

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MAY 9, 1887.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

LOVE'S DISSENSIONS.

Alas, how light a cause may move
Hearts that the world has vainly tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look.

A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh, love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken!
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed

A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds, or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below
Breaks into floods that part forever.

—Moore.

A FEW REASONS.

"Why is it," asked a friend the other day, "that so many young people who begin married life with such seemingly boundless affection, after a few years grow so indifferent to each other, or are found seeking a separation through the courts?"

In casting about for the reasons of conditions which are far too frequent for the happiness of humanity, several at once present themselves. Infatuation is sometimes mistaken for that clearer, purer sentiment we call Love, and when the passing passion has burned itself out, dissensions follow speedily. Marriages are not infrequently what might be styled commercial transactions; a girl sells herself for an establishment, or a man wants a housekeeper who will not demand wages. Swift says, "The reason why so many marriages are unhappy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Nets, to catch, not cages, to keep. It is safe to say that if the parties to a marriage contract spent half as much time and thought in making themselves agreeable each to the other, after marriage as before, there would be less fretting and chafing under the bond.

Talmage says it is a mistake to believe that marriage is the ultimate destination of the race. He says also: "There are multitudes who will never marry, and still greater multitudes who are not fit to marry. There are thousands of men who are so corrupt in character that their offer of marriage is an insult to any good woman." This is

only too true; yet everywhere we see women accepting such men, and then wondering why they are not happy, why marriage does not change their husbands into what they would have them. And there are women who are too thoroughly selfish and wedded to their own inherited or acquired peculiarities, ever to make a home happy. And one thing both man and woman should remember is that there is no alchemy in marriage to change dispositions, alter habits or smooth away incompatibilities. There is no sense in marrying a man who has habits of which you do not not approve, and expecting that a few words before a minister will effect their relinquishment.

The trouble lies in the fact that girls are trained to believe marriage is the ultimate destination of all womankind at least. They look forward to it as a means of escape from present surroundings which may not be to their liking, or as offering them a home of their own in which they will find greater liberty and independence. Their thoughts rarely stray beyond the trousseau and the honeymoon; nor do they soberly contemplate the new duties and conditions which they must accept; and a false and mistaken delicacy prevents mothers from entering upon the subject. One of the objections to woman's being educated to any business by which she becomes self-supporting, is that as soon as she learns it she gives it all up to get married. That is the fault of the education of the past, by which she was taught to look forward to marriage as the end of the feminine existence. Conditions will be reversed when she is educated to consider herself an independent being, capable of caring for herself, instead of a matrimonial aspirant. Then she will have less need to "marry for a home" as we say, but will wait Love's leading, and it is this only which can assure a happy, harmonious future. In any case, to marry without due comprehension of conditions is to invite misery.

Respect for each other's individuality must be the basis of marital happiness. Some men seem to be under the impression that women were not created for themselves but only for the comfort and well-being of mankind; and some women appear to believe a husband's chief aim should be to cater to their whims. Unselfishness must exist on both sides. If one is called upon for sacrifice and self-abnegation, while the other takes all and gives nothing, the inequality is too great; selfishness overwhelms both justice and affection.

The young girl, unaccustomed to respon-

sibility, brought up amid the abundance of her father's house, and used to the luxuries which are the fruits of a lifetime of toil, chafes at the economies she must practice, the privations and self-denial of a more limited income; and grumbling at the hard work, wishes she had "stayed at home." These are bitter, bitter words for the young husband; he does not soon forgive them, I doubt if he ever forgets. Anger and sorrow are roused in his heart, he may tell her he too wishes she had stayed there, and that hurts her. When the wife looks upon her burdens as hardships, quarrels come quickly, and Love flies in dismay from angry words. To quote Tom Hood, "There are words that occasion silence, and heat that brings about coldness." And these quarrels! They so degrade and lower us. As the biting acid eats into the polished metal and corrodes and defaces it, so their continued irritation ruins the character. The husband, too, quite as undisciplined and unused to sacrifice his individual preferences for another, clings to his old habits, and does not take kindly to the economies made needful by his own responsibility as "head of the family," and "Love is hurt with jar and fret."

