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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

#### BEFORE.

"You're an angel," he said.  
"But I can't bake bread,"  
She sighed with a sweet little sigh.  
"Ah! my sweetest, my own,  
Let those gross things alone;  
'Tis love, only love!" was his cry.

#### AFTER.

"Well, my dear, this is rough!  
Heavy bread, and steak tough!"  
He said, with a bang and a slap.  
"If my thoughts I'd express,  
I would plainly confess  
As a breakfast, it ain't worth a rap."

### MOURNING WEAR.

It is an almost instinctive feeling in the human heart which prompts us, when bereaved by death, to desire to express, in our garments, somewhat of the desolation which has overwhelmed us. And it seems as if "the absence of light" by which we define black, is beautifully expressive of the grief of the heart, when those who have made its lightness and brightness have been taken away. Mourning is not "the advertisement of grief;" only those who have never mourned can call it so. Grief and joy alike desire expression. The rich may shroud themselves in costly crape, but the pathos of sorrow is just as truly expressed in the rusty black, the faded crape of the very poor, or the putting away of their few ornaments by those who cannot afford to "go into mourning," as we say. But there is a mourning which is a concession to Fashion, and a grief which finds alleviation in its new attire; some of us have known those who seemed to find a death in the family only an opportunity of getting a lot of new clothes, and who were too anxious about the proper depth of the hem of the crape veil and the width of the crape folds, to have much time for tears. The depth of the mourning is not always typical of the sorrow of the heart. There are natures too shallow to feel either grief or joy acutely; they are easily diverted; quick to feel, quick to forget, and go through life more happily, to all appearance and reason, than those whose joys and sorrows take deep root in the inner depths of sensitive hearts.

Our dry-goods salesmen here tell me there is no goods which is exclusively mourning wear, except crape. Even Henrietta cloth—which answers to the "bombazine" of our grandmothers, though a much prettier goods—of which widows' first dresses are made, is often chosen by others, and with jet ornaments makes a beautiful costume, quite unlike the garb of sorrow.

So many ladies wear black now, that mourning is distinguished more by make-up and accessories than material. Crape is used much less than formerly, because our mourning etiquette is now established, and people do not put it on except for the nearest relatives. It is an expensive goods; dust and damp alike ruin it, it musses easily, everything spots it. It is unhealthy, too; the dye used contains a poison which affects the lips and skin, and it is very injurious to the eyes. It would be much better if it were not worn at all. I think any woman justified in disregarding the requirement that she shall not be seen in public for six months after her bereavement without her crape veil over her face. She shows no respect to the dead by injuring health or eyesight. It is quite allowable to turn the veil back over the bonnet, to which it is secured by small jet pins, and wear a black gauze mask veil over the face. Crape bonnets and veils and crape-trimmed dresses are worn for husband, father or mother, or grown-up children. Many ladies choose bonnet and veil of the fine nuns' veiling with a woven selvedge, which comes expressly for the purpose; the veils are not worn over the face. The material is very nice for the purpose, as it is not affected by damp.

Henrietta cloth and imperial serge are made up for heavy mourning dresses; tamise and cashmere in dead black for spring and fall, and nuns' veiling and grenadine for summer. A widow may also wear lustreless black silk while she is in mourning, but not with crape; silk and crape are not a good combination. The tailor styles are very appropriate for making up mourning dresses, which should be plain, and little trimmed. For summer wear, a nuns' veiling, made with a skirt laid in wide side pleats, with long draperies front and back, as heretofore described, a postilion basque, with revers of the goods corded with the same, would make a very suitable and appropriate dress. A vest of crape, or revers and cuffs, might be used instead, or the revers and edge of the basque might be corded with crape. But the dress as at first mentioned, worn with a collar lined—not edged—with black and cuffs to match, is just as appropriate. Small, bullet-shaped crochet buttons are best. A mantle would not be necessary with a dress designed for summer wear, but for spring or fall might be of the tamise or cashmere of the suit, lined, and corded with the same or with crape; this would be for wear with the crape bonnet or veil. After these are laid aside, the mantle

might be trimmed with tape fringe. Fur is admissible with crape, but it must be black; though I have seen a crape veil over a seal sacque on our avenues, it disregards the proprieties of mourning wear. Cloth jackets are suitable after crape is laid aside; the buttons should be large jet ones.

