

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 29, 1887.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

MY GUEST.

She came in the dewy morning;
was hurried with toil and care,
And I said, "O Friend, excuse me!
But I have not an hour to spare.
Pray come when my work is finished,
When the sun is in the west;
In the hush of the pleasant evening
I will sit with thee and rest."

She came in the sultry noontide,
And her smile was wondrous sweet;
But yet I had never a chamber
For her gracious visit meet;
And I said, "O Friend, forgive me!
I am burdened with toil and fret;
It is noon, and I cannot give thee
A place and a welcome yet!"

At last my labor was ended,
And I decked myself with care;
My house was swept and garnished,
And now I had time to spare;
And I sat in the quiet evening,
With my heart in a strange unrest;
And I grew so weary, waiting
For the coming of my guest.

But never a nearing foot-fall
Or stir of the latch I heard;
And night came chill and lonely
And still was my hope deferred.
Alas, that I had not kept her!
Or heeded the way she went;
But now I am grieved with waiting
For my vanished guest, Content!

DISCONTENTED WOMEN.

I am always deeply sorry for a discontented woman. Sorry, because I find her discontent is either a vague unrest, due in part to a lack of resources in herself, to a want of cultivation of natural abilities, or born of envying the wealth or opportunities of those she considers more blessed by fortune. Yet few, I find, who thus cavil at their condition, are willing to avail themselves of the opportunities they have; they must have more—much more, or nothing. It is an ideal existence they would lead, in a rarified atmosphere, untainted by anxiety over temporal things, that atmosphere to be lazily luxurious, socially elevated, or intellectually brilliant. And I wish, sometimes, that I had the fairy godmother's magic wand, that I might grant their desires to the letter, and please myself by thinking how soon they would be beseeching me: "Oh Fairy Godmother, graciously make me my old self again!"

It is not good to be too content with ourselves; there is then no incitement to advancement. Yet to allow our longings for what is beyond us to banish the happiness that is at hand if we will but have it, is to be as foolish as the child crying for the crescent moon in the evening sky. Many a woman who never lets a day pass without

lamenting the fate that made her one of the world's toilers, would be miserable if condemned to a life of luxurious ease; she is "not built that way." She might better ask herself whether there is, after all, anything better for her than just that very place she fills, if she but bring to its daily details serenity and helpfulness. Much is due to those whose part it is "only to stand and wait."

There is another class whose ambition is of a nobler order. Their opportunities are few, their hearts full of yearning for more and greater scope. They read the inspired words of poets and the earnest sayings of our great thinkers; and make themselves unhappy longing for the society of those cultured and refined souls, who in their fancy sit upon pedestals and never unclosethe their lips except to drop gems of thought to the eager worshipers at their feet. They would find were their wishes granted that poets do not talk blank verse, and that heroes can be very particular about mutton chops; to all these "profound thinkers" their thoughts are their literary capital; the brilliant sayings and terse epigrams are kept for the next book or magazine article; and that ordinarily their talk is as prosaic as if they had never dined with Jove upon the Olympian hill. The soulful young woman who raves over "Maud" and "The Princess" could conceive no greater pleasure than to meet the Laureate in person. Yet he is reputed to be irritable almost to brutality, vain beyond all reason, demanding constant flattery, and it is said of him that at a grand dinner-party he never spoke but once, and then to say, "I like my mutton in wedges." Not all our great literateurs are like this, to be sure; but, in the haste and hurry of life and toil, lives touch, and go on apart, and only a few meet in other than merely conventional paths. As Longfellow puts it:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

There is perhaps the occasional companionship, born of proximity, an intercourse based on interest or convenience, but it would not satisfy the discontent under which our friends labor. Only the friendships of magnetism and temperament, which transcend all known laws, could do that, and these one is not able to give, the other too engrossed to bestow. To be able to nod familiarly to a great man might please some, but after all, don't we

get nearer him when we study his heart and mind through what he has written? Strifes, jealousies and backbitings are common to all classes—and as belittling and trivial in one as another.

