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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

REAPING.

Along the east strange glories burn.
And kindling lights leap high and higher,
As morning from the azure urn
Pours forth her golden fire.

From rush and reed, from bush and brake,
Float countless jeweled gossamers
That glance and dazzle as they shake
In every breeze that stirs.

A bird, upspringing from the grain,
Flutes loud and clear his raptured note
That mingles with as blithe a strain
As e'er thrilled human throat.

Amid the tasseled ranks of corn
She stands breast high; her arms are bare;
And round her warm, brown neck the morn
Gleams on her lustrous hair.

The sickle flashes in her hand;
The dew laves both her naked feet;
She reaps and sings, and through the land
She sends her carols sweet.

The wind breathes softly on her brow:
To touch her lips tall blossoms seek;
And as the stricken columns bow,
They kiss her glowing cheek.

O happy maiden! in her breast
Guile hath no place; her virgin sleep
Vain thoughts ne'er trouble; she is blest;
She hath no tears to weep.

She knows nor longs for prouder things;
Her simple tasks are all her care;
She lives and loves and reaps and sings,
And makes the world more fair.

—J. B. Kenyon.

WHAT WE SHALL WEAR.

It seems, perhaps, like "rushing the sea-son" to talk of light, thin costumes before Swinburne's "hounds of spring" are fairly let loose upon winter's traces. But it is the fashion to do a little penitential sewing in Lent, to aid in mortifying the flesh, and it is a good time to moralize on the vanity of earthly things while reviewing last season's soiled gowns, and planning how to turn them into new freshness for Easter. The wise woman looks over her old dresses and acquaints herself with their possibilities before she buys any new ones; combinations are still in fashion, and out of an old dress and a few yards of new material, it is often possible to plan a dress which shall never be suspected of being made over. For instance, you have a brown tricot which was of last summer's vintage, but the basque is unwearable—probably because it was so tight it pulled off at the seams. To renew it, you will buy enough striped or plaid goods in the same general tone of color as the dress, and use it for the front of the skirt, draping over it a long, pointed apron of the solid colored goods, if the quantity of material permits; if not, making a short,

full panier, in whose folds seams may be concealed entirely if it is necessary to piece the goods. The former front of the skirt will cut a short round basque, open up the middle back seam to the waist line; and a vest of the plaid or stripe, laid in pleats and if necessary wide enough to cover nearly the entire front of the basque, can be put in to cover any shortcomings of material, and be at the same time very stylish. The inside half of the new sleeves may be cut from the outside half of the old ones. In combining two materials in one dress, be careful to so study the whole that when it is done it will not look "patchy," but as if the combination was made for its beauty, its unity, rather than utility.

If you have an old black silk dress that you "don't know what on earth to do with," do not despair. Rip it up, sponge and press it, and decide you are going to have something "real sweet" out of it. There is one good thing about black silk, it may be old and worn, but if it was good quality in the first place, it will bear remodeling better than any other goods. An old black silk is just the thing you want for a foundation for one of those beautiful black lace dresses, which can be worn anywhere in summer and to parties and receptions any time of the year. If you can only get enough for the long black breadths you are all right; for the front of the skirt can be pieced any number of times to form the plain foundation on which is sewed overlapping ruffles of French lace, or over which is draped the lace flouncing, imitation Chantilly, which could be bought last year for \$4.50. It takes 1½ to 1¾ yards, according to the size of the wearer. If the silk for the basque will not "pass muster," the parts may be covered with piece lace; otherwise a few rows of narrow gathered lace on the front is sufficient trimming, unless a bit of jet passementerie is added to brighten it up a little. Ten dollars' worth of lace will so transform an old silk that the most prying Mrs. Grundy who ever spied out one's pet economies would never know it. If it be objected that ten dollars is a good deal to spend in repairs, that it would buy new material for a good wool dress, etc., you have only to remember you have for this sum a much more dressy and elegant costume than you could buy for the money, and have also made use of material not otherwise available. Of course one thing is to be considered, the woman who never goes anywhere would have no occasion for such a dress; there would be no economy in it for her.

