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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE RIGHT ROAD.

"I have lost the road to happiness—  
Does any one know it, pray?  
I was dwelling there when the morn was fair  
But somehow I wandered away.  
"I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,  
And ran to pursue them, when, lo!  
I had lost the path to happiness  
And I knew not whither to go.  
"I have lost the way to happiness—  
Oh, who will lead me back?"  
Turn off from the highway of selfishness  
To the right—up duty's track!  
Keep straight along and you can't go wrong,  
For as sure as you live, I say,  
The fair, lost fields of happiness  
Can only be found that way.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### OUR SCHOOLS.

I do not think our common schools are just what they should be. I am sure there must be something wrong about it. Either there is not judgment used in the selection of teachers, or else they must be degenerating. I remember well when I was a child and attended district school, one of our teachers was kept five years, another three, and they were both women. They were such kind, gentle, patient teachers, how much all the scholars loved them; and they in turn acted as if they liked to teach, and threw their heart into their work and ruled by love instead of fear. Pupils discover instantly if a teacher acts from principle, or is after the "Almighty dollar." There are too many at the present time taking up teaching as a means of livelihood whom Nature never intended as instructors of youth. We see so many at the present time who have mistaken their calling, and there are no two branches of business in which we see it so practically illustrated as among teachers and preachers. De Witt Talmage says of the latter: "They should be chopped down, hewed off and grubbed out," and have only a "survival of the fittest," and it is generally true of teachers. I hardly believe a girl or boy at fifteen and sixteen years of age is a suitable person to place in authority over our little ones; supposing they have a knowledge of books sufficient to procure a third grade certificate, they may and often do, lack judgment and discrimination in their government and example. The officers of the district are three in number, director, moderator and treasurer. Invariably the offices are forced upon the men who fill the respective places. When it is time to hire the teacher the director usually hires the one who will teach for the least money, and as a natural

sequence, we have a woman teacher. Now I should suppose the better way would be to select three of the best men in the district for the officers, and have them respond willingly and honorably. There certainly should be nothing but a harmonious feeling in the matter, for all have little ones, and it would seem but natural to select good teachers for them, our dearest ones on earth. They are away from our care and influence the greater share of the day, what a feeling of interest should be shown then to have that person in whose charge they shall be in every way desirable.

Our home work can be very easily undone in those school hours. I notice the more interest parents take in school matters the more the teacher shows. I know of term after term when not a parent visits the school; this certainly is not very encouraging for teacher or scholars, for I know from experience nothing pleases a child more than to have their parents come visiting. There are always those in a district who expect the teacher to do more for the children than they do themselves; they are always sending word that their children must not do this or that, and I remember "once upon a time" there was almost a mutiny raised in the district because the teacher used a book of selections from Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell, a book that was recommended in the preface as being adapted to give children a taste for first class reading. One mother said "the teacher read novels" and her girl should not read such trash. There is no accounting for tastes in this world, and that teachers find lots of obstacles in the way while laboring for the good of their scholars, must be admitted.

I never believed in the "knocking down and dragging out" form of government; it is a poor rule, and should never be tolerated. I have in my mind a boy yet in his teens, who taught school, whose favorite rule was to grab a little boy by the coat collar, pull him backwards over the seat or desk, sling him choking and strangling on the floor, managing to dash his head against the wall or door; coming suddenly behind a scholar who unluckily was breaking some rule of school, and electrifying him and his school also, with a smart slap full upon the ear, leaving the child deaf for hours. Should this be tolerated in a civilized community? There is nothing so easily injured as the ear. No one with common sense should strike a child on the head. I read not long since of a mother who took her little girl to a physician in one of the eastern cities. She noticed the

child was losing her hearing in one ear. After a careful examination he gave as his opinion, that the hearing was irrevocably lost and that it was occasioned by blows upon the ear. The mother acknowledged that she always boxed the child on that side of her head for a punishment. "Well madam," he said, "you have the pleasing consciousness that you have made your child deaf for life."

