawing out foundation and gathering honey, and the queen may deposit eggs.

"All infected honey should be boiled before feeding to the bees; all combs melted; and all hives boiled before being used again. Washing with the acid solution, I believe, will answer the same purpose as boiling, but is more trouble for me. I have kept a bottle of the solution on hand with which to disinfect my hands, smoker, knife, etc., before going

to any other colony or work, after handling a foul broody one.

"Failure has been reported from all these methods; but I believe something has been omitted, or something overdone where such failure has occurred, and here is such a case: A party trying the California method reported it a failure, but they did not follow the instructions. Instead of putting the bees in a empty hive, he put in 'some drone combs for the bees to cluster on,' and the bees put the honey taken with them, in the empty cells, and so had a good start for foul brood."

DR. MILLER, who has been examining bees dead of diarrhoea by aid of a microscope is said by H. C. Whitlow, in the *Bee Journal*, to have discovered as follows: "Bees that had been dead 24 or 48 hours were taken, and the yellow brown matter (the same that is discharged by the live bees before death) was mixed with matter to clarify it, and when submitted to examination under the microscope, a mass of pollen grains could be plainly seen. Most of the pollen grains are so perfect that the class of plants from which they came can be identified. The contents of the bodies of many dead bees were examined carefully, and in every instance this yellowish-brown mass was pollen, and sometimes mingled with honey. The fact that all the bees were full of this pollen, and that being in a state of partial decomposition and undigested, strongly points to the conclusion that pollen is the primary cause of the disease.

The *American Agriculturist* says: "As is known, bees become irritable if handled after gathering ceases in the autumn. To take out extra comb, extract the uncapped honey, and prepare for winter, is often the most dreaded work of the season. The bees seem cross at the failure to obtain labor, and cannot endure disturbance. By using a bee tent, made of wire gauze or mosquito netting, and large enough to set over the hive and operator all this danger and trouble is avoided. The bees are apparently frightened into good behavior, and are as amiable as though in the midst of the honey harvest. The bee tent also prevents robbing, which is quite likely to be induced if we work with the bees when they are irritable from enforced idleness.

In Germany the hives used are about the same size as those used here. That the hives were placed, as a rule, closer together than we do in America. That almost invariably the hives are placed under a cover something like a pavillion and that not infrequently a house is built open at the base, where a great number of hives are placed, while in the next story the family of the apiarist take up their abode.

In answer to a question put at the Tuscola County Bee-Keepers' Convention, as to the proper time to remove bees from their winter quarters. W. Z. Hutchinson said he would not remove until willows and soft maples were in bloom.

Michigan Central R. R.

Depot foot of Fourth street. Ticket offices, 154 Jefferson ave., and Depot. All trains arrive and depart on Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Detroit time.

Chicago Trains	Leave, going west	Arrive, from west.
New York Limited Ex.	\$11.50 a m
Mail, via Main & Air line	*6.55 a m	*6.10 p m
Day Express.....	*9.30 a m	*6.25 p m
Kal. & Three Rivers Ac	*4.00 p m	*11.45 a m
Jackson Express.....	*5.50 p m	*9.55 a m
Evening Express.....	*7.55 p m	*8.25 a m
Pacific Express.....	*9.15 p m	*5.55 a m
GRAND RAPIDS TRAINS.		
Fast Express.....	\$11.50 p m
Day Express.....	*9.30 a m	*6.25 p m
Grand Rapids Express.	*4.00 p m	*11.45 p m
Night Express.....	*9.15 p m	*8.25 a m
SAGINAW AND BAY CITY TRAINS.		
Bay City & Sag. Exp.	*4.55 p m	*9.50 p m
Marquette & Mackinaw	*8.45 a m	*11.20 p m
Night Express.....	*10.55 p m	*5.55 a m
TOLEDO TRAINS.		
Cincinnati Express.....	*8.20 a m	*7.25 p m
St. L. Cin. Clev. and Col	*8.10 p m	*11.50 a m
Cincinnati Express....	*6.50 p m	*8.05 a m
Toledo Express.....	*9.30 p m	*12.05 a m

Canada Division.	Leave, going east.	Arrive, from east.
Buffalo and Toronto Trains.		
Atlantic Express.....	*6.15 a m	*8.50 p m
Accom't'n from Windsor	*7.15 a m	*8.50 p m
Fast Day Express.....	*11.50 a m	*8.00 p m
New York & Boston Ex	*7.30 p m
Limited Express.....	*12.15 a m	*8.10 a m
*Daily. *Except Sundays. *Except Mondays.		
CHAS. A. WARREN, City P. & T. Agt.	O. W. RUGGLES, Gen'l P. & T. Agt.	
Mar. 9, 1893. Detroit, Mich.	Chicago, Ill.	

