

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, DECEMBER 9, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day—in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly—
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day—what a precious boon
For the earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

GIFT-GIVING.

The bestowal of gifts as tokens of affection, of respect, or of submission, has been a custom of the race since the earliest days of which we have a record. "Giving" and "gift" are words as old as language itself. It might be interesting to trace, through history, some of the notable gifts which have been made in past centuries, by king to subject, or serf to suzerain. Among them all I know of none which seems so abundant in loyalty and love as that of the newly knighted Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London town," whose name is associated with the legendary cat which made his fortune, and who, when his king returned from a long campaign in France, debt burdened and with an empty treasury, laid upon the open fireplace of the audience chamber the king's bonds for many thousands of pounds sterling, and lovingly restrained his royal master from pulling them out of the fire with his trusty Damascus blade. So the story runs; and the deed seems the type of the true spirit of gift-giving, combining as it does the deep, devoted affection which prompts sacrifice, and timely aid in time of need; a giving with no expectation of reward, but from love and loyalty, and true patriotic feeling.

Giving of gifts, at the present moment, has become a fashion so prevalent as to be almost meaningless. What is customary by very commonness loses somewhat in significance. A gift, to come under the real meaning of the word, must be voluntary, not extorted by custom, nor prompted by desire to receive in return. It's worth should lie in its animus, not in its pecuniary value. People, nowadays, make presents because

it is expected of them, not because of any special love or respect for the recipient. "An invitation to a wedding" says a cynical sinner of the male persuasion, "is an invitation to contribute to the outfit of the couple. Your friendship is assessed at a certain per cent in direct ratio to the intimacy; and you lose your friend if you do not honor the assessment." Such a feeling is incompatible with the true spirit of giving; better ignore the "assessment of friendship," that is, the social obligation, than encourage so ignoble a sentiment. But what shall we say of the society belle who when her lover's betrothal ring was not a diamond to her liking, burst into a flood of angry tears, and declared she was ashamed to show it to her companions? So well have young men come to understand what "society" expects of them, that many an aspiring but impecunious youth saddles himself with a heavy debt that his fiancée may flash a solitaire in the eyes of her admiring friends, who shall praise his generosity and estimate his affection by the worth of the gem. This we may call ostentatious giving, under pressure of "social obligations."

There are many who never receive a gift without computing, either openly or in secret, its value in dollars and cents. They put their presents on a par with other matters of barter, and presently propose to return an equivalent. To such persons a gift is merely a tacit invitation to "return the compliment." They will tell you they do not wish to be "under obligations," that is, indebted to another. But it seems to me that an expression of esteem or affection, given for love or remembrance's sake, ought not to carry with it a sense of obligation. The idea of the repayment of benefits is inherent in us all, to a greater or less extent; it is quite consistent with a generous nature to desire to return favors and kindnesses shown us in kind. But all generous hearts give without expectation or desire of return, and it is ungenerous to feel that we *must* repay. It is far wiser to give without expecting and receive without returning.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." To give of that which costs us nothing, to part with that of which we have a superabundance, may bring less of blessing to us, yet carry in its train pleasure and comfort, and timely relief and help to recipients. The *manner* of our giving, too, is part of the gift; graciousness enhances its value.

Who cares for a gift thrown at us as we throw a bone to a dog, with a "There, you can have that if you want it?"

Now in this beautiful Christmas time, when our hearts are filled with loving remembrance of friends as we prepare our Christmas offerings, let us take heed to the spirit of our giving. The sordid soul who reckons values knows nothing of the blessing of giving. Let us be especially careful how we inculcate this spirit of calculation into the children's hearts, for I believe it a feeling which is generally foreign to the open, generous child-nature. And in our giving, let us not always give to "him that has," but rather remember those less blessed with good things, the poor, whom we have always with us. The Christmas season gives us ample excuse, for pride and poverty are often twins, and we sometimes need to plead our feeling of "good will to men" to soothe proud minds. If, in this winter of "hard times," with tens of thousands of men out of work, and hundreds of thousands of women and children cold and hungry, good fairies in great coats and top boots would leave wood and provisions at some poor family's door, and motherly ones with wrinkled cheeks but warm, tender hearts would give the half worn garments, or part of the Christmas abundance to the widow and the fatherless, no small part of the world's poor would feel that Christmas, the "loving and giving" season, is truly the coming of the Christ-like spirit to them.

