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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WIFE'S SONG.

In my life's morn when my heart was fired
With that bold courage of ignorant youth,
By the wild, warm tide in my veins inspired,
I sang of love, of its strength and truth.
I said 'I would suffer, and dare, and be fearless
For love, which was only a word to me then,
(Yet a word that seemed holy, and grand, and peerless,
And much misused by the speech of men).

And now, as I stand in the noonday of splendor
And crowned with the regal crown of wife,
Those passionate songs, as wild as tender,
Seem all too tame for the love of my life.
I would rather walk by your side in trouble
Than to sit on the throne of the mightiest king
And the love that I give you to-day is double
The worth of the love that I used to sing.

I may not prove it by deeds of daring
In the reckless spirit that young verse shows,
But a truer courage is needed for showing
With patient sweetness your cares and woes.
O, not in sinning and not in dying
For those whom we love is love's strength shown;

The test of our strength lies in living and trying
To lighten their burdens, and laugh at our own.

The truest courage is needed daily
In facing life's worries and smiling them down;

And he who can carry his crosses gayly
Is greater than he who can take a town.
And the smallest word that your lips may offer
Of praise or approval is dearer to me
Than all the platitudes the world might proffer,
Or princes utter on bended knee.

All that was noble, or sweet or tender,
Whatever within me was strong and true,
Merged into the perfect, complete surrender
I made of my life and my soul to you.
And, had I the gift, I would write one royal
And deathless song—the song of the wife
Who finds her glory in being loyal
And worthy the love that has crowned her life.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago Tribune.

ECONOMY IN LABOR.

We call attention to the article on "Women and Household Machinery," which appears in this issue, credited to the *New England Farmer*, and commend its lesson to our housekeepers. Certain it is that women are quite too slow to adopt labor-saving methods and contrivances, and often too impatient and indifferent to adjust them, and get their full value even when possessed. If a man has a bit of machinery that "won't work," he investigates till he finds out why, and recovers lost time by the implement's more rapid work when again in order. A woman says: "Oh, I can't fuss all day over it!" puts it one side; and does the labor by hand. For this reason, woman's work is made more laborious than it need be because she clings so persistently to the old ways, and regards new methods in the light

of experiments, to be tried once or twice with a view to seeing "how they will work," but with no intention of engrafting them permanently upon the household system. This is not true of all women, but it is, I believe, of a majority, especially among our middle-aged women, whose ways have been formed under the routine of the old dispensation and whose conservative minds regard labor-saving processes as only another name for laziness and "slackness."

How many women do you know who have a washing machine covered with "the bloom of Time," set one side because they will not "fuss with it," while they laboriously rub the skin off their fingers on the washboard? How many of our readers have tried Mrs. E. S. McL.'s method of offering soap-suds incense to the deity which presides over washing days? Who has a carpet-sweeper tucked away behind a closet door, mournfully regretting the investment? A carpet-sweeper is excellent in its way; it cannot take the place of a broom on a "general sweeping day," in my estimation, but it can take up dust and lint without stirring up a dust which makes it necessary to wipe all the furniture, and the little girl who is ambitious to "help mother" can be trusted with it where to give her a broom would but make more work.

No doubt many of you would be shocked at the idea of rinsing the dishes and leaving them to dry without wiping. But the woman who is willing to spare herself by the application of common sense principles to her tasks, will not scruple to use a dish-drainer, which she can improvise herself at little or no expense. A leaking tin pan, with a few holes punched in the bottom, set into a wooden or granite bowl, or upon a smaller pan, answers every purpose; it is large enough to hold a good many dishes, and they will be sweeter and brighter after their bath of clear hot water, dried in this fashion, than if wiped on the average dish-towel after a day's using. It saves one handling of them, which, three times a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, fifty years to a lifetime, is a "saving" worth taking into account; there is a further saving in the washing of towels, also.