FLINT & PEEB MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Depot Foot of Third Street. Ticket office 154 Jefferson Avenue and in Depot.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

	Arrive.	Depart.
Bay City & Saginaw Mail..	*10:50a m	*8:40 a m
Bay City & Ludington Exp	*8:45 p m	*12:10 p m
Bay City & Saginaw Exp	*9:55 p m	*5:00 p m
Bay City & Ludington Exp	*1:05a m	*11:30 p m

Sleeping Car on Night and Parlor Car on Day Trains.

*Daily except Sundays +Daily.
C. A. WARREN, P. & T. Agt.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

Cincinnati, Colum's and Cleve. Express.....	Leave.	Arrive.
Chicago Express.....	7 12 a m	1 02 p m
Adrian, Toledo, Cleveland & Buffalo Express	8 52 a m	6 42 p m
Fayette, Chicago & Cincinnati Express.....	3 10 p m	7 25 p m
	6 12 p m	10 22 a m

The 7 25 p m train will arrive, and the 3 10 p m train depart from the Fourth street depot. Other trains will arrive and depart from the Brush street depot. Daily except Sunday.

Up-town ticket office No. 154 Jefferson Avenue

DETROIT, GRAND HAVEN & MILWAUKEE RAILROAD.

Depot Foot of Brush Street. Trains run by Central Standard Time, which is 28 minutes slower Detroit time. In effect December 30th, 1893.

	Depart.	Arrive.
*Morning Express	6:50 a m	11:45 a m
*Through Mail	10:30 a m	4:50 p m
*Grand Rapids Express..	4:30 a m	9:50 p m
*Holly and Saginaw Ex..	8:35 p m	8:00 a m
*Night Express.....	10:30 p m	5:25 a m
*Daily, Sundays excepted. +Daily. +Daily, Saturdays excepted.		

Through Mail has Parlor Car to Grand Haven. Chicago Express at 8:30 a m has through coaches and Pullman Parlor Day Car to Chicago.

Chicago and Owosso Express at 8:35 p m has through coaches and Pullman Palace Sleepers to Chicago.

Night Express has Wagner Sleeper from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

Sleeping Car berths can be secured at G. T. R'y Ticket Office, 156 Jefferson Ave., and at Depot.

T. TANDY, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Detroit.

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unfaithfulness, conviction of crime, habitual drunkenness and gross cruelty, have been increased in some States to nine! The charge of cruelty is made to cover those who tire of their companion, see some one they like better, or are inclined to return to the old freedom of single life. The legal gentleman of our dinner-table remarked recently that four-fifths of the divorces granted were for alleged cruelty and "incompatibility of temper." The parties had simply tired of each other and wanted to take another chance in the matrimonial grab-bag. One item in the bill of complaint in a divorce case was the refusal of the husband to buy a furlined circular for the wife! A six-footer weighing a couple of hundred avoirdupois was released from a *petite* lady whom he could almost have put in the pocket of his Newmarket, on the grounds of "extreme cruelty!" In nine cases out of ten a third person waits just outside the court-room, and when the decree is granted, the marriage of one or the other of the divorced parties follows quick upon it. "Marry in haste and repent till you can get a divorce," seems the sentiment of the day.

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libertine, but rests her happiness upon the frail hope of reforming him afterward, is she justified in appealing to the law to release her from a covenant she entered into with her eyes open? The Supreme Court of Iowa has just decided this point, and girls contemplating marriage will do well to heed the warning. The judge refused the petition of a wife, whose husband was a confirmed drunkard, when the evidence showed she knew him to be intemperate when she married him, saying: "You voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband. His promise of reformation made before marriage, does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard, you must content yourself with the relationship." The sentiment applies to other conditions as well. Girls, if the young man who comes wooing you has any of these vices, which will so surely render your life miserable if persisted in, wait; let him reform first. If he will not reform, and wait until you are convinced that it is no passing spasm of amendment, give him up, no matter how dear he is. Better a sharp pain which time will heal, (ah, you think you can "never get over it," but you will) rather than a wretched lifetime spent in endurance. And when you do marry, resolve to abide by your bargain; bear all things, endure all things, and only seek release when both God's law and man's agree in setting the union aside.

