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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TAKE NEEDED REST.

O, toiler in life's weary ways,  
Pity thyself, for thou must tire;  
Both body, mind and heart have days  
They cannot answer their desire.  
Birds in all seasons do not sing,  
Flowers have their time to bloom and fall;  
There is not any living thing  
Can answer to a ceaseless call.

Sometimes, tired head, seek slumber deep,  
Tired hands, no burden try to lift;  
Tired heart, thy watch let others keep,  
Pity thyself and let life drift.  
A few hours' rest perchance may bring  
Relief from weariness and pain;  
And thou from listless languors spring,  
And gladly lift thy work again.

### TWO GRAVES.

"There is in each life some time or spot,  
Some hour or moment of night or day,  
That never grows dim and is never forgot,  
Like an unfaded leaf in a dead bouquet."

It is the beautiful month of May. Every trace of winter has disappeared; the brown earth is green again; the orchards are one mass of bloom, the trees pyramids of pink and white blossoms, everywhere the yellow-faced dandelions are peeping, early roses are opening, lilies of the valley are bending before the gentle breeze, the blue sky overhead with flecks of fleecy white clouds, everything is teeming with life and beauty, but was there ever anything perfect? While "every cloud has a silver lining," so every life has its sorrow.

"Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

At any hour, at any season, Death comes in households where there are many children) or where there is only one loved one—and this time he snatched the "one lamb"—a young girl who had counted but three happy birthdays since entering her teens, the sunshine and light of her home. It was the "old, old story," which we always have heard which we always shall hear, of woman's trust and man's dishonor, but shall we lift our hands in holy horror and say "Awful! terrible! I never, thank heaven! my girls are pure and innocent; a good thing she died." Oh! it is a hard cold world at best, let us have all the charity we can, and charity is what we all need, we have not half enough. We often speak of the living harshly; we oftener speak of the dead harshly. The heart has ceased to beat, the busy hands are folded meekly over the breast, the eyes are closed; let the grave hide the sins. Perhaps we might have failed where she did; it is not or us to sit in judgment. We hourly ask

a kind Father to forgive, while we withhold forgiveness of a fellow creature; can we reasonably expect to receive more than we are willing to give? Let us bring our fairest flowers and strew over the beautiful dead, and hope that the spirit has returned pure and white to the God who gave.

The other grave was made for a loved and honored wife and mother who had passed middle life, and who had lain for months upon a bed of terrible pain and suffering, but always bearing it with such patience and courage that those who were with her, learned a sweet lesson, that no matter how heavy the burden, if we will, we can bear it meekly. But one night the pain ceased and the poor tired body was at rest. It was on such a perfect day as I have written about, that many, many friends gathered, the house full—the yard full—to look at the dear face wearing such a pleasant smile, to listen to the comforting words of the minister, to lay her away in the grave. We bring our fairest buds and blossoms and lay them around the dead; we touch the hands lingeringly, caressingly; and when we can do no more, wonder if—as so many believe—this is the end—if there is no hereafter. If we are ever tempted to hope, it is by the bedside of our dead friends. We grasp a shadow—hope beckons us on "to a home of perpetual rest, the streets of which are thronged with an angelic host, who with songs on their lips, and with harps in their hands, tell neither the sorrow and grief which perhaps wasted their lives." Ah! Hope may deceive us sometimes, but the most beautiful hope of my life is that I may meet my loved ones, somewhere, sometime; it is the fairest guiding star held before me to follow. "It is we who grope in darkness. They the rest have attained." "Sorrows humanize the race; tears are the showers that fertilize this world." What would we know of life if we had no sorrow and trials! "God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. These may be the strains of sadness and sorrow, as well as the notes of joy and gladness. The sunshine lies upon the mountain top all day, and lingers there latest and longest at eventide. Yet the valley is green and fertile, while the peak is barren and unfruitful." We look upon Death as a monster who snatches our fairest and best, our loved and cherished, but it is only a pleasant transition stage to a more glorious and

perfect life. "There will always be doubts and wonders and beliefs. It may be fancy, but it is a beautiful fancy—that beyond the worlds Time's beautiful river flows among shadows till it breaks into beauty and bliss."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