For what is called light mourning, that change in attire by which we symbolize a sense of affliction mitigated by remoteness of consanguinity, all black tailor suits are worn on the street, and house dresses of black have vests of diagonal folds of soft wool set between the revers, and cuffs and collar of white wool with edges feather-stitched in black. "Second mourning" is not used; one goes back to colors by a series of gradations, a black and white dress, a grey one, next a suit of some plain color, quietly made and so dark as not to be conspicuous; abrupt transitions are avoided.

Gloves for mourning are black kid, or the undressed kid if preferred; for summer wear the silk gloves are used, and are much more comfortable than kid. Parasols are plain, of heavy silk with handsome handles, on which is sometimes tied a bow of black ribbon. A lace parasol, or lace-edged one, should not be carried while one is in mourning, and especially not if crape is worn. Crape is emphatically the badge of mourning; with it lace, gold jewelry, ribbons and jet, except brooch and perhaps chain, are inappropriate and incongruous. We must preserve the unities in dress and deportment, or we make our mourning ridiculous. Last winter at the theatre a lady entered one of the most conspicuous seats, wearing a widows' cap, with a very long and heavy crape veil, which was folded over like a monk's cowl, in a fashion new to Detroit and "just imported from the east," shading without covering her pretty face, all the fairer by contrast. But the heavy crape in its odd style, in a theatre, attracted more attention than the "star" who occupied the boards, and the battery of eyes and opera glasses might have disconcerted a woman who had not "got herself up" on purpose to be looked at.

For neckwear, linen collars with a thread of black along the edge, or in a black and white stripe, are worn; choose those which have a line of white to come next the neck, the black is so unbecoming. For deep mourning the black crepe lisse ruches are worn, or puffs of white crape, as preferred. Sometimes a dress is made with a crape collar, inside of which is basted a folded, feather-edged ribbon; or a narrow band of ribbon, either black or white, is worn round the neck and tied in a bow at the side.



Round hats for those who do not wear crape are of black straw, trimmed high with loops of lustreless silk, with dull jet ornaments. Heavy repped ribbons are also used. Satteens, barred or striped mulles, and Sicillienne, a repped cotton weave, are the standard wear for black cotton dresses in summer. BEATRIX.

#### ONE WOMAN.

How the old, the familiar truths of life are re-born in our souls, revealed more livingly to us! Often is it given us to feel the benediction of a familiar truth, a truth through conflict won, yet somehow forgotten, and in the toil and gloom of the day it is whispered to us again, and bestows new promise of conquest. Few but need occasional reminding of the trite though ever impressive truth, that it is good to be attracted out of ourselves, forced to take a near view of the sufferings, the conflicts, and the difficulties of others. People are prone to become engrossed by the peculiar trial, the intimate grief and bitterness which are their individual lot in life.

I have been deeply impressed by a late reading of the life of Charlotte Bronte. In to what a noble, patient atmosphere such a work charms one! The history of a life so sorrow-filled and woe-stricken, yet so calm-waiting and trustful woos the heart to the contemplation of that larger life, in which the immortal soul lifts its wings.

Truth and feeling can never grow old, so long as life has passions, so long as the human heart is born through suffering into triumph. Whoever has read Charlotte Bronte's works must have been impressed by their truth, truth of feeling and truth of expression. Her method of writing was peculiar. It was not every day that she could write. For weeks and months at a time she was under a cloud of mental or physical suffering, and could add nothing to the portion of her story already written. Then, some morning, she would wake with the progress of her tale clear before her, in distinct vision. She had strong regard for the truth of expression, and exercised singular felicity in the choice of words. She never wrote down a sentence till she clearly understood what she wanted to say, had chosen the words, and arranged them in their proper order. This care gives her work the finish of a piece of mosaic.

