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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE CHILDREN.

Through the day when the children are 'round me,

So full of their laughter and play,
I, busy and careworn, oft wonder
How they can be always so gay,—
While I long for rest, they care only
To frolic and romp all the day.

They weary me so with their chatter,
Their constant demands and their noise;
They leave muddy tracks on the carpet,
And litter the room with their toys;
Till at times, from a heart that's o'erburdened,
Harsh words will slip out to my boys.

But at night, when so softly they're sleeping,
Cuddled down in each snug little bed,
With busy hands safe from all mischief,
And quiet each restless young head,
With a look of such peace on their features,
As if never a tear they had shed,

As I gaze on the dear, rosy faces,
So sweet in their innocent sleep,
I pardon, unasked, all their mischief,
Nor thought of their naughtiness keep,
For my heart overflows in the silence
With love that is tender and deep.

How small seem the trifles that vexed me!
How could they have power to annoy?
And gently I fold their worn garments,
And pick up each battered old toy,
While I think of the homes where no children
Repay every care with a joy.

Sad homes where their merry young voices
No longer the glad echoes start,
To fall like the sweetest of music,
On a fond mother's beating heart,
Whose dear ones too soundly are sleeping
From her sheltering arms apart.

O mothers! like me, who are weary,
And often too hastily chide;
Keep not your fond words for the sleepers,
Nor wait till the darkness shall hide
The love welling up from the heart spring,
When kneeling your darlings beside.

Let us give of our best in the day-time,—
Let mother-love brighten and bless
The pathway our dear ones must travel,
Too soon will life's burdens oppress;
Let theirs be the joy to remember
Mother's smile and her tender caress.

—M. E. Buck, in *Good Housekeeping*.

A WOMAN'S IDEAL.

A. L. L. implies, in a late letter, that our HOUSEHOLD is too quiet and monotonous; that each writer "says her say," is accorded a respectful hearing, and allowed to retire without having to couch a lance in defense of her opinions. It is plain to be seen that like the tailor at Donnybrook fair who was "blue-moulded for want of a batin," our A. L. L. is "spoiling for a fight," but is magnanimous enough not to care whether it is her own head or "the other feller's" that gets broken. But I am too prudent to offer myself as an antagonist

for our HOUSEHOLD Donna Quixote; mine is the motto of the great general, "Let us have peace."

Still, though it is too hot to stir up much of even a wordy war, I had not thought the girls would let Otis' letter entitled "A Man's Ideal," in the issue of June 13, pass without challenge. There is such a good opportunity, you see, to turn the tables upon him, and ask what accomplishments he possesses as a model husband to occupy the "model home" he is prepared to establish when he finds

"The perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Otis wants a wife who can converse intelligently with him; will he then promise and vow that he will not withdraw behind his newspaper, like a turtle into its shell, or snore an allegretto accompaniment from the lounge, to her sage reflections upon public opinions of an evening? Will he be as ready to be entertained as she to entertain? Will he never grumble over that plain cooking which seems so desirable in anticipation; nor remind her how super-excellent were his mother's pies and gingerbread? Will he remember to say a few appreciative words of some well-cooked dish, or carefully served meal, by way of recompense to the one who prepared it on purpose to please him? If she gives up her own wishes to go to the theatre with him, will he be equally obliging in the matter of taking her where she wants to go and he don't?

It is easy enough for a man to tell what good qualities the woman should possess, whom he would like to call by the sacred name of wife; the next question is, is he by nature and disposition calculated to draw forth those qualities, to value them at their worth, and make a corresponding return in kind? For I hold reciprocity is exactly as necessary between husband and wife as between nations or states; you can't have free trade on one hand and high tariff on the other.

