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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

So is our fair youth lost,
The long years drag it to the ground,
Or even we unthinking throw it down;
A bitter fight we have, or have not won;
But, ah! we feel—we know our youth is done,
Small are our years—that is not youth—
Youth is possession of a heart of truth.

So does a great love fade.
We do not feel it fading, for it goes
So gradually we do not see
The shade of difference 'tween the days
Which make so small a difference, yet
Which added, make the difference great,
And then one day, with just one final rush,
The cloak of love has fallen from our lives;
And as we view it lying at our feet
We look at it with wondering eyes;
Knowing that we had found it sweet;
Perchance half stoop to pick it up;
Useless—no more the pain, the joy, the doubt;
For as it fell from us without a sound,
It turned to stone, just as it touched the ground.

HOUSEKEEPING FOR GIRLS.

Paper read by Mrs. H. Dale Adams, of Galesburg, at the Annual Institute of the Kalamazoo Husbandman's Club, at Climax, Feb. 3-4.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything pertaining to the household. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may not be placed in circumstances where it will be necessary for her to perform much domestic labor, but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she were called to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. I have often thought it was easier to do the work with my own hands than to direct others. I think the mothers are often more at fault than the girls; they do not take the time to teach them, nor think it important that their girls learn housekeeping. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with labor and need their help.

Children should be taught to make themselves useful; so taught that they will consider it a privilege instead of a task to help their parents. Young ladies do not realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery; but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortification of ignorance can. I venture to assert there is not a girl within the sound of my voice who does not expect to be a housekeeper. I judge somewhat from a conversation I overheard a few days since between several young ladies who were saying what they should and should not do when they were housekeepers. The charm of good housekeeping is

in the order, economy and taste displayed, in giving attention to little things, and these little things have a wonderful influence.

A nice housekeeper once said to me that she gave her parlor very little attention, but that she must have her kitchen clean; a dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to find comfort and happiness somewhere else. Domestic labor is by no means a detriment to the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Very many of our most accomplished women look after their own households, and not only honor themselves but their husbands by so doing. None of our girls are fit to be married until they are well versed in housekeeping.

I have heard women say that they did not want their girls to be drudging in the kitchen; that they would have enough to do when they kept their own house. I don't believe it is necessary for any one to be in the kitchen long enough to become a drudge. The kitchen work has got to be done, and with proper utensils and modern conveniences it need not be drudgery. Much depends on order, and if we commence early with the girls they will never consider it degrading to be able to prepare a nicely cooked meal. Housekeeping is like an endless chain, and to live in peace with men we must feed them regularly and with well cooked food. So, young ladies, you must learn to keep house. A lecturer on "The Model Wife" not long since said that to be a model housekeeper one must be endowed with gumption; it is a compound word and covers a large space. Girls, don't you wish we might buy it by the bottle, and lay in a fresh supply each year? If girls would spend their time and study to be housekeepers with the same energy that they do to teach school, we should not be under the necessity of writing papers about housekeeping for them to criticize. Again, we find them giving from four to twelve months' time to learn dressmaking and telegraphy, when the same time spent learning to cook nice meals and perform other domestic duties, would make them capable of managing a house of their own. There are plenty of young men looking for such girls; but many cannot afford to marry and hire a girl to do what every young lady should (at least know how) to do. It reminds me of the mother who was indignant because her son married an Irish girl who understood housekeeping. He replied that he thought he would

marry one and then he would not have to hire one.

Now, girls, did you know that it is becoming fashionable to learn housekeeping? Clubs are being organized in cities for this very purpose, but as there is one already in every farmer's house, our girls have the advantage. I hope those who don't know how will learn, and not be like the one the young man asked if she knew how to bake bread. She said no, but that she could skate. I could not help but wonder which would sustain life the longest, bread or skates.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

There is one thing I very much wish to know, and that is why there is such a dividing line drawn between girls who do housework and other hired girls; for the girls who do housework, operate a type writer or telegraph instrument, work in a factory, or telephone office, or in a store, teach music, or wait on the public in a postoffice, are all hired girls. Some may say it seems menial to minister to the wants of people in their homes, but I can't see any difference between waiting on people at home and waiting on them in public. I would think more of a girl who did housework and whose aspirations were to something higher and nobler than merely painting and dancing and music. It is true that there are some hired girls who think of nothing but silk dresses and sealskin sacques and their beaux, and these are in my estimation no better than the millionaire's daughter whose thoughts are of the same things, but who does not have to work for her money.

