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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

PATIENCE WITH THE LOVE.

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow!

They are such little hands!
Be kind. Things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives,
Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins. They see so much
That, being immortal, they would touch,
That if they reach
We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes
That widen to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To sun or showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts;
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by—
Give them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.

THE HOME DYNASTY.

Between the two evils of over-governing and not governing enough in the management of children, it seems hard to point out the exact path. Yet if a choice must be made, it really seems as if the latter were the most desirable, the better policy. The child that is continually hedged about with restrictions, "You must not do this," that or the other thing, becomes in time either a stiff, unnatural, "old" child, or develops obstinacy and rebellion against legitimate law. Stubbornness is born of continual repression, and a sulky, morose disposition is often engendered. What grown person, schooled in self-control, would not chafe at being continually watched and reproved, and resent the eternal "Don't do so?" A child is fully as sensitive, and quite as jealous of its new-found rights. Continued fault-finding will ruin the sweetest disposition a child ever inherited; for we must admit temperaments are often matters of inheritance. Between the old-fashioned, stern discipline which formulated the saying, "Children should be seen, not heard," and forbade a child the right to speak in its own defense even though a parent was its judge, and the latter day laxity which permits impertinence and disobedience there is a "golden mean" which conscientious

parents strive to find; which studies a child's disposition, then works toward a symmetrical development of character, which is never to be reached by a succession of "Don'ts." By the very fact of forbidding a desire is often created. Do not we older ones sometimes realize that "bread eaten by stolen waters is pleasant" and are we not simply "children of a larger growth?" Small misdemeanors may often be suffered to pass unnoticed with better results than to attempt a perpetual correction of each youthful peccadillo; but whatever shows willful disobedience or deliberate purpose in wrong, should be promptly corrected.

Do we not often expect too much of the children? A young child is very animal in its nature; it cares principally to eat and play, and for what pleases its fancy; as it develops reason and its higher nature hold animalism more and more in check. Children, too, are like unfolding seeds; the "seed leaves" are rough and coarse, quite unlike those which will grace the plant when its embryonic stage is passed. We say a child "outgrows" much of its youthful uncouthness, but this outgrowing is really a development of the moral nature until it subdues the animal, and the child begins to reason and reflect and imitate. But we must not look for autumn's ripe, perfect fruit in May.

Do we not often fail to make due allowance for childish faults? Think how new the world is to them and how many things they have to learn, how imperfectly their perceptive faculties are developed, and how little of experience, and of experience in judging, they have as yet acquired. The child who tells what a mother considers a falsehood is sometimes but narrating the circumstance as he saw it, or as the result of imperfect judgment, or because he forgot exactly how it happened. If harshly punished as untruthful, what a wrong is done? I think there are but few who retain vivid recollections of their childhood who cannot recall some unjust punishment, the result of misapprehension, which defeated its own purpose because we realized it was unmerited. I would never say "Tell me the truth" to a child, because truth is a word representing an abstract quality uncomprehended by the child-mind; but rather "Tell me how it happened," or "Tell me all about it." Then listen patiently to the story and place the blame where it belongs. Any of us who have ever heard children tell each other stories

must admit the brilliancy of the juvenile imagination; an imaginative child colors surroundings through its fancy, and should not be lightly accused of falsehood. A tendency to exaggeration may be called lying and whipped out of a child—or more properly, the child may be whipped into sulks and sullenness—but the better method is to call the child's attention to the exaggeration and get him to modify it, which he will probably do somewhat after the Frenchman's method of comparison, "Superbe, magnifique, pretty vell!"

We should never forget that with children, as indeed with older people, example goes further than precept. There are parents who are like "Mr. Pecksniff," moral guide-posts, "always telling the way to a place, but never going there." What will it avail a mother to preach truthfulness and sincerity to her daughter if the latter detects her in social "white lies," or hears her say one thing to her neighbor and another thing of her? Will verbal teachings of honor and honesty stand against the practical lesson on market day when the stale eggs are slipped in among the newly-laid ones, or the ancient hen sandwiched among the spring chickens? Many a good deacon would hardly care to have his son stand by during a horse trade with a neighbor, when he is trying to pass off "the old gray mare" as sound in wind and limb and several years younger than her mother. How can he have the effrontery to say "Be honest and honorable in all your dealings, my son, if you would win confidence and esteem," when the lad sees the "screenings" judiciously dispersed through a load of wheat and the bags studiously arranged with a view to unloading without detection; or when the fleeces are "stuffed" with "tags" and like refuse and sold as "all right!" How can the father compel his son to respect the property rights of others when he himself ignores his son's rights to the calf or lamb which the boy has carefully cared for because it was "his," till market day, when the title deeds were transferred, and the money it brought went into the father's pocket. Many a girl who deceives her mother was taught equivocation by the mother's example—not her precept; many a boy has learned his first lesson in dishonesty at his father's hands. Briefly, then, if you would train your sons and daughters in the way they should go, you must travel the same road yourself. BEATRIX.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