I heartily commend A. H. J.'s method of management on ironing day. The coarse sheets, pillow-slips, the towels, many things which need a weekly purification by soap and water, can be simply folded and put under weights, and are exactly as fit for use as if the flat-iron had traveled over every inch of them. The men's coarse colored shirts can be dismissed with smoothed bands, collar and bosom, if "snapped out" when

hung on the line to dry. A little extra care in hanging up and folding, and ironing day is robbed of half its heat and weariness, and no one one bit the worse.

Then how about the kerosene stove that saves so much heat these hot days? I know of at least one which is in a condition of masterly inactivity because "it smells." There is nothing in the world the matter of it, only that it needs cleaning. The wick has become clogged with the impurities of the oil, and the holes about the burner which give a draft to the flame are choked with dirt; it only needs a thorough cleaning to be "as good as new," when it gave excellent satisfaction; in the meantime, to boil the family teakettle requires the heating of a large cook-stove, whose pipe raises the temperature of the rooms above to a point which makes them uncomfortable.

Woman's proverbial ingenuity in making and renewing clothing, in fancy work, in making "much of little" and the "most of everything" can in no way be better exercised than in scheming to save herself unnecessary toil. Such economy of work is as far removed from "shiftlessness," that *bete noir* of the conscientious housekeeper, as night from day.

BEATRIX.

WOMANLY WOMEN.

O Mercy, Mercy! How can you talk so? Are you a wife and dare take this responsibility upon yourself? "From the cradle to the grave the destiny of the race lies in woman's hands." God has laid no such responsibility upon woman; she has influence, but not unlimited power. It is this sort of talk that the man of depraved taste refers to when he seeks the saloon, and complains that "his wife is cross." Men in love talk about the oak and the vine, then when married begin to lean this way and that, and complain that their vine does not hold them up. Is man a weakling that he must be carried? Has he no will power to govern himself, no moral nature to tell right from wrong, no intellect to judge of consequences? You say responsibility begins with mothers. One illustration. Circus bills are posted; Johnnie asks his mother to go, she tells him the foolishness and sin connected with it, and advises him to stay at home, meantime knowing his father's practice. Being wise parents they do not discuss questions involving family government upon which they differ in the presence of their children, so Johnnie hears no more about it. In fact nothing had been said for years before the mother found her husband joined to this

idol. The day comes. While at the chores the father says "Johnnie, do you want to go with me to the circus." Of course he does, and when the father brought home that son at night with the bloom of purity marred, and the debasing influences imbibed into his soul, do you tell me his mother is the one to bear the blame?

One other point: "She demands the same retinue of moral practices and virtues he expects of her." Such demands may be acquiesced in for policy's sake for a season, but unless his heart is changed his habits soon return. There are a few pertinent questions a young woman may well settle before she lets her affections twine around any young man. "Is he the man I should like to have train my children?" "Is he just what I want my boys to be?" "Are his intimate friends those whom I shall care for as my intimate friends, and will he care for mine?" These outward relations disclose the character and tastes; better face them before marriage than after. Don't marry a man expecting to make him over; and too, a man with character unformed is too immature to take the responsibilities of married life. The young man who is so far gone as to make an impure allusion, however veiled, is too low to ever be accepted as a friend, let alone trying to reconstruct him into a good husband. Away with all this gush about trying to save young men. Some of it makes me feel as some advice to woman has Huldah. Some of them just light their cigars, fill their heads with all vile stuff, let their hearts all shrivel up, prop themselves up with vanity, eat the bread of idleness and then set themselves to work to marry a nice girl to lift them to respectability. I pity the girl who takes the job. I am a daughter, have grown up brothers, a husband and sons, and yet in none of these relations do I feel that I control their actions or their destiny. Is some one wondering when I will come to my title, Womanly Women? I do not expect to at all. One of my neighbors has just been in, and she says "If women have such power and do not use it, they become responsible."

I am a new comer, as this HOUSEHOLD has visited me but three times, but I suppose its columns are for conversation, not for close debate. I wish we did not wear masks, but as it is the style I too will wear one.

MRS. SERENA STEW.

STREET STUDIES.