There are girls, too, who work for wages, who, in literature, and music and the like, are just as accomplished as the rich girls, and in my opinion are far ahead of them in the way of womanly accomplishments, because the working girl can take care of herself and earn her living, and the rich girl can not.

In my opinion a young man who deserves a good wife and can appreciate one, will think more of a girl who aspires to something higher and better than fashion and fancy work, than he will of one who thinks it menial to do housework, cook a good "square meal" make up a nice soft bed, and noblest of all bring up a family of bright, intelligent children, for taking care of babies is not a minor item in a mother's life work. Fifty years from now the condition of the nation will depend

on the way our girls of the present bring up their children.

But I don't want to put *all* the blame on the girls, for their mothers are of course responsible for their training; so we must bring up our children as we would have them bring up theirs. FIREFLY.

WEXFORD.

THE MONEY QUESTION—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The money question between husband and wife is often one of much annoyance to the parties themselves, and sometimes to others. It is difficult to lay down in general rules what is just right and equitable, for every case is modified by circumstances—the situation and disposition of parties, etc.

It may be stated generally that the matrimonial condition is a partnership, in which each partner is supposed to be equally interested. Our Michigan laws are especially liberal as to the legal and property rights of a married woman, giving her the absolute control of her property held at the time of marriage or afterward acquired by her own labor or otherwise. She can sue and be sued alone in the courts, and she is not responsible for her husband's debts. But it is not as a legal question I would now discuss it, but better, as one of fairness and intrinsic justice. A contention for legal rights, a continuous lawsuit in the family, would not be conducive to peace and good will. The husband is usually recognized as the head of the family—though not always really so—and with that responsibility has become the financial officer and director-general of the corporation. He is expected to take the lead in providing a home and the ways and means of living, and is personally responsible for all debts of the firm, unless contracted especially in the wife's name; and it is but just, ordinarily, that he should have the greater control of the means with which to meet those responsibilities, and to buy such property as may be needed in his business. When the relations are harmonious, especially among farmers and the middle classes generally, the wife is more or less consulted in all these arrangements, and her wishes to some extent deferred to. And in many cases her labor in household work and care of children, and in some cases in money-producing labor that goes toward joint expenses, is quite as important as her husband's. Her work never ceases from day to day, and from year to year; in all seasons and in all weather it goes on forever, except in case of sickness—and sometimes even then. It is but just, then, that she should have the personal control and benefit of some of the joint earnings and income.

The husband usually considers himself at liberty to expend what he chooses for his own clothing and personal expenses. He may or may not, as he pleases, consult his wife's judgment as to some of those. Why, then, should not the wife have the same privilege. Any man's pride would rebel were he required to explain to his wife and obtain her consent before he could expend a dollar for his own per-

sonal use, just as many a man expects his wife to ask him when she wants a little money to use. (I may have adopted or stolen some of these ideas, but can't stop to give credit for everything in a topic so often discussed.)

The old barbarian idea that the woman was the "weaker vessel," the inferior and servant of man, is pretty much exploded in this age and country, though occasionally we see a trace of it left. It has given place to the broader and truer doctrine of equal rights; that the wife, who has her share of the duties and burdens of life to bear, should be entitled to a fair share of its privileges and blessings.

The average wife is as much devoted to the interests of the family, is more saving and economical, and in most cases has quite as good or better judgment as to the proper outlay for expenses as her husband. If she wishes to contribute a few dollars to some benevolent or religious purpose, and have due credit for the same as her own personal act, she should have the same unquestioned right to do so, within the limit of their means, as the husband to make such contributions. If she wants a few ribbons, or a bonnet trimmed, or even a new one, or a dress, why should she not have the same right to buy one out of the partnership fund, without asking him, as the husband has to buy a hat, or a pair of boots or suspenders without asking his wife? Or if she wishes to treat herself to an ice-cream or some fruits, why not the same right to do so as her husband has to expend ten times as much for tobacco and cigars, to say nothing of drinks? In fact the tobacco and cigars alone usually cost a man more than all the little trifles his wife would be disposed to allow herself. The wrong is often not so much in the actual denial to the wife of the little money needed, as in the humiliation and annoyance of being obliged to ask for it, and explain what it is wanted for, and often to feel that it is grudgingly bestowed. What the wife wants and generally should have, is the free and unquestioned control of a reasonable portion of the joint income, to use according to her own judgment and wishes.