There are a number of varieties of hardy flowering plants that are "old as the hills," to those who raise many flowers, and yet strangers to very many others. The perennial flax or *Linum*, for one, is so much admired by visitors here, very few of whom remembered to have ever seen it before, and it is one of our most desirable of hardy herbaceous plants, not at all particular as to soil or attention. It gives an abundance of the most dainty flowers the whole spring, and summer too, if seed vessels are removed before ripened.

In answer to the Ohio lady's question about using soot for roses out of doors, we dust it under the leaves, and cover the ground under the bushes with it. But at this time in the spring, insects have so much the advantage if heretofore undisturbed, that it will be necessary to use hellebore or the emulsion spoken of frequently in the horticultural department of the FARMER, to destroy them. I find pyrethrum answers excellently for an insecticide for any occasion I have had to use one for house plants. I have never tried it for roses or currant worms. *Pyrethrum roseum* may be planted now, or two or three weeks hence; is very hardy and requires but slight cultivation.

I do not find it safe to set tender bulbs, as tigridia and tuberose, or tender plants such as fuchsia and coleus, out of doors until June. They grow rapidly after the weather is settled and quite warm. There is no way to use geraniums and like plants that have done duty through winter, that will be so satisfactory, and require so little care, as to fill a bed with them, if ever so small. Slips taken early and started well will give good thrifty duplicates of the old ones, to be used in the house. If you have not abundant room for large plants, store them in the cellar through winter. Coleus slips started in August are best for winter service, as it is not easy to keep old plants over in a living room. I can send six nice plants of coleus for fifty cents.

In setting out plants care should be taken to set them firmly, with the roots placed in a natural position, using water freely as the earth is replaced; do not forget to shade them; and seedling plants should be taken up with the least possible disturbance of the tender rootlets, and reset carefully. As they grow stronger, should they incline to run up, transplant again; this will check the too rampant growth, and so induce better form and more flowers. There is much to learn about transplanting, but I wished to answer a few questions.

E. L. Nye's transposition is constantly recurring to my mind, with thoughts of what leaving home is to so many of us, a breaking up of our everyday business and cares, and not to be accomplished without sorrow and regret. Although the future may have for us far more of enjoyment and ease, still we do so cling to those whom we have labored and made sacrifices for, and many a heart knows the pain of leaving its youthful home.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

A correspondent of the HOUSEHOLD says she wrote to a relative in England for information regarding the incidents which led Goldsmith to write his famous poem, "The Deserted Village," and received the following reply, which is hardly definite enough to be satisfactory:

"You ask me what the 'Deserted Village' is like? Describe it as it deserves to be described, I cannot. The aim of the book is to show the cruel wickedness of those who convert arable land into parks for their own pleasure, thus driving the people off the soil into the big cities. Would to God our statesmen had listened to what Goldsmith told them more than a hundred years ago! Old England would not be in the terrible state she is now if they had. Your country is new and has a future before her, so as you love the Lord Jesus 'cry aloud and spare not' against the American government allowing our coroneted sportsmen to buy up land that should be sold for tillage."

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," which the poet locates in England, was really the village of Lissoy, on the estate of General Napier, in Ireland, where much of Goldsmith's youth was passed. General Napier, desiring to extend his grounds, compelled the villagers, who were his tenants, to seek homes elsewhere; that he might have

"Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds."

The parsonage where lived Goldsmith's father, the "village preacher," who was

"A man to all the country dear
And passing rich on forty pounds a year,"

was, when the poet wrote, occupied as a sheepfold in the lower story. To express the peaceful serenity of the pastor's character, the poet has this beautiful simile:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The author shows us how luxury and pride may destroy the simple pleasures of village life; how the man of wealth "takes up a space that many poor supplied," and says:

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay!
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land."