BEATRIX.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

It is a good idea to pause and ask ourselves "why we live?" Life means something, and there is very little child's play about it, it is terribly real. A thousand and one things show us that life is for a purpose; very few study its meaning. Let us look for a moment at that class of people who live because life is in them and remains there; they have no settled aim, take no thought of the morrow, but live in to-day. While seemingly industrious, they accomplish nothing, and the close of the year finds no farther advancement than the preceding one; while walking about much as others do, they leave no tracks; bustling and noisy, no one cares for them only to get out of the way; with no fixed purpose they are like the will-o-the-wisp, first here, then there; or like the fleecy thistle down, blown wherever a capricious wind wills. Such people lack character, the formation

being made in society circles a good deal, as there is no cooking to be done and is very easy and clean work. A dollar's worth of all the ingredients will make many pounds of candy."

WALL DECORATIONS.

A correspondent says her daughter wishes to know how to arrange a bunch of peacock feathers for a wall ornament. We have seen them sewed upon a fan-shaped piece of pasteboard, the joining at the handle concealed under a bow of ribbon, and fastened to the wall. But perhaps the prettiest ornament of the kind we have seen was the simplest. A few fine feathers were selected, the stems gilded with gold paint, and then arranged at a graceful angle over a little bracket. A bow of ribbon was fastened where the stems crossed. A few very long ones arranged over a door in this fashion, might, we think, make a very showy and attractive decoration, especially if the wall paper was of a color adapted to show them off. Most people make the mistake of massing too many in one bunch for really fine effect. They go on the principle "If a little is good a good deal is better," which is seldom safe doctrine.

At Mabley's Bazar we saw not long ago a very pretty hand screen made of peacock's plumage. The "eyes" of the feathers were glued to a circular foundation, both sides being covered. One row only was used; then some of the long barbs from the stems were curled a little, and put on to fill in around the circle. The center was of fowls' feathers colored bright red, and the wooden handle was gilded with the convenient gold paint. It was a pretty and convenient toy, and any deft-fingered girl can duplicate it if she has the feathers, we are quite certain.

And now, will that daughter please tell how the tidy was made which the mother interrupted her writing to inspect? We want to hear from our girls, about the pretty things they are making for Christmas, and other matters of interest to them. The girls, who very soon will be our women, are part of the household, and ought to be better represented in our FARMER Household.

GLYCERINE OINTMENT.

The *Prairie Farmer* gives a recipe for a glycerine ointment, which it says is excellent for rough or chapped hands, for softening scabs, burns or sores, corns or callouses. The directions are as follows:

Take two ounces of oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and a drachm (or one-eighth of an ounce) of white wax and gently warm them together in any earthen vessel, or even in a tin cup. Heat only enough to have the spermaceti and wax dissolved; making it too hot injures the quality. As soon as melted, remove from the fire, and stir in two ounces of good glycerine, continuing the stirring until cool, when it should be of the consistency of good lard, or even stiffer. For hot weather a larger proportion of wax may be used. When about cold stir in a drop or two, or more, of oil of roses, which will give it a very pleasant odor. Half the above quantities may be used if for a single person or family. Keep it in well corked vials; those with necks large

enough to admit the finger are most convenient for use, as well as for getting it into them. If these are kept well corked, the ointment will remain good and sweet for six months to a year. If much exposed, it will become a little rancid after a time, especially in hot weather, when it is less agreeable, though still good to use.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some of the readers of the Household tell me through its columns if they use the sewing machine advertised by the FARMER and how they like it? Is it a new Singer or is it the old Singer machine improved? I have never seen one.

YPSILANTI.

[Mrs. T. Cross, and Mrs. R. E. Gorton, of Ypsilanti, have sewing machines ordered through the FARMER. We presume our correspondent can examine the machine by calling on either of these ladies. The machine furnished by the FARMER is what is called the Family Singer Machine, and its parts are interchangeable with those of the Singer sold by agents. It has the latest improvements and attachments, and has given perfect satisfaction wherever sold. Of the many sold only one has been complained of, and in this instance it was found on investigation that the point of the needle had broken off, and the force employed to put a pointless needle through several thicknesses of cloth made the machine run very hard. A new needle being set, the machine was all right.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

A FEW QUESTIONS.

Would it not be a good plan to have the address of the Household Editor on every copy of the Household?