BEATRIX.

THAT WOOD-BOX OF MINE.

I have spent my life thus far "in a struggle with dirt," but now the unequal warfare is at an end, and all because of that wood-box of mine. In every farmer's family where the woman does her own work the kitchen is, in reality, the living room for the first half of the day, and when a neighbor drops in of an errand, or for a hasty morning call, they are very likely to sit down there for a few minutes' chat while the woman goes on with her work. The kitchen where "I am monarch of all I survey" is large, high, light, and pleasant, but instead of giving such caller a seat with ease and grace (?) I was always obliged to make a dash for broom and dust-pan to brush up the litter from the wood-box, that was filled to overflowing and scattering dirt and bits of bark all over the region round about. Much of the wood used by farmers comes from the tops of trees used for sawlogs or rails, or from "picking up" the woods, and such makes any

amount of litter. I know a house where each separate stick is brushed before it is carried into the kitchen, but a tired, hungry farmer coming through the wood-house to "load up" on his way to dinner is not apt to do that way. By the arrangement of our kitchen it was carried to the farther side of the room, leaving a trail of litter to mark the path across the carpet and all to be swept back again, the process being as near perpetual motion as anything I have known. We had accepted the situation during all these fifteen years because we thought there was no remedy, but all in a day we planned it otherwise, and now we are reveling in the change. There's nothing new about our plan, it is only one of those conveniences cut through the side wall and allowing of being filled from the wood-house, but with the stove moved near, for farther convenience, the difference in the work is wonderful. Try it, all ye working sisters, and be convinced, for with all that litter out of the way that room does not now need sweeping but once a day.

Another of our new conveniences is just such an open V drain as Beatrix described a few weeks since, and on the very day that paper was received I had christened it. We had tried various kinds of underground conductors, but none proved satisfactory, partly because of the close proximity of the well; but this open drain is made water-tight and carries the slops to such a distance from the house that it is simply perfect, with no clogging or unhealthy odor, and it is entirely out of the way, and not visible from the street because of an evergreen hedge. I assured "Eli" on that first day that it saved half the work of washing. (The opening is in the most convenient place in the wood-house floor, so there's no lifting of tubs or pails.) He said: "Well, if that saves half, I'll just fix another one, then the washing will do itself." This, of course, destroyed my argument, but did not lessen the convenience.

The convenience of a thing is in having it convenient. I have in mind a farm house where there is an elaborately constructed receiver and drain therefrom, but the woman has to carry all the slops from the kitchen across another large room and the length of a long veranda to get to it, and the cellar door is as far off in another direction, but an architect planned the fine house and all its belongings. Many husbands have an equally good idea of convenience, and go so far as to say that a cupboard must be in a certain place, doors must open a certain way, or the clothes line be put where it is out of their way, no matter how unhandy for carrying the wet, heavy clothes. Supposing a wife went into the barn that is in process of building or repairing, and commenced to dictate about the granary or the stables, would she not be ordered back to the house as she deserved to be? Is not the husband equally out of his sphere in planning the arrangements of the house?

Thanking the Editor and members for a kindly welcome, I remain EL SNE.

WASHINGTON, April 30th.

TRAINING OUR DAUGHTERS.

For a long time I have wanted to become one of the members of the Household, and now I feel that I must enter the ranks at once, or there will not be room for me. I think the Household a very nice little paper, and becoming better every week.

A great deal has been written about the probability of a school teacher's making a good housekeeper; and I want to say a few words about the probability of some of our young girls making good housekeepers. There are many young ladies, even in families in ordinary circumstances, who do practically none of the housework, the mother making a perfect drudge of herself in order that her girls shall have "a good time;" saying to herself that they will have it hard enough when they get older, and that she wants them to have a good time while they are young. Now, I think, instead of doing them a kindness, she is really and unintentionally doing them a great wrong. In the first place she is allowing them to live a selfish life by living upon the hard work of others, by enjoying all the pleasures while other members of the family are doing all the work; in the second place, an idle life, or a life where there is nothing done except for one's own amusement, develops into a discontented, unhappy one. I think, even in a family where they are able to hire all the work done, it is much better for a girl to have a regular part of the work to do each morning, than to do merely something which she happens to pick up "just to pass away the time." Again, every girl, no matter what the family circumstances are, ought to be taught to do all kinds of housework and to sew well enough to make her own clothes, because some time she may find it necessary to do these things, and then it will be so much easier if she has had some experience.

