

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 14, 1887.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNSATISFIED.

For weariness comes of having,
When happiness means pursuit,
And love grows dwarfish and stunted,
And bears but a little fruit
When the serpent of self forever
Is coiling about its feet.

So lips which have met in kisses
Grow chary of tender speech—
So hearts which are bound together
Grow burdensome each to each,
Since the only things men value
Are those which they cannot reach.

—Elizabeth Akers.

A FASCINATING SUBJECT.

(Concluded.)

I have observed the progress of a number of young men and women; some graduated as my classmates, others since that time, at our high school. The majority were girls, and as a rule they were more brilliant students than the boys. The young men pushed out in various directions, content with humble beginnings; several in a few years became local editors, others have held responsible offices, some have good situations in banks, etc., etc., scarcely an idler or an aimless man is found in their number. One can but compare the worth and wealth they add to society with that contributed by the girls who surpassed them at school. Few of the girls are active workers, several are engaged by business houses, some are married, but the majority of them are at home. They are not really idle there, they sew, take music lessons, do some housework, and some fancy work perhaps. All this is not idleness, but it is beneath their possibilities, it is nothing in particular. Their lives are devoid of the live earnestness purpose alone gives. Occasionally a girl's help is required at home, but usually there are several and all are not needed there. If people could but know the richness and happiness added to the home-life by each inmate living his own life, gathering experiences from personal observations and endeavors outside the home, parents would urge their daughters into these paths of development. And further, if they wish them to marry honest men, they can afford no better opportunities of securing such husbands than by giving their girls a practical business education, enabling them to obtain positions where they will meet and associate with men of labor; for honest men are workers. It is well to see a man in his "every day clothes" going about his business before a woman invests too much in him.

How absurd the idea girls are often allowed to entertain, that their education is

"finished" with their school days! What have they gained but facts at second hand? What acquired to regulate the principles of character or to fit them for any activity or usefulness in life? How are they to know without the advice of the experienced how to shape their course?

The way of all knowledge is in interior clearness and genuineness of life. How many of the young have any thought of examining themselves, mentally and physically, to determine whether they are best adapted to mental or manual labor? How many are honest and estimate themselves justly? Then, having decided where their strength lies go about their work with the determination to succeed. The young have a right to try first one thing, then another, anything they think themselves capable of doing. It is worth while to find out our "genius" while we are in a situation to make use of the discovery; and in every effort or failure made, our ideas as to what we can do are developing and taking definite shape. But the right beginning, the great requisite, is purpose. Purpose is not a sentiment which begins well, but gets nowhere. It is an energy which gives impetus to the entire being, opens the soul to every avenue of knowledge and attainment.

The well-balanced woman is she who is self-supporting, who has an aim in life, who loves her work and is not watching for the first opportunity to "escape into marriage." The discipline of practical life enables young women to live in a wider, deeper sense, and thus benefits the individual as well as the race. And cannot esteem and love come to woman in any situation of life? I recognize wedded life as the only life for man and woman. So long as the individual, personal life flows out from the fountain of God's purposes, so long will individual teaching lead us into more beautiful paths of unfoldment. So long will life fraught with tender helpfulness enfold hungering being with its calm uplifting. But it is not given every woman to realize the happiness of marriage. Many take up the line of life, not with joyous hearts, neither with hopeless ones, but with a depth of wonder, sorrow, and love, which are at once the most sacred realities, the most sorrowful yet inspiring verities of their being. But is it they only who know the clasp of wedded hands who understand love? Nay, they know not love the less, because it is to some a great spiritual presence, overshadowing like the star-uplifted sky. It is calm assurance and rest rooted in life, the inspiration of the soul's atmosphere. We need more women who shall give to their work the de-

votion of the wife, and the tenderness of the mother. Who would float idly on the sea of life, watching other souls tried by the tempests? Who be content to play with the waves washing the shore, while the great ships sail by and are lost in the far off waters of life?

S. M. G.

NO HOUSEWORK.