Suits are to hold their own yet again; in

fact, I think they never "go out." Yet they are expensive, if one has qualms of conscience which forbid them to wear a blue hat with a green gown, or commit similar eccentricities with other inharmonious colors. But in a measure this may be avoided by dressing, generally speaking, in tones of one color. For instance, one's best dress may be a brown silk with trimmings of brown velvet or iridescent passementerie, the street suit of brown of another shade, much lighter, perhaps; a brown sateen with dashes of primrose yellow, or flakes of white, and an ecru dress in thin goods, would be an outfit with which a fancy straw hat or bonnet, not too dark, trimmed in brown, relieved with primrose yellow, could be worn in perfect harmony. One pair of gloves and one parasol could do duty with all the dresses, and it is these accessories which cost so much in arranging the details of a costume en suite. If a wrap is needed for spring wear, a mantle in brown velvet with feather trimming, or one of goods woven with heavy knotted threads over its surface, will be handsome.

Surah and Jersey silks, at 85 and 90 cents, and one dollar per yard, are very much more economical and serviceable than the thin, smooth faced "summer silks," which have not body enough to be really valuable; they muss very easily, and how they do look when they are mussed! The surahs and Jersey silks have a twilled surface, are very soft and pliable, have nearly entirely replaced the old-fashioned summer silk, and are enough wider to make the difference in price in cutting, let alone wearing quality. Pongees are to be worn again this summer; they are very serviceable; do not crease or pull at the seams, and it is alleged can be washed like print.

Fancy straw hats and bonnets, in all colors, are to be voluminously trimmed with ribbons and flowers, plumes being reserved for the hats. There is a legend that in the old days when feminine head-gear had attained an altitude equal to that of the present, a certain Puritan divine chanced upon that passage in one of the Gospels which says: "Let him that is upon the mountain top not come down." With the preacher's license, he took for a text the four closing words, which he made into "Top-knot, come down!" and preached a rousing sermon against the high hats, which he likened unto "top-knots." The press has taken the hat question under serious advisement; in fact it seems to me that the world would have little left to talk about were it not for women's fashions, and a vigorous crusade is being waged against the

high crowns and still higher trimmings. But men might as well attempt to bridle a cyclone as alter a fashion—till women are done with it—and the new styles show not one jot or little of abatement in their attitude.

BEATRIX.

ROUTINE.

Beatrix has so lucidly voiced my opinions on the question submitted by E. L. Nye, that I only enter the lists to express my entire concurrence, or in other words to announce, "Them's my sentiments, too!"

Labor is a force comprising each and all of the mechanical powers in lifting man above the level of the animal creation, and developing his higher faculties, including his physical, moral and spiritual nature, and just in proportion as this labor is made steady, persistent and definite, so will the progress be recorded, and routine is only another name for such a course.

Exercise of the body gives muscular strength; exercise of the brain gives intellectual vigor; and exercise of our spiritual functions gives growth in grace.

It is not the work so much as the worker that is at fault. When a man or woman accepts a position of labor, trust or responsibility, they are bound legally and morally to bring to the discharge of its duties all the strength, care and thought necessary to a faithful and intelligent rendering of the same, so far as their talent and ability will allow.

In undertaking this trust, they make it their own, purchased as it is for an equivalent consideration, or what has been accepted as such; uncongenial it may be, but in this world, few, on an average, can choose their lines of employment entirely, but most of us can by a cheerful, self-sacrificing spirit, rise above the petty objections to a vocation which is made necessary to us, and if we cannot conquer our dislike entirely, we can at least "put a blanket over it." I believe that many who are complainingly performing duties; who never move except under protest; who prate unceasingly of "uncongenial pursuits," are really at heart not in love with any kind of solid labor, if they do not properly belong to the class known as "constitutionally tired."