And another trouble is that the average young woman feels too much as if she had accomplished the purpose of her being when she is safely married, and has no need to make herself agreeable, or interesting, or pleasing. She's got a husband, and he's got a wife, and she ceases all the little ways by which she won him. She would have been shocked if, as lover, he had seen her in curl-papers and disordered attire. But when it is "only my husband," curl-papers don't count. Now every man has his ideal, just as much as a woman, and the woman he marries is, generally speaking, more or less his ideal, at least during courtship. As long as she represents that ideal, she is beloved; when she ceases to come up to that standard, she is tolerated or despised. (And the same is true on the other side.) It is therefore the wife's part to be, as wife, as nearly as possible what she was when she was won. Was she neat, pleasant, amusing, musical, intellectual; had she a voice "ever soft, gentle and low, that most excellent thing in woman," a sweet sunny temper that made her patience gracious, let her beware how she permits herself to become dull, uninteresting and shrewish, complaining and faultfinding. It is much more a woman's duty, and a man's too, to be pleasant, sweet-tempered and well dressed

put away their school-books after they have "finished their education," and think no more about their studies! As I pick up my old botany sometimes for reference, and look it over, I find "lots" of new things in it; I see new relevance to its teachings, new fitness to its terms; a new meaning in it all. Things that seemed so hard when as a pupil I was studying them, are so simple now that I wonder they ever perplexed me. I have often thought what a grave error we make that these studies, which we enter upon in our school-days, are not pursued when we leave school, or taken up again and reviewed in the light of more matured experience and mental expansion. If we spent less time in gossip, and over this fancy work which seems the womanly craze of the era, and more in making ourselves women of cultured minds and broader knowledge, how much better it would be for us and our little world! How few women in farm homes are observant of the wonderful natural processes going on about them in every recurring season! With every opportunity for observation, country people are usually very ignorant of all such things, and it ought not so to be.

THE interesting little stories published in certain of our exchanges, about girls who go into fruit-farming, market gardening, cake-making, etc., to support themselves and a small but interesting family accustomed to every luxury, and reach the maximum of success with the minimum of discouragement, "make me tired." They are very pleasant fiction to read, but I am sorry for the woman who hopes to realize them in fact. They may do some good, in arousing an interest in such ways of making money for women, but she who expects to make the bright visions her own will have obstacles to encounter and difficulties to surmount not "down in the books." And these stories, like all other fictitious yarns, invariably lead to marriage. The minute success is obtained, we hear the peal of wedding bells. Cannot we ever have anything for women without a man in it? Why should a woman who sees that she has laid the foundations of an independent, self-supporting existence, abandon the fruit of her toil as it hangs ready to her hand, to marry and "settle down?" I want to read one of these pleasing tales in which the heroine goes calmly on, a nice, quiet, pleasant maiden lady, minus the "cat and cup o' tea" which are her usual accessories, finding happiness, health and profit in her business, and not taking a husband for either protection or revenue. I shall have to write the story myself, I fear, since the ending I want is so unconventional, but perhaps I have not a sufficiently vivid imagination.

BEATRIX.

WHAT A PEST-HOUSE IS LIKE.

Easter Monday, the weather being very fine, I started out with some friends to visit the new pest-house, which is just finished. It is a very odd-looking building; the center is two large octagons, with a square room between, standing one east and one west of the square room; then on each side, north and south, there are three more octagons with a small square room between each;

these small rooms are for private bedrooms, for those who are able to pay for having a room to themselves. The four corner octagons are bedrooms also; the beds are all single iron bedsteads, with springs and mattresses, a pillow, blanket, and counterpane white as snow. There are two bath rooms, two sitting-rooms and a dining-room. The building is of plank, laid one above the other and nailed, all planed smooth and painted inside and out. There are windows on four sides of each of the six outside octagons. The center ones are taller than the outside ones, and have eight windows on each side. The house is one story high with a basement, the latter is divided the same as the upper story, but the rooms are used for different purposes. There is a kitchen, washroom, two drying-rooms, a coal-room, storerooms, pantries, a room for the furnace, and a room where they make the gas that lights the building. They have brought the water and sewer up from the city. There are three small cottages on the grounds, occupied by the family who has charge of the place. The building is situated on Crawford St., about one mile north of the Boulevard and about twenty rods back from the street.