I should like to give my idea of a model husband, to place beside Otis's ideal model wife, and I think I may venture. I should wish, first and foremost of all, to know that my "Admirable Crichton" loved me more and better than anything else in the world, with a love not founded on passion, nor biased by beauty or any perishable qualities of person; and to feel that I held for him the same deep, constant, never-faltering love. If we consider what special virtues or good qualities are needed on the woman's side in a marriage, we do not find them to be virtues which the woman only

should possess. There is no sex to the virtues. Patience, forbearance, good-temper, economy, chastity, unselfishness, are all expected of the woman. But should not the husband also possess them? More is expected of the woman, but has this expectancy any legitimate grounds for its existence? There is a great deal said about educating our daughters to be good wives; but not half enough about preparing our sons to be good husbands. I think a woman has a right to demand that the past life of her husband shall be as morally pure as he demands hers shall be; it is a false social standard that condones in a man offenses against morality unforgivable in a woman.

One should not expect a perfect man; they don't make them nowadays, but his faults must be noble ones, not mean ones, and all his nature calculated to hold my respect and that of his associates. I would rather he were honest than rich, but love life's refinements enough to expect a comfortable home. No man has any right to marry unless he can look forward to a comfortable support for wife and family. No woman, unless one of the meek-as-Moses class—who don't count for much in the world anyhow—loves to be tyrannized over; yet she does love to feel that the man's nature is the stronger, and that she may rely upon her husband, not in the sense of submission to him, but feeling so secure in his loving care of her, that she knows all his plans and projects are built with faithful thought of her, and her comfort and happiness. I can conceive of no more charming picture of domestic happiness than a warm fire, a bright lamp, a new book or magazine, and two who are truly one to enjoy them; so my ideal must possess literary taste and appreciation. He might smoke like Mt. Aetna, an' he liked it, but "no kicking allowed" if I choose to chew gum.

I should not listen patiently to criticisms on the "artificial" part of the feminine make-up, unless he discarded all aids to compass a manly, square-shouldered figure, and dispensed with the buckram and padding which transform a flat-chested dude into an athlete. There is just as much sham about the masculine get-up as the feminine. And if he railed at feminine bustles and bangs and corsets, I would remind him of the triple linen breastplate, as impervious as boiler iron, which protects his manly breast, and of his sandpapered head whereon a fly would slip up and break its neck, and of the silk section of a stovepipe, which is neither a protection to

the eyes nor a shade to the face, and has no more purpose in its being than a woman's Paris bonnet; and I think he'd not bother about my bangs. But, being a sensible individual, he would probably reflect that the woman who follows the prevailing modes to a moderate degree, is not half so conspicuous as she who ignores them.

The man who can trust a woman with the honor of his name, and the character and moral training of his children, yet cannot trust her to spend five dollars without accounting for it, is one totally incompatible with my ideal. I am fastidious; I should wish said ideal to be as neat in his own person and attire as he expected me to be; and to pay all those courteous attentions to his wife, which found him favor in my eyes before marriage. I should expect him to lift his hat when he left me on the street, to open a door and wait for me to precede him, to help me into a carriage without waiting for me to climb in unaided;—in short, at home or in public, the manners and good-breeding of a gentleman.

BEATRIX.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

An agent from Bragg's nursery highly recommends this method of planting strawberries: Take a tamarack pole three inches or more in diameter; after peeling off the bark, place in the ground even with the surface, then with a hoe draw the dirt from each side covering the pole four or five inches deep, then plant the vines on this ridge, filling between the rows with marsh hay. Set 25 plants to a twelve foot pole. Planted in this way he says the strawberry bed will last for years, without any cultivation whatever. He also advises planting in October after the first frosts; then the plants are ready for winter. The pole keeps the roots moist, the hay keeps out the weeds.

I thought to have a crack at the nut, but as the Editor and Old School Teacher have cracked it and extracted the meat to my entire satisfaction, I will say that the question that is agitating the minds of this community at present, is not "What shall we do with our money, but when, oh when, will it rain, and what will we do for corn and potatoes?" Twenty-five years ago to-day (Aug. 5th) after a severe drought, we had the hardest wind ever known in this part of the State, acres of standing timber were laid low, where to-day are parched and barren fields, without a vestige of any thing green. And yet a friend brought me a box of beautiful flowers; among them were nine distinct shades of gladiolus, and as many geraniums, roses, and many more.