I do not wish to be understood as reflecting on that large class of working people, especially house-mothers, whose complaint of routine duty comes rather from over-work than from repetition. Any labor that ties a person hand and foot to interminable, incessant, never ending, and often exhausting duties, makes any one feel their work no less than a tread mill. Nature will revolt and protest, and a feeling that the kind of work is the object of disgust will prevail; when in reality it is the quantity, rather than the quality that is the objection. Routine is nature's law, but we nowhere find it necessary to keep the wheels of progress in exactly the same ruts. Seasons come and go; day and night succeed each other; sunshine and storm are with us, but there is endless variation in their sameness. Men plow and sow, cultivate, reap, and garner their crops; women cook, wash dishes, and go through the minutia of housework day after day, but

thought will suggest changes that will ease the monotony, if there is not too much of it—labor, not thought.

The mass of humanity are not, by nature, so decidedly endowed with a talent, or bent for any one class or kind of labor, that training will not make them capable in any; but where such genius does exist, it will generally make itself so clearly and unmistakably manifest, that the thoughtful parent or guardian will understand, and should give such genius or talent the best room for development that circumstances will warrant.

I imagine if we were to wait for the unprompted showing, or predilection of the young people, for some particular trade, profession or calling, we would be likely to have a large body of idlers, on our hands, that we would have great difficulty in training to work of any sort.

It is a good plan to look close by for work to do, and finding that, do it quickly and well. Give your child something to do; the training to appointed tasks, industry and application are good preparation for the future, and routine is the name that describes both the preparation and the fulfillment.

I am a firm believer in the doctrine of mothers, who do their own work, training their daughters to excel if possible in housework; not necessarily that they must in after life devote themselves to it, but it helps both mother and daughter, and the latter is sure of one means of self-support.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

CHICKENS.

Two years ago in passing a house in town, I saw in the yard six hens and a rooster which just suited my idea of beauty and build. They were yellow in color, specked with black, with short black or brown tail feathers, and low heavy bodies. I soon made it convenient to call and purchase two sittings of eggs, but I succeeded in raising only one pair of chickens. Quite a number of the eggs hatched, but somehow the chicks all got killed in their infancy. An old sheep made a bed of five just as they were old enough to wean; a miniature cyclone blew a tree across the hen house and demolished my best rooster. But last summer from the one pair I raised seventeen thoroughbreds, and a nice flock of grades crossed with Light Brahma. They are very domestic in their habits, easily handled, eating readily from the hand, good layers and good mothers. They were said to be a distinct breed called the Golden Tangle. Are any of the HOUSEHOLD readers acquainted with that breed?

In the FARMER of Feb. 28th I noticed a diagram illustrating the comparative worth (or worthlessness) of various baking powders; it is said the Royal is the only pure kind. If so, of what is it made? Some say cream of tartar and soda; then why not buy it and mix it yourself, and let the baking powders go? Or, better still, why not use good buttermilk? Some offer a chromo or some kind of prize to induce people to buy it; but my way is to pay for the prize if I must have it, and leave the baking powder in the store, as it makes food much too bitter for

PLAINWELL.

CHAUTAUQUA'S INFLUENCE ON FARMERS' HOMES.

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

(Concluded.)

The farmers' homes are the safe-guard of our nation, and in the future as in the history of the past, from them will go forth men and women of strong physical frames and strong moral natures; men who will receive the highest national honors; women who will raise the tone of public sentiment to a higher moral pitch; and aside from the study of the word of God, there can be no fitter preparation for their life work than the prescribed readings of the Chautauqua course.

The series includes sketches from English history; English literature; trial of Warren Hastings, first Governor-General of India under the East India Company; classic French course in English; history of the early church; the Christian religion; a treatise on astronomy; and "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field," a book so simple and attractive that one is enabled to see "sermons in stones, music in running brooks" and beauty in everything. The course also includes readings in the *Chautauquan*, a monthly magazine published at \$1.35 a year, a periodical equal in merit to the *Century* and other periodicals costing twice that amount. Among the contributors are Prof. Chas. Barnard, of N. Y., an eminent scientist; Prof. Henry C. Adams, of Ann Arbor; Ernest Ingersoll; James Bayless, of the Iron Age; Rose Cleveland; Mrs. A. Livermore; Mrs. Gen. Logan, and a long list of others equally distinguished.