WOODSIDE.

TEMPERANCE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LOOK out for the carpet beetle this spring. This insect was quite fully described in the *HOUSEHOLD* last spring.

TO CLEAN paint, dip a flannel cloth in whiting and rub the paint, wash off with clear water and wipe with a soft dry cloth. Paint—even of the most delicate color—will not be injured in the least, will look equal to new, and the work is more easily done than if soap is used.

AUNT ADDIE, in the *Country Gentleman*, gives these directions for preparing rubber cement: "Procure a piece of native rubber at any large store where rubber goods are sold, and cut it into very thin slices with a wet knife, and then with a shears divide these into strips as fine as can be. Fill a wide-mouthed bottle about one-tenth full of these strips and fill it three-quarters full of benzine, which must be pure. The rubber will swell up almost immediately, and in a few days, if often shaken, get to be of the consistency of honey. If it does not dissolve, add more benzine, but if too watery add more rubber. The cement dries in a few minutes, and by using three coats, it will unite the broken places on shoes and the backs of books, etc., very firmly.

BRAZIL wood is said to be one of the few dyes that will color linen and cotton successfully. The chips are boiled for several hours, and the decoction kept till it begins to ferment, as it gives more permanent colors than when fresh. To dye cotton or linen, an exchange recommends the following method: "Boil them first in a bath of sumac, next work them through a weak mordant of solution of tin, and then put them through the Brazil dye while it is lukewarm. This gives a bright Turkey red. To have a soft rose color, dip the goods

first in a solution of alum, rinse them well, pass them through the tin mordant, rinse again, and then put into the Brazil bath. Silk and wool are even more easily dyed, these goods needing no tin mordant, as the alum bath is sufficient to fix the color. The Brazil bath should be lukewarm for silk and boiling hot for wool goods. The shades of color may be modified on these materials by varying the strength of the bath, the mordant, etc. The addition of more alum gives a purplish tinge. A little alkali added to the bath gives a magenta shade. A rich dark crimson is obtained by adding a little logwood to the Brazil wood solution."

DID Bess, of Plainwell, receive an enclosure from the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor, in response to a wish expressed some time ago in a private note?

A. C. G. notifies us that the paper "How to be a Good Husband," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of April 18th, was written by Mrs. C. B. Whitcomb, of Hartford, Van Buren Co.

DO NOT forget the *HOUSEHOLD* this spring, in the midst of all the home duties. For its interest and benefit it depends largely upon its contributors. There are many who have not written for some time, but are remembered by the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor, who would be glad to hear from them again.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICE CAKE.—Three pounds seeded raisins one and a half pounds citron; one pound of butter; two and a half coffee cups sugar; two cups sweet milk; four of flour; six eggs; two large teaspoonfuls baking powder; three of cinnamon; two of mace.

TILDEN CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups powdered sugar; one of sweet milk; three cups flour; half a cup corn-starch; four eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with lemon extract.

PHIL. SHERIDAN CAKE.—Four cups powdered sugar; one of butter; five of flour; one and a half cups sweet milk; whites of sixteen eggs; three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Rose flavoring.

CITRON POUND CAKE.—One pound of sugar; one of flour; three-fourths pound butter; ten eggs; one and a quarter pounds citron, sliced fine. Bake one and a half hours. A nice rich cake.

PYRAMID POUND CAKE.—One pound sugar; one pound of flour; one pound of butter; ten eggs; flavor with rose; pour batter in pans, one inch in depth. When done cut in slices—after it is cold—three and a half inches long and two inches wide; frost top, sides and ends; before the icing is quite dry pile on a cake stand, five pieces in a circle, with spaces between, over the spaces five pieces more, and so on; draw in the top and put on a bouquet of flowers.

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at home than abroad, or in presence of others, but

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest—
But oft for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

A husband will contrast his wife with other women, just as naturally as a woman measures other men by her husband. It should be the study of each not to appear at a disadvantage. I knew a gentleman once whose wife had not a single redeeming feature personally; she was short and fat, with a brick-dust complexion and hair to match, a mole and a mouth ample enough for two, yet he thought her beautiful. She had never allowed him to become "disillusioned." He had been attracted by her goodness and lovable character, and she took care he should never find her to be other than he thought her.

