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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### MOTHER TO SON.

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part

That you seem to be fibre and strength of my heart?

None other can praise me as you, dear, can do;  
None other can please me, or pain me, as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame,

If shadow or blight ever darken your name;

"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true—

The world will judge largely of "Mother," through you.

Be yours, then, the task,—if a task it shall be,  
To force this proud world to do homage to me;  
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won,  
"She reaps as she sowed—for this man is her son."

—Colman's Rural World.

### ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.

Some time ago Beatrix complained that now the summer campaign had opened on the farm there were too few letters for the little paper, and her cry for help has ever since preyed upon my mind, among my many cares and different kinds of jelly.

I am going to write a letter to the girls; they have not been lectured in some time on that thread-bare subject of keeping house. But the girls who have read these things before are married now and out of the way, so this will do for the younger ones who finished their school-days and education in June, and who will one and all some day be somebody's wife, perhaps.

I will tell you first what the coming Prince Charming admires, and expects you to be: Pretty, stylish, accomplished, and amiable, soft white hands and all that; but whether you have any knowledge of house-work he neither knows or cares. But when you are his wife, and installed in that pretty new house, he expects you to doff those Cinderella rags of ignorance, and suddenly become the chief among good cooks and house-keepers. I am afraid, though you think this very unreasonable, it is perfectly right and natural to some extent; we all admire these charming, butterfly girls, with their bright eyes, bangs and bangles, their light-hearted gaiety, the outcome of a care-free life; and is it not good if in their youth and blossoming time they can have freedom from care and labor, and enjoy life to the uttermost, while yet hope beckons fairly? Who can tell how soon for them the grass will lose its greenness, the flower its glory? So mother gives Nellie the best of everything, with little to do, and says, "Let her be happy while she may," remembering no doubt a time long ago when she was a girl, and a new bonnet gave her more pleasure than a set of diamonds would now.

Now for the other side: After marriage you'll find, my dear girls, the young man who never seemed to eat anything "when he came to tea at papa's," will develop an awful liking for chicken-pie or plum-pudding, or in fact, anything that's a trouble to make; and cooking one dish, with mamma to see everything else, is not like getting dinner or tea alone, with George's mother and aunt (who have come unexpectedly) waiting in the best room; and when you set those biscuits on the table before them, anything else but light, and yellow with soda, and pretty soon George says, "Did you make these, Nellie?" I hope you will be able to maintain that repose of manner "which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," and be pleasant and agreeable; but I am much mistaken, poor child, if you don't wish you had invested more time and capital in the biscuit business, and less in lawn-tennis. You ponder and wonder wearily on what can be the matter with the provoking things, made them just as you did before, but the trouble is here, (you cannot learn this from a recipe book, or your mother,) you need lots of experience, and must learn where danger lies before you can avoid it. Such knowledge is made up of a million trifles, and it is only after many mortifying failures that victory will perch on your banner; the time and place for these failures is of your own choosing, and when you manufacture a pie with the crust so hard your brother says it makes his teeth ache to bite it, with the juice all run out and calmly making a smudge of itself on the oven-bottom, I think you will be glad mother is there instead of George, to help you investigate the cause of the pie-shipwreck.

To be brief, try, girls, to strike a "happy medium;" be as gay and jolly as you like, but don't be idle and waste time over too much knitted edging and foolish gossip. Remember the new home and wedding outfit may be all you could wish, but that will not prevent "a pebble in your shoe," if your miserable cooking makes a cross old dyspeptic of George.

I wonder why it is, too, that women take so little interest in acquiring a knowledge of business. Liable to be left alone any time with more or less property to look after, and densely ignorant of the state of their affairs, they are helpless in the hands of strangers, or friends who do not always prove themselves to be such. I have been told the world is ever more ready to help those who ask nothing of it, than those who do.

You can talk to the men of your family on the subject, listen when they discuss different points of law, ask them questions, not

try to learn the whole at once, and I'm thinking it would be a stupid person who could not learn considerable, without much trouble either. You need not look far in the newspapers to find a widow or orphan defrauded by guardian or executor, because they knew nothing of business. "If you want your individual rights well taken care of, take care of them yourself." You remember how Miles Standish courted Priscilla, and the result of it.