I would like to ask E. M. A., of Centerville, how the preparation for moth is to be used.

I do not find it necessary to at once put all articles made of baking powder into the oven, as I have made enough batter for four loaves of layer cake at once, and the last one seemed as nice as the first. I make my own baking powder, which may make a difference. I like the Household very much, hope it may continue to flourish.

TECUMSEH.

[Any communication addressed to the Household Editor, care of the MICHIGAN FARMER, reaches her safely and promptly.]

Is there a more unpleasant and disagreeable smell than that of cabbage throughout the house, caused by preparing a dinner of the Austrian Empress favorite vegetable? "No pent up Utica confines" its smell, closed doors are no barriers, the whole house smells like a sauer kraut factory, and the odor only can be got rid of by continued and thorough ventilation. We once knew a young lady who while looking for a boarding place was directed to a place which promised to be everything she desired. But the day she called to make arrangements the whole house was redolent of cabbage and the fastidious miss lingered only long enough to say she had decided not to take board there, and continued her search for a place where the smell of dinner did not permeate the house at 4 P. M.

Either red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal in the water used for cooking will greatly lessen, if not entirely banish the objectionable smell, and this is worth remembering.

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED CAKES.—One egg, one and one-half cups of sugar, one cup sour cream, two cups buttermilk, three even teaspoonfuls soda, one teaspoonful cloves, a little salt. Mix soft. They are splendid. **LALLIE.**

TECUMSEH.

WASHING RECIPE.—Soak the clothes in cold water; put three pails of water in the boiler. When the water is hot put one tablespoonful of kerosene oil into one quart of soap, and put it in the boiler. Then put in the clothes, and let them boil ten or fifteen minutes; take them out into lukewarm water, rub them, rinse, and hang out. **LEONE.**

BIG BEAVER.

BLEACHING.—A bleaching fluid commended by a good housekeeper, as saving much labor, and also as whitening the clothes without making them tender, is made as follows: Put one pound of lime into a pailful of boiling water. Stir it up well and let stand till the water is perfectly clear. Dissolve two pounds of sal soda in two gallons of hot water. Strain the lime water into the soda water, stir, and turn into jugs or bottles. Use one teacupful of the fluid to three pailfuls of water, in the boiling suds. Wring the clothes out of the boiling suds, and they do not need "sudsing," but only to be put through a rinsing water. It is not necessary to use the bleaching fluid every week.

DETROIT.

MRS. S.

IF YOU WANT Profitable Employment

SEND AT ONCE TO

THE NEW LAMB KNITTER CO.,

For Full Information.

An ordinary operator can earn from one to three dollars per day in any community in the Northern States on our New Lamb Knitter.

100 Varieties of Fabric on Same Machine. You can wholly finish twelve pairs ladies' full-shaped stockings or twenty pairs socks or mittens in a day! Skilled operators can double this production. Capacity and range of work double that of the old Lamb knitting machine. Address

The New Lamb Knitter Co.,
117 and 119 Main St., west, JACKSON, MICH.

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PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN

FOR

Washing and Bleaching

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it. Beware of all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

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of which is the real purpose of life. A man may have the reputation of being that which he is not; a knave may easily pass for an honest man, a hypocrite may have the reputation of being what he appears to be. Character is what a man is in his own soul, in his own home; reputation what he is abroad. Character is his real worth; reputation is his market price. There are men who from early manhood strive to have a splendid reputation, their honor, like Caesar's wife, must be above reproach. Such men can "smile in villainy, and pray with a hand on the dagger hilt," like beggars, they ask that which they ought to possess, at the hands of others. They live for the shadow, and not the reality. A man's character is what he makes for himself; it can be dwarfed and stunted, mean and low, or bold in its outline, grand or noble. The child soul is without character; one writer tells us that the mind of the new born child is like a blank sheet of paper, it is the chart of a man yet to be filled with the elements of a character. God makes the soul and man the character. Another writer says "circumstances make character." Circumstances do control countless thousands, but it is not necessarily so; they yield because they do not try to oppose, drifting along with the tide, satisfied to anchor somewhere, anywhere. "They are purposeless, powerless, enervated automatons; playing second fiddle to chance. One brave will to resist evil, and hold fast to good, is worth a million of these." A man's face is an index to his character. Have you ever noticed how a little child will look into your face, into your eyes, as if he would know if you were honest and to be trusted? There are some people who cannot induce that baby to come to them, and why? They are not what they appear to be, they are simulating. Just as one miserable, black nature will pollute a whole community, one noble, true character will impress itself on all around. There is no shutting it up in a secret chamber, it will shine and make itself known. Character is "catching;" like murder, it will out. When we meet a stranger we are immediately impressed, there is an intuition, (it is shown in the little child, we feel it as we reach maturer years,) that tells us if he can be trusted. It is best to so live that we would not be ashamed if our secret doings were known; we may dissemble for a while, but it only reacts on ourselves.