Some may say the women are getting the major share of my lecture, and that "the party of the other part" need it quite as much. But our HOUSEHOLD is for women, more than men, and all the world over it is the woman who bears and condones,—and is blamed. Ella Wheeler Wilcox somewhere says: "God Almighty ought to have been a woman, since He has so much to forgive." And I think it is harder for woman to adapt herself to the altered conditions than for man. All through the wooing she was sought, her wishes were paramount. As lover, he came to her; as wife, she must go to him. Sometimes the "company manners" of courtship have masked real coarseness and want of principle, and the awakening is bitter; sometimes the subservient lover becomes the tyrannical husband; or the complaisant girl a Xantippe whose tart retorts are not borne with Socratic philosophy. Always there is something to bear, for God never meant us to be perfectly happy in this life; but with love as the basis, and unselfishness, good temper, tact and right reason as aids, we may not need to study that lately issued book whose suggestive title is "How to be Happy, though Married." BEATRIX.

THE CHILDREN.

The letter from Beatrix on "Children at School" contains just the advice so needful at the present time. It is a common thing, but no less absurd, to see toddling babies sent off to school with older ones, to "get them out of the way, and have the house quiet," as if after all the coddling we see infants treated to, as soon as they can talk their room is better than their company. How much better for them to be at home, where free from all compulsion to learn, they can pick up the crumbs their minds may crave by asking questions of those who should freely respond! I read of a woman recently who locked her little girl in a distant room while she was making cake, as the child annoyed her with questions about the ingredients used. It showed a bright intelligence in the child to wish to know, and she should have been answered after the weighing and measuring was over, and if properly trained she would have waited the few moments quietly, to be gratified with simplified descriptions of the sunny climes where the fruit and

the spices and sweets the cake contained were raised, ending with questioning her in regard to the wheat and mills where it was ground. A very pleasant little confab between mother and child, and an item in the education of a child not to be despised, much better than a solitary hour of grief, or a tiresome day at school. I do not approve of children being given the lead in all things, but they ought to be treated with kindly attention to their needs, without over-indulgence, which cultivates a selfishness which will increase with their years, crowding out all tender respect for parents and friends. Give them their dues in full measure, but do not teach them by constant yielding to their wishes to forget to respect you as a parent and superior in age. Many a parent who now knows "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child," has made the child selfish and ungrateful by over-indulgence.

ROCHESTER.

UNCLE BOTT.

HOW TO BE COMPANIONABLE.

In every society we find that the persons who are most loved, and most sought after, are those who have a knack of making light of their troubles and vexations, who do not entertain their acquaintances with a recital of a bad baking, a leaky tub, the children's measles or the shortcomings of their help. They know how to keep their melancholy out of sight; their nerves do not furnish them with material for a call; nor are they always on the outlook for a slight or a change of weather. They do not lament their poverty and make us feel uncomfortable amidst our plenty (if we have it); nor make us dissatisfied with ourselves, but talk about things we like to hear; they are silent on the subjects upon which we disagree, nor differ with us for the sake of differing. They do not announce their opinions as if there was no appeal from them. They do not talk you blind, nor offend by their silence; they do not catechise us about our affairs, but show a genuine interest in all we may say or do; in fact they have a knack of putting themselves out of sight. We feel benefited and are made happier by having been with them, even for a short time.

How shall we who are fast growing old, and are in a measure losing our power of pleasing others, remain companionable, still make ourselves lovable, and have others like to have us with them?

I am fast growing old, yet I have not lost the child that I was. I am both old and young. I have the same ready impulses, the quick desire to please, the power to be easily pleased, the same eager sympathy, and the eager craving for the same? I have read somewhere that if you do not wish to lose your faculties as you advance in years you must resist with unfailing persistence any tendency to mental stagnation, by forcing the mind to take an interest in the events happening in the home circle, among friends, or in the world at large. After all it is a pleasant thing to be growing old, it is a grand thing to be a noble old man or a noble old woman, to have lived bravely, striven honestly, loved faithfully; to feel life's warfare almost over, to have the past with all its

memories and friendships, treasures with which we would not part, and to have the future so near at hand that we are but waiting for the full glory of sunset. We must learn that wisdom itself will not die when we do; according to the laws of nature we are like pods in which the germs of life are ripening, and which grow sere and yellow as their day of usefulness declines, yet they have lived to some purpose. The heart and spirit can be kept young and companionable, by going out of one's self for subjects of thought and interest. It is not age nor sorrow that makes us old, but selfish cares.