While acquaintance with the life of any author whose books we read is interesting and desirable, this knowledge is perhaps seldom felt as a necessity to a just and appreciative understanding of his works. But Miss Bronte's works are characterized by such depth of earnestness, weirdness, loneliness, and passionate portrayal of human feeling, one feels the suffering and the force of the individuality back of their creations, and longs to know what was the life of the *woman*. Bulwer somewhere says, "Character is fate. Men's dispositions do their dooms dictate." While this is true, in part, who has not known lives richly fraught with happiness, lives in which promise and fulfillment have gone hand in hand, while others seemed almost foreordained to sorrow and privation? Such seemed the life of Charlotte Bronte, on foe

the six children of a clergyman, whose mother died when she was a mere child. Of the life of these little ones, never children in the sense in which we naturally understand that term, one must read with something like awe. Haworth is a lonely spot, buried from all the world. At Haworth parsonage, a lonely stone house, surrounded on two sides by the village graveyard, was the home of the Brontes. Here four of them grew up, here their plans were formed, their life-work accomplished, and here one by one they were early called from their duties and their sufferings. Charlotte never knew the blessings of childhood's careless happy time. Early her unusual powers stirred within her, and she began the deeper life of reflection. At nine, she became the oldest of the family of three girls and one boy, the two older sisters having died. Always a strong characteristic in Charlotte was the absence of hope; this was constitutional. In later life, she never dared allow herself to look forward with hope, she had no confidence in the future. One can better understand Lucy Snowe in "Villette," when one knows that the pressure of years of sorrow had crushed all buoyancy of expectation out of her.

It is painful to read of the efforts of the three sisters to maintain themselves by serving as governesses among strangers; how their sensitive, shy natures suffered and endured, yet persevered until life itself depended upon relinquishing the distasteful labor. Then the long cherished hope of securing pupils and conducting a school at their own home crumbled to naught; their brother, who had been the brightest hope of the family, turned to the home to hide his shame, to torture them with his dissipation and slow, degrading death. Here they awaited in anxiety and terror the end of a life from which they had hoped so much. Scarcely ever seeing any one, their recreation being long walks over the heathery moors they loved so well—the lonely and wind-swept moors through the long winters, green in spring-time with moss and fern, purple with bloom in autumn. Here they wrought, loving and living for each other, and sent their gifts to humanity forth into the world, until suddenly, one after the other, the two sisters left Charlotte alone with her father, she the last of his children. We can understand something of what the author of "Shirley" must have suffered when she wrote the chapter, "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The bolts of death came in the midst of her writing. "Till break of day she wrestled with God in earnest prayer. Not always do those who dare such divine conflict prevail. Night after night the sweat of agony may burst dark on the forehead; the supplicant may cry for mercy with that soundless voice the soul utters when its appeal is to the Invisible. 'Spare my beloved,' it may implore. 'Heal my life's life. Rend not from me what long affection entwines with my whole nature. God of Heaven—bend—hear—be clement!' And after this cry and strife, the sun may rise and see him worsted."

Strength comes to us from bearing what

seems possible to be borne, not when the soul is tortured with fear of failure. She believed submission, courage, exertion, when practicable, the weapons with which we must fight life's long battle. Who could describe or imagine the loneliness of her life in the years which followed the death of her sisters? The saddest memories were her only companions. She knew her life was to be a lonely one, she submitted to her lot, conquered it. Yet her triumph was not that of a victor calm and supreme on the throne, but of a victim, torn and suffering. Her faith in immortality was firm. In speaking of the first declaration of unbelief in a God or a future life she had overheard, she says: "Sincerely, for my own part, do I wish to find and know the Truth; but if this be Truth, well may she guard herself with mysteries, and cover herself with a veil. If this be Truth, man or woman who beholds her can but curse the day he or she was born." A wise word of counsel is this: "Whatever your present self may be, resolve with all your strength of resolution, never to degenerate thence. Be jealous of a shadow of falling off. Determine rather to look above that standard, and to strive beyond it." She was slow to trust, finding the hearts of those about her a "sealed book," yet she was deeply and truly attached to the few who understood her, and believed indiscriminate visiting unprofitable and vulgarizing. She speaks so truly, when she says: "In the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment arises chiefly, not from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over-estimate of their liking for and opinion of us; and that if we guard ourselves from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy to give more affection than we receive, can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences thence, and never let self-love blind our eyes—I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsions of feelings."