The annual membership fee is fifty cents. The expense of books for this year, including the *Chautauquan*, is seven dollars and ten cents. The average time required is twenty minutes a day.

This organization gives an impulse to habits of thought and refinement and brightens and broadens hundreds of thousands of lives; and I wish there might be a Chautauqua Circle in every neighborhood and a Home Circle in every farmer's home, where the whole family gathered around the home hearth might enjoy the delightful readings of the C. L. S. C. This does not necessitate the monopoly of the time of every member of the family, as one member may read while the others are employed with some quiet work, and the evenings are sufficiently long to complete the course of readings, as the year extends only from October to June. But suppose these readings should encroach somewhat upon the time allowed to other labors, we would still have made a wise choice. We are in a great measure arbiters of our own fate and there is no class of people in the world so independent as to the use of time as the farmer.

We must remember there are two guests to be entertained, the body and the soul. What we give to the body is soon lost. What we give to the soul remains forever. If we attend only to the wants of the body and neglect the mind, we have a distorted nature, and our life is of little avail if we spend our whole time solving the problem "What shall we eat; what shall we drink

and wherewithal shall we be clothed?"

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends in the ocean of years."

Then as the years glide swiftly by, let us
weave into our every day, prosaic life, the
poetry of a higher intellectual moral life by
joining the C. L. S. C., and its influence
will

"Make a home a hive where all beautiful feel-
ings
Cluster like bees and their honey dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings
And love its bright angel with shadowy wings.
Then shall it ever be when afar on life's bil-
lows,
Wherever your tempest tossed children are flung
They will long for the shades of the home weep-
ing willow
And for the sweet song, which their mother had
sung."

TALK ABOUT MEN.

Bravo! bravo! Beatrix, if I may be allowed to express myself in this manner, with the proper understanding conveyed to both Editor and reader, that I would as readily attribute bravery and justice to one as another. It is the common sense ideas and the view which facts will substantiate that call out my appreciation of the substance given in regard to the subject of "Hired Girls," and kindred other ones so ably defended by Beatrix. She treats the false and absurd notions of caste being lent to the saleswoman, who measures tape and ribbon behind the counter, while the one who manages, provides and accomplishes the really larger amount of brain work in a kitchen, when successfully carried on, is considered inferior, because of her calling, with fair and considerate judgment. This is not getting to my subject, though, and it seems to me just now I could easily find thought for a volume on this man question, as discussed and measured by personal observation. In one of our newspapers I have been reading a lengthy article written by a man, who says: "It is lamentable that so many of the home departments of our best newspapers contain letters from farmers' wives complaining of their husbands in one way or another; you seem to have begun entirely wrong." Who of us has not known of women's shortcomings, their duties as wives and mothers, their obligations as a sex, having held the larger and almost exclusive space in these departments of literature in the near past, and more than an equal share is allotted them methinks to-day. Is not woman helpless to arrest the flood of speculation and arrogant advice poured out against her in public print, and much of it instigated by complaining husbands? Why not use the red hot poker of reproach in stirring up these old, one-sided, selfish, self-conciliating pleas, cherished and offered by man in his defence against equal privileges of the sexes. Yes, I have that spirit within which would drag the whole masculine race upon the rack of torture, planted by public sentiment and criticism; if it would in time adjust their sense of justice, and balance a considerate view of man's and woman's duties as well as rights. "You seem to have begun entirely wrong!" If so, my brother, then human-like, why should not woman make use of the first avenue of relief offered her, as well as

man? If giving expression to complaints against injustice suffered, and from a wiser outlook now known to her that she did begin entirely wrong, in a manner ameliorates those wrongs, and lessens their keenness, why should she not indulge with equal freedom as he? Should woman speak no thought, echo no sound, but dumb and silent, meek and submissive, like the creatures given to man's service, plod on, leaving the great mass of printed matter untouched by a single wail of woe, or word of complaint, because he is her husband? I say nay; rather let the number of complaints, portrayals of her wrongs, thoughts of advice and direction to man be increased than diminished, so long as there is a just need of these things.