PAW PAW.

MRS. S. CONSALUS.

TYROTOXICON AND CHOLERA INFANTUM.

We give Prof. V. C. Vaughn's opinion on the possible connection of the poison which he discovered in cheese as a fermentive product of milk, and cholera infantum, the Herod among children. The lesson to be learned is the importance of having healthy cows, using the freshest and purest milk for the children's diet, and the imperative necessity of the utmost care and cleanliness of every article used in the dairy:

"I desire to call attention to the great similarity between symptoms of poisoning by tyrotoxin, and those of cholera infantum. I am aware of the fact that the term 'cholera infantum' is used by many in referring to almost any summer diarrhoea of children; but restricting the term to the violent choleraic diarrhoea, as is done by Smith and other best authorities on the subject, we shall find its similarity to poisoning by tyrotoxin very marked.

"The suddenness and violence of the attack, the nausea and vomiting without marked tenderness of the abdomen, the character of the stools, the great thirst, the severe pain in the back of the head, the nervous prostration, and the tendency to deep sleep are all observed in both. Again, the white soggy appearance of the mucous membrane of the stomach of the cat corresponds exactly with observations in children after death from cholera infantum. Cholera infantum, as is stated by Smith, 'is a disease of the summer months, and, with exceptional cases, of the cities.' Thus the disease occurs at a time when decomposition of milk takes place most readily. It occurs at places where absolutely fresh milk often cannot be obtained. It is most prevalent among classes of people whose surroundings are most favorable to fermentative changes. It is most certainly fatal at an age when there is the greatest susceptibility to the action of an irritant poison, and where irritative and nervous fevers are most easily induced. If all these facts be taken into consideration, along with the experiments which have been detailed, and which show the readiness with which the poison can be generated, it will certainly seem at least probable to any one that tyrotoxin may be a cause of cholera infantum. A little dried milk formed along the seam of a tin pail, or a rubber nipple, tube or nursing bottle not thoroughly cleansed, may be the means of generating, in a large quantity of milk, enough of the poison to render it highly harmful to children. The high

temperature observed in children with cholera infantum, and which has not been observed in adults poisoned by tyrotoxin, may be caused by the continued production of the poison in the child's intestine, by the continued administration of milk, and by the greater susceptibility of the sympathetic nervous system in children.

"If this casual relation does exist between tyrotoxin and cholera infantum, a knowledge of it will aid us, not only in the preventive, but in the curative, treatment of the disease. The first thing to do in the treatment of the disease is to absolutely prohibit the further administration of milk, either good or bad, because the fermentation going on in the intestine would simply be fed by the giving of more milk, even if that milk be of unquestionable purity. I would suggest that some meat or rice preparation be used for food, though experience will soon give us valuable information on this point.

"A germ which forms a poisonous ptomaine by its growth in milk may be wholly harmless when placed in a meat or rice preparation.

"Secondly, mild antacids should be administered, because the poison, so far as our information goes, is produced only in acid solutions. The great value of the chalk mixture in the treatment of the disease is well known.

"Thirdly, theoretically at least, the employment of small doses of some disinfectant would be of benefit. I find that there is considerable difference of opinion in the profession as to the use of small doses of calomel in this disease.

"Fourthly, the use of opium in some form is consistent with the theory.

"And lastly, the administration of stimulants, brandy and ammonia, to counteract the depressing effects of the poison, already formed and absorbed, should be practiced.

"All of these, save the first recommendation, have been practiced in the treatment of the disease empirically; but the first—absolute discontinuance of the use of milk—I regard as of prime importance.

"Of course, it will be understood that attention to securing fresh air, and to other hygienic measures, is also desirable.

"It is altogether probable that an amount of the poison which would escape chemical detection, might be sufficient to produce poisonous effects in children."

MODERN MAGIC.