I find I can have soft water for washing dishes by keeping a crock filled with ashes and water. After filling the reservoir with hard water, I put in a small quantity of the clear lye, all the impurities sink to the bottom, leaving the water clear as crystal, much nicer than old rainwater.

I have tried all the sure cures for ants, and find none so sure as corrosive sublimate in alcohol applied with a feather to the cracks and crevices of the floor, around the bottom of the sugarbox, on the legs of the safe and so on. Mine are the little red ants, which visit me every summer and

insist on taking possession of the house. This must be renewed once in two or three weeks, for the strength evaporates.

We have just buried an old and faithful servant. She came to us at the age of six years; twenty-six years she has been with us, always doing her work willingly and well, asking or receiving no recompense, except kind treatment and her board and shoes, one of which now hangs on the wall as a memento of long years of usefulness. We dropped a tear to her memory and left her to rest in peace. Poor old Gray Nell!

BESS.

INSANE WOMEN.

I have seen somewhere in print a statement of the percentage of insane women in our asylums, arranged upon their employment as a basis. I do not remember the figures given and have not the authority at hand, but recollect thinking that the percentage classed as farmers' wives, while not unduly out of proportion to those in other avocations, was yet larger than it should be, considering the greatly lauded advantages of country life. I might stop right here, and inquire whether a country life is so extremely healthful as it is generally considered to be. So far as my observation goes—though it may be heresy to say it, in a farmers' paper particularly—I am doubtful whether "country living" is what it is cracked up to be. The unsanitary conditions that I have known to prevail around some farm homes were terrible. To save time and steps barnyard and pigpen were located where every breeze bore bad smells to the house, the well was too near the barnyard and the privy vault, and the swill-barrel the odorous adjunct of the back door. How many farmers have gardens or small fruit "patches?" How many live on potatoes as the principal vegetable and the "measly hog" as the chief meat? The truth is, farmers do not half live up to their privileges. They might have the best of everything, so far as good living is concerned, but the eggs and butter go to "the store," with the best of everything else the farm raises, and the family live on what is left. But this takes me a long way from my subject.

It is said that it is the monotonous routine of farm work which drives women to the insane asylum. This may be true, and if so, it is easy to see that the remedy lies close at home. It is the woman's fault—and that of her husband, who should not allow such constant devotion to work—if she fails to avail herself of every opportunity for rest and recreation and change. Women often boast of staying at home, as if it were evidence of their devotion to their families. Have you never heard a neighbor say: "It is three weeks since I have been out of the house," or "I haven't been down town in a month," challenging commendation for the fact? I have; and so far from approving, have felt like expressing very adverse sentiments. It is enough to make a well person sick to be shut up in the house for three weeks at a stretch, with mind centered on household cares, and body without outdoor exercise. (I know the housekeeper gets *exercise* enough, but exercise in the open air is one thing and

exercise in a hot kitchen is another.) Moreover, it is enough to make a sane person crazy to belong to a voluntary "Shut-in Society," with nothing to interest but the constant problem, what shall we have for the next meal? One's worries get all out of proportion to the mercies, in her estimation, for nothing makes our troubles so great as always keeping them before us.

If a person begins to show symptoms of being morbid and of that melancholia which is nearly always a preliminary indication of disordered intellect, the best medicine is change of air and scene. The mind should be relieved of its cares, the body have gentle out-door exercise, the thoughts be diverted into new channels by cheerful society. Neglect often brings sad results. I knew such a bright pretty girl, only twenty-three, an only daughter, but who, obliged to give up her chosen work on account of ill-health, was allowed to act on her inclinations and remain closely at home, as she declined every invitation to go out. At last the doctor was summoned and great was the grief of the parents to learn that the melancholy mania had become so firmly settled that it was doubtful if help could be afforded. There was a brief time of medical treatment, and then the broken-hearted parents took the poor girl to the asylum at Pontiac, with no hope that they would ever be able to take her away cured. Of course I do not mean to say that the staying in the house brought on insanity in this instance, but I do say that the progress of the disease at the beginning was accelerated by want of cheerful companionship, and something to take the mind from itself.