"Oh what a tangled net we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

We may receive the respect of a community, our name be on the church roll, but if we are not worthy, in our own inmost heart there is no satisfaction, for we know we are not what we seem, but playing the hypocrite, deceiving those who are loving and trusting us. A good character is everything; once attained there is no taking it away; fortune may deceive us, but as long as character remains we have a foothold. It is good through all time and for eternity. There are no good results from building castles

in the air," there is a field of labor; if you want it, you can find it anywhere.

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

A GOOD TIME.

Housecleaning finished, the coal stove burnished, and its bright fire glowing, we sighed for other worlds to conquer. Not finding these, and restless at having "nothing to do," we decided to go "a visiting." So we hurried off to a neighbor and borrowed some knitting for "visiting work," donned our best dress, and were off. Taking the cars at Greenfield, on the D., L. & N. road, we were soon leaving the level lands of that locality for the more rolling country to the westward.

When the call to change cars at Plymouth Junction for the F. & P. M. was made, a poor Polack woman eagerly showed her ticket, brokenly inquiring if she had to "shange." As she was ticketed to South Lyon, she was made happy by being assured that she was on the right train. By the way, when she left the cars at her destination, she seemed more disconsolate than ever, as no one seemed waiting for her, though she looked eagerly round. No more lonely place can be found than in a crowd, unable to speak their language.

But on we go, through wood and clearing, hill and dale, deep cut and level intervals, and are in a short time landed at Brighton, Livingston County, where we tarry for awhile. Brighton has about one thousand inhabitants, is decidedly a village of churches, there being six—two Methodist, Wesleyan and Methodist Episcopal, Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Baptist. Ifancy that the ministers need to be good financiers and their wives practical economists; as it hardly seems likely that they individually get as large salaries as is paid the principal of the Union School there—\$800 per year.

The priest in charge of the Catholic Church is highly esteemed by all the community as an earnest temperance man, and his practical example has a powerful influence on his people. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church is an avowed Prohibitionist, and "votes as he prays," regardless of the effect such unworldliness may have upon the question of "bread and butter." The "highway cow" is not allowed to stray in the classic precincts of the village, and the dulcet tinkle of her bell mingles not in the concord of sweet sounds.

For a railroad town, Brighton is very quiet. A large proportion of her leading citizens seem to be people of "means on which to live," who live quiet lives devoid of business ambition, enjoying the native beauty of the place and the advantages of church, school, stores, postoffice and railroad privileges, and many natural business advantages are in consequence unimproved. A fine water power, already "dammed," which is said to be quite equal to one now utilized, is unused. Two or three parties buy wool and farm products for shipment, and there is quite a

local trade in stock, various kinds having their special market days. The village fair grounds are extensive and nicely improved, and their fairs are said to be exceptionally good. Residence property, both improved and unimproved, is for sale very low, and the "means of living" are said to be very cheap. The cemetery is beautifully located, but neglected.

From Brighton we passed by successive stages through North Brighton, Hartland, Highland and Rose townships, and found some most lovely country. The scenery was ever varying; low rolling land suddenly gave place to majestic hills, lovely lakes lay hidden in mystic recesses, large areas of cultivated fields were broken by patches of woodland, fine farm houses nestled in vales or crowned the sloping hills, huge "Jumbos" of barns attested the prosperity of the farmer; and occasionally we caught sight of some of the fine stock for which this region is famous.

At some points we seemed to have come upon the place where stone was unloaded in huge masses; great piles were heaped in every direction; in some places it had been used in making a neat, substantial fence, yet there was enough left to "occupy the land." Where room could be found for a crop to grow was a problem too hard for a passer-by to solve. In Rose we saw tracts of land that were of considerable extent so full of marshy spots and continuous chains we would want a warranty deed for eighty acres to be stretched to cover twice that quantity at least. Taking the train at Rose Centre, we were soon at Plymouth Junction, and after a delay of half an hour boarded the cars for home. The station house at the Junction was made attractive by a large number of thrifty-growing plants, which with the gay pictures on the walls gave the place quite a festive appearance.