I think a girl who has done nothing but follow out her own inclinations will not make as good a housekeeper, and will not make as happy and contented a woman, as one who has been taught to lend a helping hand and work for the happiness of others.

PRUDENCE.

ALBION, April 24th.

SOME GOOD IDEAS.

"Now I have finished the weekly wash for eight of us, and done up my dinner work, I must sweep and dust all through and bake pie and cake, so the children can have a variety to take to school early in the morning; and I must have it all done and dress changed by four o'clock, because the teacher boards here, and will not excuse me for being lazy, if the rest of the family do." Thus my thoughts ran a few days ago, as I picked up a Household and happened to notice B.'s remark, "The longer I live the more respect I have for people who never hurry." I was very tired, and that remark struck me very favorably, so I concluded to profit by it, especially as I had just recovered from a sick headache, the plague of my life. So I dressed up a little, and

sat down to rest and read the last number of our delightful little Household clear through. I mean to keep them all and have them bound. I felt so much rested after reading, that I also took up the FARMER and perused that also, and by that time I felt so much more rested that I went about my work with pleasure. I soon had cookies baked, and when my eight-year-old daughter came from school, I asked her to stir up a cake and bake it for me and she was glad to do so. I teach my girls to do plain cooking while young, and they take delight in it, but I am careful not to ask them to do too much of it, for fear they will dislike it as they grow older. We got along without pie until morning, and although the house was not cleared of every particle of dust, it was sufficiently clean to enjoy a plain but wholesome supper, and a merry evening afterward, and when I retired I had not the dread of sick headache the next day from overwork, as I had many times before, in trying to do two days' work in one.

I think if farmers' wives would think more of their health than of dust and rich victuals, they could make their work easier in many cases. And when the children are crying "Ma, what can I do?" set them at some light task, that will save you a few steps and be teaching them at the same time. I used to think if mother would let me do some cooking or baking, anything almost, but wash dishes, I would be happy; and I always said if my girls hated to wash them as bad as I did, (and most of them do) I would wash them myself. I find my girls are not exceptions; they do not like it either, and if there is any thing else I can have them do, I let them do other work, and I wash the dishes. I like it now as much as I used to hate it. I think the secret of making dishwashing a pleasure, is in having plenty of hot suds, and hot rinsing water, then clean wiping towels and then wash them quickly as possible. Don't dawdle and play over it, girls; wash them fast and they will be done before you know it, and take pleasure in seeing what a nice job you have done to help mother.

C. B. R.

VICKSBURG, April 22nd.

THE FAMILY GARDEN.

Beatrix's remarks about the kitchen garden are very seasonable and pertinent, but it is one thing to sit in a sanctum and make a garden on paper, and quite another to make it in dirty dirt. Now we usually have a very good garden, my better half having a weakness for fresh vegetables. From reading so much about the healthfulness of outdoor work for women, I boldly announced, last spring, that if the ground were prepared, I would make and tend the garden. Golden visions of overflowing dishes on the table and bins in the cellar filled my poor brain, for this was to be no ordinary garden,—and it proved quite extraordinary before I got through with it. Of my success with the earlier vegetables I will not speak; "silence is golden;" suffice it to say, they did not make us sick. Now I

had always thought it a needless waste of land to plant cabbages so far apart, so I planted mine so near together that they seemed to share my own "lofty" ambition, and I began to seriously think of tying them to poles, after the manner of Lima beans. Bugs and worms feasted upon them, while we did not—and I sat down to reflect one day. Surely there must be some chance here for mind to triumph over matter, for a small amount of brain work to take the place of so much muscular exertion. Had not Prof. Cook said the last brood of butterflies would do their work in August? I had observed that the eggs were deposited on the loose outer leaves of the cabbages, and here was a bright idea, so the first week in September I stripped them of every loose leaf. Standing on the stoop I rubbed my calloused hands gleefully to think how I had outwitted the worms; but those cabbages did look so funny, standing there so tall, that I cannot think of them to-day, without laughing, and I went to bed to dream that I had taken a contract from the government to furnish lighthouses at a merely nominal cost to the people, but of course with great profit to myself. But it is enough to say nature rebelled at such a mutilation, and not one head of cabbage found its way to the cellar.