### RENEWED ALLEGIANCE.

I have long thought I should write again for the HOUSEHOLD, for every paper is full of good articles. I see something I would like to talk about; but my best thoughts come in the morning when I am very busy with my work, and by the time the dinner work is out of the way, I am too tired to think or write. I presume it is the same with a good many others who do their own work, and as I do not like to leave the morning work until after dinner, this is the reason I have not written. I don't know when I should have made the attempt if I had not boiled ham yesterday and wanted to find some nice way to use up the remains, (as I do not like to set it on the way they did where Beatrix went) but after spending some time in looking over my file of the HOUSEHOLD and finding nothing, I made up my mind I would have some of it sliced nicely for tea and the bits made into hash for breakfast, and spend the rest of the time writing a letter. Most of the recipes in cook books take a French cook and a half day's time to prepare; let the ladies send good recipes that can be prepared quickly, for haying and harvest are most here and we all want something that relishes in warm weather.

I would like some ginger cookies like the ones we buy—not mixed and rolled, but dropped off a spoon. If you want a cake light that is made from granulated sugar, roll the sugar fine and only use three-fourths of a cup. Pulverized sugar is much nicer for light cakes.

For Rosemary's warts, if they are not well by this time, put on ammonia three or four times a day; it will cure them in three weeks and is not painful.

I would say to those who are troubled with the knees of their children's stockings wearing out, if they will put a piece of stout cloth firmly on the inside when they are new, they will be surprised to see how much longer they will wear, beside saving much time in mending. Most of us need to economise in time as well as money, but a good many fail in



saving their strength, for fear of being laughed at and called lazy. I try the improved methods that come through our paper, but none have done me more good than the high stool spoken of by one of the writers; it is surprising how much we can do sitting down, and how much more we feel like taking a walk with the children if our feet are not so tired. It gives them great pleasure to have mamma go to the barn with them, or to see them do some childish sport; it may perchance call forth some story of our own child-days, and thus make them happy again. We shall never miss the time nor be sorry for it; for they are so soon grown and gone into the outside world. My letter is too long already, for I would rather read others' letters in print than my own. One thing more, I so much enjoy descriptions of places, as they give us an idea of the outside world, I wish those who live in places which are remarkable for any reason, or very beautiful or historic, would describe the surroundings of their home and country.

X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

### WHICH IS THE WOMANLY WOMAN?

No. 1 married her "heart's desire"—a brave young man at the age of twenty years. She made, as all women do at the matrimonial altar, a solemn vow to "love, honor and obey" this brave young man, "till death do us part." Bye and bye the young man was not as brave as he was, nor as noble, nor as beautiful nor as strong, nor as good, nor in any sense as honorable, as lovable, nor as greatly to be beloved, because he developed the qualities of moral cowardice, and all the deformities and cruelties that a swarm of dissipated habits can honeycomb into a man's character. But she "stuck to him" till the last, through all sorts of degradation, privation, sorrow and suffering. She died first, of course, from sheer inability to live any longer, and to love any stronger, and finally left the poor wretch to "bind the children out," and finally fill a grave that is heaped high with his dishonor. Nevertheless, this woman evidently found something to reverence in this poor wreck of all manliness, up to the day of her death. Did she do right to so crucify herself and waste her life in the act of reverencing so vile a thing?

No. 2 marries about the same as No. 1. Developments progress ditto. Finally she consents to a separation. He marries a new love before he has time to get a divorce, and is at once besieged by the affection of his forsaken wife, and implored to take her back to his poor rotten heart again, because she is such a very "womanly woman" that she still loves, honors, and longs to obey him, regardless of all his treachery, cruelty and dissipation. Is she, now, really and truly, a womanly woman who can so demean herself?

No. 3 marries about the same as Nos. 1 and 2, and developments progress in a like ratio. She bears with the drunken-

ness, the cruelty, the threats to take her life, the waste of substance, the want of the necessities and comforts of life, the long periods of unexplained absence; but when the final boast of martial infidelity, of wanton licentiousness is made, the long struggle was ended in her heart. She said: "Go forth from my presence forever," and there is no appeal. The decision is final. He goes back to his husks and swine. She feels a great load lifted from her life, and lives in a new and purer atmosphere. She knows what her responsibilities, her duties and her privileges are, and she takes them up cheerfully, accomplishing all their aim. Now, to my mind, she is the type of a far more noble womanhood than is either of the others noted.