Beware of letting the mind dwell too constantly on any subject, of whatever nature. A sensitive woman sometimes broods over an unkind word from her husband till she fancies his love is dead, and her own acts bring further estrangement. Never take any care or grief into your heart, to nurse into undue importance. The result may be to make you a monomaniac, insane on one subject only, sane on all others; this is a recognized type of insanity, and its frequency should teach us the necessity of avoiding too great concentration in any one line of thought. Don't become "cranks" on temperance, religion, women's rights, or cleanliness, for a "crank" as the term is used now, is simply a person with one predominating idea which very often develops into mania.

It is often said of some person in a neighborhood that she is "a gad-about," that she is "never at home," or "always on the street" because she is seen riding to town or walking to a neighbor's two or three times a week. It is a Turkish proverb, I think, which says a wife should be from her home but twice in her life, the day she is married and the day she is buried. But I hardly think we would take the Turkish ideal as a type of what is desirable in women; and it is generally these stirring women who keep out of asylums, (though Daffodilly perhaps thinks they may drive others there).

In housekeeping, it is very important to preserve the just balance between the needs of the individual and the essentials of the

housework. Slight the work, by all means, if to reach your standard you must give up society and health. Do not refuse a holiday, a visit, a vacation trip, unless for some better excuse than the fall sewing or the housecleaning. I know two sisters who are good examples of two types of women. One is always toiling, never able to take time to go anywhere. The other is poorer in purse and with more children than her sister, but when her husband comes in saying, "Get on your bonnet, Lu., black Ned 'll be at the door in ten minutes," she takes her hands out of the dishwater, turns the pan over the unwashed pile and says: "I'm with you, Charles!" One thinks she cannot; the other knows she can; one is dull and phlegmatic, the other bright and quick. Which is which?

BRUNEFILLE.

THE CHLORIDE OF LIME REMEDY.

In reply to Bess in reference to the way I apply chloride of lime to currant bushes, I would say I make a few holes in an old basin with a nail and sift it on. Why she should think it necessary to use two boxes for one application, unless she has a half an acre of bushes, is a mystery to me, especially as she says she uses only a tablespoonful of heblebore to a pail of water. We are particularly admonished by Prof. Cook and others to use all insecticides sparingly; one pound of London purple to one hundred of plaster being yet too strong, as shown by crisped and blackened foliage; one-fourth pound to a barrel of water for spraying purposes, should teach us a lesson against plastering the foliage of currant bushes, instead of dusting lightly and reasonably. I was told of a lady who, being anxious to increase the vigor of her plants by special plant food, filled the pots half full of a fertilizer of which we allow only one spoonful to a pail of soft water, once or twice a week. This must be on the principle that if a little is good, a good deal is better, which is never a safe rule in practice.

Kerosene is frequently recommended to destroy different insects on plants, trees, etc., but I think it must be thoroughly mixed with milk and soap to be safe to use. The use of kerosene on fruit trees, unmixed with other and more mild remedies, is fatal to the trees, and an experiment of that nature destroyed two fine orchards for the writer, and another for a neighbor. I trust this may be remembered by the FARMER readers. Currant worms will invariably begin with gooseberry bushes if there are any handy, and if watched and doctored as soon as they appear on them, we seldom see more of them for that season. I rarely use lime more than once in a season; it vanishes like the dew, and I never saw a leaf injured by it.

No doubt most of our readers, like myself, are repining while compelled to endure this hot dry weather, so ruinous to plant life and conducive to languor and ill-health to some. Empty flower pots partly filled with manure and sunk in the soil among choice plants and bulbs and filled with water at night, will assist the plants to bloom and grow thrifty. Dahlias require

water at this time; any wash slops or liquid manures answering the purpose well.

My time for several months past has been principally occupied in caring for a sick husband, with little hope of his recovery. I have endeavored to fill all orders promptly, notwithstanding, but the delays that occurred at times in sending pumps, were because we did not receive them from the manufacturers in season, which I regretted, as promptness is what I like in business.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

THE SUMMER LAMBREQUIN.