We arrived at home, tired but happy, and find that in our absence some work has turned up, so with the cobwebs of our brain brushed aside, and some new ideas gathered on which to ponder and speculate, we take up the threads of domestic responsibilities and labor, and day by day weave the web of a busy, contented and useful life. What can be more satisfying or ennobling?

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

ANOTHER CONTRITE MEMBER.

How is it that since the bread and butter questions have been so thoroughly discussed, and I might say devoured, the various contributors are dropping off? Can not we find other just as interesting and instructive subjects? A meal of just bread and butter alone would be a poor meal for me; and it seems as though we ought to come to the help of Beatrix, lest she faint under her load. I enjoy her letters, and read them first, often finding just the thought I needed, or my own opinions endorsed. Yet I think she needs a little encouragement now and then, and to be made to feel that she is appreciated and remembered. I often ask myself why can I not express my thoughts a

some writers can. Where is the secret? I may read an article which will produce new thoughts upon that subject, but am unable to put those thoughts in proper shape for the Household.

I will give a few recipes, sure that I can write them out at least, and quietly withdraw, fearing that I have made you twice glad.

SARACENECE.

COURTLAND CENTRE.

[Beatrix trusts Saracenece will pardon the liberty taken with the above manuscript in leaving out the very kind and flattering words relating to her personally. Such expressions of appreciation and esteem are very grateful to her, but her "native modesty" forbids her to print them in a paper which she herself edits. In regard to the difficulty our correspondent finds in clothing her thoughts in written language, and which many others have mentioned heretofore, we believe it one of those things best conquered by continued practice. If our correspondents who thus complain will only *try and keep trying*, we are sure the mental strength which brings the thoughts will conquer the inability of expression. But this will never happen without effort, persistent and continued. Come again, Saracenece, and all others who feel the same restraint, and see if your thoughts do not please you better after the "baptism of print" than you had thought possible; and if it does not grow more and more easy to write.]

THE FARMER'S FRONT YARD.

As I was sitting by the fire this evening reading from a floral magazine, I thought I would like to speak with the members of the Household about the difference between people in the city and in the country in regard to making their front yards or lawns attractive. In the city you have to pay several hundred dollars for a small lot, and the owner almost always has a little grass plot which is trimmed and kept neat and nice, and they will make use of a space a foot wide and four feet long, filling it with bright, pretty flowers and lovely vines. If the yard is large enough you will see beautiful ornamental trees and shrubs. City people try to improve every little bit of ground, and how much more attractive their homes are than a large, handsome house with ill-kept grounds!

In the country, where any one can have as large a front yard as they want, it is very seldom you see a really beautiful lawn. A great many farm houses are placed very close to the road, without a tree even for shade. You can find a good many houses in the country which stand year after year with the earth that was taken out of the cellar, merely leveled a little, and no pains taken to have it even covered with grass, because the "head of the house" has so much to do on the farm. But if some man should come along and ask him to spend the day with him in a neighboring town, where he has no business to attend to, he would be right on hand to go, and would say the work would be all right on the farm for

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"Our cows are a cross of Devons and Shorthorns; their pasture was a mixture

of which is the real purpose of life. A man may have the reputation of being that which he is not; a knave may easily pass for an honest man, a hypocrite may have the reputation of being what he appears to be. Character is what a man is in his own soul, in his own home; reputation what he is abroad. Character is his real worth; reputation is his market price. There are men who from early manhood strive to have a splendid reputation, their honor, like Caesar's wife, must be above reproach. Such men can "smile in villainy, and pray with a hand on the dagger hilt," like beggars, they ask that which they ought to possess, at the hands of others. They live for the shadow, and not the reality. A man's character is what he makes for himself; it can be dwarfed and stunted, mean and low, or bold in its outline, grand or noble. The child soul is without character; one writer tells us that the mind of the new born child is like a blank sheet of paper, it is the chart of a man yet to be filled with the elements of a character. God makes the soul and man the character. Another writer says "circumstances make character." Circumstances do control countless thousands, but it is not necessarily so; they yield because they do not try to oppose, drifting along with the tide, satisfied to anchor somewhere, anywhere. "They are purposeless, powerless, enervated automatons; playing second fiddle to chance. One brave will resist evil, and hold fast to good, is worth a million of these." A man's face is an index to his character. Have you ever noticed how a little child will look into your face, into your eyes, as if he would know if you were honest and to be trusted? There are some people who cannot induce that baby to come to them, and why? They are not what they appear to be, they are simulating. Just as one miserable, black nature will pollute a whole community, one noble, true character will impress itself on all around. There is no shutting it up in a secret chamber, it will shine and make itself known. Character is "catching;" like murder, it will out. When we meet a stranger we are immediately impressed, there is an intuition, (it is shown in the little child, we feel it as we reach maturer years,) that tells us if he can be trusted. It is best to so live that we would not be ashamed if our secret doings were known; we may dissemble for a while, but it only reacts on ourselves.