From some opinions expressed in my former letters, some of the HOUSEHOLD contributors seem to have inferred that I despise and ignore all house and homekeeping. On the contrary, I love home and its duties, and have been as happy in assisting my mother in the time I could spare from my studies as any daughter could have been. I have always been impressed with the importance of mastering some trade or occupation, as did my brothers; and as I said before, desired the opinions of the HOUSEHOLD. The expressed opinions would indicate that the avenues opened for women to support themselves independently and in a respectable manner, are delusions; and nothing in the way of business of the least merit but housework, or work done at intervals while doing it. I have before now "helped" a neighbor or friend in illness or some other strait, and found a pleasure in so doing; but that does not incline me to spend my womanhood in work, as a trade, that could as well be done by some one who has had no advantages of education. Housework will have attained dignity when its followers are well trained and perfected in it as a science; then, I believe, and not until then, will women be troubled with no "sense of inferiority" in doing housework; nor longer object to it if well paid, nor be obliged to compete in wages with imported wastefulness and ignorance; "factors" which impede a nation's prosperity. This slack, unprofitable way of discharging duties casts a slur upon this occupation. We do not see men engage to teach their employes the outs and ins of business, nor should women be compelled to do so. If housework was taught as a trade, and neatness and order its primary lessons, to be practiced in homes with every adjunct for ease and despatch, help would be help without the waste and vexation endured at the present time by employers and employed.

As matters now stand, I still think housework as a trade one that is poorly paid, with little of refinement or social enjoyment, as it lowers one in a social scale. While women are achieving wonders with brain and energy, why should they not seek

an occupation most congenial to taste, in which they may hope to excel, and at the same time not be debarred from social privileges. HONOR GLINT.

FENTON.

THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

The new cyclorama building, on the former site of Ste. Anne's church on Larned St., this city, is now occupied by a grand historical painting of one of the notable battles of the war of the rebellion, which was exhibited to the public the first of the current month. It purports to be an accurate representation of the famous struggle between the armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio under Sherman, and the Confederate forces under Hood, which proved the last great battle of the west. The painting was prepared from sketches and photographs made on the spot by artists employed by the Harpers, and from maps and reports in the possession of the government; and Gen. O. M. Poe, who was on Sherman's staff in that memorable campaign, assents to the topographical exactness of the painting.

The spectator, upon entering, ascends to a circular platform, from which he overlooks the battleground. The Atlanta & Augusta railroad stretches away at either hand, the observer's position being a point on the line of the track. A wide expanse of country, forest, field and stream, is girdled by Stone Mountain, Atlanta, Big and Little Kenesaw, and Lost Mountains, misty against the sky; and everywhere the Blue and Grey are opposed in vigorous, life-like action. The whole canvas seems alive with soldiers; it is easy to credit the assertion of the lecturer that there are 30,000 figures represented on the scene, for a good pair of eyes or an opera glass discloses in the distance regiments advancing or changing position, and guns and rifle-pits betrayed only by smoke-wreaths. Here are all the scenes of a battle field; the fierce, headlong charge, the hand-to-hand conflict, the dismantled cannon, wrecked wagons, ambulances, with their blood-stained burdens, the field hospital, and everywhere the wounded, the dying and the dead. At one point the Confederates, entrenched behind rude fortifications of rails and boards and cotton bales, are giving "our boys" so warm a reception, that Union batteries were used to destroy the horses of DeGres' famous battery, to prevent its capture, and not a few of the exclamations called forth by the reality of the scene, relate to "the pity of it" that these noble animals must so suffer. Indeed, so realistic the portrayal one almost involuntarily is betrayed into expressions of sympathy with the actors. One motherly old lady exclaimed, "See that poor fellow! Isn't it too bad, and he's nothing but a boy, either!" So skillfully are the accessories managed that it is only by the most careful inspection one is able to detect where the real sand and turf and miscellaneous debris of the foreground are met by the canvas of the painting.

