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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WOMAN.

Most flattered and least trusted of the race,
Dropt for a whim and followed for a face,
Loved for their follies, their devotion scorned,
In presence slighted and in absence mourned.
Their hearts, their characters, by men abused;
Who never think their help should be refused;
Seated by kings and trampled in the mire,
The best and worst they equally inspire.
Cursed for their weakness, hated when they're
strong;
Whatever happens, always in the wrong.
Tact is their genius. Add yet one thing more,
Woman is lost when woman proves a bore.

CITY GARDENS.

Every city is beautiful in proportion to the interest felt by its inhabitants in their individual surroundings. Stately public buildings and imposing business blocks are not more an index to the wealth and public spirit of a community than are trim lawns, turf-bordered avenues and vigorous trees. Detroit has the reputation of being a beautiful city, and deservedly, for there are few homes, relatively speaking, except among the very poor, where the grass plot is not kept closely shaven and a few flowers are not taught to bloom. Those who have no gardens, whom brick walls and stone pavements crowd too closely, ornament their piazzas with hanging-baskets, or fasten under the windows boxes of trailing vines and gay foliage plants. Ex-Governor Alger's grounds have but one flower bed, which is planted to palms and great white hydrangeas, plants which correspond well with the severely plain architecture of the house—ordinary bedding plants would look ridiculous in juxtaposition with it. The Bagley mansion, standing on a smooth shaven lawn unbroken by a single flower bed or shrub, gives the impression that it is literally overflowing with bloom, because every window has its box of plants, every balcony its drapery of vines. Part of the western side of Allen Sheldon's house is literally covered with a dense growth of *Ampelopsis Vetchii*, as level and thick as a close cut turf; it is very beautiful. A disused fountain in the grounds of the Avery home has its basins, of which there are several, crowded with plants in bloom, and is perhaps more beautiful than if it carried out its original design. *Ampelopsis*, both *A. quinquefolia* and *A. Vetchii*, wistaria, clematis, cobaea, honeysuckle, are lavishly employed to turn piazzas into bowers of verdure and clothe angles and cornices with foliage; while stately dracaenas, cannas and agaves, the leopard-like farfugium, the rubber tree and a variety

of palm I cannot name, are lavishly employed to ornament entrances, or as individual plants upon lawns.

In certain places where dense shade prevents the growth of other plants, and keeps the grass thin and sickly, ferns are employed to beautify. A large bed, perhaps four feet in diameter, has for its centre a beautiful specimen of Maidenhair, with polypods and *Pteris* encircling it; it is as handsome and far more unique than any of our ordinary bedding material.

Among the many fine gardens in this city, is that of Mrs. Thompson, founder of the "Thompson Home for Old Ladies." It is at the corner of Fort and Shelby Streets, and wins much admiration from passers-by. It is better known, perhaps, to strangers than any other, because of its location so near the business centre. I pass it several times daily, and much enjoy its beauty and fragrance, more, possibly, than its owner, for the windows on that side of the house are rarely open, and the resident, an elderly lady, is almost helpless. In shape it is a parallelogram, extending nearly to the alley, the street bounding two sides of it. In the centre is a fountain, where all day showers of spray fall from the upturned throats of swans into the green basin below, and trim brown sparrows flutter their wings and quarrel on the edge. A fine statue of St. George and the Dragon is well to the front; it took a prize at the Centennial Exposition, I am told. A beautiful vase is crowded with hydrangeas and fuchsias, a bronze female figure stands sentinel near the side door, and a statue of Payllis, in short petticoat and laced stomacher, implies a flirtation with a gardener Corydon whose garments rather need a coat of paint, and who seems to stand awaiting her, partly concealed behind a shrub. There are several flower beds laid out about the fountain; one is planted to crocus and hyacinth bulbs; I always know spring is surely come when the yellow-headed "Cloth of Gold" faces sun or snow, as chances. The hyacinths, elected by the Editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* "president of the Bulb Republic," follow in quick succession; when these are done blooming it is usually late enough to put out bedding plants; this year scarlet geraniums occupy the bed. In another, tulips, single and double, nod their gay cups like dowager-duchesses over a choice bit of scandal, and later, foliage plants, centaurea, coleus, etc., are planted in rows or sections. There is one little bed which is always carpeted with portulacca, and another with a caladium for a centre, and