E. B. C.

WATROUSVILLE.

### A HINT TO MANKIND.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly," but when we look back no longer than twenty-five or thirty years, we can hopefully and truly say, they are grinding and no mistake. We are very impatient; we want to see great good accomplished in our lifetime, that we may enjoy it. We have to acknowledge that they do "grind exceedingly small." God manifested infinite patience, when he waited so many thousands, perhaps millions, of years for this earth to be fitted for the habitation of as intelligent creatures as now occupying it. He has waited for man to work out his development for the high destiny among the "Sons of God," for which he was intended when placed in the Garden of Eden, and so few, comparatively, have succeeded in attaining, at the end of six thousand years. He is still waiting for us, and teaching us a lesson in patience.

From my earliest recollection in reading, till now, I have scarcely taken up a paper or book, but somewhere on its pages, occupying a larger or smaller space, was the exhortation, or recommendation at least, to women to be cheerful, no matter how weary or how ill; always meet man with a cheerful countenance. Why? He has so many cares, so many perplexities, labors so hard, that it is his just due. It is given out as the universal panacea for all the ills that unhappy marriages are heir to; as a remedy for the vices that wayward and wicked husbands are given to, who, while assuming themselves to be sovereign lords, masters and protectors, by the strangest kind of inconsistency make themselves out to be irresponsible machines in the hands of the "weaker vessel."

More frequently now than formerly, do we see the other side held up to view. I found a poem the other day, in the *Inter-Ocean*, by Margaret E. Sangster, that did me a "world of good," filling my soul with great hope for the future, since large streams from small beginnings flow; and I



thought the other ladies of the HOUSEHOLD who had not read it, might be encouraged as I am. So here it is:

"A PLEA FOR CHEERFULNESS.

"The dear little wife at home, John,  
With ever so much to do,  
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,  
And so many thoughts of you;  
The beautiful household fairy  
Filling your heart with light,  
Whatever you meet to-day, John,  
Go cheerily home to-night.

"For though you are worn and weary  
You needn't be cross and curt,  
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,  
There are looks that wound and hurt.  
With the key in the latch at home, John,  
Drop troubles out of sight,  
To the dear little wife who is waiting,  
Go cheerily home to-night.

"You know she will come to meet you,  
A smile on her sunny face,  
And your wee little girl, as sweet as a pearl,  
Will be there in her childish grace,  
And the boy, his father's pride, John,  
With the eyes so brave and bright;  
From the strife and the din, to the peace, John,  
Go cheerily home to-night.

"What though the tempter try you,  
Though the shafts of adverse fate  
May bustle near, and the sky be drear,  
And the laggard fortune wait!  
You are passing rich already,  
Let the haunting fears take flight,  
With the faith that wins success, John,  
Go cheerily home to-night."

Equally with cheerfulness, the matter of dress and personal appearance is insisted upon.

A wife, no matter how weary, must dress with taste and look pretty to the eye, if she would retain her husband's love, and *ad infinitum et ad nauseum*; and then I always ask myself how shall *he* look? Has a wife no eyes, no ears, no nose! If this be true, man's love and woman's love are not the same and ought not be called by the same name.

Not long ago, a friend of ours, with her husband, had occasion in company with us to pass through a certain town, which shall be nameless, as in this respect it is no different from other towns; and while waiting in our carriage for our husbands to transact some business, we noted the personal appearance of the people who were continually passing and re-passing on the sidewalk. Some men were tidy and had a cleanly look; some faces shaven; some with a beard well kept; but a large number were as attractive as grizzly bears. Clothes dirty and whole appearance untidy, faces with hair bristling in all stages of growth; some with mouths foul and discolored; some with red noses and bleary eyes and shuffling gait, some looking like talking animals walking on two feet instead of four. And we wondered if any woman was pleased to see them coming. We mutually wondered if it were really true that the wives of these men did not care how their husbands looked!