What the world at large wants is a better set of officers, a better class of teachers and a higher grade of parents. The fundamental principles should be laid down at home. If our children are taught good behavior at home they behave at school. I once heard a gentleman, principal of a boys' academy, say that he could tell just what kind of food his scholars had at home, by their behavior at the table; those who stuck up their noses at the living he knew had poorer at home, and it is pretty much so. There is nothing that says so much for us as our manners and behavior. There is missionary work to be done in our homes and in our schools. If each one would strive, not so much for individual good, as for general good, in hiring our teachers look for quality instead of dollars and cents, and when we have a good teacher appreciate her—or him—as the case may be, encourage them by teaching our children that it is right to obey, instead of questioning them what the teacher does, and the thousand and one other things that are so much in vogue. Then, and then only will our schools be what they should be, and their standard will be raised, so that we will not be obliged to send our children away from us to school when we know they most need our care and home influence.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

### THE HOT WEATHER.

This has been such a phenomenally hot and dry summer that even "the oldest inhabitant" cannot remember its equal. We all suffer, but not in equal degree; some of us are uncomfortable, others much more so. Harper's *Bazar* of late date has a very excellent letter on bearing such discomfort, from which we glean a few thoughts:

"Nature is susceptible of impression, and it is a most valuable impress when a mother has taught her child the control of nerve and will and temper that enables it to endure physical discomforts, even as great as the severe heat which mounts to the nineties, without being ruffled. The heat may be intense, but if the nervous system is held in check and kept calm, the power



of the heat to harm is largely taken away. On the other hand the child that fumes and frets, the woman that tosses off this and that bit of clothing in a fret, mopping her face and fanning furiously, crying out how hot it is and making cold drinks—these people are really ten times more uncomfortable than they would be if they adopted an imperturbable demeanor, accepted the heat as a fact of the universe it is no more use to fight against than the movement of the earth. Should a physician take the temperature of any two persons pursuing these opposite paths of action, where one was found at fever heat the other would be normal.

"One will see in this matter of hot weather alone that the woman, red-faced and blowzy and perspiring, tossing herself about and making perpetual motion with her fan and perpetual irritation with her exclamatory remarks, affords an instance of suffering produced as much by ill-breeding and bad sense as by the sun's power; and one will see the person serene by force of habit and strength of will, of the same size and condition as the other; and subject to the same exterior influences, in a state of comparative comfort and suffering infinitely less than her restless and complaining sister, whose mental irritability is apt to break out in prickly heat."

All of which is very sensible and true. If you do not believe it, try it.

#### THE FINANCIAL FOX.

Solomon's Song, II-15.

When shall I marry? Not until I have sufficient property to ensure me a regular income for personal expenses. When as a teacher I "boarded around" I spied out this dreadful financial fox that destroys so many tender vines of matrimonial happiness. And now when I put on my glasses and sit with my pretty married nieces over their mending baskets, the ugly creature shows his nose with exasperating frequency. Only yesterday Nellie explained the lack of darning cotton and the right size of thread by saying, "I hate to ask Joe to buy thread, he looks so amazed, so I get along without as long as I possibly can." "There is that fox," I thought, and I resolved then to punch his head at least once with the sharp point of my pencil. It is in farmers' homes that I have watched him. Nellie's money may have paid for half the farm, and she has worked more hours than Joe has since their wedding day ten years ago; but when a sale is made the money goes into the pocket-book he calls his, and he decides what shall be bought, from a reaper and mower to a paper of pins. Now, if he would place a reasonable share in Nellie's purse and let her plan her wardrobe and choose for herself the little things so necessary to every housekeeper, this fox would be dead. I do not believe that in the ten years Joe has "loved to confer blessings and benefits upon her," she has had ten dollars that she felt was her very own to use just as she pleased. He buys liberally when the mood is upon him and is vexed if she asks for a spool of thread if it isn't. She can never plan or be sure of anything. She must always ask for every nickel and from his decision there is no appeal.