The poem is famous for its beauty of sentiment and grace and simplicity of diction. Its pictures of rural life are charming through their homeliness and fidelity to nature. He paints for us the village inn, "where news much older than the ale went round;" the schoolmaster, whose eloquence "amazed the gazing rustics ranged around," among whom "still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew;" the parson, whose "failings leaned to virtue's side;" whose

"* * * house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his ancient breast.
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud
Claimed kindness there, and had his claim allowed:
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

The reader of this poem will recognize many familiar lines, oft quoted, always terse and vigorous. Like Shakespeare's plays, it abounds in epigrams and those descriptive phrases and similes which seem so simple, yet are really the evidence of the genius of the writer, art under the guise of simplicity. Irving's Life of Goldsmith is very interesting reading, and from it the most complete and full knowledge of the life of this singular, erratic genius is to be obtained; his peculiarities gave rise to David Garrick's epitaph:

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called
Noll,
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor
Poll."

Our correspondent further queries whether there is not land enough in this country to spare. The popular idea has gone with the sentiment of the popular song, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm," till the area of public land suited for rancho or agricultural purposes, has been very greatly diminished. Until proper explorations and surveys were made, the whole west was supposed to be as fertile as Kansan prairies, with the exception of what in our old geographies was called the "Great American Desert." Better knowledge of the territory has disclosed the fact that large tracts can never be made agriculturally available, and still larger areas are tillable only by means of irrigation. Lavish grants to railroads, and sales of really valuable lands at a nominal sum by the government, have so reduced the public domain that, allowing for the increase of population which is inevitable, we are compelled to admit we have not "land to spare;" and already popular feeling is aroused against permitting English syndicates or American ranchmen to further diminish, by purchase in large tracts, the land which should be reserved to meet the demands of a fast increasing nation.

MEMORY.

Some one has said that of all the gifts with which a beneficent Providence has endowed man, the gift of memory is the noblest. Without it life would be a blank, a dreary void, an inextricable chaos, an unlettered page, cast upon the vast ocean of uncertainty. The most trivial things will sometimes recall incidents both pleasant and sad. A perfume, a strain of music long forgotten, perhaps a voice long unheard, may take us back to childhood's days; and thus we often gain fresh courage and strength to meet care and temptation, sorrows and trials. Though our summer is past, memory will bring us many joys; the flowers that we know are faded and dead will bloom again fair and beautiful, and fragrant as when our hands gathered them. The faces that we know for many years have been hid from human eyes, will rise before us through memory. Our faces may have lines of care, we may be worried and vexed with household difficulties, but our way will often be

made smooth with memories of other days. We live our lives over again through memory. Don't you remember the old well, where the water was drawn up with a long pole, with an old leaky bucket, moss-grown perhaps; how deliciously cool that water was. There was just such a well on our way to school when I was a little girl; we used to get the water there for the school-house. There were several apple and cherry trees around that threw a shade; some of the stones near the wooden curb were broken out. Moss grew upon the stones, and the bucket leaked so we were obliged to draw up several times in order to fill our pail. The water was as cold as ice, and as I think of it to-day, I would give any thing to be a child again, just as I was then, for then I had faith, now I have doubts. Happy, innocent children! eager and anxious to be men and women, to begin the battle of life—but when it is reached looking back earnestly, wistfully. The happy circle of brothers and sisters, the various dispositions, the different aspirations, mischievous pranks, and the mother's punishments; the long bright days, when we played and were sorry when bed-time came; the long rainy days when we rushed *en masse* for the garret and made the rats and mice scamper; how we did make the spinning wheel whirl. The boys—man fashion—took the big wheel, us girls were glad to whirl the little one; then there were the swifts, these had a round of gaieties. All the fireplace furniture was set out, the spider on long legs, the bake oven and kettle, the brass andirons, the trunks and boxes rifled of their contents, the harder the rain poured the better we liked it. There, too, was the little wooden cradle, in which every one of us had been rocked; and I love to think of my mother,

"Of her hand that led me forth,
Of the footsteps that followed mine own;
The eyes that smiled when she called me a child,
But have faded and left me alone."

What beautiful lessons she taught us in long talks, that life was a school; that our circle must necessarily be broken here, but we could be an unbroken band in our Heavenly home. Every spot around our old home is dear to us, even though strangers dwell there.