One day last winter an acquaintance of ours called on an errand. The weather was very cold. While riding along the road he had been chewing tobacco and spitting. Having a long heavy beard, the colored saliva occasionally fell upon it and froze in streaks of brown ice. The sight sickened me so that I turned away and could not look at him. And other friends of ours who also use this poison have such foul breaths, as only tobacco can give, that it is a distress to be near enough to them to converse. Their physicians tell these same men that tobacco is injuring them very seriously, but appetite is stronger than love or reason, yes, than love of life.

I notice that most farmers coming in from work at the close of the day, if they wash face and hands, feel that is all the effort they can possibly make towards cleanliness; they are too tired to change dirty, odorous boots, pants and coat, but sit down with the family in their working clothes, coming directly from the barn and hog-pen. The wife is sweet and clean, but her husband refuses to make himself so, because he is too tired, he says.

I do not wonder so many farmers' sons leave the farm in disgust and so many farmers' daughters refuse to marry farmers. They see nothing before them but hard work, eating and sleeping; sleeping, eating and hard work, and the immortal soul cries out against such a life.

I know there are "exceptions to all rules;" but then you know the "exceptions prove the rule."

LUNA.

BEDFORD.

### MIDSUMMER FASHIONS.

Happy is the woman who can lose the key of the sewing-machine and let her needles rust in her needle-book during the days Sirius and the sun rise and set together. But it is often the case that an unexpected journey or visit, a wedding, or even that mild form of dissipation known as a picnic, necessitates a new dress, and to the discomfort of sewing when the needle sticks in the goods is added the further perplexity of not knowing what is "the latest" mode of making up. Midsummer dresses must be either modeled on past styles, or hints of autumnal fashions. The distinctively new feature which is promised us for early fall is the double apron drapery in front. This is simply a long apron, falling nearly (and by "nearly" is meant within two or three inches) to the foot of the skirt, and above it a shorter wrinkled apron, of the same outline, coming a little below half the length of the skirt, or looped with ribbons above that point. The lower part of these aprons is sometimes left to fall straight on the edge of the panel set in the side of the skirt, and looped very high, quite to the belt, on the other, while the shorter apron is drawn to a point about a quarter of a yard from the straight edge of the lower. This is very pretty where both are edged with a frill of lace.

A neat way to make up a soft wool goods is to cover the foot of the foundation skirt eight inches deep with the material, and set a shirred breadth on the left side for a panel. This breadth should have a cluster of shirrs at the hip and another half way down the skirt, leaving the lower part to fall full like a flounce. The apron is draped short on the left side and falls to the foot on the right, and the back widths continue straight and full across the back to the left, where they are caught up to the belt. The basque is very simply finished, having the two back forms below the waist turned up to form loops, while the side back forms are sloped to the fronts, the seam being left open two inches; this gives a pretty shape to the bottom. Velvet revers are added in front, which begin at the shoulders and meet at the waist line; the cuffs are of velvet but the collar should be like the dress.

A very pretty and also new way to make a

wool dress, like cashmere or nun's veiling, more dressy, is to sew rows of inch-wide satin or watered ribbon in rows upon the goods to be pleated for the kilt, and across the bottom of the apron when it is long on one side and draped high on the other. This is newer than lace. The fan overskirt—which is an apron laid in fine pleats to the belt, the pleats being defined almost to the foot, and the sides drawn up to the belt—is very dainty when three rows of satin ribbon edge it. Still another mode is to stripe the long apron with rows of wider ribbon, beginning at the belt and ending in loops at the lower edge.

Chemisettes of linen and mull or of pleated surah or china crape, are much worn. The dress has revers or a rolling collar of velvet, and the chemisette collar and little mannish tie fill the V-shaped space at the throat. These are becoming to slender ladies.

Linen cuffs seem to have regained lost popularity and are much worn; the latest styles are deep and turn up outside the dress sleeve.