Gen. Sherman, with several of his staff, watch the progress of the fight from a hill-side; his conspicuous white shirt-collar seems always to provoke a smile from old soldiers, to whom it was somewhat like the white

plume of Henry of Navarre. It was on this field that the lamented General McPherson fell. *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, in an article on Logan, describes the field of Atlanta, and the manner of the death of this gallant general, so beloved that the lecturer, Gen. W. T. Clark, who was adjutant-general upon his staff, says, with a little shake in his voice to this day: "His death was the greatest loss I ever met with." "Black Jack"—General Logan—who took command after McPherson's death, is depicted upon his black horse "Charley," bare-headed, in one hand his old slouch hat, and sitting his plunging charger as if he and it were one, in the act of dashing madly down upon a rude bridge over a little rill, the audible murmur of whose ripples is in strange contrast with the wild but silent carnage on every hand. "Logan always rode that way in a battle," interpolates the historian, whose soft, wide-brimmed felt gets a dent in the crown and a military cock over the left ear as he thus fights over again the battle in which he participated.

The picture covers four hundred feet of canvas, fifty feet high; and the perspective is wonderfully managed to convey the idea of distance. One seems to look over a wide area, bounded only by the limit of vision, and the illusion is heightened by the "out-door feeling," which comes, presumably, from the excellent arrangements for ventilation; there is a current of fresh, cool air, not a draught, which makes it seem as if one surveyed the scene from an elevation in the open air.

Make it a point, if you come to Detroit this summer, to visit this great painting. You will be well repaid. It challenges comparison with the famous "Battle of Gettysburg" at Chicago, which has drawn so many thousands of visitors and is known as one of the "attractions" of that city. Those who have seen both declare the "Battle of Atlanta" to contain many more figures and to be much finer in its delineation of action. Go; and see what a battle is like; you will never grudge the time or money for the lesson. You may smile perhaps, in kindly sympathy, to see some old veteran straighten his tent form to military erectness, and with dilating eyes indicate to wife or child the points he remembers upon the gory field where he "fit with Sherman;" and you will come away with a new meaning attached to the oft-quoted phrase, "the horrid panoply of war."

BEATRIX.

PLAN THE GARDEN NOW.

Have you made out a plan of the garden you are going to have next summer? Now is just the time to do it, if you have not. Ours has been made, for several years, very much like the plan given in D. M. Ferry's catalogue, and we would hardly think we could make a garden without that. I often send for other catalogues and sometimes get something a little different from them, but I do not think there is any other that will take the place of Ferry's.

We try to make out a plan just as we will plant, and then by referring to this the next year, have been able to make such changes as we found were necessary. The first year we had too much of some things and not enough of others.

Each year we intend to try some new vegetable, or new variety; and in that way manage to have just what we like best, and the very best kinds. We do not feel satisfied with the early sweet corn we have been raising. Will some of the HOUSEHOLD people tell what kind they find the best; and what of string beans would be good to use late in the season? We do not like the Lima bean. We have had a great deal better success with winter squashes when they were put among the potatoes in the field; the Paris green put on the potatoes seems to be just the thing for the squash vines too. Have any of the HOUSEHOLD readers had any experience with the tree tomatoes; if so how were they liked? I think they would take up very much less room.

Just a few flowers along the rows of vegetables add ever so much to the beauty of the garden, take but little room, and require but little attention. I think they add very much to the interest taken in the garden, especially by the children. How many times I have gone the whole length of the garden to see some new blossoms! Nearly all children love flowers, and I think we ought to encourage them in growing and caring for them.

HADLEY.