The following hints about summer decorations for the house are for the "fancy work girls:"

Very dainty lambrequins are made of fine "butcher's linen," or fine crash, on which morning glories are outlined; the flowers in pale pink and blue, the leaves in green. Below this border, the linen is fringed out to the depth of three inches, as a finish, and the lambrequin is held in place by small brass headed nails driven through a narrow band of pale green ribbon.

Another summer lambrequin, less stiff than the above, can be made from light material of any sort. The one seen was of pongee in its natural buff shade, on which had been printed sprays of flowers, in flat tints of pale blue and pink with leaves of olive, and stems of brown. The mantel is first fitted with a board, covered to match the lambrequin, and to this is sewed the selvedge edge of a breadth of silk, extending the entire length of the board and round one end, in rather a full ruffle, the sewing being done in such a manner that when the lambrequin is in place, this curtain falls over the seam and thus conceals it. The lower edge is trimmed by a fringe of silk balls, of the shade of flower stems, and at the bare end of the board the silk is gathered up in a bunch under a bow of pale blue, pink and olive ribbons; at this same end of the board, a separate breadth of the silk is sewed on in full plaits, and falls in straight folds; on its front and lower edge is the same ball fringe. Of course any drapery that is graceful, and appropriate to the material used, is allowable, but the mistake often is to have too many bows and too much draping. This same lambrequin is pretty in almost any lacey material, and especially in so-called "crazy cloth," and may be ornamented with cotton, silk or tinsel balls.

A pretty summer scarf for a chair back is made from bolting cloth and ribbon. The threads of the bolting cloth are drawn for the depth of half an inch across the end, and some distance above the edge; through the threads then left, a bright ribbon is woven. Leaving a space of half an inch, the threads are drawn as before, and a ribbon of some contrasting color used. This is repeated eight or nine times, the ribbons being fastened in place by a bow at each end, or else allowed to extend several inches at each end and lightly tacked in place by a stitch on the under side. The scarf is finished by a frill of fine, delicate lace at its lower edge.

The heavy draperies of a room, its portieres, etc., may be replaced by linen cur-

tains, hand-embroidered. The latest craze in New York studios is to make a wall drapery or portiere of a fisherman's net; not an imitation but a bona fide seine net, grey with age, and with its floats, sinkers and corks attached. It makes an original portiere to say the least.

A very dainty, fresh style for a bed-room, or small parlor, is to make the curtains of plain or figured Swiss muslin, trimmed with a goffered ruffle of the same. Concealing the top of the curtain is a lambrequin, made of the muslin, consisting of a rather full ruffle half a yard deep, with a narrow goffered ruffle on its lower edge, and a broad hem at the top. Through the hem a bright ribbon some three inches wide is run, and when this ribbon is measured to the exact width of the window frame, it is cut off and fastened at each end by a bow, or rosette. The lambrequin is lined to the depth of this hem with stiff white buckram, and then secured to the curtain rod so as to entirely conceal it, while the curtain hangs from beneath. This arrangement is so simple and so pretty, and can be made so easily, that if once used it will never be given up. Swiss muslin curtains may be trimmed with a fringe of cotton balls, or with heavy lace, and the lambrequin, trimmed to match, may be further improved by being lined throughout with a bright silesia or cambric.

A MOTHER'S DIARY.

I have just been doing what I have done so many times before in the nine years since the FARMER began to visit us, that is, reading and enjoying the contents of the HOUSEHOLD; and with Serena Stew I have come to the conclusion that I am under a debt to the aforesaid HOUSEHOLD, but just how I am to pay it, is not yet clear.

I can sympathize with Serena, for I too can "scarcely accomplish the essentials," and though I have served a twelve years' apprenticeship I do not yet find housekeeping so easy that I can relinquish my motto, "Eternal vigilance is the price of peace." If one could be satisfied to be a perfect virago, from whose household flies, mud, litter, comfort and all the beautiful home influences alike would flee, or the easy-going housekeeper who is never tempted to be cross to the children nor older members of the family, simply because it is immaterial to her whether the house be clean or dirty, tidy or otherwise, then one might hope to attain success in one line or the other; but to be always neatly and tastily dressed, with an immaculate home, tidy children who are not in the least neglected physically, mentally or morally, to be always cheerful, always firm, yet never cross, to find time to keep up music and studies, that the children may be instructed to keep posted in the news of the day, that one's friends may not find one dull and uninteresting, above all to be not so entirely absorbed in one's own as to be oblivious of social duties is, in my opinion, quite another thing. I am free to confess that I haven't reached my ideal, and I had almost said I never expect to, but I won't give up yet. I'll keep trying.