The girls will be glad to know about the later ways of dressing the hair. The "Russian bang" is "all the rage;" this curves, or is pointed in the middle and is very short on the temples; it is crimped to make it fluffy and much less hair is cut for it than for the Langtry bang, and it is also much shorter, so that girls look less like Shetland ponies than heretofore. It is fashionable to have a forehead again. The back hair is still worn high, in small flat braids pinned closely to the head, to define the shape as much as possible. Though the hair is worn high, it is not too high, but midway between "too high" and "too low." Many mothers are having their girls' hair shingled, especially those from four to eight or nine years of age; other girls still cling to the long ribbon-tied braids, which are sometimes looped half their length under a ribbon bow.

### EDUCATION.

What wondrous benefits there are in a good practical education, and what great differences there are in the modes and opportunities of obtaining it! Our common schools appear to be on the wane, mainly, I am thinking, because our children must be educated at the "higher school," graduate, and have a name in the world. Could we but remember how James A. Garfield, Stephen A. Douglas, and most all of our great and practical men, struggled for their education in the common schools, it would be a great benefit to many. Fight the school, fight the teacher, and spoil the child, is too often the case. In the high as well as the common schools of old England, the master is supreme ruler, his word is law. At Westminster, Harrow-on-the-Hill or Eton, no rich man's son dare break the rules more than a poor man's, and should he get into trouble there would be no use in going home to complain, no matter if it were young Gladstone, Salisbury or the Prince of Wales. Milk-and-water kindness never made a man of a boy yet. Our children are precious jewels, but however rich we are and free from cares, the stern realities of life will sometimes overtake us;



then if our education is of a practical, working nature, we are good enough to help ourselves, with self confidence like the main-brace in a ship.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

### THE INSANE KING.

(Concluded from last week.)

The facilities for the exhibition of the royal corpse on its "paradebett," as the German has it, were about as illy conceived and carried out as could be. The chapel is so small that only a few could enter at once, and there was no attempt to keep a continuous passing through. The people were wild to see their King once more, and the crush of the crowd at the door-ways was frightful. Soldiers and gens-d'arms failed to keep back the frantic mob. The three days in which he lay in state would have sufficed for thousands more to have seen him comfortably, if the matter had not been managed with the usual stupidity of Germans. The most ludicrous scenes took place. At five o'clock in the morning people besieged the palace doors, standing hours in the mud and cold rain, to come away perhaps without seeing him, or with their clothes half torn off if successful. Persons who went into the patient but persistent throng, with whole suits on, came away tattered and torn, carrying only the handles of their umbrellas; one woman lost her back hair, another that unmentionable article with which women are wont to disfigure their natural shapes; these the soldiers facetiously elevated on their sabre points. At a more private doorway officers could enter with their wives and friends; some laughable things occurred here. A young officer was followed and claimed by half a dozen ladies in turn, each saying to the guard, "That officer in advance is my son." The courteous lieutenant who escorted a friend and myself was begged by so many ladies that he would take them in also, that he was quite unable to answer the guard as to the number in charge, and finally, looking at the train in his rear, he said, desperately: "All ladies in black belong to me," and the officer good-naturedly passed him in with his numerous friends.

We went up through the narrow passages and low-arched corridors of the old building to a little gallery across the front of the chapel. There was a hush in the place, only low whispers were heard, and the rustle of dresses, as the mourning-clad figures of the ladies passed forward to look over the balcony. Here, on an elevated catafalque covered with ermine, surrounded by his generals and a guard of honor, who stood night and day outside the rows of tall waxen tapers burning about his couch, the poor King, who would not be seen in life, was laid that his people might have a last look at the really beautiful face and kingly form; the casket was raised at the head and faced the front of the chapel; thus the figure seemed to be half-standing, with the feet on a great bed of flowers, the offerings of royal and noble families. The dress was tunic and breeches of black velvet and long black stockings of the order of St. Hubert; the cloak, of the same material, lined with white, and finished at neck and sleeves with fine lace, was thrown back over the sides of

the coffin; a richly chased chain was about the neck, and one of the shapely hands rested on the sword kilt.