ELIZABETH.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Last season my pansies were if possible even finer than ever before, for which there was a reason, namely, the superior condition of the soil for their nourishment, and the addition of varieties from stocks of other florists, selected for the purpose of producing seed that should be unexcelled in quality. What flower can so well satisfy every one as the pansy, when seen at its best? With the same purpose in view, I procured the choice white stock, with others of lovely colors, and the long rows of fragrant bloom made friends with pinks that were weighed down with blossoms of every shade and marking, from snow white to scarlet; some nearly black with white fringed petals, others as unique in style as the Picotee. Verbenas, phlox, mignonette, nasturtiums, and the like, could creep over the beds of bulbs without impoverishing them in the least. Tuberoses, tigridias and lilies were bordered with gypsophila and alyssum, so odorous as to render the air heavy with perfume. Speaking of fragrance reminds me of the sweet peas that gave a second installment of bloom, after cutting back when the seed was ripe and the vines seemed dead and "done for." Of dahlias, gladiolas, geranium, canna, Chinese wistaria, I saved seed for those who like to experiment in raising new varieties. I raise these with success from the seed each year. There are many who would like to start clumps of fraxinella and glaucium, but think it impossible because it takes such a discouraging length of time for them to germinate. Six months or a year will do for fraxinella, and as many weeks for glaucium, but they are worth the waiting. They are very hardy perennials and a fine addition to the garden. Sow the seed in the house in a flat dish and set it in the garden later, and do as we must for many an earthly favor, wait.

Directions for starting annuals have so frequently been given that a repetition would seem superfluous. But I will caution beginners to sow seeds in the garden only when the soil has become warm. Those that should be started in the house or hot bed must be planted in fine rich soil, and kept moist and warm until they are up and are out of the seed leaf, then transplant into boxes if the weather is not yet fit for outdoor planting. Canna seed should be soaked in hot water or lye and put in a tumbler of wet sand to sprout. Plant all flat-seed, great or small, edge down. Start geraniums, verbenas, dahlias and stocks in the house; *Cobea scandens* in folds of damp flannel made like a fan, and where the folds are pinned together put in damp moss and keep warm until sprouted, then put in pots of rich soil, edge down. Canary bird flower and thunbergia often prove a failure. Wistaria should be started in warm sand in a glass dish in a sunny window.

FENTON. MRS. M. A. FULLER, (DILL).

HOUSEHOLD LABOR.

Beatrix misconstrues my meaning in thinking that the chief hardships of a servant's life consist in baking cakes for the employer's family to eat. I wish to convey the idea that she is expected to perform the harder and more disagreeable part of the duties of the household, for if the lady of the house takes a portion of the housework upon her own shoulders, it is very apt to be the lighter part, leaving the more arduous to the girl; it cannot be expected that the employe will have any choice in the kind of labor he or she shall perform, but do whatever is assigned. In this I do not mean the wife, mother or sister, whose duties are made a pleasure, from being a labor of love, and although the pay may be but poor, they command all the love and respect grateful hearts can bestow.

It is nearly seven years since the grim messenger took from me a dear and loving mother, and as memory spans the gloomy chasm of years, I think what would I not give to once more seat myself at that kitchen table, and partake of a breakfast of cakes and coffee prepared by her loving hands, in the old log farm house.

But to return to the servant girl. It must be confessed that it does not require any very extensive amount of talent to perform the ordinary duties of housework. In short a servant becomes a sort of mechanical appliance, the same routine of duties each day with very little scope for the exercising of the faculties of the mind in connection with her work; she is reduced to nearly the same level as the tools she uses, a mere expenditure of muscular force, which in itself is a never failing source of discontent, occupation of the mind being the best known preventive. It is true we all of us wish to live by our wits, which is but natural, and following the desires of our ambitions, and the example of all the great and wise; and is there not time enough to fall back on our hands when wits fail? Taking the number of wit failures and add to it the supply of emigrants which annually come to our shores in search of housework, and it will demonstrate the fact, that the supply of handworkers is nearly

inexhaustible. As regards my wife, - the lady who shall at some future day take the name of Mrs. Cultivated John, will not be required to earn her or my support, or any part of it from that time forward, so what my likes or dislikes may be, does not enter into the question.