There may be times in the husband's experience when he is sorely pressed for money, and cannot well afford what his wife needs. But the true wife who is made acquainted with her husband's embarrassments, will not be unreasonable at such times. She may generally be trusted to keep her expenditures within reasonable limits, at all times.

The old doctrine was that the husband and wife are one, and the husband is that one. The later and better doctrine is that the wife is at least half that one, and sometimes the better half, in marital and moral qualities,—and occasionally in avoidripois. There are some women who are unreasonable and selfish spendthrifts; women who would impoverish and ruin their husbands if they had the free use of his purse. But there are quite as many men equally selfish and extravagant—or avaricious misers, about as bad.

I know of no remedy for these domestic wrongs, except through a higher development of the law of love and conscientious sense of justice. As the true mission of love and marriage becomes better understood, and more intelligently and faithfully carried out, such evils will gradually disappear. The world moves. Compare the condition of woman now with that of a few centuries past, and we find a wonderful progress.

There are thousands of naturally kind-hearted husbands whose sinning is more through inconsiderateness than any conscious wrong-doing, and who only need to have their attention called to it, and convinced of their wrong to effect their reform. There is room in this field for skillful missionary work, for preaching and teaching the right in such a manner as not to appear to be officious intermeddlers with others' affairs.

My pen is not a ready one on this topic. It has been with me, as with many others, a too little considered one, and its discussion involves the self conviction and confession of some past delinquencies. But none of us can live our lives over, or mend all the errors of the past. We can only strive to live better and more perfect lives hereafter. PAUL JOHNSTON.

HOLLY.

CHAT FROM THE NORTH.

In regard to the secret societies, let me remind Beatrix that the lodge dues are the smallest of the expenses of masons. Suppers for the visiting brethren after lodge hours, car fare and hotel bills when away to meetings, funerals and festive occasions generally are "incidental expenses" which count. The relief to widows and orphans must come from the pocketbooks of masons, and with many of them that charity had far better begin at home. Do you think a good wife and mother could be selfish enough to really enjoy an amusement from which her husband and children must be excluded? And is any amusement right which encroaches on the hours for sleep, even the protracted meetings of young people?

The reform to earlier hours in this case must come from the young men themselves. It is impossible, with any regard to the sacred laws of hospitality, tell a gentleman that it is time for him to take his leave—trebly the difficult if he is the favored one. Young man, please remember that while your sweetheart is entertaining you she is inwardly quaking at the thought of the maternal reproaches in the morning; and she does wish you could be thoughtful enough not to subject her to them. And mother, be cautious what you say to your daughter. You cannot offer her young womanhood a greater insult than to hint the possibility of wrong doing, for she cannot understand your anxiety for her until she has grown daughters of her own. The reform must be with young men.

I have discovered a relief for neuralgia, faceache or toothache. Sit with the back to the stove, so as to heat the spinal column with all the heat you can bear.

It is more efficacious than heat applied directly to the seat of pain.

It is not a HOUSEHOLD subject, but I do want to express myself in print on the folly of advertisers of patent medicines who beguile the public into reading their advertisements by attractive titles, and then think the deluded, injured reader will want to buy their medicines. No salesman of any other class of goods would expect to do anything but offend and drive away customers by such a course. I myself have missed reading many interesting looking items for fear of the pill that might be hidden in the sugar coat, and then in all confidence I have read—well, never mind! But if I was dying of kidney disease I know of one patent medicine I never would buy or take.

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

"OUR MARY" AS GALATEA.

I had the pleasure of hearing Mary Anderson in "Pygmalion and Galatea" on the occasion of her recent visit to this city, and as there has been so much said of her as Galatea, I thought our readers might be interested in a brief description of the play in which she appeared, and the *personelle* of the "Fair Kentuckian," and would kindly refrain from saying "chestnuts" even if they know the event I am chronicling occurred nearly two weeks ago.