The tenantless house of clay was all that remained to this people of their once-loved King; the soul had deserted its fair home, yet [one looked at him with the thought, "What a superb man he must have been when the light of intelligence illumined the fine countenance;" for even in death,

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,"

there was still a fascination, a grandeur in the face, a nobility of expression not at all compatible with acts of cruelty, which united to a kingly demeanor must have won and enchained the hearts of all who knew this man of royal lineage. In the presence of death all his faults were forgotten, only the love his people bore him was remembered, the love born with them for their ruler, and there were sincerely sad faces bent above him; and silent tears fell as the ill-fated life was recalled, the life so full of brilliant promise.

The city was filled with an eager crowd of Bavarians and foreigners to witness the last honors that could be paid the deceased. Odeons Platz was a scene of constant bustle as the vast populace moved hither and thither in the excitement of the moment, and with the desire to catch a glimpse of the foreign princes and great generals who had come to take part in the final sad rites in memory of this scion of the ancient house of Wittelsbach. Officers dashed here and there, carrying orders, dislodging ambitious persons from advantageous positions, and keeping the way clear for the carriages of the princes as they rolled into the hof-garten and under the arches of the palace-entrance.

A long procession followed Ludwig II. to his tomb in old St. Michael's Church, and the streets and open spaces were filled with the multitude, a black, surging sea of humanity.

The military, the students of the war school, of different public institutions, the civil authorities, and many Catholic orders, headed by bishops and priests from all parts of Bavaria, carrying banners, candles and crucifixes, assisted in making up the long concourse. Among the religious orders, two of Sisters of Charity were noteworthy in their snowy bonnets of quaint shapes and black dresses, as being the only women in the train of mourners; for it is not the custom for women to take part in the public burial of their male relatives or friends, so no lady related to the King could follow his remains to the grave, though I afterwards saw some going to the service in the church, which was attended by the court and public officers only.

The bearers of the casket, twenty-five in number, called *gugelmanner* in German, were completely enveloped in long black robes and cowls, only the eyes being visible through openings; these are the same garments that one sees to-day at burials in Rome, and the wearers look like some hideous wizards; they bore the colored armorial escutcheon of the King, delineated upon a dark ground, each had two tapers crossed, and the last one an effigy of the holy St. George.

The most interesting and splendid part of

the procession grouped itself around the open, black-canopied hearse, which was drawn by black-caparisoned horses and hung about with the Bavarian coat-of-arms, the wreaths and flowers which had been in the chapel. The pages, handsome young boys of noble birth, marched on either side, while directly behind it walked the Regent, Prince Luitpold, on one hand the German Crown Prince, and on the other, Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria. Following came representatives of all the royal houses of Europe, a brilliant galaxy of princes, generals and royal officers in full court uniforms. Some of the broad-breasted old generals were covered with medals and decorations won for distinguished services, and in the sunshine the gay red, blue and green of the gold and silver embroidered suits of Cosacks, Hussars and Uhlans was a dazzling and gorgeous spectacle. Blue and white plumes waved from the military chapeaux of the generals, and handsome Russian, stalwart Austrian, or dark-faced Portuguese, looked from beneath black or scarlet feathered helmets.

St. Michael's Church, in which the dead monarch was laid to rest, was completed in the year 1590, the builder being Duke William V. the Pious, who is buried here with his wife. It has continued to be the place of sepulture for the royal families of Bavaria since its erection. Here were buried Friedrich Michael, Prince of Zweibrucken, and his wife, father and mother of Bavaria's first King, Max Joseph I.; and later, in 1824, Eugene Beauharnais, vice-king of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, who followed Napoleon I. through all his battles with the motto "Honor and Fidelity" as his watchword. He was afterwards Duke of Leuchtenberg and Count of Eichslatt. A little daughter of his is also entombed here, and his wife, Augusta Amalie, the daughter of King Max Joseph I, who survived her husband twenty-six years, having died in Munich in 1851. The last interment in St. Michael's occurred in 1875, and was that of Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, an uncle of Ludwig II., brother of the Regent and son of Ludwig I.; the centenary fest in honor of the latter, for which all Munich was preparing, and which was set for the 8th, 9th and 10th of July, is now indefinitely postponed.