That there is in woman's love for man a certain element of—shall I say servility? (in some natures it really amounts to that,) is beyond dispute. But there is nothing noble in slavery, and the woman who carries this desire to please her husband to the extent of absolute self-destruction, and the protracted wretchedness and suffering of helpless children, is simply a slave, and not a noble, womanly woman.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

### THE HYDRANGEA.

The most desirable, and I think the only Hydrangeas worthy of cultivation are from Japan and China; still there is no safety in guessing what cultivation may yet do for the wildlings found along the banks of streams in our Southern States. Hydrangeas are not sufficiently hardy to withstand the cold of our Northern winters, except *H. paniculata*, which has proved to be equal to all extremes of Northern weather, like lilacs and syringas. They require an annual pruning after bloom is over, as the flowers come with new growth of branches. The tender kinds for the house require rich soil and partial shade; and although botanists declare that in the derivation of the name Hydrangea from two Greek words, meaning water, and vase, or cup, they can find no application, I think they would find one if provided with a good plant to care for and water as liberally as necessary at this season, as they are remarkably thirsty when they have good roots and are in bloom. They can be kept over in a dry cellar, and will bloom as freely as if kept in growth. The color of the flower is changed in depth of shade, and even color, from pink to blue or purple, from the quality of soil or fertilizer used in growing them, especially by a solution of iron or copperas; and I frequently notice a deepening of tints in roses the same way. Apropos of roses, I have such a beautiful show of them at present in the garden, I would like admirers of that favorite flower to see them, especially the moss roses and *Madame Plantier*, which are just as hardy as the old hundred leaved sort of years ago.

I have not lost interest in other subjects discussed in the HOUSEHOLD, but this paper has no end of subscribers who cultivate flowers, and many among

them desire a little help in solving some floral mystery, and I like to assist when I am able to do so. A question likely to interest others than the inquirer I answer above.

Huldah Perkins wrote in April of her failure in canning corn, which seems mysterious, for although I do not can it myself, my sister and other relatives in Saginaw have done so for several years, and green peas also, and lose no more than in fruit, unless by some accident; and it is done by the process I reported last autumn, which is identical with that given by our Editor. If there is "a kink" about it I will find where it is and report it.

I find a teaspoonful of soda added to the water for washing milk pans or other dishes is a help this hot weather. I rinse off all curd or milk with cold water first, then use plenty of hot water for the next with the soda, a scald of boiling water over the dishes turned to drain in a colander and the milk dishes, then turn the last in the sun. I was taught to omit wiping milk dishes.

FENTON.

M. A. FULLER.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

What is the meaning of "manual education;" also of a kindergarten school? The black millers that congregate on the inside of our screens at twilight; from whence do they come, whither are they going, and what is their mission on earth? Will rain kill young ducks? Particulars are desired in regard to farmers' clubs, mode of conducting, etc.

I know the Editor says avoid personals, but I do wish E. L. Nye would give us a bit of her personal history. I am just dying to know whether she is wife, widow, or unmarried, and are Gentle and True the family cat and dog? If I were to visit Flint I would not only cast my eyes up to her windows, but would climb the stairs and interview her there and then.

BESS.

[By a manual education is meant instruction which not only includes knowledge of mechanical principles but their practical application in various handicrafts; an education which trains the hands in some useful employment, as well as develops the mental powers. The idea of introducing education in manual arts into the curriculum of our schools and colleges, is to teach, in them, what a boy or girl could only learn in the workshop or workyard, and fit the pupils to enter upon a chosen trade with a knowledge of the mechanical and philosophical principles involved in their work, that they may be intelligent workers. A kindergarten is a school for very young children, where instruction is administered in homeopathic doses, suited to the tender years of the children, according to the ideas of Froebel. What the children learn—which is principally ideas of number, form, color, etc.—is more in the nature of play than anything else, the instruction being given in a way very gratifying to childish tastes, by blocks, frames of balls to give ideas of numbers, etc. The children are taught to sing lit-



the songs with their work, and to go through a variety of exercises suited to their years. We cannot give the entomological history of "the black millers" without knowing more definitely what insect is referred to. Will not S. J. B., of Burton, answer the inquiry about Farmers' Clubs? The Editor would be glad to hear from some of the lady members of the Webster Farmers' Club, which ranks with the best of its kind in the State, concerning its methods of organization, programme of exercises, etc. Now is the time when such information is needed, that preparations may be made by those inclined to form clubs, looking toward organization in autumn. We should be glad to hear that many such clubs will be formed for the coming winter, and proud indeed if a few could trace their inception to inspiration received through the HOUSEHOLD. It is only to save Bess' life—she is "just dying," she says, and we cannot possibly spare her—that we admit her personal request of E. L. Nye, which the latter may answer through the HOUSEHOLD or by private letter, as she pleases. Perhaps the Editor, from her vantage ground, does not sufficiently appreciate the desire of the members to know more of each other's personality, a curiosity quite harmless and very natural. Yet we have always felt that the success of our little paper was in no small degree owing to the resolute avoidance of personalities.—HOUSEHOLD Ed.]