The well known magician, Keller, rival of the renowned Hermann, gave an exhibition of his skill in this city recently, and some of his performances were wonderful indeed. In the Dark Ages such powers would have doomed their possessor to the rack as a disciple of the "black art," if he escaped immediate death as being in league with the Evil One. Nowadays no one even hints at anything supernatural, or at the intervention of other than human or mechanical agencies, yet the tricks are none the less surprising.

At one of his entertainments he took two clear glass bottles, empty, placing them on small stands or pedestals thirty feet apart, on the stage, in full view of the audience.

He then took a red silk handkerchief, unfolded and shook it out to show there was nothing in it, and that it was what it purported to be. Then with a rod he poked it into one of the bottles, where it showed very plainly through the thin glass. Standing in the center of the stage, at least fifteen feet from either of the bottles, he said "One, two, three!" and quick as thought the handkerchief was gone from the bottle in which it had been placed, and was inside the other, which had been empty.

He borrowed a half dozen finger rings from persons in the audience, and loaded them into a pistol, bending and twisting them to get them into the barrel. A box perhaps fifteen inches square had been noticed, fastened to a frame somewhat resembling an easel, in the orchestra, quite removed from the stage and magician, and in full sight of the audience. After the pistol had been loaded with the rings, Keller discharged it at the box. Then he took down the box, unlocked it, took out another box which he also unlocked, and so on until he came to the sixth box, in which were found five of the rings, each tied to a tiny button-hole bouquet. He appeared much disconcerted at the loss of the sixth ring, but expressed a hope it might yet be found. Then he took a bottle, apparently empty, and offered to give any person present a drink of whatever liquid he preferred, whether milk, beer, gin, wine, whiskey or water. Several of the curious sampled the beverages, and one, who tested the whiskey, was asked by an acquaintance in the crowd if it really was whiskey which was given him. "Yes, it was," he replied, "and mighty good whiskey it was too." Then the magician said, "Now I'll show you gentlemen what you've been drinking," and breaking the bottle he took out a live guinea pig, and about its neck was tied the missing ring of the pistol performance.

Another feat was to take two common flower-pots, partly filled with sand, and pass them about among the audience, that they might see the pots contained absolutely nothing but the sand. They were then placed each on a covered table, on a small board raised on three legs so we could see under it, and be sure there was no connection with the table underneath. On the sand in each flower pot he then strewed seed, saying flowers could not grow without seed. A big pasteboard cone was handed him, which he showed was perfectly empty, only a cone of ordinary pasteboard. Approaching one of the pots he placed the cone over it, not however to touch the table, but only the raised board, and, waiting a moment, lifted the cone to disclose a beautiful rose tree in full bloom; he cut the roses and distributed them among the ladies present.

Taking two slates, he washed them clean, then tied them firmly together, with a bit of slate pencil between them. Then he asked a man in the audience to hold them, which he did, holding them at arms' length above his head, where everybody could see them, and so holding them while the magician distributed a dozen copies of a medium sized dictionary in the audience. Then he asked one man to open the dictionary which he held and tell aloud the page and the first

word at the top of the page, and read the definition. The man who was chosen could not read, it seemed, and the person next him pronounced the word, which was "stoicism" gave the page, 417, and read the definition. The slates, all the time held in plain sight, were untied, and "Stoicism," was found written in large clear letters, clear across the slate, and the definition under it, exactly as it had been read from the book.

Psycho, the wonderful, was the head, shoulders and waist of a human being, apparently, mounted on a piece of wood not over two inches thick, and standing on a cylinder of glass, so clear that the magician could be plainly seen when he passed behind it. This Psycho, human, mechanical, or whatever it was, picked out dates, counted, answered questions, in a surprising fashion. Keller, standing among the audience, would borrow a coin of some person, asking him to note the date. Then he would say, "Now Psycho, tell me the date of this coin in my hand," and Psycho was "equal to the occasion" every time.