DELIA BENTON.

MUNICH, Bavaria.

### BOTANY IN COUNTRY SCHOOLS.

I have wondered much of late why botany is seldom or never studied in a district school. Surely there it would be most interesting and most useful. I studied botany last spring, and although deeply interested, found it difficult to collect the required twenty-five specimens of wild flowers. Now in the country this task would be simply fun. Fifty specimens might be obtained with less trouble than our twenty-five. From the advent of the *Anemone Nemorosa*—or Wind-flower, as it is so appropriately called, and the *Hepatica*, there is a constant succession of wild flowers, that are perhaps considered so much a matter of course as to be hardly noticed. With a teacher interested in his pupils, a botany



class in the country would be delightful. What boy or girl would not like to find without help from any one the correct names of some of the profusion of flowers in woods and fields? This is possible after some earnest study. I have been surprised since I studied botany to find how many familiar flowers I have always called by wrong names.

After school hours the class could take long walks with the teacher, find new flowers, and observe the growth and arrangement of different plants and trees. For flowers are after all only a part of botany. We were obliged to accept the statements of the book in regard to many things, such as the thirteen-ranked arrangement of the leaves of the Houseleek, for instance. It is very possible that these out-door lessons would be far more valuable than those learned by rote in a school room. I hope that before long botany will invariably be one of the studies taken up during the summer term, in all district schools.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

### SCRAPS.

A FRIEND says, in a personal note: "We have just had a delightful shower, and — is out wading in the mud. I have said I should never check the 'tomboy' element in a girl, but I am sorely tempted to do so this year. Yet such health is a pleasure to look upon; green currants, apples the size of plums, cherries, etc., fail to affect it." I am one of those who believe "tomboyishness" and good health are intimately related. Whoever saw a girl who earned the epithet of tomboy who was not a picture of health? The trouble is that as soon as mothers began to lengthen their daughters' dresses, they begin to lecture upon the proprieties, and insist upon "lady-like behavior," which to their benighted comprehension means sitting in a chair indoors, keeping their clothes clean and knitting lace or doing patchwork, in short, apeing middle-aged manners. These mistaken lessons in what constitutes young ladyhood come at a time when rapid physical development is taking place, and when to alance the constitutional inertia of the period outdoor exercise is an indispensable adjunct to secure health. Instead of being sent out of doors to romp and run, and get brown and rosy, the girl is encouraged to cultivate a languid grace and fair complexion indoors, and when some old doctor is called in to prescribe for the young miss, who has grown so much of a lady that she seems about to be translated to another and a better world, instead of ordering outdoor air and exercise, he still further disgusts nature by his doses of nauseous drugs. Bless the tomboys! They may tear their clothes to tatters "teetering" on a sapling, amuse us by their agility at a ten rail fence, and shock us by their unconventional manners in sundry respects, but they make the real, live women of the world. They are healthy, they are happy, they are innocent. Their abundant, overflowing vitality, their bright interest in all that pertains to outdoor living, are safeguards. The tomboys have no anxiety about beaux, no overwhelming interest in dress, and it is positively re-

freshing to meet a dozen-year-old girl who has not a "steady beau" and knows nothing about flirting. There's no maudlin sentiment about the tomboy; all she wants is a good time; and her relations with her boy friends are just what they ought to be in youth, a jolly good comradeship with no sentimental nonsense about it. If I had as many children as John Rogers of martyr memory, and every one girls, I would bring them up in true tomboy fashion, letting them climb trees, slide down haystacks, row, ride the old sober-minded horses bareback round the pasture, believing that though "the neighbors" might be scandalized, so long as the young heads were filled with pure "outdoor" thoughts and the lungs with fresh air, my girls were safe from certain temptations which assail the young.