The play is founded on the story of the old Greek sculptor Pygmalion, who carved a statue of ivory so exquisitely beautiful that he fell desperately in love with it. His prayers to the gods were answered, and the statue became a beautiful woman, whom he married. But the playwright has taken great liberties with this simple text. Pygmalion has carved the statue, and worships its beauty. He is married to Cynisca, whom he loves, and whose features, refined and made more exquisite by his artistic imagination, served as model for his great work. The rising curtain discloses the interior of the studio. Heavy dull brown draperies conceal the statue in its niche. Cynisca, the wife, Myrine, the sister, and Leucippe, the valiant soldier and lover of Myrine, enter, speak their lines and retire, while the audience waits expectantly for the curtains to be swept apart and disclose the statue. When at last they are drawn there is a breathless hush, a murmur of admiration, followed by a round of applause, which seems almost sacrilegious in presence of that beautiful figure, so white, so motionless, which stands sharply defined against the dark background. The arms are bare to the shoulder, the brown hair entirely concealed by a white wig, while plentiful applications of powder have so changed the rosy flesh to the similitude of marble that only a faint rose tinge betrays the cheat. The drapery falls in statue-like lines from the loose girdle which confines it; it is of white crape, and the secret of these folds which look so like the solid stone, is that the robe is washed, drawn through a wringer and left to dry undisturbed, the folds are then pulled out a

little, and it is ready to wear. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful than this counterfeit Galatea, standing gracefully erect, with head slightly inclined and one hand gathering the folds of her drapery, as immovable as if in very truth cut from the insensate rock.

Cynisca, leaving Pygmalion in the studio, bids him in her absence pay his vows to the fair semblance of herself which he has created. Pygmalion, alone, deploras his inability to animate the forms he create with life. He asserts he can improve upon the handiwork of the gods; his women are all beautiful, none of his men have crooked legs, they are gods and goddesses, all that is needed is life. Thus lamenting, he hears a voice call "Pygmalion," softly, entreatingly. He looks, and listens, and wonders, but not till the call is thrice repeated does he sweep aside the draperies and stand in presence of the statue, in which is wrought to his astonished eyes, a wonderful transformation. The arms and face are tinted with the flush of life, the brown hair ripples away from the brow, the rosy lips are half apart, and as he looks the lids unclothe and Galatea's eyes look into his.

With life there has been given to Galatea one absorbing passion, love for Pygmalion. He is married, and this gives the key to the complications which follow. Galatea, innocent, ignorant, knowing nothing whatever of conventionalities, makes mischief everywhere. She is as one might fancy one might be, set, a woman grown but ignorant of life and its ways, in the world as mankind has made it. She loves Pygmalion, and sees no reason why she should not; told he is married, she does not understand why she cannot still love him. Her naive delight at seeing herself in a mirror for the first time, her fright at Leucippe, who enters in armor, loud and noisy, so great a contrast to the quiet and gentle Pygmalion, the only man she has as yet seen, were bits of realistic acting. Chrysos, "a patron of the arts," who as Pygmalion contemptuously says "estimates the value of a statue by its weight," furnishes, with Daphne, his wife, the comic element. He comes to buy the statue of which he has heard so much; offers a thousand drachmæ, Daphne saying they had paid but fifteen hundred "for an Apollo twice as large;" Pygmalion leaves the room in anger, saying as he goes "The statue's not for sale!" and after Daphne has gone, Galatea enters. Chrysos is a new specimen, totally unlike anything she has seen before; she looks him over curiously, and tells him she likes him, he makes her laugh, he is "so round and red and queer." Life came to her so mysteriously that she holds all life sacred, hence Leucippe, as a soldier whose trade is to destroy, is horrible to her. He enters while she is alone, bringing a fawn he has just killed by a chance shot which he describes, while her eyes dilate with horror at his cruelty. She satisfies herself the fawn is dead, then indignantly orders him from her presence. When Myrine returns, Galatea tells the story of

Leucippe's slaughter and by use of the pronoun "she"—which Leucippe used in his description,—Myrine is led to believe her lover has murdered a woman, and that Galatea had seen the victim. The misunderstanding results in the separation of the lovers, for Leucippe cannot understand why Myrine should be shocked, nor Myrine how her betrothed could so heartlessly boast of his supposed crime.