Doubtless my sisters may think I have departed from the character which the name of Mercy implies. I trust not; I would say add justice to its crowning features, and it will have more nearly expressed the dominating motive which characterizes this article. A brief outline of facts, which, with others, have come unsought to my understanding, will portray the spirit of dominance exercised in a home known to me; and then judge for yourselves why some men are anxious the veil of secrecy should hide their conduct from public attention, and divert criticisms directed at them. A large farm, well stocked, good machinery, a fast horse, carriages, and modern conveniences, good clothes, the use of all the money, good health, a son grown to manhood, and a hired man as helpers, belong to the party of the first part. The party of the second part has poor health, poor clothes, four children, no help allowed, rag carpets, no household conveniences aside from real necessities, slim supply of everything in each department furnished. No encouragement, but censure because those slim supplies run out so quickly. Is this wife to blame that she does not succeed in asserting her rights? Is this man respected by his neighbors? His disposition and belief are such that anger, tears, remonstrances and entreaties on her part have proved unavailing only for a short time. And the greatest punishment that ever seemed to arrest or affect his selfish nature, came in the knowledge that some of his most esteemed friends had learned of his real treatment of his wife; while under the weight of their indignation he seemed to do better. Among his associates he is generally believed to be a "good fellow," as he is free, jovial and agreeable. It would be quite difficult to convince some of them as to his real character. I have studied this character until I am convinced a blind, selfish, mistaken idea governs him. And I as truly believe exposure to public censure would prove the most effectual remedy in this case.

MERCY.

METAMORA.

TOO MUCH COOKING.

Beatrix, in her article on the "Dignity of Housework," illustrates the amount of talent and absorbing and consequently fatiguing labor necessary to cook a dinner, which is only one meal of three in each day, and each of these meals must differ

distinctly from the other to sufficiently tempt the appetite and please by tasteful manner of serving. We have neither Bible nor reason on our side when we require three-fourths of a wife's time to be spent in cooking and serving us with dainties which are more harmful than otherwise. Nature's real needs are few in the matter of sustenance; and over-fed bodies and starved minds and hearts are quite too common among us. Courting days are bright with smiles and kind acts, loving words and sweet caresses that bring a glow to heart and cheek. If a sweetheart deserves such loving attention, the wife of our bosom deserves far more, even a full and welcome ownership of half our joint possessions, instead of scant appreciation and a pension. This I call good management of a wife, whatever Anti-Over's method may be.

FENTON.

UNCLE BOTT.

OUR CAUSE THROUGH MARCH

Through March of this year, 1887, there is need of more than the usual preparation for spring in every Michigan farmer's home. Political interests of great importance have risen. Questions of justice, temperance and reform are laid before us. We must consider, decide and act upon them according to our idea of right, throwing prejudice and party to the winds, if, by this, right is helped to become mighty.

Our Legislature has submitted a prohibitory amendment, which is to be decided by the people on the second Monday in April. The rum power is doing all it can to defeat this measure. On their walls they hang the words: "Don't vote for prohibition!"

We are wronged, cruelly wronged. God only knows the fearful weight of woe the liquor traffic has laid on our homes. Like a gigantic serpent, its loathsome body stretches across our broad land, from ocean to ocean. Its serpentine curves reach from the gulf to our beautiful lakes. It rears itself aloft and poisons Freedom's air. If we establish a guard to secure any spot from its encroachment, immediately it coils itself and springs into our midst.