The social caste which looks down on housework, is somewhat attributable to the circumstances surrounding it. A great many of the different branches of housework demand poor clothing, which water and dirt will not injure; and in spite of her best endeavors, as every young lady has a commendable desire to look presentable at all times, an untidy appearance will manifest itself which would cause the average girl to detest, and vow to end the business at the first favorable opportunity.

It would seem to me that the chief aim of life is more than a mere business transaction; the servant girl is not merely hired for the day; the house of her employer is her home during her time of employment, and if her whole time during her waking hours is to be spent in work, her life would be barren indeed. Life is not made up of great transactions, but like the many drops of water, which combined form the vast river which flows on and on to the great ocean, the many little kind acts, looks and words wield a vast power in moulding the character of a boy or girl through life. From observation I am led to believe that servant girls are not allowed to receive company in the employer's parlor, in fact many are forbidden to receive company at all.

The idea that by wastefulness the "girl" becomes a factor in the nation's prosperity, reminds me of the man who could not see why war should raise the price of wheat, when it made less men to eat it.

In conversation the other day with a young lady who is at present employed as a clerk at the "Fair" on Michigan Ave., she informed me that she was at the store at seven o'clock in the morning, and left at six at night; and if her employers are not up before that time in the morning, they will never make successful merchants. According to her statement her working day is shorter than the servant girl's, and she receives double the compensation after deducting expenses for board, washing, etc.

Mrs. Livermore tells us that the idea that a girl must spend her best days at kitchen drudgery in order to learn housework is nonsense, as she takes to it as a duck to water, and if we regard all women who do not perform their own housework, or even are not able to do so, as failures, then we must include all who by their own efforts have become known and respected as superior in talent to the ordinary class of their set; (pardon me if I say Beatrix also).

In Beatrix's grievance she has my deepest sympathy, and I presume she will gladly receive any advice which will assist her in her trouble. Resign your position and go out to housework. I can refer you to several servant girls, any one of whom would be willing to exchange places with you, and give you a place where by untiring efforts you might become as renowned as a Bancroft, Howell, or Holland. To all young lady readers let me say; you can not all be

servants, teachers, milliners or dressmakers; some must furnish their talent for the world's benefit, while fate deserves that others must supply the food to nourish and develop that talent, but each in your own sphere, contented with your lot, striving at all times to do your best, scattering kind words and sunshine along your path of life, will do your share toward making up the grand sum of life. You have been created for the benefit of the world and not the world for your benefit.

FENTON. CULTIVATED JOHN.

CHAUTAUQUA'S INFLUENCE ON FARMERS' HOMES.

[Paper read by Mrs. W. K. Sexton, of Howell, at the institute of the Oceola Breeders' Association, Feb. 18-19.]

I would that a mirage in the sky might picture to you Chautauqua in all its summer beauty, and that a voice might speak to you of the rest and inspiration gained by a sojourn in its leafy, classic bowers. It is indeed an enchanted palace whose enchanting wand is the acquisition of knowledge, where happy hearts respond to the magic of its touch, hearts which ever after go singing to the music of its charms.

The walls of this palace are the everlasting hills, its carpet, Eden's own, its canopy Heaven's blue dome, with stars glimmering through like loop-holes in the screen which divides the celestial from the terrestrial world, the enchantress, regal Dame Nature, whose mystic laws are revealed to human eye and ear in sparkling dew and growing leaf, the pattering rain and shadow of the forest, whose court music is the glad song of happy birds, the sweet Eolian harps of a thousand whispering leaves, the soft low murmurs of the splashing waves, and the concord and harmony which pervades her whole realm.

Chautauqua is emphatically a city in the forest, and is provided with ample accommodations for the thousands who annually resort there, having an immense hotel and 600 cottages. The native forest, almost exclusively maple, has only been cut away to make room for avenues, tennis grounds, &c. The cottages and tents are under the shadow of the trees, and a benediction of peace seems to fall upon you as you hie to this shady retreat. There is nothing of loneliness or isolation, for the avenues and parks present an animated scene as the multitudes hurry to and fro towards the various centers of knowledge, or wander here and there in search of recreation, and at night the sweet chimes of bells call to rest, rest for the tired body and the soul surfeited with enjoyment. The avenues at night are bright with electric lights. Then there are brilliant fire works, the illuminated fountain, the illuminated fleet with its colored lights dancing so gaily upon the rippling waters, and you seem to live in wonderland and can hardly realize that you are an inhabitant of this mundane sphere.