Cynisca, in the meantime, has become jealous of the lovely woman who so openly adores her husband, and Pygmalion's admiration of her but increases her anger. Artemis, the Greek Diana, the "great mother of Nature," her protector, at her marriage with Pygmalion promised that should her husband become even for a moment, even in thought, untrue to the marriage vow, he should be stricken with blindness at her prayer. This doom she now invokes upon the unhappy Pygmalion, whose eyes instantly become sightless. Cynisca disappears, and her husband, in grief at her loss and his punishment, cares not to live. Myrine persuades Galatea to personate Cynisca, in the hope of winning him to hope in life again, which she does, and listens in anguish to his vows that though he worshiped Galatea's beauty, his love for his wife had never wavered. Cynisca, returning penitent for her hasty prayer in jealous rage, overhears his avowal, and in her joy finds time to pity the heart-broken Galatea for the first time. Artemis, in answer to her entreaty, restores Pygmalion's sight; and Galatea, refused the love which gave her life, feels the tide of life within her veins chilling to stony coldness again. While the reunited twain are engrossed in each other, she slowly, as if mastered by some power invisible, goes toward her old niche, disappearing in its recess. Again Pygmalion hears that sweet, deep voice calling him; and throwing aside the curtain, sees the statue in its old place, the flesh tints faded, the figure once more immovable, only, as he looks, the eyes open full upon him, and with one long glance, slowly, still as if by some irresistible power, close forever. And then the great curtain fell, and the loud applause broke the hush, and bade us remember it was "only a play."

BEATRIX.

FAITH IN MANKIND.

To the lady at Kalamazoo who so despairingly asks "Is there true love in mankind?" I, too, would say *Yes, oh yes*. Many a man is more true and faithful than the wife, some are so unevenly mated in this life; and although it is poor consolation to offer those who sorrow, I think womankind are much to blame in this matter. Take for example the fast young man of the age. No matter what he does most of the young ladies call him a good fellow, and are ready enough to give him their company, while their fallen sister, fallen through that same young man, only receives the cold and sneering look, as unworthy their slightest notice. "These things ought not to be." Oh mothers, let us teach our children, boys and girls

alike, that vice is vice wherever found. I would not refrain from giving pity to the desolate heart, for we know that every heart hath its own bitterness, and only the Blessed One can truly help in each and every sorrow. Human help is so weak and insufficient, but there is One who is mighty.

A. R.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

This saying is one of the most common in use, and is applied justly, or the reverse, with little discrimination.

If a child falls into disgrace at home or school, and is subjected to punishment, there will always be some to emphasize the penalty with "Served him right," and this verdict is too often the outcome of a feeling of prejudice, rather than a sense of justice.

A man may be engaged in business many years, always conducting it in an upright, honest way; straightforward in his dealings; all have a good word for him. But he is good natured; it is hard for him to say *no* to a friend, and by and by he fails, through the treachery or mistakes of others, and many will exclaim: "Served him right. He shouldn't have been such a fool."

A man meets a friend on the street, and having a little business to talk over, they step into a saloon near by. They meet others, and follow the "American fashion" of treating all around, and our friend finds his head unsteady when he again is on the street. Tanglefoot trips him, too; the street gamins cheer him with, "Go it, Blowy-head; yer wife's got a rod in pickle for ye." He angrily dashes after them, falls against and upsets a dignified Solon, imagines him his persecutor, assaults him, and ends with being arrested and arraigned in the police court as "drunk and disorderly." Hear the chorus, "Served him right; he ought to be sent up!"

A young girl, innocent and pure, but headstrong and inexperienced, meets with a man plausible, courteous and flattering, who pays her the most devoted attention, pretends the most intense love and deep affection, wins her confidence and love, offers her honorable marriage, works every art of fascination until her infatuation is complete, another "American fashion," that of midnight courtship, giving unlimited opportunity for importunity, and the old, old story of woman's shame and man's infamy is on the record. Whose the voice to cry out "Served her right?"

It has been sadly proven that wrong can not be changed in its nature, because it has been handed down from past ages. No practice or fashion that has unlimited possibilities of evil, crime or degradation, can find moral support from the fact that it has been practiced or prevailed in times past; nor will it strengthen the case to demonstrate than in cited instances, no matter how numerous, no harm has followed such allowances.

It is not safe to set a fire in the forest in a dry time, because such things have been done and no great injury resulted. Wild beasts have escaped from their

cages and prowled about for a time without doing much damage, but it is better to keep your doors closed while they are at large.