As *finale*, he performed many of the tricks commonly known as "spiritual manifestations." While everything was in total darkness in the theatre, tambourines were rung, faintly luminous guitars floated through the air, "spirit hands" were waving voiceless signals; and last, a skeleton, outlined in phosphorescent fire, danced a very merry can-can, flinging off now a leg and now an arm, which cavorted a bit on its own account and then returned to its place with an audible click; but the climax was reached when the grinning skull made a break for the parquette, to the dismay of the women seated there, one of whom gave vent to a blood-curdling "E-e-e-ch!" And in the midst of it all, when he said "Light!" and the full head of gas was turned on as quick as thought, all over the house, the magician stood quiet and composed in the centre of the stage, as tranquil as if he had had no connection with the uncanny performances of a moment before, which he explained were due to ingenious mechanical devices. "But his deeds were wonderful."

L. C.

DETROIT.

ITEMS ABOUT THE STYLES.

Heliotrope, in all its shades, is the most fashionable color at the moment. Merchants and milliners complain they cannot get enough of dress goods, ribbons and flowers of this hue to satisfy the demand. It is a beautiful and showy color, but very trying to the complexion, bringing out all the yellow tints. And some of the combinations in which it is seen are "perfectly paralyzing," as for instance a blue dress with cardinal facings with which is worn an ecru bonnet with mauve ribbons and a red plume! But when a color becomes "the rage," it seems to matter little whether it is becoming to the wearer or correspondent to her other clothing.

The new styles of gloves are quite heavily stitched in black or colors across the backs. Silk gloves will be worn as much as ever this summer.

"I've seen nothing but *points* since I've been in the city," said a young lady who

always keeps her eyes open on her visits to this city. "All Detroit seems draped in a point." And truly, nine-tenths of the dresses one sees on the streets have the long, full, pointed drapery in the back, which has been described in the HOUSEHOLD.

The new parasols are large, generally striped in two colors, with very long handles. They are very showy and conspicuous. Lace parasols are cheaper, sure sign they are going out of favor. Silk umbrellas are of double-faced silk, in two colors; very elegant and serviceable ones, of Windsor silk, with fancy silver or gold-plated handles can be had for \$5.50, and the investment is a good one.

If you have an old silk dress, brocade, Irish poplin, etc., "now's the day and now's the hour" to utilize it. Do not try to patch out a costume, but make the old goods into a pleated or plain skirt, arranging it so the sides will be covered nearly to the waist line. Then buy some lightweight wool goods, camelette, nun's veiling, crape cloth, or something of the kind; and of it make a basque with soft gathered vest of silk like the skirt, or with silk revers, and arrange on the lower skirt a deep apron raised high at the sides, and a full-pleated back drapery. Of goods forty inches wide from three to four widths will be required for drapery, for everything is very full nowadays.

"FOR AS HE THINKETH IN HIS HEART SO IS HE."

[Paper read by Mrs. Chas. Rogers before the Webster Farmers' Club, April 12th, 1887.]

We have had given us minds with which we are capable of thinking, and the use we make of these thoughts, decides for us what we shall accomplish in any profession we may follow. True, some may toil diligently in the same calling with others, and that calling be the one for which they are both best fitted, and while doing the same amount of hard work, may not accomplish the same results. But this should not discourage us, for the cultivation of the faculties of mind we do possess, is all that is required of us. But after all, I don't believe there is as much difference between human beings as is generally supposed, either intellectually, spiritually, or morally. After making due allowance for traits which we may have inherited, and influences which may surround us, especially in early life, many of our failures could be traced to the fact that we have not used as we might what we do know. That there are minds far above and also far below the average there is no question; but these are the exception, not the rule. I have heard it remarked that a few leading minds governed the whole world. Be this as it may, there seems to be some in the human family who have been given especial talent in certain directions; among these are the poet, the painter and the musician. Such men as Shakespeare, Raphael, and Mozart must have been inspired, to have been able to leave such a heritage to the world. Think you such beings as these were "created a little lower than the angels," or were they the offspring of the

ape and the ape's great grandfather? It is bad enough to have descended from Adam; "In Adam's fall we sinned all," is a proverb which though no better for our present condition and future prospects, is more consoling to our self-respect than having descended from lower animals.