I know of one husband (not a farmer) who gives his wife a sum of money every week for household and personal expenses, and she has a self-reliant, composed, charming manner that no begging, cringing wife can ever hope to attain. The independent use of money gives dignity, and I sympathize with the minister who, when his funds were low, borrowed ten dollars every Saturday evening and returned it Monday morning because he could not preach with an empty pocket-book.

During a morning call Mrs. J. remarked: "Do you know that Kate is very poorly in health? She wants to consult Dr. B. (a skillful city physician) but John thinks old Dr. W. just as good, and you know how stupid he is; but then it won't cost so much." "Oh, that horrid fox!" I groaned. Kate must suffer, perhaps for years, because the money is in John's pocket and he does not see the necessity of skilled medical advice. Every wife and mother ought to decide for herself what physician shall prescribe for her diseases, but she rarely has the privilege.

Thirty years ago Mr. Pink was probably musing about how delightful it would be "to confer blessings and benefits" upon the future Mrs. Pink; and the expectant bride actually feared she did not have wants enough to keep Mr. Pink happy supplying them. And to-day if you ask any one within five miles what woman has the best husband, the prompt answer will be: "Why, Mrs. Pink, of course. Didn't Mr. Pink pay sixty dollars for her spring suit last year?" Yes, he did, but having bought that he could not afford gloves, shoes, and ribbons suitable to wear with it, so Mrs. Pink went about the streets feeling very shabby, even if her suit did cost so much. Had he given her the sixty dollars a week before the purchase she would have planned a complete outfit that would have been a "thing of beauty and a joy" as long as it lasted. Mr. Pink is the very man who takes the FARMER but did not take the HOUSEHOLD although he knew that his wife and daughters valued it highly. And three times last week I heard Mr. Pink refuse to carry a basket of clothes to the laundry to be ironed, although there were imperative reasons why Mrs. Pink needed help. Just fancy Mr. Pink's indignation should one of the neighbors say that after thirty years' experience in house-keeping Mrs. Pink was not competent to decide when it was necessary to hire an ironing done or pay two shillings for a paper! This pestiferous financial fox has so benumbed his matrimonial conscience that he never mistrusts that he is selfish and arbitrary.

But this fox puts in the most vexatious mischief when there are children, especially grown up daughters, to buy for. "Old School Teacher's" story of Mary's hat was no exaggeration, but a true picture of the trials of nearly every mother in the land. Of all the fathers I have known I can recall but one who seemed to consider that his grown-up daughter needed clothing, and he sometimes invites his to go to the store and get a dress, shoes or hat, as she may need. No, I never will marry until I have a purse of my own with money in it.

AUNT PRUDENCE.

#### HOUSE PLANTS.

The wise woman who proposes to keep a bit of summer in her house through the winter, has a stock of young plants in the process of rooting by this time, if not already rooted and ready to be transplanted into pots for winter blooming. The wise woman does not nip off a lot of cuttings in the fall, stick them in thumb pots, nurse them through a green and yellow melancholy and finally throw the leafless sticks into the fire, with a sigh over her hard luck with house-plants. Nor does she wait till October's frosts have cut down everything not protected by careful covering up o' nights, and then laboriously "lift" the scraggy, rampant shrubs that have wanted in rich earth all summer, crowd their mutilated roots into the narrow compass of a six-inch pot, lop off a branch here and there, and complacently fill up her windows with them, only to sweep up the shrivelled leaves and mournfully regard the bare branches and call it "bad luck." The wise woman of whom I write does nothing of this kind. In summer she prepares for winter. If she has plants she means to keep over she sinks the pots in the earth and when she wants to put them in winter quarters, shifts them to larger pots, or scoops out a little of the earth in the pots and replaces it with fresh vegetable mould or loam. She knows the thrifty plants that have been planted out and bloomed all summer will not do well in her windows during the winter; plants, like people, require rest. So she has rooted slips of those she prefers, and in autumn has some compact, well-shaped young plants, which in a sunny window will repay her with generous blossoms. She does not leave her plants out of doors as long as she dare, and then take them into the warm living room; instead, they go from the piazza to some unused room warmed only by the sun, and the transition to winter quarters is so gradual there are few yellow leaves.