heliotrope and rose geranium, two of the sweetest things that grow, nestle under its bread leaves. A larger oval bed is planted with garden cowslips for a border and clumps of white "grass pinks" at each end; there are always pansies there too, and later, great white lilies uphold their chalices to be dew-filled, and then rifled by the busy humming-birds that haunt the place. There is a clump of Yucca a little in the background which puzzled me not a little at first to place its sharp, lanceolate leaves—"Spanish daggers"—which pierced the snow all winter and were yet green in spring. But when the tall flower stem appeared, a branching candelabra wreathed with cup-shaped flowers, I knew it, and was childishly delighted to have solved the conundrum at last.

A space the width of the garden and about eight feet deep, is devoted to old-fashioned flowers, and serves also as a sort of floral hospital for plants not needed elsewhere. There are the sword-like leaves of the yellow iris growing up with perennial palox, and great clumps of day lilies, the yellow buttercup we knew in childhood as "golden button," peonies, columbine, the Mercury among flowers with its wings and spurs, and always some tall-growing plants for a background, the bronze-brown discs of sunflowers with their yellow frills, or the metallic foliage of the castor oil bean, which is, by the way, a very stately and ornamental plant when thriftily grown. Some choice budded roses are just coming into bloom, and sometimes make me covet my neighbor's—flowers. All these are set in mosaic in soft emerald turf, to which the dull brown of the house, relieved by the vines which clamber over the bay windows, makes a fine background.

A friend who visited me a couple of years ago, was very lavish in praises of the beauties of the country, the delights of country living, the advantage over city brick and stone, the charm of forest and field, and rather commiserated me for being compelled to a city life. We were going for a ride in a few moments, and as I never use words when I know a better argument, I waited. When the carriage came I directed our course through some of the finest parts of the city, past the Grand Circus and Cass parks, and along the beautiful residence streets away from business. He took it all in, the elegant homes and their beautiful appointments, the clean, smooth streets, with lines of trees between curb and pavement, and finally settled back with a little sigh: "Well, they say 'God made the country and man made the town,' and

man has made this town exceedingly beautiful. I should like to live here!" I felt that I had fairly won my revenge, and magnanimously refrained from saying "I told you so."

BEA TRIX.

MONEY.

Perhaps one of the best tests we have of a man's practical wisdom is the way he uses his money, and the manner in which he makes it, saves it and spends it. While no man should consider it the chief end of life to accumulate money, neither is it a trifling matter, for it represents, to a large extent, the means of physical comfort and social well being. Burns tells us

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege,
Of being independent."

But it seems almost impossible to avoid the two extremes; the inordinate desire to acquire and hoard wealth indulged until one becomes a perfect miser, or to sow the easily accumulated wealth broadcast. The apostle tells us that the man who will not provide for his household "is worse than an infidel." Every man is justified in working hard and being prudent and saving, in order to lay by for that "rainy day" that is quite liable to come; but that does not necessarily mean being niggardly and miserly. The provident and careful man is having a good deal of discipline, for he must necessarily be a thoughtful man, and he makes a great effort if he succeed in life with this object; it is of itself an education, for he must exercise patience, perseverance and self-respect; and too, he needs to have a thoroughly good opinion of himself, "he will not then suffer from that horrible self-distrust, which makes some men let themselves drift on and on with the tide, instead of taking the rudder into their own hands and steering straight on direct for the haven where they would be."