But these persons I have just mentioned as seeming to have especial talent, do not possess one more faculty of mind than we do. The difference, if any, is in degree, not in kind. Of how much these minds of ours are capable we shall never know, unless we use them to the best of our knowledge. Those who are of a decided turn usually strive to achieve success in some particular work, and so marked is this generally, that they or those best acquainted with them have no difficulty in seeing it. Such do not yield easily to circumstances, but make circumstances yield to them. And if their pursuit be a worthy one they will thereby accomplish much good. Our minds, like our bodies, require proper exercise or they will become weak and feeble. I believe we all have more or less undeveloped powers of mind; and in this enlightened age, few are so ignorant as not to be somewhat to blame for it. There is something within us which tells us we should use what we know; that we and others may be benefited for our having lived in the world. If it is happiness we are all seeking for ourselves both here and hereafter, this is the sure road which leads to it, but we should not always be thinking of our own happiness when we do a good act; as it tends to make us more selfish. I have heard some people talk as though their happiness here depended entirely upon outside sources, and with them, the very things which they did not possess were all they lacked of making their bliss complete; usually the things they covet would require money to obtain. If the person having this disposition be a gentleman, a fine horse may be the one thing needful; if a lady, her wants may not be easily supplied, nothing short of a fine mansion with all the modern improvements, folding doors, bay windows and a coal stove; or perhaps a library of gilt-edged books, just to look at, upon whose pages no thumb has ever left a mark. Or her sufferings may be caused by her excessive love of dress; which her limited means are not sufficient to gratify. But however desirable all of these things may seem to us, they alone will not secure for us the results which we should seek. There is many a fine mansion which is not a home in the real sense of the word; however perfect it may be in architectural design and finish, it may not be the abode of kindred spirits or hearts that beat as one. The parents may not look upward and within for light with which to guide their household. In the home, as elsewhere, much of our trouble is the result of selfishness; but how few there are who can excuse their selfishness so aptly as the husband, whom the poet describes:

"My dear, what makes you always yawn?"
The wife exclaimed, her temper gone.
"Is home so dull and dreary?"
"Not so," he said, "my love, not so;
But man and wife are one, you know,
And when alone I'm weary."

Neither do fine garments always cover a careworn heart, for we cannot if we would, hide from the world the lives we live, for they leave their impress upon our features. Hear Goldsmith, after all of his wanderings, when he says, "Vain, very vain, I seek to find the bliss which only centers in the mind."

But if all of our faculties were fully developed we would not all choose the same pursuits; for we are so constituted that we do not all think alike. Then as now, while one would choose the life of the public teacher, another might prefer to dwell in green pastures by the side of still waters. Thus from all of the positions offered us, we may find if we will some one in which we can do a good work. However humble the position, we can honor it by intelligent, conscientious labor. The heights are seldom reached by brilliant strokes, but rather by persistent effort. As the huge drifts are formed from the falling of tiny snowflakes; so little by little are desired results reached by individuals.

(To be Continued.)

Contributed Recipes.

YULE CAKE.—This is the German Christmas cake and is made as follows: One pound butter; one of sugar; one and a half pounds flour; two pounds currants; one pound raisins and citron, chopped together; two ounces sweet almonds, pounded in a mortar; ten eggs; quarter of an ounce allspice and cinnamon. Melt the butter and pour in the sugar; add allspice and cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour work in the yolks of the eggs two or three at a time; beat whites to a stiff snow and work in the paste. It must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy. Work in the whites; then add citron, raisins, currants and almonds, mixed together; bake in a hot oven three hours; put twelve sheets of paper under to prevent burning. Although troublesome to make, it well repays the work by its delicious flavor, and its capacity for being fresh and delicate. AZALIA.

OATMEAL GEMS.—Soak one cup oatmeal over night in one cup of water; in the morning add one cup of milk, either sweet or sour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one cup Graham flour, a little salt. Bake in warm gem pans in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—One egg, one cup sweet milk, one cup flour, a bit of salt. Drop the well-beaten batter into hot gem pans, bake in a hot oven and eat as quick as ever you can. H. H.

BATTLE CREEK.

FEATHER CAKE.—One tablespoonful butter; one cup sugar; one and a half cups flour; half cup milk; two eggs; half teaspoonful cream-tartar; quarter teaspoonful soda. Dissolve the soda in the least bit of boiling water, sift the cream-tartar through the flour, and beat the butter, sugar and eggs thoroughly. MOLLIE.

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