Its bony structure is composed of malt-houses, breweries and distilleries. Its hideous mouths are numbered by thousands and thousands. These mouths are saloons. If a victim passes one poison mouth unharmed, if he escapes three by strong efforts, the fourth one is so near by that his will power fails, and he falls into jaws the law holds open. Last year they poured out 738,690,374 gallons of poison drink in our Christian land. Its myriad tongues mock Love's pleadings for her treasures; blaspheme the holiest ties, and profane all that is dearest and best. From out these mouths dart deadly fangs of temptation. They find the weak places in their victim's armor.

The boys say: "It would be unsociable and impolite to refuse to take a glass of something." It is not impolite to refuse a dose of poison. Do not let social fashions rule conscience. "They treat and I must follow suit." By this plea you take your brother's life into your keeping. Well may you ask, with agonizing fear, Am I my

brother's keeper? Other boys say: "I can take a little and never be a drunkard." Beware! The only safety is in keeping its frenzy-fires out of your veins. If your brain and nerves yield but once to its benumbing influence you cannot be certain of results the next time. Keep clear of the pestilential atmosphere if you wish to be trusted.

Many hopes are laid on the shoulders of the young voters. You are called to be men. When the diadem of twenty-one years encircles your brows, the government gives you the ballot, a scepter of power. It is your duty to hold it as sacred as your lives. Each one should feel that on his vote depends the welfare of the people. This is not egotism, it is true patriotism.

Michigan helps to support an enemy's standing army, more than five hundred thousand strong. We have granted supplies and weapons of warfare to this enemy. It has been treated like a friend, and it turns on us like a fiend. It pays a few paltry dollars for license. It extorts millions from the people to provide for the destruction it has wrought. Every year, now, it requires a million drunkards to gorge the serpent. Each year an hundred thousand of these fill drunkards' graves, and the hands of nine hundred are stained with murderous blood. We must find prison cells, and build alms-houses and asylums to hide the wretched remnants of humanity it has made. In a dozen years it has cost our country more lives than all our wars.

Its cursed zeal never flags. It strikes our homes, and the home wrecks rise and fall on the tides of intemperance. It declares lockouts against health, honest labor, knowledge, and every virtue. All vices are inflamed by its treacherous stroke. Political issues are blunted by its enigmas and riddles. It involves the labor question. It has lured the healthy, ruddy-cheeked boys away from the farms. Its two hundred thousand nefarious drinking dens exert a wide influence in massing the population in our cities.

Farmers have found in this serpent the hugest monopoly, the biggest swindle, and the vilest thing on earth. What are the advantages to be gained by letting it continue? Market for grain? Don't strengthen the serpent with your golden grain. Drunkards' wives are praying for bread. Their children are starving. Oh, listen and heed these earnest cries! A child stood watching her father clean barley, which was to be delivered at a malt house. The fanning mill groaned and squeaked in pitiful tones. The child said the barley was talking, she heard it say:

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
Don't make me into beer."

Some of the serpents' mouths have been shut. In Oxford, Maine, they are all closed. As a consequence, the town has but one pauper to support, and he is blind. Dr. J. M. Buckley traveled through Maine in 1885, and found the prohibitory law was enforced sufficiently to produce less temptation, less drunkenness, less of the results thereof than in any country he had traveled. Gov. Martin, of Kansas, says: "Steadily and surely drinking habits are giving place to sobriety." Ex-Gov. St. John tells us

"Prohibition has had a wonderful effect, and if to-day the people of Kansas were asked to go back to license, they would say no on seventy-five thousand or one hundred thousand ballots." Atlanta testifies that she would as soon establish Mormonism as to go back.

The chief of Rhode Island police furnishes this item: "The decrease in commitments to the workhouse under prohibition indicates a saving to the State of more than \$18,000 per annum." Four States beside Michigan now have prohibitory amendments before the people. Not long will the Stars and Stripes be wrapped round whiskey bottles and beer kegs.

"God give us men,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps."

"But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!"

LESLIE.

H. B. I.

BEREAVEMENT.