The wise woman does not fill every available window of her living rooms with plants "because she is so fond of them," till husband cannot get near enough the light to read his paper with comfort, and the children lose their playthings and complain it is so dark they cannot find them again. She knows there is an infinite deal more pleasure in even two or three well-grown, luxuriant plants, than in two dozen which are struggling for life and getting badly worsted, and lives up to her knowledge; there's nothing charming about a windowful of clay pots with a twig with a couple of leaves on it in each. She does not try to raise camellias and tea roses in her sitting-room; she knows she cannot provide the conditions necessary for success. Her "luck with plants"—for the wise woman is always lucky—consists simply in good judgment and observation. She waters judiciously; she never lets a plant wilt for want of water and then wonders, two weeks afterward, what makes it turn yellow; and keeps the air in her rooms cool, moist and not too warm.

The wise woman does not, like Tennyson's "withered misses,"

"Show you slips of all that grows  
From England to Van Dieman's,"



nor make a nuisance of herself by asking every plant-growing friend to mutilate her choicest specimens to give her "a slip." She does not accept a "monkey flower" from one neighbor, a "musk plant" from another, and a *mirabilis* from a third, only to find them one and the same thing. She has learned too, that two or three pretty foliage plants with her favorite geraniums and heliotropes, are a source of satisfaction; they do not bloom, but their bright-hued leaves are very attractive. Into the cellar go her fuchsias, zonal geraniums, etc., and out they come in the spring, ready to begin living again. Another thing the wise woman doesn't do is to grow those abominably homely, ungainly things called under the generic name of cactus, which have no excuse for existing outside New Mexican plains, or a florist's "chamber of horrors."

DETROIT.

BEATRIX.

#### THAT NUT.

Should a wife place property she holds in her own right into the hands of her husband, without reserve or limitation? If this is an abstract question my answer is an unqualified No. If the property is the outcome of her own efforts, or comes to her by bequest, or in any form not connected with "aid or comfort" from her husband, it is her own, and she should hold it secure.

But, if it would help their mutual business to have it consolidated with property owned exclusively by the husband, go into partnership, honestly and squarely, and call it "ours." I verily believe much of the prejudice felt and demonstrated by men against the separate holding of property by the wife, has come as much from the very pronounced way some women have of asserting their ownership of property as from any other cause. In season and out, the "my and mine" rings in, and a man is made to feel his inferiority, and the wife's supreme condescension in a way hard to be borne.

A story is told that has much human nature in it, of a man and woman entering life with a joint capital of nine dollars. After a prosperous life, the subject came up amid a company of juvenile-people, and the old man, telling the story, facetiously warned the youth to "beware of wedding a woman richer than themselves," "for," said he, "my wife throws it up to me yet that the odd dollar of our capital belonged to her. She had five dollars to my four."

Much is said of the injustice of law to woman in regard to property, and certainly there are points that could be improved, but in this case woman has every advantage. The husband is bound to support the wife, even if he be poor and she wealthy. None of her property can be seized for his debts, though incurred for her support; nor, unless she so will, can he inherit ought at her death. [We take the liberty of correcting A. L. L.'s statement that the husband cannot inherit any of the wife's property unless she so will. Howell's Annotated Statutes, Vol. II, page 1527, says the wife's property, unless disposed of by will, shall be distributed, after debts and expenses of administration are paid, as follows: One-third to the husband and the remaining two-thirds to the

children; or if there be but one child the property shall be divided between the husband and child, share and share alike. If there be no children, half the property shall go to the husband, and the remainder to the wife's father, if he be living, or to her mother, brothers and sisters if the father be dead. If there be no father, mother, brothers or sisters, the husband inherits the entire property. We make this correction, less to prove "our old reliable" A. L. L. for once in the wrong than to give the women of farm homes, who are usually very ignorant on all matters pertaining to their legal rights, exact information as to their real position. Any woman holding property in her own name can dispose of it by will in any way she pleases.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

No doubt, many a man has worried a woman, by unmanly means, and against her judgment, into giving her property into his hands to the injury of both; and the converse is equally true, that some women have nagged men into turning property over to them, and the result has not been a brilliant success.