But the fire of the saloon and the human hyena lie in wait to destroy at every turn, with a mask of fashion so completely hiding their hideous deformity from their guileless victims that their true character is only appreciated when their victims are totally in their toils. Shall we say of these unfortunates in their despair, "Served them right?"

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1886.

It would seem superfluous for me to spend much time in recommending my seeds to my old friends and customers, but the FARMER finds many new readers every year, and I will simply say to those, that although I still offer seeds and plants at extremely low rates, there is nothing poor or second rate about them; they are raised from the most expensive and improved sorts to be had from our best seedsmen. As I find that most purchasers prefer the varieties of each kind mixed in packets I offer them thus, although I can furnish separately black or white pansy, red or white Sweet William, Delphinium etc., in distinct colors if desired. All plants that are considered improved when double, are so without deterioration from growing with single ones, for they are removed. As I am sure the readers of the HOUSEHOLD keep the little paper I need not say preserve the list. I give below a list of those most in demand usually; I can furnish many others:

ANNUALS.—Alyssum, Ageratum, Antirrhinum, Asters, Argemone, Balsam, 10c, Brachycome 10c, Candytuft, Cacalia, Canna, 10c, Calendula meteor, 10c, Calliopsis, Catchfly, Convolvulus minor, Datura, Euphorbia, Eschscholtzia, Gilia, Linaria, Lobelia, Mignonette, Marigold, Medicago, Myosotis, 10c, Mirabilis, Nigella, Poppy, Pinks, 10c, Pansy, 15c, Perilla, Phlox Drummondii, Petunia, 10c, Tropaeolum, Verbena, 10c, Zinnia.

CLIMBERS.—Hyacinth Bean, Scarlet Runner, Morning Glory, Ipomea, Balloon vine, Sweet Pea, Thunbergia 10c, Canary flower 10c, Adlumia, Lathyrus, Perennial pea.

PERENNIALS.—Alyssum, gold dust, Aquilegia, yellow, white, blue, etc., Campanula, Digitalis, Delphinium, Hollyhock 10c, Honesty, Cypress, Linum, Pyrethrum, Rocket, Sweet William, Wallflower 10c.

Sweet and medicinal herbs, over 20 varieties separate or mixed; everlasting flowers and grasses, best sorts. Prices, except where marked, six packets 25c, 13 for 50c, or 30 for \$1. marked packets 3 for 25c (except pansies) 13 for \$1. Mixed sorts of either annuals, perennials, herbs, or climbers 15c, or everlastings 10c per packet, or 3 packets 25c. In ordering mention the FARMER.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTONVILLE, Mich.

Box 297.

VIOLET, of Okemos, who says she is a little girl, wishes some lady would give directions for knitting lace; also for ginger cookies.

THE gentleman from Eaton Rapids who wants a situation to take charge of some woman's property as husband, is informed the HOUSEHOLD is not a matrimonial agency.

TEMPERANCE, of Woodside, says that in her directions for knitting a silk purse tw. means "twist stitch," that is, insert the needle in the back of the stitch, and knit as usual. Four needles, No. 16, are used. Dark blue or drab are nice colors.

MRS. E. S. CUSHMAN, of Delhi Mills, christened her essay before the Webster Farmers' Institute, "Zig-zag Papers," which she felt to be a more fitting title to her series of descriptions of different agricultural conditions in foreign countries than that bestowed upon it in the programme, and given in the HOUSEHOLD.

BETTY, of Grand Blanc, extends her heartfelt sympathy to our little invalid, Temperance, and hopes for her ultimate recovery. Betty, in common with many others, is hoping to hear again from Miss Benton, whose letter from abroad she greatly enjoyed, and whose promise to write has not been forgotten. The "case of identity" which Betty thinks she has discovered arises from a duplication of nom-de-plumes.

SUSIE BROWN, of Marshall, says: "If the lady from Ionia who has such a serious time making cake with granulated sugar, will use two-thirds of a cup of sugar, and stir the cake with her hand, (if she would do such a thing) until the sugar is all dissolved, I know she will have nice cake. It was the sugar, and not the baking powder that made the cake heavy. Have had the same experience. Thanks to Mrs. F. for her ginger snap recipe."

AFTER a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean than in the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tinware, and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Preserved fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the jar, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

ONE of our exchanges puts the butter question thus: "One woman makes butter and sells it for what it will bring, another makes it and it will not go far enough to supply those who want it at the best market price. This is the result of intelligence."