### THE RAINBOW.

When the summer shower is passing away, and while the thunder is still rolling among the hills, we have often seen the rainbow. Every one admires the beautiful arch which spans the sky; it is caused by the striking of the sun's rays upon the drops of water as they fall from the clouds. These rays are twice refracted and once reflected as they meet the transparent drops; if you look in the dictionary you will find that refracted means bent suddenly and reflected means thrown back. The colors of the rainbow are seven in number and appear in the following order: Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. These tints are most vivid when the background of clouds is darkest and the drops of rain fall closest. The continual falling of the rain while the sun shines produces a new rainbow every moment, and a curious fact that is that as each spectator sees it from a particular point of view, strictly speaking no two persons see precisely the same rainbow.

A peculiar sacredness is attached to our thoughts of the rainbow, on account of the mention made of it in Genesis, when after the deluge Noah saw its arch in the sky. How glad he must have been to view the sun once more. Then God said, "I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." The story of the rainbow, as the Bible tells it, is to be found in the ninth chapter of Genesis, from the eighth to the seventeenth verses.

BATTLE CREEK.

RHODA.

### AN AMERICAN BISHOP IN INDIA.

It was my privilege while in Detroit last week, to attend a reception tendered by the Methodist churches of the city to Bishop Thomas Bowman, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church of America, who has spent a number of years in India and in an address delivered at the reception gave a graphic description of his travels in that far-off country. I had read a good deal of the customs of the natives of India, but added considerably to my store of knowledge from the bishop's address, and thinking that what I heard would be as interesting to other readers of the HOUSEHOLD as it was to myself, I venture to send a few of the experiences of the bishop.

He was surprised to find the way in which the natives of India lived so entirely different from what he had been led to believe from his reading. Every native was found inside a village or city, and in all his travels he did not find a stray hut outside the confines of the towns. The country immediately surrounding the villages was cultivated, but by people living in the villages. Outside of the cultivated land are the jungles. On the cultivated land crops are raised every year, and have been for many thousands of years; sometimes two or three crops are raised in a single year. He was at a loss to understand how this could be accomplished, inasmuch as no fertilizing properties were ever applied to the land. He became so much interested in this seeming miracle that he devoted some time to its study. He concluded that it was owing in part to the heavy rain storms which come in the spring and fall, and also to the fact that such refuse as Americans would use for fertilizing purposes was carefully gathered, dried and burned for fuel. From the burning of this refuse there is emitted a dense black smoke heavily charged with vegetable matter, and this settles upon the land surrounding the villages, and thus keeps it constantly enriched.

Near Bombay, the bishop visited an immense cave, 45 feet wide and 80 feet deep, which had been cut out of a solid rock. On the walls of this cave he found beautiful specimens of carving, and everything indicated a high degree of art. He was much surprised that history makes no mention of this beautiful cave.

He found immense numbers of English-speaking people in south India. In addition to the regular natives of Europe, there were a great many natives of India who had been born of a European father and a native mother, but these people promptly resented any reference to their nativity. He found nothing in that part of India to indicate heathenism.

The Parsees are another distinct tribe of natives; they are known as "fire-worshippers," or "sun worshippers," but this appellation is somewhat misleading, as they worship the sun and fire only as symbols of the great God who created them. These people live very much as do Americans, and have everything in common with our own people.

The Mohammedans form about two-

sevenths of the entire population of India. The chief characteristic of these people is the great care with which they dispose of their dead. They have beautiful monuments erected, many of which would excel in cost and architecture any church in Detroit. On the top of these monuments are placed the dead bodies, stripped of every particle of clothing, and there they are left to the rays of the sun and the mercy of birds, by which the bodies are eventually carried away, and thus the monument is made ready for another body.