The shady side of Woodward Avenue, on a sunny Saturday afternoon, is an ever-changing kaleidoscope, in which the combinations are formed by atoms of humanity. The street is crowded with equipages, the sidewalks with promenaders, some few on business bent, but nearly all out for pleasure, to see and to be seen. Dashing turnouts roll by in swift succession, from the family carriage with its liveried coachman erect as a poker on the box, through the gradations of the modest coupe, the natty dog cart driven by the "horsey" girl who threads the maze as unconcernedly as if she had the way to herself, the sober phaeton, with its cargo of old ladies, down to the plebeian grocer's wagon, drawn by a

horse "purged of all earthly passions," ambition included, and guided by an aproned lad who fixes his eyes on the city hall clock and drives like Jehu son of Nimshi.

Were one in search of tableaux he might find "Beauty and the Beast" in this handsome carriage wherein half reclines a Detroit belle, under the floating lace of her white parasol superciliously regarding the occupants of other carriages, but utterly ignoring the foot-passengers. By her side, with a nose quite as long as the famous pug which Lord Southdown gave to Becky Sharp, sits the ugliest dog you ever set your two eyes upon, beloved by his mistress in exact proportion to his ugliness. Perhaps the happiest in all this great "clothes-show" are these two children, laughing and chattering and shaking their yellow curls, in this little cart drawn by a diminutive Shetland pony not much bigger than a rat.

Among the pedestrians we may study many varying types of humanity, for all unconsciously, perhaps, each individual's *personelle* is an index to his character. How many are exponents of what "Nym Crinkle" would call "the heroism of never being heard of," commonplace, unmeaning faces, as expressionless as the wax models in the Bazar windows; faces which one cannot by any possibility imagine can have a meaning in other lives; but rather indicating they belong to that class of women whom Emerson says are "full of the wadding of stupidity." How many are repellent, discontented, with restless, unquiet eyes forever seeking something life does not hold for them! Here is a sweet elderly face, with soft grey hair put back under a demure bonnet of last year's pattern, and kind eyes in which we may read that "all the bright hopes that were wont to fly before her, now fly behind as beautiful, sweet memories." Just behind, by way of contrast, comes a fat, overdressed woman, whose complexion resembles the manna of the children of Israel, in that it is very evidently of the kind that is "renewed every morning," and with the very latest thing in bonnets surmounting hair as white as the ashes of happiness. She waddles on, like a becalmed porpoise, and presently discovering one of her kind the pair stop in the centre of the walk to exchange voluminous compliments, while the living tide surges against them, around them, and would pass over them but for their avoidupois.

This slim-waisted youth, with a chest as flat as his conversation, and watch chain parted in the middle to keep him properly balanced, lifts his hat to a lady with a smile which extends no further than the stony background of his teeth; his moustache answers to Dickens' description of Mr. Jefferson Brick's; it looks "like a faint trace of fresh gingerbread." The lady thus honored is clad in a combination of colors startling enough to make a dog bark; the many loops and fluttering ends and bows are indicative of an unsettled mind. Watch her as she greets an acquaintance, on whom she bestows the "bow comprehensive," which takes in every detail of costume, from the topmost loop of the bonnet trimming to the

size and quality of the boots. The lady thus scrutinized has an expression of quiet self-complacency which plainly advertises that she has a mind free from sorrow and feet free from corns; she is conscious that her dress is elegant perfection, and such knowledge, to the society woman, imparts a courage and consolation religion cannot give.

This portly, important man, whose manner would indicate that he owns the town and has come in to collect his rents, expecting the west side to tip up when he crosses the Avenue, runs a down town saloon; while this quiet, ordinary-looking individual in a somewhat worn business suit, is one of our most distinguished and respected citizens. Truly "you can't tell by the looks of a grasshopper how far he can jump." This person of solemn mien and downcast look, who seems to be wrestling with some gigantic intellectual problem, might pass for a college professor or pastor of a city church; but those who know him best would ascribe his thoughtfulness to his having lately run four aces against a straight flush, with the usual consequences.