So much for generalities; when we come down to real life, each case must be decided on its merits, and general laws lose much of their potency. I think in the case mentioned by Beatrix, where the husband had proved his deficiency in business management, the wife who would trust the residue to him would be a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. If the conceit of the man could survive such a failure as that, he should, if ugly or obstreperous be abated like any other nuisance. A man that would make a woman's life miserable after such a generous trial, should wear a muzzle in her presence until he learned civility, and—yes—humility.

There are many men who have an overdrawn opinion of the woman they seek to marry, and an overweening opinion of the man she marries after the ceremony has made her irrevocably his own. Before marriage, his money could hardly be spent freely enough; after marriage, his purse strings get in a hard knot, and if she has money of her own, by some strange jugglery he thinks it all wrong, and his palm itches to grab the coveted supply. While marriage blends two lives in one, legally and morally, in daily life there are separate desires and necessities, and when fortune has placed in woman's hand a staff, it is not usually well to transfer its supporting power irrevocably to her abler self. A vine must cling, of course, but a sturdy oak should not grudge her a little stick in addition, especially when she will use it as a prop for both in case of storm or disaster.

Many a man has no talent for business management; he may be a good worker for others, but no success when standing alone. Many a woman has demonstrated her fitness for business; many more are lamentable failures. Wives are liable at any time to be deprived of the husband's aid, counsel and care. It is the duty of every husband and wife to counsel together, to understand the formula and standing of business, to labor together and use of their means for the comfort and happiness of their family; but it is not the duty of either to give up indi-

vidual property into the hands of the other. It can be used just as freely, and be just as much appreciated while it is ours, as if it all belonged to one, no matter which one. I never did believe in what is called two pocket-books, nor have I greater faith in one alone. There should be a general treasury, from which each may draw as their several needs require, but each should have their own small or large store at command, from which to be prepared for unexpected calls.

A wife should not feel it necessary to ask in a servile way for money, nor should a man snarl when asked for money by his wife. But there are persons so constituted that these very unpleasant things are sure to obtain. Agitation of this subject will help such cases, no matter if the same things are said over and over again. Truth will bear iteration and reiteration, and the scales of custom and prejudice are very hard to loosen from the eyes of many. A man ingrained by nature and education in the belief that "I own it all," will be apt to deal grudgingly with his wife, "whose time amounts to no more than a settin' hen's," and the wife, not fully educated to claim her own, will stint, and worry, and manage, rather than meet the sneer or hauteur of the little big fellow who promised in wedlock to "endow her with all his worldly goods." But times change and people change also. When the millennium of woman's rights comes, remember, and be generous.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

#### THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

Some time ago, Bess made a request that some others would give their experience in the chicken business, with a future promise of her's. As no one as yet has responded, and being troubled myself somewhat with hen fever, I will say a word or two after the fashion of Bill Nye, who sent east for a pair of blooded fowls at a cost of \$9 00; and freight \$4 30. He kept them some weeks, the hen failed to lay the high priced eggs, and the rooster appeared to be better bred than himself, so he concluded to have a \$9 00 pot pie. Some twenty-four years ago I began keeping house on the farm; some kind friends started us in chickens and of course we have found them useful ever since, both in the house and garden too. I have kept no account of profit and loss, but have thought and felt, many a time, that if there was not a chicken within a thousand miles I would be better satisfied, but then what is the use of a man's growling, when the women will see them scratch up their nice posies by the roots, and still speak in their praise. If the chickens stole the surplus pie and cake out of the pantry, the Plymouth Rocks would be all straight, with them. Yes; you should build and fence them a nice house and roomy yard, chop meat, and grind bone dust, and the tale is not half told. About three miles from here lives a man who built a very nice yard, with picket fence and divisions. Inside this yard is a very neat chicken house with cornice and cupola, sided and covered with tarred roofing; I hear it cost him \$200. Now with eggs at 12 cents per dozen, the feed and the care, how long will it take him to pay the