The temple of towers at Agra must indeed be a magnificent structure. According to the bishop it contains an immense dancing room, a theatre, and every other conceivable description of room devoted to amusement. Lying out in an open space in front of the temple is huge piece of marble on which has been engraved animals and birds of every variety. In the center of the temple is a large room directly under the steeples, which are five in number, rising one above and within the other. A lady who accompanied the bishop into the temple stood still on reaching this spot, and in a clear voice sang one stanza of "Oh for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," and five distinct echoes could be heard as the sound reached each succeeding tower. This is said to be the only place in the world where such a novelty can be experienced. The bishop thinks this magnificent temple could not be reproduced in this country for one hundred millions of dollars. It will be seen that this estimate is not too high when it is understood that a Mohammedan can walk around the outside of the structure and then upon the inside and read the entire contents of his bible, which is written upon the marble, each letter being inlaid with precious stones.

The bishop's description of the customs and beliefs of the Hindoos was singularly interesting. These natives of India are never known to kill an animal, they being of the opinion that each animal represents the grandparents of some of their number.

They believe that a woman has no soul, and would sooner kill one at any time than an animal. When a woman dies, they think she will make her appearance again endowed with the soul of a man. There is at Bombay a large hospital where sick, injured and aged animals are carefully nursed. At this hospital the bishop met two boys which in every way resembled wild wolves. They had been caught in a pack of these animals and were, under Christian treatment, progressing rapidly towards civilization. The Hindoos have no conception of truth or honesty, according to the bishop, but have the most profound respect for an American.

Christianity is making rapid strides in India, notwithstanding the many contrary reports brought over by those who would injure the cause. To illustrate this the bishop quoted a controversy he had with a sea captain whom he met at a public gathering in Cincinnati. Some one



had questioned the captain as to the advance of Christianity in India, and he replied that he had traveled over the whole of India and had not met ten native Christians. The bishop overheard this reply, but did not immediately deny the statement, being struck with amazement at its falsity. In recounting his exploits in India the captain very soon after stated that he had killed thirty tigers. The bishop questioned the truthfulness of the statement, and stated that he had traveled over a considerable portion of India but had never seen a tiger.

"But did you go in search of them?" he was asked by the captain.

"No, I did not," replied the bishop. "But might I ask: Did you go in search of native Christians while in India?"

The captain confessed himself beaten, and acknowledged that there might be a number of Christians that he did not see.

The bishop's address was decidedly interesting but I fear I have tired the reader in my enthusiasm on this subject. However, this is my first appearance in the HOUSEHOLD and I promise not to weary you again.

OUTIS.

OWOSSO.

#### OUR LITTLE EXPERIENCES.

I once heard a good minister say to his congregation: "I love to hear your little experiences, they are great helps to me in forming the character of my sermons." So to us are the letters of different ones writing to the paper; helps to the man, and guides to the wife, sons and daughters. How often do we get some new idea just in the nick of time, or some useful hint that we had almost forgotten; there is something we can learn from everybody, for really we are not all so wise as the would-be wise. We learn much from the ways of others, and if more of us would write our thoughts it would be better. Our Editor would sift us, and at least we can help fill up the waste-basket; perhaps there is many a good thing goes into that, but who cares so long as it is "registered." Little ideas are not always despicable, neither should the farmer or his family think they are the most degraded or illiterate of all people. Ye who are so bashful, rise to your might, fight the wrong and hold to that which is right, and we will gain a little from the experiences of others.

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

#### THE SHADOW OF A GREAT GRIEF.

I surely thought that I was forgotten by all the HOUSEHOLDERS until El. See. was mentioned by L. B. P. last week. Shall I tell you, good friends, why I have not written for so long? My time and my whole attention are giving to fighting, fighting that dreadful disease—consumption. My husband—my earthly all—is the victim, and can you wonder that I have neither time nor inclination for writing? And, after all, what an unequal warfare it is? Little by little the enemy gains the advantage, for in spite of every exertion, and all the remedies

known to medical science, we are driven back day by day. Physicians make no improvement in the treatment of this common ailment. It defies them and, as a reproach to the profession, increases on every side.

Doubtless many of the members know, by an actual experience, all that I might write, but

"That 'tis a common grief  
Bringeth but slight relief.  
Ours is the bitterest loss,  
Ours is the heaviest cross."

EL. SEE.

WASHINGTON.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

You can make as pretty a bonnet for the baby at home as you can buy in the store for several dollars. Get a half yard of white surah silk, and shir it in fine puffs on a muslin lining you have cut to fit the babe's head. Turn the edge next the face over an inch and a half, to form a ruche round the bonnet, and inside of this baste a pleating of fine lace. Trim with white satin ribbon, making a loose bow on top of the head and another at the bottom of the crown, and ties of ribbon.