This is one of our "society ladies;" you may know her by the far-off, unseeing gaze which ignores all grosser human clay; if drowning, she would require an introduction to her preserver before consenting to be rescued; and yet, you might mistake her for a washwoman but for the quality of the silk which spans her aristocratic back. Her daughter's high-bred air is "as cooling as a refrigerator." What a pity that elegance of appearance is not always associated with wealth and "position!" It is so destructive to one's ideals to find these social luminaries, some of them, such very ordinary clay after all; not even "the grand air," and not to be distinguished from women who do their own housework save by the quality of their garments.

The veteran masher, gotten up to make the most of his departing charms, who takes his position on a prominent corner, and looks with a smile he intends to be "child-like and bland" into the face of every pretty girl; the social outcast, painted like the star-spangled banner, with bleached hair and eyes that never meet a sister woman's; the excursionist, "hot but resigned," and looking for the "town hall" and a peanut stand, his female companion in a linen duster and with a soulful yearning to have her tintype taken "with him"—all these, and many, many more, are to be seen daily in the great parade of Vanity Fair.

At five o'clock the crowd has thinned perceptibly; it is not "the proper thing" to be seen on the Avenue after that hour, for then the shops and factories discharge a host of dirty, begrimed operatives, the "dinner pail brigade," who must not come "between the wind and the gentility" of our human porcelain. Half an hour later, the shop girls—beg pardon, salesladies, and sales-gentlemen—am I to say? are hurrying homeward, in such numbers that the crowd is undiminished, indeed rather augmented, but "quite a different class of people, don't cher know!" The principal of one of our fashionable private schools particularly instructs "her young ladies" that they are never to be on the street at five o'clock. The

thrill of horror which would agitate Upper Ten-dom were such an awful thing to transpire is one of those things "more easy to imagine than to describe."

BEATRIX.

THE INSANE KING.

I have spent the whole of the last week in the streets, watching these phlegmatic Germans who have been aroused out of their accustomed lethargic routine by the public announcement of the insanity of their King, by the occupancy of the regency by his uncle, Prince Luitpold, and later by the suicide of Ludwig by drowning, and death of Dr. Von. Gudden, his attendant physician, in the beautiful Starnberg Lake.

While the condition of the King has been discussed freely everywhere else, here there has been a vain effort to cover up his freaks and wayward behavior. Some Bavarians, great admirers of the King in his youthful and better days, have taken great offence that an American dared speak lightly and rather disparagingly of him; now the tongues of all are loosened by the events of the past few days, and those who would not breathe anything concerning his insanity, speak openly of all these things. All sorts of stories are floating about of how cruelly he has treated his servants and soldiers, making them creep in before him in abject attitudes when serving his meals and not allowing them to look at him; his kammer-diener, or chamber servant, deposed that for nearly a year he had been obliged to wear a black mask over his face in presence of the King, because his highness did not want to look at him, nor be seen himself.

A gentleman who is in the service of the government assured me that he had in moods of fierceness knocked about and injured at least thirty persons, and that one of them had died. He was gentle at times, and would lavish favors upon those he had abused, again taking a violent hatred to those who had been his greatest favorites, perhaps. It would seem from all accounts that he should long ago been under restraint like any other insane person. But there is such blind worship of royalty among these people that the most of them bow down before one of so-called noble birth, no matter how unfit he may be to wear kingly robes, no matter how miserably the rags and tatters of fading grandeur may cover the real man.

Admirers of King Ludwig say that in his youth he was an ideal character, clever, charming in manners and handsome in person. His father, Maximilian II., educated him severely and carefully, in order that he should be prepared for the inheritance of the Bavarian crown, and he was started in life grandly equipped in every way, apparently, for the fair future which stretched before him. That he has proved too weak-minded to fill the high position, his career and end show.

It is quite likely that his ideas were often extravagant, yet the people of his capital may possibly have something to regret, in that they almost invariably refused him the liberty of carrying out any projects for the embellishment of the city, while his father, and grandfather, Ludwig I., had been allowed unlimited license in their plans for

beautifying Munich and making it attractive. When Ludwig II. wished to secure the great Wagner opera house for his capital city, the necessary funds were not forthcoming, neither could he obtain consent for a grant of land for its location, so a grand attraction was lost to Munich. That he often projected visionary designs, which seemed impracticable to the masses, may be, and unfortunately there was no hand to hold him back from foolish and expensive investments; he was rather, perhaps, encouraged in lavish expenditures by fawning courtiers and people who wished to enrich themselves at any cost.