And another who longs for social prominence and the round of gayeties that make what we call social life, would find these pleasures Dead Sea fruit. Under the satin bodices of our grand dames dwell envyings and jealousies, and petty feuds; and their cares about fashion's whims, their fears of being outdone by a rival, their schemes to advance higher socially are far less worthy and womanly than the "belittling cares" which bend the back and roughen the hands of women of the middle classes.

To enjoy society, we must find our level, seek those of our own grade and station, who are interested in similar things, with whom we have something in common. Generally speaking, if we are fitted for any place, and do not obscure our own opportunities by idle repinings, we will gravitate to that place, socially or intellectually. Sometimes the very abundance of our privileges makes us careless of them; we want, but only that we cannot grasp. There is no true and noble aspiration which will not find scope for its realization. Nor need we think it an insignificant, ignominious thing to meet faithfully and patiently the daily demands of life, though there may be some of us who can say with the old Italian professor, that we took up life in the middle and are trying to twist ropes of which we never held the ends. Even then, we may make our little bit of the world "somewhat better for our being," and console ourselves by reflecting upon Elizabeth Cady Stanton's saying: "It is a trying ordeal to pass through life without being appreciated at one's true value; but it is more trying to be continually thrust into a niche one is unable to fill."

"A commonplace life, we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But sad were the world, and dark our lot,
If flowers failed and sun shone not;
And God, who sees each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole."

BEATRIX.

Nor long ago a lady asked what she could do to get rid of the small red ants. A correspondent of an exchange says she mixed Rough on Rats with molasses and poured a little on a shelf where the ants were numerous, and they came to the feast in great numbers. Next day no ants were visible.

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.

ANTI-OVER.

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 someonesaid "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.

COLORS 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.

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MUTUAL HELPERS.

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows.
Useless each without the other."

Mutual helpers; there is a great deal implied in those two words, if we look at them right, and gain their meaning in the broadest, fullest sense. Out of chaos this beautiful world was formed; it is held in space by fixed laws, worlds revolve around worlds, planets around planets, there is no chance about it. If there were, confusion would surely result. We read that the same Giver of good made man in his own image, but found that it was not good for man to be alone; so woman was formed from a rib taken from his side.

"But you see if the rib that was taken away
And made into woman, as sleeping he lay,
Had not been returned in the shape of a wife,
It's imperfect he'd been all the days of his life.
So you see it's quite plain, that all mankind
Was born incomplete, and must wander this earth all
Forlorn,
'Til they get back again that same rib to their
side
In the shape of a woman, their helpmate and
pride."

We all know that there has been a great revolution in affairs since Adam's time. In the early ages the father was the sole lawmaker and judge; there was no civil government, no written constitution. He was presumed to receive his ideas and authority directly from God. Those who were under him were merely slaves, he held their property, he punished or rewarded them as best suited his pleasure. In those days civilization had not begun, woman occupied no such position as she does today; in one sense of the word she was a slave, subservient to man's wishes, never questioning why, but obeying. God designed woman as a helper; she was given to man as a helpmate, but the words of Eve falling in melodious and silvery tones upon Adam's ear.

"My Author and Disposer, what thou bid'st,
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more,
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her
praise."

are heard no more, for there is no man living now whose vanity would bear that, they would stalk around here with at least three feet added to their natural stature. For with civilization there dawned a new era for woman, and she came out from under the dark clouds of superstition and ignorance, and become what the Great Author designed her, a mutual helper.

We know what life is without woman. Go out on the plains where the cow boys herd cattle and sheep and horses, out in the mining regions where year after year a woman's face is never seen, a woman's gentle and refining influence is never felt, look in the drinking and gambling dens where murders are as common as carousals, just think of the lives they lead; do you ever, you who sit in your pleasant homes with husband and sons about you, and you showing all the womanly sweetness and goodness in your nature to make home fair and beautiful, throwing your refining influence over it all, to keep and guard them from evil? But there are lots of boys who leave their mother's side and go off to those places; they will never see her face again;