Well, the fate of the cabbage was but the fate of everything else (with variations), except squashes and tomatoes, and they flourished luxuriantly, until an untimely frost destroyed the vines, leaving the ground literally covered with squashes at which even the pigs turned up their noses. Whether I have abdicated or been lawfully deposed I cannot tell; I only know that I do not now hold the position of head gardener around this establishment. But I can assure you there was no lack of hoeing. I begin to think with H. W. Beecher, that if you wish to get rid of Canada thistles, "try raising them for profit." Mrs. W. J. G.

HOWELL, April 24th.

COOKING SCHOOL DESSERTS.

Miss Parloa provided her class in cooking with some excellent desserts, which were highly commended by the ladies, who with plate and spoon in hand, tasted, criticised and approved.

A delicious dessert, at once cheap and healthful, is Charlotte Russe, which the instructress prepared in the following fashion: She lined the sides and bottom of a mould with lady-fingers, cutting them in two lengthwise. One quart of good cream was then whipped up with a whip churn, and sprinkled into it three-fourths of a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. One-half pound of gelatine had been soaked for two hours previous in half a cup of cold water, and a half cup of boiling water was now added to it, and the whole poured into the whipped cream. The mixture was stirred at first from the bottom gently, then thoroughly throughout, and it was soon thick enough to pour into the mould, carefully, not to demolish the rampart of lady-fingers. The mould

was then set into a pan of ice water, and in a couple of minutes was hard enough to turn out and serve.

Imperial pudding is made after the following formula: Put half a box of gelatine to soak in half a cup of cold water. Wash half a cup of rice, and put it on to boil in one quart of cold water. When the water boils, pour it off and turn on one pint of milk; place in the double boiler and cook one hour; then add half a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of wine and the gelatine, stir well and set in a basin of ice water; stir frequently till cold, then add one pint of cream which has been whipped to a froth. Stir down and turn into a mould to harden on ice. Serve with a strawberry sauce, made by stirring a half cupful of strawberry preserve into a quart of whipped cream. The preserve is to be rubbed through a strainer to take out the seeds.

Frozen pudding, which after the usual feminine fashion was pronounced "just too delicious for anything," was prepared after this recipe: Let one pint of milk come to a boil; beat a scant half cupful of flour, one cup of granulated sugar and two eggs together, and stir into the boiling milk. Cook twenty minutes and add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine which has been soaked for two hours in water enough to cover it, then set away to cool. After cooling stir in four tablespoonfuls of wine, one cupful of granulated sugar, and a quart of cream; freeze ten minutes in an ice-cream freezer, then stir in one pound of candied fruit and finish freezing. Turn from the mould and serve with whipped cream.

HOW TOM'S WIFE MAKES PRINT DRESSES.

El See made her salt-rising bread so good and so easy to make (on paper), that I was deluded into trying it, and I wish El See could have eaten (no, not eaten, for it certainly would have killed her, and all good salt-rising bread makers ought to be spared), but have seen some of it. When I stirred it up over night I said to Tom, "Strange, isn't it, that flour, salt and water will rise?" But it never did rise the second time. I made the yeast Ollieann told us about, and never in my life did I have as nice bread and biscuit. Tell us about the other good things you make for tea, please.

I feel like thanking Beatrix for the glimpses she gives us of Detroit styles, and wonder if a pretty way of making a calico dress would be acceptable. I made myself one this spring, the front and side breadths of which I gores and finished at the bottom with two ruffles three inches wide, an apron overskirt two-thirds the length of the skirt gathered at the sides, and simply slashed at the bottom, the back of the skirt was two wide breadths, perfectly plain, gathered full at the top, no overskirt at the back. A Garibaldi waist, rolling collar and coat sleeves finish it. Another pretty one is made with a close fitting basque coming down well over the hips, with two box plaits laid under at the waist, four straight

breadths shirred on the bottom for a skirt; pretty ruffled pockets, and rolling collar finish it. We have all had trouble with the bottom of the hem wearing off our white skirts. A remedy for that is to take the coarsest rick-rack braid you can find, and crochet a chain on it, and sew on the bottom of your skirt.

It was a terrible feeling that came over me when I read in E. Hoff's article, that both ends of a match must be used before we are truly economical. Now I would prefer being called wasteful, to holding a match in my fingers until it was all burned.