When his plans failed to please others he carried out his artistic notions in the erection of castles, here and there in the mountains, for himself, built a floating palace in Chiemsee, a winter garden above his residence in Munich, and had plays and operas performed for himself alone; he entertained himself right royally, in short, came and went as suited him, living the most of the time away from his capital, only visiting it occasionally, and latterly remaining but a few days at a time; he involved his country in disgraceful debts, and finally closed what had promised to be a brilliant reign by taking his own life and that of the man who watched him and who was evidently over-confident of his power of controlling the diseased mind.

When Ludwig was young he spent much time with his mother at Schloss Berg, where he ended his days, and had early become imbued, as what true German has not, with a strong love for Nature. To be out in the mountain forests, tramping or riding, was his delight.

There is a story current in Munich of his engagement when quite young to a princely lady then living here and of her penchant for one of his subjects. How the royal lover discovered the falsity of his fiancée is not known, but from this point in his career he withdrew more and more within himself; he became strangely averse to all society, and his physicians date the beginning of his malady to this same period.

When he could no longer find pleasure in the joys of the world, when he could not face the public with the arrows of shame and disappointment rankling in his bosom, when the proud spirit sought refuge away from men and their false protestations, it was ever to the beautiful fastnesses of the Bavarian Alps, which he had loved in his boyhood, that he turned.

It was fitting that the last journey of King Ludwig should have been made in the night, for he loved well under the friendly cover of its silence, which is so full of speech, to flit unnoticed from one palace to another; or in the winter, with his superb sleighs, marvels of comfort and decorative art, to slip over the shining snows, under star-lit skies, through mountain roads, from one castle to another. But how different this last journey! A sombre hearse, accompanied by a sorrowful guard, left Schloss Berg in the night, and was met outside the city, at Sendling, by a multitude of his loyal people, who would have rejoiced at a more frequent sight of him in life. At two o'clock in the morning the melancholy train entered Munich, and the picture was a weird one

as it moved through old Sendlinger gate, which had witnessed many triumphant entries of Bavarian kings and armies; the moon, half clouded, looked down in its silent and slow course through the deserted spaces, past ghostly monuments, the black obelisk of Carolina Platz, and beneath the shadowy trees of the parks, to the old hofkapelle of the palace, where father and grandfather before him had lain in state.

(Concluded next week.)

WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

It is often asserted that if women knew their power, men would be the ones to whom the "obey" clause of the marriage service would belong. Perhaps there are specimens enough to be found to illustrate the working of that beautiful idea, "Woman's servility" is the text from which many a labored sermon is preached, but is the loving service demanded and accorded by the marriage vow a degradation or a burden? Or is it not rather necessary and honorable fulfillment of natural and reasonable obligations, entered upon understandingly and freely, without mental reservation? All labor of mind or body is service; all laborers are servants, whether it be minister, priest, politician, journalist, diplomat, statesman, poet, painter, artisan or laborer; only the idle, the loafer, the bummer and tramp are exempt from the law of labor, and therefore not servants. As usual, the wordy protest of certain women on one hand, and the wordless protest of others, have so far prevailed that the too many obnoxious word "obey" is eliminated or dropped from the marriage service, but the reciprocal "protect and cherish" must yet be promised on the other side.

It really seems to me that many women of to-day in their anxiety to emancipate themselves from imaginary slavery, to get their rights, forget or ignore the fact that men in general, and husbands in particular have any rights that women are bound to respect. To claim equality is all right, and even praiseworthy, but this assumption of superiority is foolish, and places us in a defenceless and untenable position.

If only we could realize and concede the point that in marriage each has equal but distinct and separate duties, each equal but different rights, that demand mutual assistance and mutual concession; if each would be as careful to respect the rights of the other as they are eager to assert their own; and let reason rule instead of passion, there would be less married misery and less cause for separations.