On the subject of marriage, she speaks forcibly. She believed it to be an imbecility for a woman without beauty or fortune to make marriage her principal aim. Further, she concluded there was no more respectable character than an unmarried woman who makes her own way through life, quietly, perseveringly, without the aid of husband or brother, and who having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, retains in her possessions a well regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and sympathy with the sufferings of others. She had three offers of marriage before she accepted the man with whom she spent so happily the few last months of her life. She seemed to have drunk the cup of sorrow to its dregs, and at the last her life was sweet; but her brief happiness went out with her life, with this question on her lips: "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy."

LESLIE.

S. M. G.

To iron tablecloths without creasing them roll them upon a long curtain roller as fast as they are ironed dry, beginning at one end.



## HOW TO BE A GOOD HUSBAND.

Honor your wife; she must be exalted and never dethroned. Love your wife; the measure is as Christ loved the church and gave himself for it. Show your love; all life manifests itself. As certainly as a live tree will put forth leaves in the spring, so certainly will a living love show itself. Many a noble man toils, early and late, to earn bread and position for his wife. He hesitates at no weariness for her sake. He rightly thinks that such industry and providence give a better expression of his love than he could give by caressing her and letting the grocery bill go unpaid. He fills the cellars and pantry; he drives and pushes his business; but he never dreams that he is actually starving his wife to death. He may soon have a *woman* left to superintend his home, but his *wife* is dying. She must be kept alive by the same process that called her into being. Recall and repeat the little attentions and delicate compliments that once made you so agreeable, and that fanned her love into a consuming flame.

It is not beneath the dignity of the skilled physician to study all the little symptoms, and order all the little round of attentions that check the waste of strength, and brace the staggering constitution. It is good work for a husband to cherish his wife. Suffer for your wife if need be; Christ suffered for the church. Consult with her; she is as apt to be right as you are, and frequently able to add much to your stock of wisdom; in any event she appreciates your attention. Study to keep her young. It can be done; it is not work but worry that wears. Keep a brave, true heart between her and all harm. If you will carefully walk in the way of righteousness you can shield her from cankering care. Providence will not be likely to bring upon her anything that is not for her good. Help to bear her burdens. Bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of love. Love seeks opportunities to do for the loved object. She has the constant care of your children; she is ordained by the Lord to stand guard over them.

No disease can appear in the community without her taking the alarm; not a disease can come over the threshold without her instantly springing into the mortal combat. If there is a deficiency anywhere it comes out of her pleasure. Her burdens are everywhere; look for them that you may lighten them; make yourself helpful by thoughtfulness. Remember to bring "into the house your best smile and sunshine; it is good for you, and it cheers up the home. There is hardly a nook in the house that has not been carefully hunted through to drive out every thing that might annoy you. The dinner which suits or ought to suit has not come on the table of itself. It represents much thoughtfulness and work; you can do no more manly thing than find some way of expressing in word or look your appreciation of it.

Express your will not by commands but by suggestions. It is God's order that you should be head of the family, you are clothed with authority. But this does not authorize you to be stern and harsh as an

officer in the army; your authority is the dignity of love; when it is not clothed in love it ceases to have the substance of authority. A simple suggestion that may embody a wish, an opinion or an argument, becomes one who reigns over such a kingdom as yours.