My next thought will betray one of my failures, for I am not sufficiently posted in the laws of our State to be able to make

any telling effort to answer S. B. W., or to crack the nut which has evidently been such a stunner to the HOUSEHOLD members. So far as my observation goes the laws, though "framed by men" are meant to favor women as much as possible, and I have made up my mind that to make laws which will meet all exigencies, is not an easy matter.

But I am getting into deep water, and hereby ignominiously retreat, but wish to say as a parting shot that I shall consider my life work a failure if my son should be so forgetful of the lessons of uprightness, justice and generosity which I daily seek to instill as to treat either me or his sisters as did the son in the instance Beatrix mentions.

I want to second A. H. J.'s warning about milk. We use it freely in our family, but never after anything sour has been eaten. So well is this rule understood, that once when offering a cup of new milk to one of the little ones, the quick reply was, "Why mamma, I have just been eating grapes!" We never allow candy to be eaten on an empty stomach, and so find it not so injurious. A little care as to what and how the children eat saves much trouble and perhaps sorrow. I dined once at a hotel table opposite a mother and her twelve or fourteen year old daughter. The mother was engaged in conversation and paid not the slightest attention to the girl, who ordered tomato soup, and ate while waiting, two or three pieces of rich cake and a dish of green cucumbers, then sipped perhaps half of the soup, and left for school. I wondered if she was particularly brilliant in her lessons that afternoon; and as her looks indicated that to be her usual mode of eating, I wondered how her mother could be so blind to her responsibility; but with all my musing I could not account for it, so I gave it up.

I wonder how many HOUSEHOLD mothers keep a journal. It seems to me that a journal in a mother's handwriting, recording the cunning sayings of the children, and the everyday life of the family would be an invaluable treasure to these children when perhaps father and mother have both passed away. Of course I do, or I should not have advised it, for I have not yet recovered from the shock I received, when in reply to what I considered an excellent piece of advice, I was met by the query "Do you do so?" and was obliged to confess that I didn't always.

L. B. P.

ARMADA.

CREAMERIES VS. CELLARS.

Didn't Serena Stew's pen slip when she wrote she packed her butter direct from the churn, or am I so far behind in the use of modern improvements that my sisters have passed out and away from me, and left me still plodding along in the old fashioned ways of our grandmothers? Though I have the reputation of being a good butter-maker, if there is a better and easier way, I for one am ready to adopt it, though that seems to be the question. Some are in favor of creameries and others are against them, claiming the butter has not the keeping qualities of shallow setting. As the proverb goes, "Many men of many minds," it seems

the same rule is applicable to woman as far as butter-making is concerned, as one can scarcely find any two who proceed in exactly the same manner.

I should like more explicit directions; also to know whether the butter keeps as well packed in this manner? We generally commence to pack in June and keep till about November. I am quite anxious to know the cheaper as well as the better plan, viz: creamery or cellar with cold water setting.

OLD HUNDRED.

THE "SUN" CHOLERA REMEDY.

At this season of the year cholera morbus and diarrhoea are very prevalent diseases, generally consequent upon some slight imprudence in diet which at another time would be unnoticed. It is almost indispensable to have some remedy at hand, and there is none we can commend so highly for all ordinary attacks of colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, etc., as what is known as "the Sun cholera mixture," which for forty years has been known by that name and been successfully used in such ailments. It is said that even when cholera has been epidemic no one who took the Sun remedy in time, had the disease. This remedy has been published three times in the FARMER, but in view of the unusual prevalence of such complaints this year we do not hesitate to republish it and vouch for its excellence. The directions are as follows:

"Take one half ounce each of tincture of cayenne, opium, rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, 15 to 30 drops in a wine-glass of water, according to age and the violence of the attack. Repeat every 15 or 20 minutes until relief is obtained."