There is no class of people who place so little value upon money as those who work for day wages. One would naturally suppose that a higher value would be set upon it, and self-denial and frugality would be practiced; but living from hand to mouth will soon eat and drink it all up, and then dependence is placed upon the frugal in times of commercial crises. This causes so much "social helplessness and suffering." There is no work of reform that needs more laborers. Socrates said, "Let him that would move the world move first himself." A class that never provides for the future must perforce be an inferior class. It is in God's ordinance that there should be a working class, and if they cultivated a spirit of self-help they would be "leveled up to a higher standard, instead of pulling others down to theirs." Religion, virtue and intelligence are advancing. One great writer says: "All moral philosophy is as applicable to a common and private life, as to the most splendid. Every man carries the entire form of the human condition within him." A great many men have dated their downfall to the time they commenced borrowing. Shakspeare says

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friends;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

This is an age of fast living. Men live beyond their means in order to keep up with their neighbors; they spend their income, and finding that insufficient, borrow, but there always comes a pay day. We can overestimate the power of money. Rich men and subscription lists have not accomplished all the great things: there have been thinkers, inventors, artists and discoverers among manual laborers. In fact, money proves more often an impediment than a stimulus to action. But there is no life so miserable, no life that dwarfs the soul and hardens all the better feelings of a man, as to isolate himself from society, and know no pleasure beyond piling up the glittering gold. Once let a man cultivate this inordinate desire of conquering wealth, and gloating over it, and hoarding it, he is ruined forever, for there is no passion so irrepressible.

There is a strong tendency in the human heart to covet money. There is nothing that affords us more comforts and luxuries, nothing that brings us so much misery and discomfort. How sad, and fearful too, it is to see a man whose highest aim is to heap up money that he will never enjoy, that he knows he can not take with him, for the same space of ground is accorded us all. Think of an instance where a man through stinginess and a keen business tact had accumulated two hundred thousand dollars; the last words he said after signing his will were "Well; if the children take half the comfort spending it that I have making it, I shall be glad."

"Oh! cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damned in that to come."

That money, rightly used, is a good thing is a fact that cannot be denied; used judiciously, it surrounds us with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. It is a good feeling, the feeling that one is independent as far as worldly goods are concerned; a person has a good footing in society; he is treated with much respect if he has property that he has amassed by honest means, and uses it in a manner that shows it is not his idol. It is the love of money—not money itself—that is the root of evil. Sir Walter Scott said "that the penny siller slew mair souls than the naked sword slew bodies."

I have read of an eminent man of business whose life had mainly been spent in money making, and he had succeeded. On his death he turned to a favorite daughter, and said "Hasn't it been a mistake?" he had been thinking of the good other men had done, of the happiness they had derived from so doing, while he had turned his attention exclusively to piling up gold for his children, but he must leave it all, what had been the sole aim of his life. A great many consider that the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, or honor or fame. Not so. That man succeeds best who does the greatest amount of useful work and human duty; who gets the most manhood. The men of mark in society, are men of sterling character, of disciplined experience, of moral excellence. Such a man can look down, without the slightest feeling of envy, upon the person of mere worldly success, the man of money-bags and acres."

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A WOMAN'S VEXATIONS.

No sooner are we settled, with many of our long felt wants supplied, than some new vexation dodges up. We have been congratulating ourselves upon the comfort and neatness of our little flat in a large building, situated in a desirable part of the "South Side," convenient to cars, with elevator, coal brought up and garbage taken away, a laundry where the washing, no matter how large, is done for 50 cents, etc., etc., all for \$20 per month. With everything new and clean to start, it is not very hard for two women to work down town and keep house quite respectably. When Vashti announced that the dentist had moved into flat 28, which is next door, I knew the shadow of our happiness had come. We have thought perhaps that a country village was too thickly settled. I have learned that it may be the same way in these wonderfully convenient buildings, where so many people make themselves homes in cities. She is a female dentist who deluded me through my sympathy with working women, to employ her to fill a tooth. She caused me to lose two days from my work and the best part of two Sundays, charged me \$10, and after howling about a few days longer I paid a man \$4 more to get the tooth cured.