Study your own character as husband. Transfer your deeds, with the impressions they might naturally make, to some other couple, and see what feeling they would awaken in your heart concerning that other man. Are you seeking to multiply the joys of your wife, as well as to support her? Are you an agreeable associate among your companions? If not why should you expect your wife to be pleased with you. Have you acquired the ability to entertain and cheer your friends? If not it is time you were studying to improve yourself as a husband. If you can make yourself a model husband, and thus help your wife to be a model wife, that will insure your home against shipwreck, and your happiness against decay. Seek to refine your nature. It is no slander to say that many men have wives much more refined than themselves. This is natural in the inequalities of life. Other qualities may compensate for any defect here. But you need have no defect in refinement. Preserve the gentleness and refinement of your wife as a rich legacy for your children, and in so doing you will lift yourself to higher levels. Be a gentleman as well as a husband; the signs and bronze and callouses of toil are no indications that you are not a gentleman. The soul of gentleness is a kindly feeling towards others that prompts one to secure their comfort. That is why the thoughtful, pleasant lover is always so gentlemanly, and in his love much above himself.

Remember the past experience of your wife. In all probability she has left a better home than the one to which she comes. All the changes for the worse are painful; only her love for you extracts the pain. She can not but contrast your pinched accommodations with the abundance she left. It is right that these changes should come; young people cannot commence where the aged leave off; yet it becomes you to remember that she has taken you instead of all of these comforts, and you must see to it that she has no reason to regret her exchange. Make the most of her better nature. This refinement enters into her value as a mother and the maker of a home. Level up. If your wife has the advantage in refinement—and this is quite a common condition, as girls usually have a better chance for education and more leisure for books than boys—do not sink her to your level, but by study and thoughtfulness rise to her plane. The very ascent will improve your home, and add to your value as a husband and to your influence as a citizen.

Stay at home. Habitual absence during the evenings is sure to bring sorrow. If your duty or business calls you, you have the promise that you will be kept in all your ways. But if you go out to mingle in other society and leave your wife at home alone or with the children, know that there is no good in store for you. She has claims upon you that you cannot afford to allow to go to protest. Reverse the case. You sit down

alone after having waited all day for your wife's return, and think of her as reveling in gay society, and see if you can keep out all doubts as to what takes her away. If your home is not as attractive as you want it, you are a principal partner. Set yourself about the work of making it attractive. Find some book to read or to have your wife read to you; or some work that both can be interested in; find something that shall give interest to the evenings. Home is your only retreat. Satan fights a family as Napoleon fought his enemies—divides it, then whips the parts in detail. When you lounge away from home, you go into temptation, and send temptation to take your place at home. Take your wife with you into society; seclusion begets morbidness. She needs some of the life that comes from contact with society. She must see how other people appear and act. It often requires an exertion for her to go out of her home, but it is good for her and for you. She will bring back more sunshine. It is wise to rest sometimes. When the Arab stops for dinner he unpacks his camel. Treat your wife with as much consideration.

[The above paper, read before the Van Buren County Grange, in February, was forwarded us by A. C. G., but unfortunately the name of the author was not given. We should be glad to give the writer the credit of her excellent ideas, were we but able to do so.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"Great statesmen govern nations,  
Kings mold a people's fate,  
But the unseen hand of velvet  
These giants regulate.  
The iron arm of fortune  
With woman's charm is purled,  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world."

Taking my little girl upon my knee to night, I seemingly scan the future years that will see her, daughter, sister, wife and mother. Oh, the responsibility that is even now resting on those tiny baby shoulders! Mother, Home, and Heaven, those three sweetest of English words, are to be made and gained by her. The Home to be made so pure and bright that it will indeed prove to be "a stepping stone to Heaven." She can be either the sunbeam, making light and warmth to parents, brothers, husband and children; or she can be the sort of woman that we occasionally meet—God grant that they may be few—who are forever dashing cold water on all our little enterprises, and are seemingly shut up within themselves as securely as if fenced in. Much, I know, has been written as to the over-credulousness of woman. So be it; but I had far rather

"Trust all and be deceived  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart, which, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing."