"Oh what a tangled net we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

We may receive the respect of a community, our name be on the church roll, but if we are not worthy, in our own inmost heart there is no satisfaction, for we know we are not what we seem, but playing the hypocrite, deceiving those who are loving and trusting us. A good character is everything; once attained there is no taking it away; fortune may deceive us, but as long as character remains we have a foothold. It is good through all time and for eternity. There are no good results from building castles

in the air," there is a field of labor; if you want it, you can find it anywhere.

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

BATTLE CREEK. EVANGALINE.

A GOOD TIME.

Housecleaning finished, the coal stove burnished, and its bright fire glowing, we sighed for other worlds to conquer. Not finding these, and restless at having "nothing to do," we decided to go "a visiting." So we hurried off to a neighbor and borrowed some knitting for "visiting work," donned our best dress, and were off. Taking the cars at Greenfield, on the D., L. & N. road, we were soon leaving the level lands of that locality for the more rolling country to the westward.

When the call to change cars at Plymouth Junction for the F. & P. M. was made, a poor Polack woman eagerly showed her ticket, brokenly inquiring if she had to "change." As she was ticketed to South Lyon, she was made happy by being assured that she was on the right train. By the way, when she left the cars at her destination, she seemed more disconsolate than ever, as no one seemed waiting for her, though she looked eagerly round. No more lonely place can be found than in a crowd, unable to speak their language.

But on we go, through wood and clearing, hill and dale, deep cut and level intervals, and are in a short time landed at Brighton, Livingston County, where we tarry for awhile. Brighton has about one thousand inhabitants, is decidedly a village of churches, there being six—two Methodist, Wesleyan and Methodist Episcopal, Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Baptist. Ifancy that the ministers need to be good financiers and their wives practical economists; as it hardly seems likely that they individually get as large salaries as is paid the principal of the Union School there—\$800 per year.

The priest in charge of the Catholic Church is highly esteemed by all the community as an earnest temperance man, and his practical example has a powerful influence on his people. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church is an avowed Prohibitionist, and "votes as he prays," regardless of the effect such unworldliness may have upon the question of "bread and butter." The "highway cow" is not allowed to stray in the classic precincts of the village, and the dulcet tinkle of her bell mingles not in the concord of sweet sounds.

For a railroad town, Brighton is very quiet. A large proportion of her leading citizens seem to be people of "means on which to live," who live quiet lives devoid of business ambition, enjoying the native beauty of the place and the advantages of church, school, stores, postoffice and railroad privileges, and many natural business advantages are in consequence unimproved. A fine water power, already "dammed," which is said to be quite equal to one now utilized, is unused. Two or three parties buy wool and farm products for shipment, and there is quite a

local trade in stock, various kinds having their special market days. The village fair grounds are extensive and nicely improved, and their fairs are said to be exceptionally good. Residence property, both improved and unimproved, is for sale very low, and the "means of living" are said to be very cheap. The cemetery is beautifully located, but neglected.

From Brighton we passed by successive stages through North Brighton, Hartland, Highland and Rose townships, and found some most lovely country. The scenery was ever varying; low rolling land suddenly gave place to majestic hills, lovely lakes lay hidden in mystic recesses, large areas of cultivated fields were broken by patches of woodland, fine farm houses nestled in vales or crowned the sloping hills, huge "Jumbos" of barns attested the prosperity of the farmer; and occasionally we caught sight of some of the fine stock for which this region is famous.