cost? By that time his house and yard will want some alteration and repairs.

I have seen Bess' chickens and surroundings, and she has some "worthy of all praise;" with only two prominent toes visible, which makes them non-scratchers, the most desirable factor in the chicken tribe, but I cannot find a good name in my book for the common run of thoroughbreds as yet. Now ladies, be merciful to an erring brother, or my share of the egg money will never take me to Detroit. "'Tis not the spot where I was born, still ever dear to me," and so are chickens, "by spells."

We heard that the huckleberries were tired too and all dried up, so we did not take our usual trip to Barry County, and concluded to let them rest just one year.

PLAINWELL.

#### SCRAPS.

I WONDER whether our greatness as a nation is not making us unfeeling, especially in all that does not come under our immediate knowledge or make an active demand upon our sympathies. When the news of that awful railroad disaster at Chatsworth, where a hundred human beings were hurled into eternity without one moment's warning and as many more were crushed and mangled and left to linger in agony, flashed over the wires, the newsboys were soon crying "Extry 'dishun, all 'bout the ax'dent." Men bought the papers, read the headlines, and hurried on, as intent upon business and money-making as ever, as soon as they saw none of their own personal interests were involved. At the dinner table some one said "Terrible accident, that on the Peoria road, was n't it?" Another asked "What accident, what about it?" "Excursion train ran on to a burning bridge, more than a hundred people killed," and somebody else said "How awful!" and the tide of talk turned upon the succulence of the green corn on the table, and the fact that the Americans are the only people that know the delicious edible, and how shocked Englishmen have been at seeing the Yankee enjoying it *au naturel*; and somebody told that old chestnut about the Irishman who at his first experience with it, sent back the cob to have "some more banes put on the sthick." And yet, "who knoweth the heart of man?" Perhaps in the mind of each and all was the picture imagination called up, of the fallen bridge and broken coaches, the ghastly corpses, the moans of the dying, and the ghouls, who like Victor Hugo's Thenardier, robbed the miserable victims as they lay dying. Social laws demand we shall restrain our emotions; we may feel deeply, yet must preserve our calmness and indifference. We read of so many appalling accidents, of such fearful crimes, such destruction of human life through various agencies, that such occurrences must come very near us to waken other than transient emotions. Perhaps it is best so, for how we would be rent with unavailing pain were we to suffer with all who mourn.

"I AM done looking for any great happiness to come to me all in a moment, to bless and benefit all my after life, and am

striving to get some content, some happiness, out of every day as it comes," said a friend to me the other day, as we chatted together in my especial sanctum. I remembered what I knew of her life and its limitations, and her strong love for books and travel, and all life's refinements, ever held down by circumstances that narrowed every expense to the smallest margin, and thought: "She has found the secret of happiness. Not to expect great things, but to make the most of little ones; to live in the present, enjoying what it brings. Aloud I said. "And can you always find something in each day's happenings to give you pleasure?" "Always," she replied; "sometimes it is but a little thing, but always something. A few pleasant words with a friend; a blossom on one of my plants, some good thoughts from a book,—oh, one can find many sources of happiness for the seeking. I hope I shall never lose my capacity for enjoyment of such things, for after all life is made up of trifles. I shall take it as a sign I am growing old, when I am no longer pleased by small things." Happiness is as elusive as the odor of a rose; seek it, it flies before; pursue it, it eludes and dazzles, yet leaves ashes as a heritage; the harder we strive for it, the more unsatisfactory our pursuit. Is it not then, the wisest plan to give over expecting the realization of bright visions in the future, and be just as happy in the present as possible, even if trifles compose the sum of our content?