The subject of "Womanly Women" was lately introduced into the HOUSEHOLD, and several instances cited, with comment, and the question raised as to the course proper for a true woman to take under the prescribed circumstances. While it is quite proper for individual opinion to be given on all questions raised, so much will always remain of uncertainty in the shading of particular circumstances, and so much depends on the individuality of persons in each case, that it would need a Solomon to advise a true-hearted woman as to what was due her womanhood in either case suggested.

There is one point however, in my judgment, that stands out clear and indisputable. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and should be maintained. No mortal has any right to ruin or degrade the soul that comes from the hand of the Maker, fitted with unlimited possibilities of rising to a higher, nobler life. One may sacrifice comfort, fame, luxury, ease, wealth, fortune and friends, even life itself, on the altar of principle, love or duty, but if to carry out the sacrifice honor must be lost, innocence sullied, crime committed or true womanhood disgraced, the sacrifice is forbidden. In the cases cited, married life began under bright auspices, the fall of the man came later, and was a gradual decline consummated at last, we are led to suppose, in spite of all that the wife could do, and under circumstances she was powerless to control.

The duty of the average woman is plain. When she has stood with all her strength and love beside her husband, hoping against hope, fighting back the despair that assails her heart, the horror that fills her soul, while her husband, dearer than her own life, is drawn downward step by step to the depth of maudlin drunkenness, debasing himself and straining her heartstrings until they vibrate only with throes of most intense agony; when want, woe and shame sit in the place of love, peace and joy, to save herself she must leave him to his idols, even though remorseful pity still lives in her heart for her youthful idol. At this point many would lose hope, self-respect and sense of shame, and in despair tread the downward road, perhaps even more swiftly than the husband, if they remained in his society; while, if relieved from the nightmare of his presence, in happier surroundings they might become resigned and find peace, if not joy.

But there are women so constituted that suffering ennobles, that affliction purifies, whose patience is inexhaustible, whose faith is limitless, who will endure torture with a smile, and walk serene above despair. Every cloud has a silver lining, every affliction is a blessing in disguise, above every grief surges a joy, through all adversity shines the sun of coming prosperity; hope rises above every disappointment, anchoring the soul steadfast and immovable. Such a woman, like the Saviour who suffered, was tempted, sorrowed and died for man, yet kept the white innocence and spotless purity of the soul, rises into higher life with each pang of agony, and will not be denied of the eventual resurrection of her husband to love and life.

Is she, whose nature is thus highly gifted, any less a womanly woman while she thus clings to her dear ones through the shadow of moral death, without losing her womanly attributes, than the other, who performed her duty as it was given her to know and do? Another question often enters into these elements. Where children are concerned mothers must often choose between contamination of their innocence and duty to the husband. If this question presents itself separation is preferable, both on account of the present and future consequences. What an added burden is given the child to bear, which is the offspring of embittered passion and debased appetite! Fearful are the responsibilities of parents who entail on help-

less childhood such demoralizing tendencies. Let us judge all such cases with that broad charity that believes that she who separates, and she who lives on, does her duty as deemed right unto herself. A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

WOMEN AND HOUSEHOLD MACHINERY.

The *New England Farmer's* domestic department recently contained the following on the treatment the machines invented to lessen woman's labor generally receive at woman's hands. There is altogether too much truth in what is said relative to the hostility to learn new methods, or have patience to study into *why* the implement fails to do its duty:

"We all know the woman whose sewing machine is always out of order; if you ask what is the trouble with it, her reply is something like this: 'Oh, it's got a freak of bothering me,' as if it were animate and subject to fits of temper. Possibly yesterday she let the baby pull out the thread, the needle was sprung a little out of line, and to-day the thread is cut with every stitch; perhaps an older child has turned the wheel with the feed and needle plate together, and the teeth are so worn as no longer to carry the cloth along. Possibly she may have forgotten to oil some particular point, or have wound a bobbin unevenly, and now she petulantly denounces the whole class of sewing machines and declares that her fingers and a common needle are better.