At some points we seemed to have come upon the place where stone was unloaded in huge masses; great piles were heaped in every direction; in some places it had been used in making a neat, substantial fence, yet there was enough left to "occupy the land." Where room could be found for a crop to grow was a problem too hard for a passer-by to solve. In Rose we saw tracts of land that were of considerable extent so full of marshy spots and continuous chains we would want a warranty deed for eighty acres to be stretched to cover twice that quantity at least. Taking the train at Rose Centre, we were soon at Plymouth Junction, and after a delay of half an hour boarded the cars for home. The station house at the Junction was made attractive by a large number of thrifty growing plants, which with the gay pictures on the walls gave the place quite a festive appearance.

We arrived at home, tired but happy, and find that in our absence some work has turned up, so with the cobwebs of our brain brushed aside, and some new ideas gathered on which to ponder and speculate, we take up the threads of domestic responsibilities and labor, and day by day weave the web of a busy, contented and useful life. What can be more satisfying or ennobling?

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

ANOTHER CONTRITE MEMBER.

How is it that since the bread and butter questions have been so thoroughly discussed, and I might say devoured, the various contributors are dropping off? Can not we find other just as interesting and instructive subjects? A meal of just bread and butter alone would be a poor meal for me; and it seems as though we ought to come to the help of Beatrix, lest she faint under her load. I enjoy her letters, and read them first, often finding just the thought I needed, or my own opinions endorsed. Yet I think she needs a little encouragement now and then, and to be made to feel that she is appreciated and remembered. I often ask myself why can I not express my thoughts a

some writers can. Where is the secret? I may read an article which will produce new thoughts upon that subject, but am unable to put those thoughts in proper shape for the Household.

I will give a few recipes, sure that I can write them out at least, and quietly withdraw, fearing that I have made you twice glad.

SARACENECE.

COURTLAND CENTRE.

[Beatrice trusts Saracenece will pardon the liberty taken with the above manuscript in leaving out the very kind and flattering words relating to her personally. Such expressions of appreciation and esteem are very grateful to her, but her "native modesty" forbids her to print them in a paper which she herself edits. In regard to the difficulty our correspondent finds in clothing her thoughts in written language, and which many others have mentioned heretofore, we believe it one of those things best conquered by continued practice. If our correspondents who thus complain will only *try and keep trying*, we are sure the mental strength which brings the thoughts will conquer the inability of expression. But this will never happen without effort, persistence and continued. Come again, Saracenece, and all others who feel the same restraint, and see if your thoughts do not please you better after the "baptism of print" than you had thought possible; and if it does not grow more and more easy to write.]

THE FARMER'S FRONT YARD.

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"Our cows are a cross of Devons and Shorthorns; their pasture was a mixture

of clover and timothy, and they had free access to the river. The cream was set in pans, was skimmed as soon as the milk was thick, and churned every other day in a rectangular churn. The milk was drawn off when the butter was gathered, and the butter washed, in the churn, with sweet skim-milk. The butter was then taken into the tray, and salted at the rate of two ounces of salt to one pound of butter. It was then allowed to stand twelve hours, then the milk and brine were thoroughly worked out, and the butter packed in a crock and tightly covered."

So it seems that the butter which captured the cash was made by the simple, old-fashioned method which our grandmothers and great-grandmothers practiced, and without any help from the "new fangled" contrivances of modern dairying! No cabinet creamery, no sweet cream butter. Note, however, that the cream was churned *every other day*; it was not allowed to get so acid that fermentation had begun. In this instance old processes proved satisfactory, yet we confess to a lively curiosity to know whether butter made in a cabinet creamery was entered in competition. The value of the dairy exhibits shown at our fairs would be greatly enhanced if with the list of awards could be given some idea of the manner of manufacture. We hope to hear in what manner the "best butter made at any time," which took first premium, was made.

IS THIS TRUE?

In the *Christian Herald*, in the farming department, a few months ago, I read that "butter washed in water and then salted lost half an ounce to the pound; but that butter washed in sweet brine and then salted, remained the same in weight." Can any one explain why this is?

BIG BRAVER.

[Before we look for an explanation of that which seems unreasonable, or improbable, let us be sure that the facts agree with the statement. Suppose Leone should by actual experiment ascertain whether such a loss takes place or not. If the manner of salting makes a difference in weight equal to that mentioned, we will look about for the reason. We incline to the opinion, however, that the statement itself should be taken *cum grano salis*.]