Memory is ever active, ever true; alas, if it were as easy to forget! There are often times that hard words are spoken, unkind deeds done, and we would so gladly forget them, but memory recalls the bitter as well as the sweet, but if we only knew it, such memories are friends in disguise, for they are faithful monitors, and are experience's ready prompters. How many years are crowded into moments by the strange power of memory? Old people can review their lives; if they have led useful, good lives, the memories will be fraught with pleasure; if the years have been spent in sin and wrong-doing, how remorseful will be the memories. The thoughts of the criminal will carry him back to the purity of his childhood home, the good influences that surrounded him, the caressing touch of his mother, the councils of a kind father, but he wandered away from them, drifted out to sea,

and now has no hope, only remorse and a wasted life. But if we live as good lives as we know how to, our old age will be pleasant. "As the sunlight breaks from the clouds and across the hills at the close of a stormy day, lighting up the distant horizon, even so does memory, when the light of life is fast disappearing in the darkness of death, break forth and illumine the most distant scenes and incidents of past years. And the very clouds of sorrow, which have drifted between, are lighted up with a glorious light. As the soft, clear chimes of the silvery bells at the vesper hour float down on the shadowy wings of evening, even so are the thoughts of old age. They recall scenes past, their memory being all that is left now. It may be the face of a mother, the smile of a sister, a father's kind voice, all stilled in death."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

IN AN ART MUSEUM.

"The first annual exhibition of the Detroit Museum of Art" opened at Merrill Hall, on Woodward Avenue, on the afternoon of May 29th, to continue two weeks. The great success of the Art Loan exhibition, still remembered by all who were fortunate enough to attend it, encouraged the managers of the present exhibit to hope for continued evidences of the interest in art then awakened. The collection of statuary, oil paintings, water colors and engravings is by no means as large as at the former exhibition, yet the quality of the pictures quite compensates for decreased quantity. On a first visit, one is able to get a clearer idea of what is to be seen, and it is possible to find what we desire to see without a half-day's search.

The central and most imposing picture in the present collection is Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death," which fills the stage at the end of the hall. This celebrated allegorical picture, which is said to have earned its owner \$50,000, is well known through the engraved copies which have been generally disseminated; and also from the fact that it was, half a century ago, the most widely known picture by an American artist. Death is a shadowy, intangible figure in the centre, whose foot rests upon the dead body of a youth, whose feet and head touch the waters of Oblivion, indicating the mystery of the beginning and the end of life. Death's agents form the court; War, with helmet and shield, is preceded by Conflagration, whose flaming torch sheds a lurid light on War's fierce face; Famine and Pestilence follow. Pleasure, Remorse, Suicide, Intemperance, and other figures fill the background. Age, in person of an old man, upheld by Hope, a beautiful figure with uplifted face, approaches Death without fear or hesitance. This picture is now owned by the Museum.

Opposite this great picture are two worthy of notice, being the work of celebrated old masters. One, "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," is one of those realistic pictures which remind us

of the terrible cruelties practiced in time of religious persecutions. It was painted by Murillo, the "greatest of Spanish painters," who died two hundred years ago. The canvas above, "A Seaport," by Claude Lorraine, as celebrated in France as Murillo in Spain, and contemporary with him, is far more beautiful. It is like looking through an open window, at sunrise, upon the sea, where the fishermen are drawing their nets. In a good light, the sunlight effect is wonderful; it is as if the sun actually streamed from behind the portico, upon the sea and the persons standing upon the quay. "Herodias with the Head of St. John in a Charger," is supposed to be by Rubens, a famous Flemish painter of the seventeenth century, though it is not quite certain. If it is not irreverent to criticize "the old masters," (and I dare say it is impious in the estimation of artists,) I should say Herodias' face is as expressionless as if she bore a roast of beef on a platter, and that she has an arm that could dispose of St. John without the formality of an executioner. But I confess the old masters are not to my corrupt and uneducated taste in art. They chose such horrible subjects; and their women always seem so expressionless to my untutored eyes.