I know a lady who is what she calls economical; she says she seldom eats with the family, that if she waits there are usually fragments enough left for her meal, that would be dry and wasted before the next. How many of us care to save in that way? TOM'S WIFE.

COOPER, April 28th.

APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

Having taken the FARMER for a length of time, and being a silent but interested reader, I should feel lost without it. I think it a great deal nicer in its new form than before, although it was splendid then; it is something I have long been wishing for. Before the advent of the new Household, I could not get a peep at the paper when the mail was brought home, as my husband is very much interested in farming and stock raising, and we could not both read very conveniently out of one paper, at one and the same time, but now, thanks to ye Editor, I can have my Household all by myself, and happiness seems almost complete.

I have tried E. S. B.'s recipe, we all pronounce it splendid. I enclose a recipe for bread-cake, which ought to accompany E. S. B.'s recipe; would like the members to try it and report. E. M. B.

SALINE, April 28th.

THAT BASHFUL GIRL.

We often hear a parent or guardian remark that a certain child is so bashful he doesn't know what to do with her; and we always feel that if he has never suffered from that indescribable shrinking from his fellow-beings, has never had hands and feet become suddenly prominent, with the notice of the public fastened upon them; he can not know anything about it, and is apt to treat the affection in a manner that aggravates instead of cures it.

The victim of bashfulness is over-cautious and sensitive and lacks self-confidence; and above all things, she should never be teased or laughed at. She is keenly aware of every defect in form and feature, and thinks other people pay just as much attention to them as she does. The lesson she needs most is that of self-forgetfulness, and it is a delicate and difficult one to teach; while nothing but a knowledge of the world and daily contact with it, can give her that confidence in herself and ease in society so essential to happiness and success. I think it a good plan to teach her that people do not give her half the attention that she imagines,

while the benefit of their friendship and acquaintance would prove a great deal more; to dress her neatly, especially about the hands and feet; and take her from home as often as possible, encouraging her in every way to notice people and objects of interest, and to think less of herself. But whatever you do, don't laugh at her when you learn that she was afraid to enter a neighbor's house, or hid away instead of meeting your guests, for you can have no idea of the painful pictures drawn by her morbid imagination. Merely assure her of your affectionate interest in her welfare, and try to show her that by overcoming this troublesome habit she will add much to your happiness as well as her own.

THOMAS, April 28th.

A. H. J.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans, sometimes become so dry and brittle as to be almost useless. They can be restored to a normal condition, usually, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, by letting them lie in water in which you have put a little ammonia mixed in the proportion of one part of ammonia and two parts water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes, but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.

The high caster and cake basket are now banished from fashionable tables, and there is nothing upon them more aspiring than the compotes for preserved fruits. The butter dishes, salt cellars, cruets, and other individual dishes with which it is the fancy to surround the plate, are all very fanciful in shape, and very much decorated. There are dainty pitchers in craquelé ware, the tinted glass through which run lines as if it had been cracked in many directions, and leaves and flower pieces in bisque adapted to table purposes. We eat ice cream from green grape leaves, veined and mottled, and cheese cups are tiny barrels, with each a Neufchatel cheese in it, and a silver scoop to eat it with.

Not infrequently the housekeeper is driven to hateful untidiness by the lack of a closet in her sleeping room, provision for which should have been made when the house was built. The *Philadelphia Press* describes a substitute which we have seen used to good purpose in this city: "Drive a number of nails into the wall at the height desired, or choose such a place if pegs are already attached. Have a wooden shelf fastened above the row of nails or pegs, the shelf being wide enough to extend some distance out over the pegs. Upon the floor, against the wall, beneath the pegs, place a number of boxes, of pasteboard or wood. These will form convenient receptacles for small articles, while dresses and the like may be suspended from the pegs. Then, to the edge of the wooden shelf, attach flowing curtains of chintz, cretonne, or other suitable material, the curtains being long enough

and full enough to cover clothes, pegs, boxes and all. Arrange the curtains in a frill at the top so that they rise above the shelf as a border, and hide the wood. The curtains may be further ornamented by bows of ribbon. Upon the shelf may be disposed books, a Parian bust, a vase of flowers, a few Japanese fans, or any other small article of use or beauty."

SCRAPS.