SCRAPS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says that she made a very nice liquid blacking for shoes by adding the white of one egg and a tablespoonful of glycerine to a ten cent bottle of black ink diluted with half its bulk of water. Put in a bottle, shake well, and apply with a sponge.

If the conversations of the modern "society" novel are to be taken as fair indices of the intellectual calibre of modern "society," may a merciful Heaven have pity upon the "upper ten thousand." The person

who is out of the charmed circle may thank his lucky stars that he is out. The twaddle which modern novelists like Crawford, Howells, James, Mrs. Burnett, and others put in the mouths of their alleged characters is enough to make us answer the question "Is life worth living?" with a sweeping negative, "Not if it is to be lived in company with such vapid, inane semi-idiots as drive the smallest of small talk through interminable pages."

WITHOUT doubt many of our readers are casting about as to how they can economize a little, now all kinds of farm produce are so low in price. When wheat is low farmers "feel poor," it is the "money crop" to many, and they rely upon it to pay debts and settle with that creditor who cannot be put off—the tax-gatherer. Economy becomes the family watchword. Without attempting to discuss the question whether a bushel of wheat at present prices will not buy as much or more of the necessities of life as would a bushel at higher prices all round five years ago, I want to say a word about what economies to practice. More than one misguided man will try to "save" by cutting down the supply of reading matter for his family; he thinks they "can get along without" books and magazines and newspapers, and "save something." That this is poor economy a little reflection will convince us. When a man's mental development has not kept pace with his physical growth we call him an idiot or imbecile. Consider how much of our mental growth is due to what we read, and reflect, if you please, that by taking away or lessening the supply of reading matter you lessen the development of the mind. The farmer needs his papers. He needs them when prices are low and times "hard" more than when money is abundant. Under pressure of necessity he must raise more and better crops at less cost. When he drops his papers because his crops bring low prices, he is as unwise as the workman who puts his tools in pledge because his wages are low. He deprives himself of the power of bettering his condition. By his papers he keeps track of the great markets of the world, the supply and demand of cereals, what crops are being raised in excess; he learns better methods, and hears of new and more productive varieties, and is set to thinking in what way he can lessen labor and expense and increase returns. Not the least value of a paper lies in the fact that it makes a man a thinking farmer. The educational value of newspapers to the family is also to be considered. Cut down expenses by plainer living; less cake and pie, more milk and vegetables. Miss Willard, in commenting on social conditions, gives as a rule of life "plain living and high thinking," and tell us that high living induces very plain thinking. If it comes to a choice between mental and physical sustenance surely we shall not hesitate to cherish the nobler part of ourselves especially when in so doing we win health to our bodies by a sound digestion.

Contributed Recipes.

FRIED CAKES.—One large cup sugar, two eggs, one large teaspoonful soda, one half cup cream, filled up with buttermilk; pinch of salt. Nutmeg to taste.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take a pint of bread sponge in the morning and add it to one cup of sweet cream, warmed; one cup sugar; one egg; spice to the taste. Keep in a warm place until quite light, and then roll out on the board; cut out and set to rise again until quite light; then fry in hot lard. DORA.

LEONTI.

FRUIT CAKE.—One coffee cup each of sugar, buttermilk and raisins; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in boiling water; one teaspoonful of cinnamon; a smaller quantity of cloves and allspice; one-half a nutmeg; piece of shortening the size of an egg; flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. ANGELINE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FRIED CAKES.—One egg, three tablespoonfuls shortening, one-half cup sugar, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon. Mix rather soft.

PICKLE FOR HAMS.—Seven pounds of common barrel salt; three ounces saltpetre; six red peppers, or one heaping teaspoonful cayenne pepper; four gallons of cold water. Cover hams according to the above compound and let remain just six weeks. If it is desirable to let the hams remain in pickle longer, it can be done, as they will never become any saltier. SARACENECE.

COURTLAND CENTRE.

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An ordinary operator can earn from one to three dollars per day in any community in the Northern States on our New Lamb Knitter.

100 Varieties of Fabric on Same Machine. You can wholly finish twelve pairs ladies' full-shaped stockings or twenty pairs socks or mittens in a day! Skilled operators can double this production. Capacity and range of work double that of the old Lamb Knitting machine. Address The New Lamb Knitter Co., 117 and 119 Main St., west, JACKSON, MICH.

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