I, too, cannot accept the doctrine advanced by Mercy, that the destiny of the human race lies so entirely in woman's keeping. True, she has a great power, wonderful influence; yet to say that the destiny of any man lies in any woman's hands, is to put upon her a greater responsibility than her Maker intended, a more preservative power than lies in her province. The experience of actual life fails to bear out the position. Many a mother trains her sons "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and finds her influence, exerted to its utmost, neutralized by the father's example, or by the curse of hereditary weakness coming from past generations. I am not one of those who believe that woman is, by nature, endowed with greater moral attributes than man. True, I admit that woman is, generally speaking, finer in feeling, more sensitive, with more delicate perceptions, a more exact estimate of right and wrong, a less accurate sense of justice, because she is more often biased by her affections, and morally purer. Yet this nicer adjustment is the result of education. A great English author has said "There are no natural sex lines in the virtues." Temperance, chastity, purity, conscientiousness, are matters of education. Woman has not been endowed with a greater soul than man; it is not her mission to drag him from a lower standpoint to the plane of her own higher life. That she does so, is true in many cases, but that does not make it true that she was created to do it. Educate a boy and girl together, absolutely apart from all outside influences, and you will find them alike in their code of moral ethics, except so far as hereditary tendencies may differentiate them. But in our living, boys and girls receive a different moral education. The father allows his boys to go with him to places he would never let his daughters enter, and thinks nothing of it because they are boys; he assumes they will some day obtain such knowledge. He is less choice in his language before them, and in many such ways they are educated in a coarseness which obliterates the finer sensitiveness retained by his daughters, who have avoided contact with these contaminating influences. I admit woman's refining, elevating influence upon humanity, but I am not inclined to credit her with supernatural attributes nor superhuman powers. Man,

like woman, has the power of choice, he is "the arbiter of his own destiny." Virtue is the absolute surrender of the will to moral sentiment; woman may encourage the growth of such sentiment, but she cannot make it develop in a barren soil.

BEATRIX.

### AN INQUIRY.

Will some of the patrons or writers of the HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for making grape wine. Having quite a quantity of grapes growing, I would like to make some for medicinal and household purposes, not for a beverage; no, indeed, I am too strong an advocate of temperance for that. S. A. G.

DEARBORN.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

IN canning tomatoes, if you wish them to keep, as of course you do, reject every lumpy or solid portion. Then, by using the same care as with fruit, your tomatoes will keep equally as well.

Do you know how much nicer tomatoes for the table are when peeled with a sharp knife than when the skins are loosened by pouring boiling water on them? They are very much nicer when kept on ice till they are needed for the table, also.

INTO a quart of warm water put five drops of ammonia; with a stiff bristle brush give the engraved parts of your silver a brisk brushing, and polish dry with a flannel cloth. If silver is washed in this way daily, it will not need a scouring with whiting, &c., every two weeks.

### Useful Recipes.

**BOILED GREEN CORN.**—Gather the corn not more than an hour before cooking, if possible. Strip off the outer husks, turn the inner ones away from the cob, and remove the silk, then replace them, and secure them at the end with a bit of cord; put the corn into boiling salted water, boil fifteen or twenty minutes, according to size, remove the cord and send the corn to the table. If preferred to remove the husks before serving, as is perhaps the neatest way, the corn should be rolled in a hot, dry napkin. This is the Southern fashion, and is said to give us corn in its best estate.

**PEACH AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.**—For this pudding there will be required one can of peaches, a generous half-pint of tapioca, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and one quart of water. Soak the tapioca over night in cold water; in the morning turn it with the water into a double boiler and cook for an hour. On removing from the stove add the salt, sugar and juice of the peaches, and stir thoroughly. Pour a layer of the mixture into a well-buttered pudding dish, then lay in the peaches and pour over the fruit the remainder of the tapioca; bake in a moderately hot oven for one hour.

**SCALLOPED CODFISH WITH CHEESE.**—Soak a pound of salted codfish six hours in tepid water, then boil it. When cold, pick into flakes with a fork and season with pepper. Heat a cup of milk to a boil, stir in a tablespoonful of butter rolled into two of prepared flour; mix with the picked fish and pour into a bake dish. Strew grated cheese thickly on top and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. It is yet nicer if you add a raw egg to the mixture before cooking it.