There are three lovely landscapes by Corot, and I felicitated myself on "growing" when I said *sotto voce*, "That is surely a Corot," and turned to my catalogue to find it so listed. If I were so happy as to own any one of the three, whoever pleased might have the Rubens and Murillo. Bouguereau, the French artist whose "Nymphs" caused so much comment at the former exhibition, is represented by "The Nut-Gatherers," two children who have thrown themselves upon the grass, one holding a handful of nuts, while they look earnestly at each other as if discussing some momentous question. Bouguereau has a wonderful way of painting human flesh; these faces, and the bare arms and feet disclosed by the short peasant dresses are wonderfully real; it seems incredible mere pigments should be able to so counterfeit reality. "Maternal Affection" by Perrault, a pupil of Bouguereau, shows the master's teachings in the management of the rosy flesh of the babe in its mother's arms, and the bare arm and shoulder of the latter.

No. 14, "Children and a Bird's Nest," would please the small people. The boy, with an odd mixture of pride and compassion in his face, stands with a nest-full of young birds in his hand. His sister is looking at the wide open, expectant mouths with curious interest. They are "real country children," the boy's shirt is torn where he has climbed for his treasure, and a sleeve hangs unbuttoned; the girl has something on her head which closely resembles a nightcap.

Another genre painting is entitled "Bluffing." It is inimitable. Two boot-blacks are seated upon their "kits," engaged in a game of cards. One holds a "full hand" of nine and ten spots. But his face expresses as much anxiety,

doubt, hesitancy, perplexity, as if he held all the best cards and could hope to win something. His dirty hand scratches his head under his tattered cap, and boy-fashion, both feet are curled round his box. His opponent watches him with a very mischievous twinkle in his eye, and smiling, parted lips. It is owned by Gov. Alger.

"Don't Stir," by Elizabeth Gardner, is valued at \$2,250; it represents two children and their mother intently watching a bird which is eating the crumbs on the window-sill. The "Departure for the Hunt" represents the entrance to an old stone manor house; the gaily caparisoned horses are pawing the ground impatient to be off, the eager hounds can scarcely be held in leash by their master, and ladies and cavaliers, in the florid fashions of two hundred years ago, are exchanging ceremonious salutes in the foreground. The drawing is spirited, and the execution very fine. "Who's There?" is asked by a child who stands beside the door with expectant yet cautious face; she holds a candle which she shades from the draught with one hand, thus throwing its full light upon herself. One must note the semi-transparency of the fingers of the hand that guards the candle; the little girl is catalogued at \$500.

I have been able to mention but very few of the notable pictures in the present exhibit, but a voice from "one having authority" warns me that our little annex has its limits. I would only say that those who enjoy fine pictures will find much to please them, much to repay the exertion of a visit.

BEATRIX.

EXTREMES.

I fear that Faith, with the best of intentions, is too much of an extremist to be reasonable. She forgets that it is not in the game that the evil lies, but in the gambling. You can go out on the lawn and play a game of croquet or marbles for money as well as a game of cards. Many people who would not have a "euchre-deck" in the house, think authors, dominoes, checkers, chess, croquet, etc., are all right, when in reality they would be just as bad as cards if gambled with. A Christian mother of my acquaintance thought to keep her son from playing cards by refusing them admittance to her home. But she soon learned that he played every place and chance he could get. She then had a pack bought and gave him the privilege of playing at home. Now he cares very little for the game. Teach the children where and what the evil is, and the innocent part will do them no harm.

How should our sons "acquire a taste for strong drink," if not by its use or by nature? Either is a hard case to deal with, for they will have it if they can get it, unless they can be prevailed upon to be "temperate in all things." It is in the excess that the evil lies. Did not Paul tell Timothy to "use a little wine for the stomach's sake?" There were extremists in those days. Matthew says: "John came neither eating nor drinking, and

they say he hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous and a winebibber, a friend to publicans and sinners." Teach the children to be temperate in all things. Never drink for the jollity of it. The "social glass" is what ruins so many young men. If one never drank nor ate only for the "stomach's sake," they would never be drunkards or gluttons. Would you say never eat for fear of being a glutton? Never use a knife, because men have been killed with one? And so on to every extreme. I know a father who keeps his cider locked up, but still he has a son who gets drunk whenever he can get anything to make himself so; another who likes cider and gets "tipsy" on it; and still another (13 years old) who "don't like sweet cider, wants it hard." I know another father who never locks up his cider, and when there is any drawn they have a reasonable quantity, and are told the injurious effects of drinking too much, and when it gets "hard" they "don't like it," and it is put into the vinegar. Why such a difference?