CREAMERY BUTTER.

When I read Old Hundred's request for a plan for a milk cellar, I felt that I must tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD what a comfort my creamery has been through this hot weather, when all my neighbors were having so much trouble with their butter. I never enjoyed making butter in hot weather before, but now, with the "Queen creamery" and an ice house, it is a positive pleasure. We also add to that the pleasure of knowing that our customers consider it a privilege to pay from five to seven cents per pound more than the market price for our butter; and count it in when your husband calculates the difference between a cabinet creamery and the old milk pans. We built a little house near the well, and have it arranged to pump the water into the creamery, which saves lifting. The refrigerator under the milk cans is large enough to keep the cream-pail and butter crock. We made a mistake in not having the house large enough to churn in.

In regard to the "wife's money" I think that "circumstances alter cases," in that as well as in other things; and I believe that the quickest way to get the laws changed for the better, is to educate ourselves and daughters in business matters, so that the old laws will no longer be necessary to protect the rights of fatherless children. I was not willing to give up my money without something to show for it.

MASON.

AUNT SUE.

GOOSEBERRY JELLY.

I have always read that God made nothing but what there was a use for it. But I must confess I had my misgivings this morning, when I inspected a basket of wild gooseberries. No army of Greeks were ever more formidably barricaded with drawn swords, than were these berries with their sharp pricklers. Great luscious berries! I decided I would try what could be made from them. I put on gloves, took the shears and commenced operations, but that was too slow a procedure. I turned boiling water on some, they were stiffer and worse than ever. I boiled a few, but lo! the briars remained the same. Finally I put them all in the preserve kettle, covered them with cold water, allowed them to sit all the afternoon on the side of the range, let them stand until the next morning, when I turned the juice—not the berries—through the jelly bag, put a pound of sugar to one pound of juice, boiled five minutes; result, some splendid jelly.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

DAFFODILLY's change of address on her removal to Chicago was not, through some inadvertance, transferred to the HOUSEHOLD record. Will she kindly forward it, as there is a letter in the Editor's custody for her.

Contributed Recipes.

COFFEE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Soak one-third package of Cox's gelatine in a little hot water, enough to dissolve thoroughly. Whip one pint thick sweet cream with egg-beater until stiff; turn in the gelatine, and beat it lightly; add one cup powdered sugar and half a cup of strong cold coffee, beating it lightly. Line a mold—a bread tin with straight sides will answer—with slices of sponge cake. Pour in the whip, and set in a cool place to become firm. Nice dessert for Sunday, as it can be prepared on Saturday.

RICE TRIFLE.—Boil or steam one and a half cups rice until fine. Wet eight cups or glasses and divide the rice equally in each; press down a little; when thoroughly cold turn out in the dishes it will be served in; scoop a hollow in the top of each, fill with jam or jelly, and turn some around the base; heap whipped cream over all. Nice.

PEACH CREAM.—Make a custard of one quart milk, yolks of four eggs, one cup sugar. Dissolve half package gelatine, add to the custard; flavor with peach. Drain the juice from a can of peaches; add half as much water and one cup sugar; set it over the fire and boil until the syrup is thick; drop in the peaches and cook gently ten minutes. When the peaches and cream are nearly cold wet a plain mold and proceed to fill; first put in a cup of the cream, then a layer of peaches, alternating till all are used. When stiff turn out, pour around the base the syrup that is left, and a meringue made of the whites of the eggs beaten with a half cup sugar. Fresh peaches can be used in their season.

PEACH SHORTCAKE.—One egg; one cup sugar; one cup milk; two and a half cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one tablespoonful butter. Bake in jelly cake tins. Cut the peaches in fine quarters and mash slightly; place between the layers of cake; sprinkle with sugar. For the top cake use whipped cream; stud it thickly with slices of peaches. If cream is not obtainable, the whites of three eggs whisked to a stiff meringue with sugar is excellent. Berries can be used in the same manner if liked.

BATTLE CREEK

EVANGELINE.