Chautauqua is not a camp-meeting, but rather a town established for residence and education and not for business, although household supplies may be obtained at any season of the year, and there is a Post Office, general store, and drug store, and a hundred families make it a permanent home, having

the advantage of school and church organization. The cottages are in the main handsome two-story houses and are only cottages in name. The Amphitheater, the great rallying point for all Chautauquans, is merely a huge roof supported by pillars, covering a natural hollow in the ground which has been graded down and seated, not a grand structure, only immense, holding at least eight thousand people and last year proving inadequate to the occasion. The Hall of Philosophy in St. Paul's Grove, built in imitation of the Grecian Temple of Learning, has a handsome appearance, being pure white. This structure is not enclosed, is in full view of the lake, on a slight eminence, and is the goal to which all members of the Chautauqua Circle look in their four years' course of study, for here the words of recognition are given on Graduation Day after the candidates have passed the arches and the golden gate outside. The assembly has also built the Children's Temple, Newton Hall, a fine museum, Normal Hall, and many classes have erected or will erect buildings of their own.

Chautauqua is built on a lofty site and as you ascend its heights and reach a higher natural plane you anticipate reaching a higher intellectual plane and are not disappointed. Nature is seen here in all her loveliest moods. Fresh, cool breezes from the lake render the air soft and sweet. There is beauty in the distant hills with their soft purple haze, beauty in the clustering maples hanging out here and there a banner of flame, beauty in earth, sky and air, but the crowning glory of Chautauqua is the inspiration it gives to an enthusiasm for knowledge and the opportunity it affords for obtaining knowledge. An educational atmosphere surrounds its halls and classrooms, in which people learn to desire to know. A love for knowledge is aroused by the influences at work. The value of education is demonstrated by the work done. Lectures of the highest order, both by professional lecturers and learned divines, are given daily. Music, the best to be found in the United States, is sweetly discoursed.

Many educational interests are centered here, and Chautauqua's influence is extending to nearly every civilized nation on the globe, the founders of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle have done a great work in turning the grand power of literature into the homes of the people. It seems a fountain of pure reading that promises great national blessings.

There are three stems growing from one root that threaten our national purity; intemperance, gambling, and sensational reading. These three stems grow from the root, the love of coarse excitement. A German Emperor in the last century, founded a university. As he handed the keys to the professors he said: "Fruits, gentlemen, fruits in the soundness of the mind." And this great scheme of Chautauqua will go on bringing fruits in the soundness of our people. And where shall this power of literature be turned to prove the greatest blessing to the greatest number, but into the farmers' homes, forming as they do the large majority of the homes of the nation. Let this be done, and as in olden times signal fires

were lighted on the hilltops and beacon lights answering to beacon light, flashed forth the news and gave warning of the approaching enemy, so, from the firesides of the farmers' homes shall arise the beacon lights of intelligence, refinement, purity of thought and aspirations for a higher life, which shall ward off the approach of the dark demons, intemperance, gambling and coarse reading, foes which seek the ruin of our nation in the corruption of the morals of the youth of our land.

(To be continued.)

THE ETIQUETTE OF CARDS.

Cards have quite an important office in the social relationship, and it is quite necessary that ladies who go into society should be conversant with their proper use and significance. Leone wishes to know the etiquette of sending and receiving visiting and wedding cards. When you call upon a friend who is not at home to receive you, a visiting card—the term "calling" card is incorrect—signifies to her the intended courtesy. If the lady is at home, the visitor gives her name to the servant, and does not send up her card; but if she is a stranger or but slightly acquainted, her card may be sent up. She must never hand her own card to her hostess. If a lady leaves her card at your house without inquiring if you are at home, return her call in the same fashion; if her cards are sent by mail, return yours also by mail; if she pays a personal call, etiquette demands its recognition in kind. No first visit can be returned by cards; a personal call must be made within a week.