The little child that runs to mother to have a hurt made well by a kiss and word of sympathy, should be taught to cultivate this feeling of pity and sympathy for another's affliction, and in turn, extend a loving hand and cheering word to those even outside of immediate friends. What girl has not blushed with pleasure to hear her brother's "chum" tell how Frank used to tell the boys so much about his sister, and how they laughed at him for preferring



to remain in and write to her, rather than join them in their larks. And how "sweet were the recollections of a well-spent life" when her father with a firm hand-pressure and trembling voice, bade her be as "good a wife to Harry" as she had been daughter to him; while the mother, with quivering lips and tearful eyes kisses her and says that "the house will seem so lonesomenow;" and in her heart adds "Oh, my baby!"

And the young husband, ah! he knew well how to choose from among his lady friends the one who would make home happy. Passing through the gardens, rich with flowers of priceless worth and unapproachable beauty, he strains his eyes for his favorite. Now, well nigh disheartened by his seemingly fruitless search, and again gladdened by what, at this distance, seems the desired object, but no! this is a blossom, he wants but the bud of the pure blush-rose. Ah! here it is; apart from the cold lilies and stately dahlias he finds the bud, and plucking it and placing it within his bosom, murmurs, "I promise to cherish and protect." And now the little queen of the domestic kingdom called Home; how manifold her duties! The sovereign ruler of her husband's heart, and yet the willing and loyal subject to her lord's commands. It is for her to lead her youthful son to the edge of the precipice and gaze with him into the yawning depths, black with the eddying circles of sin, below; and then with loving counsel and words of faith, direct his eyes to yonder heavenly heights teeming with "that peace that passeth all understanding." She must teach him to abhor the evil and love the good, and how great will be her reward to hear him, a noble man, say, "My mother made me what I am." We can not all be Florence Nightingales, but each girl, now perhaps careless or at least indifferent, can be "the perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command."

WINDSOR, Can.

LIZZIE DIMON.

#### THE "MOON FLOWER" AND VIRGINIA CREEPER.

The HOUSEHOLD EDITOR, having observed with admiring eyes the cuts of a mansion covered with a vine bearing blossoms which, to be in relative proportion to said mansion, should be at least the size of a dinner plate, which have appeared in many of our leading magazines this spring, wrote to Mrs. Fuller, of Fenton, for information respecting this wonderful flower, which is so persistently "boomed" by a prominent nurseryman, who, as he is outspoken in denunciation of the floricultural humbugs who sell blue roses and scarlet tuberoses, ought not to excite undue expectations in the minds of the public in his own business. Mrs. Fuller's reply follows:

"My opinion of the 'moon-flower' is that it is a case of 'great cry and little wool.' The vine originally came from Florida, where it is a perennial. My husband's sister brought me seed and I planted it, where it would climb on the house. The way that vine ran under a Virginia creeper which was established near by, was a caution; it proved itself "a racer." It

grew and bloomed even after frosts, being protected by the creeper; and had the white, fragrant flowers described, the size of a teacup, but frail, and blooming only in the evening. It is a sort of Morning Glory; or "Evening Glory" would be perhaps a more appropriate name. I am convinced we cannot grow it here under ordinary conditions as regards protection. I think the plant is classed in Gray's "Lessons in Botany" as *Calynction speciosa*. I enclose an extract from a lady living in Florida relative to it: "We had the "moon plant" with us last year for the second season. It raised quite an excitement among our good citizens. It is as you doubtless know a showy and pretty thing, but like every handsome and cheap article will soon run in the ground."

"The seeds of *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, or Virginia creeper, will, as I knew but forgot to say in my former letter, grow readily when self-sown or planted while fresh. When we came to Michigan about thirty years ago, a few of the early settlers had this vine about their doors, having brought it from the East with them. The seeds might have been dispersed by the winds, birds, and other means, which would account for its appearance in low grounds in a wild state; though I am told it grows wild in Kansas. I find it much more satisfactory than *A. Veitchii*. The young plants can be set in the spring; we often cut a slip and lay it on the ground and each eye generally brings a sprout. I can send a nice root by mail for 25 cents."