This female dentist may not be a representative. I hope not, but my faith in the sex in that profession is hopelessly wrecked. She is too intimate with a body. I don't like to be disturbed in my Sunday devotions of reading the newspapers, to lend a cup of sugar, nor to share my coal tickets, nor to be broken in upon just as I get ready for bed to be asked to lend \$6.50. Neither is it enjoyable to be entertaining one's particular friends, and have a female dentist drop in and monopolize the precious evening, not yet to be disturbed at the only square meal one has all day, to hand out a pinch of salt, and then see your only porcelain kettle go with the dentist, and not get home for a week, when you bring it back yourself. I am undecided whether to protect myself with a succession of falsehoods, to ask the prayers of the church, or to move. What would the HOUSEHOLD sisters do with such a placid, good tempered neighbor with whom we cannot get angry?

I am not unconscious of the perils that environ me when I touch the sensibilities of my own sex, but I have a gift to speak of the present cheap craze, an illusion which really seems to me must result in a calamity to the intellects of women before long. While men are bustling about multiplying laws, dabbling in lawsuits, building railroads and taking care of the country generally, women have started out without yoke, curb or rein, under the fascination of that word cheap, to wade through mud and mire and rain in the mad pursuit of advertised "bargains." It is come to be a malady and we are all infected by it. A tour of observation through the aisles of the magnificent stores of our excellent city, discloses the fact that nearly all the cheap garments and low priced articles on sale are the product of women's labor, and the principal purchasers of these articles are women. Masculine ears are tingling under the babel of complaints of the meagre

wages paid to women, and yet we find that the demand for low prices when they purchase, is longer, louder and more persistent from women than from men. They clamor for "bargains," and merchants devise special sales and announce them in flaming advertisements, to satisfy this craze. Does a woman ever stop to think that for every cheap garment she buys and congratulates herself on the money she has saved, some other woman is starving for that extra pittance? That nickel or quarter was pinched from the wages of some toiler, who very probably sat up more than half the night to make what you have saved by your heartless demand for cheap garments. All the declarations and proclamations made for a thousand years will not make this different. If every woman in the city of Chicago would employ a seamstress and pay her fair wages, could you buy elaborate night robes for \$1, when you know that the work on the garment is worth that sum, and yet it has been made for ten cents? Would men then find it possible to crowd hundreds of women into narrow rooms and grow rich off their toil? No, not if one half these women were employed as they should be by women who have homes. Every woman who does not do her own sewing can lend a hand in this much talked of reform. Let us get rid of this malady which cries out continually for things cheap. This sewing business is just the right place, and it is in the power of almost every woman to do a little of the work of salvation.

CHICAGO.

OUR PICNIC.

One day last week the word went around, "Let us all go to the lake on Saturday for a day of recreation and rest." Several families expressed themselves pleased with the plan, accordingly we sent a messenger Friday evening and engaged five boats, but on reaching the place at ten sharp Saturday morning found only two left, as other parties had arrived before us, and the proprietor, thinking "one bird in the hand worth two in the bush," had let them go; but we soon found plenty others for half the money, and loading in our dinner-baskets, boxes and pails, jumped aboard and rowed away to an island about a mile distant, where, amid much merry chatter, we spread our table-cloths and eatables upon the grass, and partook of a most bountiful dinner. A few flies and one small lizzard put in an appearance, otherwise everything went well. After gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost, and while resting in the shade, we heard several pistol shots fired in quick succession at a short distance, which has since resulted in thirty-five days in jail for the main actor, as the balls came too close to a party on the water. We then went around Long Point to see the new cottage, just erected for resorters. The occupants came out to see the circus, and I think were much pleased, as we heard the familiar giggle as we sailed away. On reaching the island we found some of our party had been fishing, and had quite a string of fish to take home, while a few of the ladies were evidently able to paddle their own canoe, as they were complaining of blistered hands.