If a lady has set apart a day on which she is "at home" to visitors, calls should be made on that day, as far as possible; and on leaving cards are left on a tray in hall left there for the purpose, the If a lady is invited to an entertainment by a new acquaintance, no matter how the invitation comes to her, she should at once leave cards, and accept or decline the invitation by note; then after the entertainment, whether she goes or not, she should call within a week. She may, if she likes, then let the acquaintance drop, but cannot ignore the courtesy extended. After nearly all entertainments cards should be left within a week, as an acknowledgment of the invitation. After a dinner-party, a personal call is obligatory. If invited to a reception, if you cannot attend, your card should be sent, if possible during the progress of the reception, and the customary cards left later. If you call on a friend who is staying with a lady whom you do not know, you must ask for her hostess, who may, however, excuse herself from seeing you, without the slightest discourtesy, and you should leave a card for her. But if your friend's entertainer is a very fashionable person and you are not, but in a humbler sphere of life, you may leave the card without asking to see her. Visiting cards are plain, and engraved in fine script; all others are voted "not good form." Miss or Mrs. should always precede the name; the eldest daughter is "Miss Brown," her younger sister "Miss Lizzie Brown." In paying a call after an enter-

tainment, a lady should leave her husband's cards with her own.

When a wedding is at hand, the cards of the bride, her parents, and the groom are sent to all friends before the wedding; and cards of invitation to those only who are expected to be present at the marriage. After the marriage, the cards of the married pair, with the address, are sent to all whose acquaintance is desired. All cards come from the bride's family. She may announce, with these cards, her reception days after her marriage. It is not necessary to send cards to every member of a family; include them all under the head of "Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family." It is not expected cards will be sent to persons with whom the acquaintance is professional, not social, though there is no impropriety in so sending them. Those who receive wedding cards are expected to call within ten days or two weeks after the ceremony, those who are invited should call sooner. Wedding invitations and cards require no answer; though people living at a distance, who receive invitations, should send cards by mail in acknowledgement.

These points probably cover all that can be desired in answer to our correspondent's query.

OILCLOTHS should be wiped with a damp cloth, then with a dry one; a little milk and water will brighten them. If the pattern is worn off, the cloth can be painted as if it were a wooden floor.

If you find a can of your tomatoes has soured, do not throw it away; you can convert it into very nice catsup. Put the tomatoes into a granite sauce-pan, add half a large onion chopped fine, salt to season, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Let simmer two hours, and you will find it a very nice article of catsup.

M. I. G., of Battle Creek, wants an egg in her recipe for fried cakes published last week. She wishes to know if *Ampelopsis Veitchii* is difficult to grow from seed. She has failed to grow the plant from root and would like to try the seed if there is any hope of success. Will Mrs. Fuller kindly answer?

Contributed Recipes.

CRULLERS.—Two coffeecups white sugar; one cup sweet milk; three eggs; heaping tablespoonful butter; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; six cups flour; half a nutmeg; a little cinnamon; salt. Cut in squares; cut three or four long incisions in each twist; fry in hot lard.

FRIED CAKES.—One coffeecupful sour cream; one of sugar; four eggs; one teacupful soda; salt; nutmeg. Cut in rings.

COOKIES.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; one cup cold water; two eggs; teaspoonful soda; nutmeg. Mix soft; roll thin; sift granulated sugar over top.

GINGER COOKIES.—One coffeecupful Orleans molasses; one and a half cups granulated sugar; one cup melted butter and lard; one cup boiling water, in which dissolve two tablespoonfuls soda; salt, ginger, cinnamon. Mix hot. When cold mix soft; roll thin. Very nice.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.