When the Editor asked for "more copy" I said: "If I had any thoughts that were worth recording, I would write again to the HOUSEHOLD, that always gave me a kindly welcome," but eyes that are best acquainted with tears see little that is hopeful or encouraging for others, and surely letters for this department should contain glad thoughts and helpful experiences. Attendance on the sick received an hourly reward of "loving kindness, O how great," but now I have only a beautiful memory that lacks all the tangible reality of the past:

"For I've known days so grandly bright
So full of freedom and delight,
If all my after life were night,
I never could forget."

Perhaps, as the world goes, and comparing my own life with that of others, I have had my share of earthly happiness; for looking about and peeping behind the scenes, as even a casual observer can do without a thought of preying into the domestic affairs of any family, we find that trouble is the guest of all, in some form; and an affliction that comes to us because, in all the knowledge and experience of medical science and the laws of our being, there is no way to avert it, and we yield to the inevitable, knowing that everything was done that human help could do, is a sweet, tender sorrow for which we receive sincerest sympathy and, to some extent, extract comfort from our pleasant reminiscences when other bitter heartaches may not be even mentioned to one's most intimate friend; for there is grief that carries so much of humiliation and even disgrace with it, that one dares not express sympathy, fearing to open the wound instead of helping to soothe the pain.

A sentence in one of the many kind letters received has comforted me so much that I quote it as expressing my meaning better than I otherwise can: "They were good men—your dead and mine—think what it would be if we mourned for bad

men." The same writer, who knew by experience, mentioned our loss as "the greatest that a woman can know." Others have meant to prove their appreciative sympathy by telling that they knew all because they had lost a brother or sister, parents or children, but those who have followed many dear ones to their last resting-place know that, of all the throbbing chords, the deepest, tenderest, holiest, responds only to the name of husband. The majority of the mourning ones have something of the old life to give zest to the new, that "somehow or other must be met," but when all one's earthly treasure is held by one frail breath and they must watch that growing shorter day by day, then they know, as no others can, what death means. We have friends and friends, but

"I better could have spared them all
Than just the one on whom 'twere vain to call.
He was my world, and now the world seems dead;
Why should all these be living in his stead?"

With kind wishes for the HOUSEHOLD friends, and above all others for the Editor, whose words of sympathy were so tenderly expressed, I remain

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

SOME FLORAL QUESTIONS.

I wish to ask Mrs. Fuller why my Calla does not bloom. I have given it plenty of water but it is of no use. It grows thrifty, looks well, but does not bloom. Also, why does not my English ivy grow. It is a year old, but does not branch out and is very spindling. It stands in a south window, and I keep it well watered, but it does not flourish. Has M. tried her dishwasher yet? I should like to know what she thinks of it. I find many helps in the HOUSEHOLD, and we enjoy the papers published in it very much.

EALINE.

ZIP.

Contributed Recipes.

WHIPPED CREAM PIE.—Whip one teacupful of very thick sweet cream—use the egg-beater until stiff—sweeten to taste; flavor with vanilla or lemon. Make a rich crust, prick it to prevent blistering, and spread the cream over it; when cool put bits of currant jelly over the top. Serve the day it is baked. This makes two small pies.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Make a custard of one quart of milk; yolks of six eggs; coffee-cupful sugar; salt. Cook over a kettle of hot water or in custard kettle; do not let it curdle, just thicken nicely. When cool flavor and pour in a shallow dish. Beat the whites with a small cup of sugar; flavor and pile irregularly over the custard. Some add a little coconut. A lovely supper dish.

MOONSHINE.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth; add six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; to make it thicker, add more sugar, up to a pint, beating not less than thirty minutes; then beat in preserved peaches, cut in bits, or pine-apple, or a cup of currant jelly. Set in cold place to thoroughly chill. In serving, pour in each saucer some rich cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, and a liberal spoonful of the moonshine; this will serve seven or eight persons. A good substitute for ice-cream.

ORANGE FLOAT.—One quart water; juice and pulp of two lemons; one coffee-cupful of sugar; when boiling add four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch; let it boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly; when cold pour it over five peeled and sliced oranges; over the top spread the beaten whites of three eggs; sweeten and add a few drops of lemon or vanilla.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.