We again loaded in our baskets and steered for Luke's Landing, where, seated on the green sward, under the old oaks, we ate from our baskets and drank of good cold water our fill, then hitching up the horses we started for home, promising ourselves to go again. We reached home before sundown, and if tired we at least had had a change.

PLAINWELL.

A MAN'S IDEAL.

A prominent resident of this city, more or less renowned for his bright sayings, recently undertook to give his ideas on "A Model Wife." Chief among all virtues he placed the ability to cook a good square meal. Now my ideas of a model wife would demand a great many achievements in advance of her cooking abilities, and do you want to know what I would require in the composition of a model wife? Well, I will tell you. First of all, I would not have a crank of any description; by "crank" I mean a woman who is given to devoting her entire time and energies to one subject. I would not have a wife who could only cook a "good square meal," to the exclusion of all other household accomplishments, or who would devote her time to sweeping or cleaning to the neglect of preparing a "good square meal;" or what is worse still, in my estimation, looking after the heathen of foreign lands, or constantly talking temperance work to the almost total eclipse of all domestic duties. I would want my wife to devote her time to her husband and her home first, then if any time remained after they had been fully cared for, I would not object to her putting in a word for temperance or the poor heathen. I can put my finger on a large number of ladies in this city, ladies of families too, who can be seen at all hours of the day or night, trotting around on what they are pleased to term "temperance work," and I never see them but I drop into a reverie on what the sufferings of their families must be.

I would want a wife to be educated sufficiently to be able to converse with me on all the topics of the day; but I would not want her to be so talkative that I would have no chance to interpolate my side of the argument; if there is one thing in woman which I utterly abhor it is to hear her tongue clattering along at a 2:10 gait, with voice pitched to an exceedingly high key; in an attempt to say something, which she seldom accomplishes. With these preliminaries attended to, I would then look to my ideal's culinary achievements. Now, I am just as fond of a "good square meal" as my neighbor, but I will not demand of a wife that she be able to prepare all the delicacies of a Delmonico dinner; not at all. If she can bake a good loaf of bread, I will prize that above all cakes that were ever pierced with a straw nipped from a convenient broom; the plainest cooking is good enough for me if it is prepared with an eye to all the little ins and outs pertaining to economy. After the cooking I should think the care of the house would follow. Now, in this little item of household work I should think a great many women err. My model will keep her house clean and tidy without any effort at overdoing the matter. I do not

like to see a woman going around the house from daylight to dark, sweeping here and dusting there, merely to gratify a whim. More tact is required, I take it, in this matter of sweeping and dusting, than in any other branch of woman's work, and three minutes' consideration by the brain forces will oftentimes save as many hours of hard labor.

Personally, my ideal must have a disposition and temper that are both mild; she will also have an inclination to study, she will love music and be able to entertain friends with her musical abilities.

In appearance she will have dark eyes, either brown or black, and dark hair. She will not be too fleshy, neither will she be a skeleton; she will possess natural charms sufficient to enable her to dispense with everything smacking of the artificial. Now, methinks I hear some of the girls say, "Oh, he wants the earth!" Not so, ladies, the artificial so largely enters into the composition of three-fourths of the women we meet upon the streets of this city that it has become a source of great disgust to me, inasmuch as no efforts are now made to shield the shams. 'Twere better, girls, to allow the face and figure to remain as nature endowed them than to apply artificial means, for which sooner or later many unhappy moments will arise.

And last, but in no wise least, I will have my model wife acquaint herself with my desires and comply with my requests in so far as practicable without detriment to her health or neglect of her household. If I desire to light my pipe or cigar and sit down in an easy chair in the sitting-room for a quiet smoke I do not care to be told to go out in the yard to smoke, especially if the mercury is capering around the freezing point. If I desire to go to the theatre my model will not be so narrow-minded that she will have conscientious scruples against it. As an educator I place the theatre second to none other, and if those whom we find constantly crying it down were more frequent visitors I think their views would entirely coincide with mine.