"WHEN are your happiest moments?" is a conundrum I have propounded, "just for the fun of it," to divers and sundry of my acquaintances since reading a late letter of Evangeline's, and the answers I have received have ranged all the way from jest to earnest. "When I have successfully worked out an intricate problem after several failures," answered a local mathematician of considerable celebrity, and his slender, nervous hand stroked his long beard as he seemed to remember some such triumph. "When I'm out with my best girl and have skipped 'the dragon,'" and a pair of saucy brown eyes twinkled mischievously as they looked mockingly into mine. "You'll think me dreadfully frivolous, but I really believe I am perfectly happy when I know I'm dressed in perfect taste and fitness in every detail," said the society woman, to whom life is one long full-dress reception. I ventured to ask a man with his head full of business the same question, half afraid at my own temerity. "Happiest moments!" he repeated, "Humph! I don't think I have any—unless it's when my wife isn't dunning me for money," and he smiled bitterly and sauntered down the walk as if the question awoke unpleasant thoughts. "When the boys are fast asleep in their cribs, and Will and I are enjoying the twilight together, I am perfectly happy," said the philosophical mother of twins. "I never expect to be happy till my husband is off the road," said the repining wife of a traveling man. "I am in misery night and day when he is away, fearing some accident, and when he's home I can't be happy because I know he must go away so soon." What a life! no happy moments, always

the fear of what may be, overshadowing what is! Evangeline tells us her happiest moments come when she holds her babes to a heart overflowing with mother-love. And if any one turns the question back to me, "I shall answer, I shall tell you" that I am happiest when the northeast pigeon-hole of my office desk is full and running over with HOUSEHOLD copy.

BEATRIX.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

COLORED and black stockings, if washed before wearing in water in which has been put a little beef's gall, will not fade by washing.

It is said that if a little bag of mustard be laid on the top of the pickle jar it will prevent the vinegar from moulding, if the vinegar has not been boiled.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Popular Science News* highly recommends common washing soda as an antidote for ivy-poisoning, to which he is extremely susceptible. He makes the application by saturating a slice of bread with water, covering one side of it with the soda, then applying the soda-covered side to the poisoned flesh. When the bread becomes dry he drops water on the outside to moisten it and re-dissolve the soda crystals. This is better than washing or bathing with soda in solution. Half an hour will usually relieve the pain.

AN inventive woman tells us how she made a new stair carpet the year the old one and the crops both failed. She had a number of stout old bags, or grain sacks, which she cut into strips of the required width, using the best portions, and sewed them together with stout twine; she then painted the strip with dark brown paint, giving it three coats; then she drew an inch wide stripe on each side and painted it yellow. When this was dry, she varnished the whole strip and had a very pretty seal brown and old gold carpet, which looked quite handsome under her gilt stair rods, and which proved very durable.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**CORNSTARCH CAKE.**—One cup sweet milk; two cups white sugar; one cup butter; three-quarters cup cornstarch; two cups flour; whites of five eggs; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a stiff cream; then dissolve the cornstarch in the milk, and add. Mix the baking powder well into the flour; beat the eggs to a stiff froth, and add last. Very nice.

**DELICATE CAKE.**—One cup sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; one egg; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups flour; one spoonful baking powder. Flavor with lemon. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream; then add the other ingredients. Sift the baking powder in the flour.

**ORANGE CAKE.**—Two cups sugar; two cups flour; one and a half cups water; half cup butter; whites of three eggs and yolks of five; half a grated orange; three tablespoonfuls baking powder. For the filling, take half an orange; whites of two eggs; one and a half cups sugar. Bake in layers; you will find it nice. These are all tested recipes.

OLD HUNDRED.