"Another woman of this kind is induced to buy a carpet-sweeper; it runs well a week or two, then turns hard, skips over a part of the dirt, and is generally faulty in its work, when she promptly decides that it is a fraud, and wishes she had her three dollars back again, etc., etc.

"Her more patient neighbor examines the sweeper, pulls out the shreds and bits of string which have wound themselves about the gears, adds a drop of oil, and then it flies over the carpet as easily as when the smooth-tongued agent displayed its usefulness, after the manner of his class entirely reckless of paint or furniture, until the nervous housekeeper almost buys a sweeper to save a possible bill of repairs.

"The same unwillingness to learn the mechanical working of no matter how simple an invention, is noticed in the use of nearly all kinds of household machinery, including the many useful dairy utensils."

THE CARPET BUG.

We infer from the language of the lady who wants to know what to do to prevent the ravages of the "carpet bug," that she is having some unpleasant experience with the "Buffalo moth," which is a comparatively recent addition to our list of devastating insects. This insect, improperly called a moth, as it belongs to the *Coleoptera*, or beetle family, is a native of Europe, and is about an eighth of an inch long, black, with white and red marks. It is particularly destructive to carpets, working in the cracks of the floor, if there are any, and often cutting strips the whole length of the carpet.

The best remedy, as far as known, is one which has been often recommended for the better known common carpet moth. It is to wet a towel, fold it in a strip, lay it over the edge of the carpet on the floor, and press it thoroughly with hot flat-irons. The steam generated destroys the insects every time, and although it is a tiresome and laborious process, it is sure. Then, when the carpet is taken up, fill the crevices and cracks with putty.

A CORRECTION.

Beatrix, I can't stand it. It must be corrected. My "Personal History" should say "my back posterity (which simply signifies my ancestry)" points an index, etc." Also paragraph two should read, "Early in life, while yet, indeed; her feet swung between the bench and the floor beneath the front seat," etc. Had these occurred in anything but that "personal," they would not have been called to order by

E. L. NYE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A DRIPPING pan half full of cold water on the upper grate in the oven will prevent cake or pies from burning.

TO KEEP ice from windows take a sponge or ordinary paint brush, rub over the glass once or twice with a little cold alcohol.

INSTEAD of lining the cake pan with tissue paper, grease it thoroughly, and sift flour into it, shaking off all that does not adhere to the grease; if well covered in this way with a powdering of flour, the cake will not cause any trouble by sticking to the pan. Jelly and muffin tins treated in the same way will turn out perfect cakes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* says that a lady who made a very fine exhibit of canned fruit, which was greatly admired by all who saw it, put it up in the following fashion: The fruit was thoroughly heated without allowing it to boil. The cans were then filled and left open fifteen or twenty minutes, to give the fruit time to settle. After filling up, the covers were put on and screwed down tight. Put up in this way, fruit will keep for years, and if kept in the dark will retain its original color and form. She made cupboards of dry goods boxes for fruit cans to keep in the cellar, and these were kept closed.

Contributed Recipes.

DROP COOKIES.—One cup molasses; one cup brown sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one cup hot water; two teaspoonfuls soda; one tablespoonful ginger; one egg, and enough flour to drop on tins. MRS. F. MCP.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.

CANNED STRING BEANS.—To one gallon of beans, prepared for cooking, add one-half pint of salt. Cook in water enough to cover until thoroughly done, then can as any fruit. When wanted for use, soak in fresh water four hours; then cook as you would fresh beans. BELLE.

MILFORD.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pare cucumbers of table size, cut them lengthwise into quarters or eighths, according to size. Pour over them boiling brine and let stand twenty-four hours. Take out, drain, pour on boiling water, and drain again. Prepare a spiced vinegar by adding one cup sugar, one teaspoonful white mustard seed, a stick of cinnamon and a few cloves to one pint of vinegar. Let boil, skim, and turn over the cucumbers. They are fit for the table the next day. This recipe appeared in the *HOUSEHOLD* of August 11, 1885, but is worth a trial by our many new readers.