#### THE WORLD'S BEST.

One of the tenets of my individual creed, is that whenever aught of the above named commodity comes within the small circle of my orbit, I shall promptly proceed to become an absorbent of as much, or as little of the nature and benefit of the same, as I can comprehend or assimilate. And so when the city papers announced that Pat. S. Gilmore, of world-wide fame, with his "incomparable band of 50 eminent musicians, assisted by Miss Letitia Fritch, the charming soprano," would give one grand concert at Music Hall, on the evening of April 6th, I stood not upon the order of going, but simply said, "I go," and I went. Result, I have something in memory that will be "a joy forever." The perfection and power of the music was to me something wonderful—a revelation! As, for instance in "The Prophete" in the performance of which the Prussian Band took the first prize in a contest among the best bands of Europe at the great Exposition in Paris, there were passages in which, closing my eyes, and giving myself up to the spell of the mighty melody, I seemed to float in a sea of sacred sounds, in which were vocalized, harmonized and blent in one complete chord of praise, all the God-like attributes of the human soul. Heaven will be like that! And thus I might go through the whole of the 18 or 20 selections rendered that evening by this "best military band in the world," no two producing the same effect upon my spiritual organism. But I forbear, only saying that the genial Irishman does not forget "the

people." And that every encore—and there were as many of these as there were selections on the printed programme—embodied one or more of the "tunes" to the measures of which we have all either danced, sung, laughed or wept. And when all those instruments, playing with the spirit and the understanding also, set our nerves and muscles all atune to the gay measures of a fine old jig, everybody in the audience that ever loved to dance, felt as though they must obey the call, "Ladies to the right!" And I was quite sure that the two smiling divines who sat across the aisle, partly rose to their willing feet. As for me I caught hold of my chair and sat quite still, but it was hard work. Ah, music hath power!

"The music of the spheres," which the ear of the Infinite alone can hear and comprehend, what must its measures be? But it seems as though the genius that can control, conduct and carry into such perfect execution such a range of musical elements must be under the direct tutelage of the Infinite Master of all melody.

Their closing selection was made up of 15 of the most popular and varied in style and sentiment of Scotch melodies, beginning with "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled" and ending with "Auld Lang Syne." Now if you can just for one moment imagine what it must be like to hear these and "Annie Laurie," "White Cockade," "Robin Grey" and all the rest played by such a band as that, played without variations, you have the key to Gilmore's secret of getting and keeping the popular heart.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**RHEUMATIC LINIMENT.**—Two ounces oil of origanum; two of turpentine; two of harts-horn; two of opodeldoo; one-half ounce of vitriol.

**RHEUMATIC LINIMENT NO. 2.**—In two ounces of soft water dissolve one ounce of Castile soap, and add to it two ounces of tincture of camphor, one ounce of opium, one ounce of chloroform, and one ounce of spirits of turpentine. This is excellent.

**CAMPOR CREAM.**—One and a half ounces of spermaceti; and the same quantity of white wax. Scrape thin into an earthen dish, then add one and a half ounces of powdered camphor, the same quantity of glycerine, half an ounce of sweet oil and two drops of attar of roses or other essential oil for perfume. Heat, stir till melted, then stir till cold. For chapped lips and hands.

**FOR SALT RHEUM.**—Put ten cents worth of sarsaparilla bark and ten grains of iodide of potash into a quart of water. Boil until reduced to one pint.

**FOR INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.**—Half ounce bi-carbonate of soda; three drachms iodide of potassium; two drachms tincture digitalis; one drachm tincture of opium; one pint water. Mix. Dose, one teaspoonful every six hours.

MRS. C. W. J.

DETROIT.

#### FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1887.

I will send one package of choice pansy seed, mixed sorts, for 15 cents. Dahlias, any color, 12 cents each; five for 50 cents; 12 for \$1. Seeds from over 100 choice varieties of perennials, everlastings, annuals or herbs, six packets for 25c; 13 for 50c or 30 for \$1. Send stamp for list

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