It is in "Cranford," that charming chronicle of village life, that the assertion is made that every woman has her pet economy. There is an old saying to the effect that every housekeeper, no matter how painfully neat in other respects, has her one "dirty streak." So most of us have some one thing about which we are more fastidious than others. Not many years ago an extremely nice individual, who desired to make converts to his particular idiosyncrasy, sent out one hundred thousand postal cards in the interests of teaspoons. He wanted everybody to put the spoons in the holder with the bowls down, so that whoever helped himself would not in so doing finger the portion of the spoon soon to enter the mouth of another. As it cost him over \$1,000 to thus promulgate his views, we must credit him with a deal of earnestness in his peculiar "fad." And yet, isn't there something in it?

Here are some of George Macdonald's thoughts on the question of work for women, put into the mouth of one of his characters: "A man would be thought a downright sinner if he brought up his lads like maist fathers bring up their lasses. Women are reared and expectit to live sic lives as only scoundrels o' men choose for theirselves—hinging roon, eating ither folks' bread, and waiting for deid men's shoon. * * * Mak' a bein' responsible, an' it will be responsible. Tak' it on yourself, an' there it will lie. * * * An' when she's married she'll stop nae mair wage fra' the man's hand, an' she'll ken its value when she has it to spend. An' if you winna' teach some lasses how to earn that may never want to do it, then ye maun hae auld women wanting to earn when it is too late to learn. * * * There is a beauty o' blossoms in an orchard in spring, an' a beauty o' ripe fruit in autumn. The blossoms o' youth are the hopes we have from the world, and the apples of age are the hopes and helps we can gie to it."

Madame Mojeska, the great tragedienne, says that a homely woman who knows how to dress is far more attractive than a pretty one in slovenly attire, or dressed in unsuitable, ill-fitting garments. A becoming hat, a quiet dress, made well and accurately fitted, will do marvels in the way of sheltering personal defects. A woman's dress is a kind of personal glossary. Nine-tenths of the dress is the fit; if good it will redeem a twenty-five cent rep; if poor, it will ruin a satin de Lyon. There are three points a woman should never lose sight of, her position,

her age, and her weak points. She ought to know the latter better than her best friend or her worst enemy. "When youth, the dream, departs," then is the time dress is potent. Then she should be more careful than ever, dress in dark, warm, neutral tints, exquisitely fitting, but simply made. She should aim to be genteel and elegant rather than fashionable, and ignore all eccentricities of the variable goddess.

Isn't this true, girls? "A girl who is in love with a young fellow never sees his disadvantages. She feels that by proper treatment and advice there is no position in the world that he cannot fill, in time, and she decides then and there to put him in training for the Presidency. No matter if his head is number six and slopes the wrong way, she thinks it will fill out. She is going to do her best on him anyway. Take nine girls in ten who marry little shrimps or big awkward boys, and talk to them in confidence, and they will tell you that their husband is bound to make his mark in the world, and that he will be President some day." B.

It is with pleasure the Household Editor notes the interest manifested in the "little paper," and the ever increasing corps of contributors. All are welcome, and all most cordially invited to come again and yet again, while there is room for many more; "the more the merrier."

MRS. M. A. FULLER writes us that she will extend the time of receiving orders for garden plants, until May 15th, the season being so backward.

Contributed Recipes.

BREAD CAKE.—Three cups of bread-dough, (that is when ready for putting in loaves); one and one-half cups sugar; two-thirds cup of shortening (butter or meat fryings); two eggs; one teaspoonful soda, same of cinnamon and nutmeg; one cup raisins; other fruit if wished; knead with the hand until thoroughly mixed, using no flour; put in two loaves; bake immediately. E. E. B.

SALINE

LEMON JELLY.—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a pint of water for half an hour. Measure out two cupfuls of loaf sugar, and rub the pieces of sugar on the peel of five lemons till the oil of the lemons is absorbed by the sugar. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water on the soaked gelatine, and add the juice of the lemons, the sugar and the white and shell of an egg well beaten; let it come to a boil, set aside on the stove a few minutes; skim carefully and pass through the jelly-bag into moulds.

RHUBARB or pieplant may not only be preserved in cans, but may be made into jelly. After rinsing the stalks in cold water, cut them in pieces, and with only about enough water to cover them; put them in a porcelain kettle; let them boil until nothing seems to be left but a soft pulp. Strain through a flannel jelly bag. To each pint of this juice add a pound of sugar, let it boil after putting the sugar in, and try it by taking out a little and putting it on a cold plate; when it "jellies" at once, it is safe to pour it into bowls. Mrs. D

DETROIT.