Now with these various accomplishments combined in one woman, I will have no hesitancy in saying "with this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow." When such a woman is found I will be enabled to establish a "model home," governed by a "model wife."

OUTIS.

DETROIT.

A NUT TO CRACK.

Here is a question which we will present to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD, asking for expressions of individual opinion upon it: If a woman has money or property belonging to her before marriage, is it or it not her duty to turn it over to her husband, giving him control of it and the income from it; or is it expedient for her to retain it in her own name and management, and use the profits which may arise therefrom, as she prefers. We would like the ideas, either theoretical or from practical experience, of our readers; and have space also for any masculine opinions which may be proffered, which treat the subject from the husband's standpoint.

THE GUEST CODE.

Harper's *Bazar* has an excellent and suggestive article on the duties of a guest to host and hostess, from which we make a few extracts which seem pertinent to the conditions of ordinary life:

The first article in the code is punctuality. Never keep people waiting.

A model visitor comes when she is asked and goes away on the moment; no lingering another week, or waiting for a later train. We are apt to visit our friends when it is convenient for us, and not when it is convenient for them.

The guest should be as agreeable as she can. Very few of us are as agreeable as we might be. We allow indolence, self-indulgence, a selfish preoccupation, to interfere. The truly agreeable person is not always the great wit or fine scholar, or brilliant conversationalist, but some quiet body who is simpatica, one who is receptive and agreeable, who makes the cool day seem warmer, the warm day seem cooler, who carries her temperature with her.

Never join in the family quarrels. If there is any antagonism do not take sides; avoid unwise partizanship over any little matter of difference. Family relatives can do a good deal of innocent quarreling among themselves without mischief, but it gives a quarrel great cohesion if a third party joins in.

Never find fault with a friend's servants. People may dislike and distrust their own servants, but they never forgive others for doing so. They do not enjoy being told of their faults any more than of the back-sliding of their children.

No guest should thum on the piano, or play pianoforte solos unless invited. Music is often delightful, but it can be a great bore. A great talker is apt to be tiresome anywhere; there should be wisdom and moderation in all things.

The model guest should be always especially attentive to her hostess. In no country in the world, by a strange oversight in manners, is so little attention paid to the lady of the house, as in America. She is allowed to take all the trouble, to be the *deus ex machina*, to keep the house, to arrange for the guests, and then be left out of everything that is pleasant. Her daughters often snub her, her sons laugh at her, and her guests forget her. This argues a lack of good breeding. It can hardly be the absence of good heart; but it is a lack of manner.

A model guest is not only under certain obligations while she remains in the house; but she is under greater ones when she leaves it. She must carry no word of gossip away which might injure any of its inmates; she should give no hint as to the family secrets, of health or disease, or of quarrels, nor reveal anything learned by chance. A guest is under the same moral responsibility as is the family physician or lawyer; neither must reveal anything. What harm has been done by the vagabonds of society who abuse the hospitality of their hosts by going from one house to another, carrying the secrets of internal economy with them!

Even if a guest has been objectionable,

she should not be criticised when she departs. She came as a friend, if she has abused a friend's privilege, she is not asked again, but she is not talked about. "He who tastes my salt is sacred; neither I nor my house shall attack him, nor shall one word be said against him." And the guest should respond, "Whose bread I have eaten, he is thenceforth my brother."

"JACK."