AN Ohio farmer can find some good in the existence of butterine. He quotes the popular saying that the average farmer wears out two wives in his life time, says it is because the farmer's wife must drudge over the milk-pans and churn instead of resting, and says butterine drives the farmer to feed the milk to the pigs and calves, relieving the wife of the drudgery of butter-making at a shilling or fifteen cents per pound it will accomplish a good thing. The farmer can still have gilt-edged butter on his own table, what need he care who has to eat "substitutes?"

A KENTUCKY lady says small ears of Indian corn are a favorite pickle in that State. They are pulled for that purpose when between two or three inches long, exclusive of the husk, and are said to make a very good relish.

THE N. Y. Herald says: "If it be thought desirable to preserve fruit without sugar the simple plan is to stew it well in a stewpan, and when it is at as nearly as possible the boiling point to fill jars or bottles and hermetically seal them at once. This may be done by the use of ox or other bladders, or, in the absence of bladders, of paper that has been gummed to a yard or more of cheap calico. The paper would not stand the strain of the steam, but if a sheet of paper be laid on a dresser, and a yard of calico on the top of it, and the calico then gummed with a brush, this will make a perfectly impervious and tough covering, that will stand as much strain as a bladder. A capital paper for this purpose may now be obtained at almost any butter dealer's. It is termed "grease-proof" paper, and it is as impervious as bladder. All the difficulty about preserving fruit in a green or pure state, is now, however, obviated by the cheapness of sugar. Cane sugar is sold by retailers in cubes at a few cents per pound. If fruit be stewed with this sugar, in the proportion of half a pound or three-quarters of a pound to a pound of fruit, according to the acidity of the fruit, all that need be done is to gum a sheet of paper in the way mentioned, and place it over the jar or bottle, when

the stewed fruit will be safe for twelve months if it be placed in a cool and dry place. Nothing can be more serviceable or relishable in a family than a good large stock of these preserved fruits."

PERSONAL.—Thanks to each and all of my HOUSEHOLD friends for their words of sympathy and kindness. Every one I cherished more than you can guess, in these days of heat and dust and other temporal vanities and vexations of spirit and flesh that country homes know not of. The next time that Betty or any other of the HOUSEHOLD people cast a thoughtful eye up my windows, please come bodily up the stairs and call for E. L. Nye. And if so you desire she will take your measure for a new dress; or if you don't care to talk of fashions and dresses we will talk of the HOUSEHOLD and the farms.

E. L. NYE.

THE ROSE BUG.—Last week one of the little girls who are interested in the HOUSEHOLD asked what she should do to keep off the small green insects which were destroying the buds on her rose bushes. Here is a remedy which she may try next year: Sift fine unslaked wood ashes over the bushes, getting as much of the ashes as possible on the under side of the leaves. These aphides are very destructive, and the one great drawback to rose culture. They suck the juice from the tender leaves and buds, causing the latter to blast. They increase so rapidly that when they once appear on a bush, they soon cover it unless checked by some means. Another plan is to take a dipper of water, and, holding it under the twigs, brush or jar the bugs into it. This must be done early in the morning, as then the bugs will fall at the slightest jar to the bush, and will give Teeny a chance to prove which she loves best, her morning nap or her roses. Still another way is to spray the bushes with tobacco tea, or blow pyrethrum powder on the infested twigs.

WASHING DISHES.—I have decided that no woman need stand up to wash dishes. All that is necessary is a table some inches lower than the ordinary height, and one may rest tired feet while washing and wiping all the table dishes. I have often wondered why women do not arrange to spare themselves so much work in a standing position. A table with legs shortened to the proper height to admit washing dishes, ironing, cleaning vegetables, preparing fruit, making pies, cookies and cake, while seated in a comfortable chair, ought to be in every woman's kitchen. We are so foolish when we make ourselves unnecessary work, or do not lighten the indispensable labor of the kitchen by every means in our power. We could easily accustom ourselves to do much of the work mentioned above, sitting instead of standing; it would seem awkward at first, no doubt. It is only force of habit which makes us think we must stand. But suppose our healthy, stirring neighbor should come in and find us seated at the ironing table; would she not think us lazy? If she has good sense she will go home and do likewise, and anyway, calling a person lazy does not make them so. Whatever husbands our strength for other work cannot be called laziness.

B.