I differ with Faith; I do not think it such "easy work" to bring up children "in the way they should go," so that when they get old they "will not depart from it." I once quoted that proverb to a strict mother, and she said she did not believe it, for she had tried her best to train her oldest boy in the way he should go, read the Bible to him, and long before he was old enough to go for himself, he told her he did not want her to read the Bible to him any more; and when he left home he went into everything she had not taught him, and did nothing she had taught him. The last I heard of that young man the officers of the law were after him. Now what was the matter with that boy? Was it the mother's fault? I think we can go to extremes in these matters; can be too strict, or not strict enough. Different natures require different training. Some can be governed by love alone; for others the rod must be added. Cain and Abel had the same training, I presume.

Where is the evil in the private dance? I would prefer it to the much-used "bussing bee." Dancing is not forbidden in the Bible. The "preacher" said there was "a time to dance," as well as a "time to every purpose under the heaven." Eccl., 3rd chapter. "David danced before the Lord." II. Samuel, 6, 14. "Both young men and old together rejoiced in the dance." Jer. 31, 13. There was "music and dancing" when the prodigal son returned. I do not approve of the public dance, there is so much chance for evil to be associated with it. Let us try to avoid the real evils and let the imaginary ones go.

MRS. M. C. M.

SISTER LARSEN.

For what is known as heartburn, a disagreeable sensation accompanying indigestion, a saltspoonful of salt, dissolved in half a wine-glass of water is usually an effective remedy; more pleasant than the usual dose of saleratus water.

A CORRECTION.—A lady writes us from Jackson, respecting an allusion made in Beatrix's article in the HOUSEHOLD of May 25th, in reference to the death of a lady through being bathed in a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol. The error was made by the unfortunate victim herself, not the nurse, as would be inferred from the comment in the HOUSEHOLD. Our correspondent gives the particulars, which we quote: "Mrs. Hood, feeling a little rubbing with spirits might be helpful, asked for some whiskey or brandy, but not having any at hand, the nurse suggested alcohol, and Mrs. Hood told her where to find the bottle. After getting the bottle, the nurse brought it to Mrs. Hood and asked her if that was the one. She replied it was. After the burning commenced Mrs. Hood remembered she had put corrosive sublimate in one bottle of alcohol, and so told the nurse herself; thus the nurse is in no way to blame, Mrs. Hood telling these circumstances herself." This statement quite exonerates the nurse from any blame whatever, or even the slightest suspicion of carelessness. Yet it points out more fully the great care that should be taken to properly label every bottle or package containing any substance of a poisonous nature, or which can prove inimical to health.

Useful Recipes.

BEEFSTEAK POT-PIE.—Remove the fat and chop the meat into inch-square pieces. That part of the fat which resembles suet is to be finely chopped to use for the crust. If the fat is not abundant, buy half a pound of suet, and after reserving a cupful for the crust chop the rest, put in a saucepan over the fire, and when it is hot put in the beefsteak and brown it quickly. When the beef is brown, sift a tablespoonful of flour over it and mix till it is brown; add a quart of water, salt and pepper, cover, and cook slowly an hour and a half. Half an hour before the meat is done sift a teaspoonful of salt and two of baking powder with a pound of flour, mix the suet with it, stir in cold water enough to make a dough that can be cut with a spoon. Dip half of this into the gravy as dumplings and put the rest upon the top of the pot-pie, butter the cover, replace it and cook twenty minutes or half an hour, according to the fire. This is Miss Juliet Corson's recipe, and said to be an excellent way of managing a tough beefsteak.

STEWED TURNIPS.—Pare the turnips and cut them into half-inch dice, boil in salted boiling water until tender, which will require from fifteen to forty-five minutes, according to age, then drain, and heat in a pint of white sauce, made as follows: Stir together over the fire a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they bubble, then stir in gradually a pint of boiling water and pepper and salt to taste; boil until it is thick enough to coat a spoon dipped in it. Stir the turnips into this sauce.

CINNAMON PUFFS.—Make a short flaky crust and roll into sheets about four inches across; on half of each sheet sprinkle sugar to the depth of one-third inch, moisten with water and dust thickly with ground cinnamon. Turn over the other half, fasten the edges together firmly and bake in a quick oven. While hot rub the white of an egg over the top, and sprinkle with granulated sugar.