WHAT a sad story is that of "Jack," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' contribution to the *June Century*! Jack, the son of a drunken Fairharbor fisherman, born in storm and shipwreck, takes early and of nature to his father's vices, is borne home to his mother dead drunk at twelve years, and returns to life from his maudlin sleep to find her still in death, and with the last restraint removed—"by the time his mother's grave was green with the scanty Fairharbor grass, rank weeds had overgrown the sorrow of the homeless boy"—treads the downward path, with intervals of sobriety, in which he tells his messmates he has "reformed." The curse of heredity is upon him; he is heir to an estate to which none dispute his title, the alcoholized brain-cells of the inebriate. The story ends with a tragedy, as forcibly pictured as Dickens gives us in the finale of the story of Nancy. In a passion of drunken jealousy he ships for a fishing-trip, not knowing that the blows showered upon "Teen" carried death with them, and when told what he had done, is stunned with the magnitude of his crime, for in his rare sober moments he still loved the yellow-haired girl who swore truth to him "by the Rock of Ages," though neither comprehended the meaning of the oath; it was the one thing "Jack" held sacred, because his mother's memory was connected with the beautiful old hymn. It seems as if no man with a human heart could lift the whiskey glass to his lips, after reading this story, without remembering its moral, and that in fostering the habit—which like Vishnu, entreats humbly for a mere foothold, and ends by conquering everything—he may be preparing the path his son, and perhaps his son's son, must tread, by virtue of constitutional inclination. For more and more those who study the subject are convinced that the alcohol habit results in a diseased condition of the brain, which is transmissible like any hereditary disease, and develops in the offspring of the intemperate man, into a desire or predisposition to the use of liquor almost impossible to control at best, and utterly uncontrollable except under conditions of strictest abstinence.

BEATRIX.

DAFFODILLY sends us the latest addition to the *HOUSEHOLD* collection of photographs, a fine cabinet of herself, for which she will please accept our thanks. By the way, it may not be improper to quote the observation of a lady who was lately studying with great interest the pictures already collected. "Well," she said, in her bright, positive way, "they're a lot of very nice looking people, anyhow; their pictures show them to be bright, intelligent, earnest women." And the compliment was well merited.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you can clean ribbons with anything satisfactorily, you can do it with benzine.

A PASTE for labeling glass bottles may be made by heating starch on a piece of tin while stirring until the color becomes yellowish brown. Boil in water and make a thick paste. It may be kept from souring by adding a few drops of creosote.

NEVER enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the minute you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor.

DR. MIAL, of England, is reported as treating ingrowing nails successfully by simply painting the irritated soft parts twice a day with a solution of tannin—an ounce of fresh tannic acid dissolved in six drachms of pure water, with gentle heat. The painting is continued until the nail has grown to its proper length and breadth. Pain and lameness quickly disappear. No other treatment is employed.

MISS CORSON bakes bread in this manner: After the bread or biscuit dough is put into the buttered pans cover them with a folded towel, and place the pans where the same gentle heat will strike them, turning them about to insure an even rising. Do not put the pans where it is impossible to bear the hand with ease. When the dough has risen to twice its original volume, brush the bread and biscuit with melted butter, or with a little milk in which sugar is dissolved, and then put them into a moderate oven to bake; the butter will make a crisp brown crust; the temperature of the oven is about right when the hand can be held in it without burning while one counts fifteen quickly.

Contributed Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—One teacupful sugar; one tablespoonful butter; one egg; juice and grated rind of one lemon; beat all together. Stir one tablespoonful of flour in a coffee cup with a little cold water, fill with boiling water; when cool stir all together and bake in an open crust. Beat the white of an egg with a tablespoonful of sugar, spread on top and return to the oven to brown slightly.

BESS.

RICE PUDDING.—To a quart of new milk add one well beaten egg, a teacupful of boiled rice and one of raisins, and a small cupful of white sugar. Grate a little nutmeg over the top and stir in a pinch of salt. Bake in an earthen dish till done, or until the liquid is creamy, not till it has become whey. After it is done stir in a lump of good sweet butter, and serve.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.—Boil the asparagus in salted water until tender. Stir a very little flour into a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter, drain off the water in which the asparagus was boiled, and stir in the butter. Have ready some thin slices of bread toasted brown, dip the asparagus on the slices and add a couple of tablespoonfuls of hot sweet cream or rich milk.

B.

DETROIT.