is it any wonder that they fall with such associates? If they were to open the little testament she gave them at parting, to read in it, they would be styled "tender-foot;" they would be laughed and jeered right out of it. If a wife will look at it in the right light, she can be a great help to her husband. There are men who would be popular if their wives had a little more tact, and while we are talking about it, that's what the majority of women lack. No man can fight his way up single-handed—I mean a married man—with his wife hanging like a millstone on his neck. I know a man who struck out on the right path; he was supervisor of his town, and then became a member of the Legislature; he never should have stopped short of Congress, but he was unfortunate in his marriage, and the chances are he will never be anything more than he is. Well, you ask how can a woman help her husband, any more than to keep house and tend the children? There have been women known who would not do that, who hated their husband because they had little ones, sent them off out of the house to be nursed and cared for, and spoke of them as "little brats." Only think of it! Think any man with a wife like that has any heart to push ahead? Of course not, she is not only despised for doing so, but he is looked down on for allowing it.

Whatever occupation a man may engage in, his wife bears a relation to it; she can interest herself in it, inform herself about it, make it pleasant and agreeable for his friends when they shall come to see him, read and find out all she can about the blooded stock he keeps; horses, sheep or cattle as may be. A gentleman visiting here recently told me his wife was more enthusiastic about the Hereford cattle he was making a specialty of, than he was. She knew their names, and petted them and read all the papers he took concerning them. It quite often happens that there will be extra ones for dinner or tea, men who have come to look at the stock or at the farm; no matter if you have prepared only enough for your own family, put an extra plate on the table, add a little of this or that, and in the pleasant conversation—for I find these stock men are all agreeable, intelligent men—any shortage will not be apparent. There are times when we are obliged to "make a virtue of necessity." Men can be a great help to each other if they will. It is "man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

Almost any man, if he sees a team dashing headlong—running away, would put some obstacle in the road to stop them; would raise a helping hand to save them from destruction. But does he do the same when he sees his brother man on the road to ruin? Does he ever realize what a moral wrong he is doing when he gives his friend, who he knows has no control over his appetite, a nudge and wink, and walks into the saloon and treats him? If there is any one habit that I feel is wrong, and I believe every man who practices it knows it is wrong too, it is treating. Why should not every man be supposed to know when he wants a drink, and go and buy it, and not have the fearful sin on his soul that he is helping others along in evil? One glass

does not look as if it would hurt anybody, but

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by, will make the music mute;
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward, slowly molders all."

It would be an easy thing for a man to tell that young boy that he is not in the right place, to shun saloons and gambling houses, point out the evils that surround him. Take the lesson home, you who have little ones around you. Never lose an opportunity to help a brother man to his feet, and one way to do it is to keep good company yourself.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

BAY VIEW ASSEMBLY.

The exercises of the Michigan branch of the Chautauqua Assembly proved of universal interest this year, the number of Chautauquans in attendance being three times greater than last year, and the whole Assembly reaching the grand total of five thousand people, during the most interesting days of the session. The lectures, concerts and sermons were of the highest intellectual merit. Dean Wright, of Boston, captivated the hearts of all by his gentlemanly bearing, profound learning and ready wit, and to whichever building Dean Wright went, with his blackboard, thither the crowd followed. He is acknowledged to be the best Greek scholar in the United States, and has the happy faculty of elucidating knotty questions, and bringing them down to the comprehension of ordinary minds.

Dr. Pierson, Bishop Gillespie, Mr. Wilder, of India, the Misses Hartwell and Olmsted, of Siam, were present and contributed greatly to the interest of the exercises. Miss Willard, the silvery tongued orator, held the vast audience spell-bound with one of her characteristic lectures, and Rev. Anna Shaw, of Boston, delivered an address which in eloquence and force of argument, was not excelled by any of the learned divines.

The history of the W. C. T. U. reads like a book of romance. Organized in 1878, it now carries on forty departments of work, and has not only a national but world's union, employing an agent in China, Japan, India and other foreign countries, organizing local unions; and the good accomplished by these 200,000 earnest women, in raising fallen humanity, can not be overestimated.

John Dewitt Miller, who has no superior in the lecture field, gave three lectures, on "Love, Courtship and Marriage," "Distinguished Men I Have Met," and "The Stranger at Our Gates."

Dr. Fairfield carried the audience to Rome, Egypt and Palestine, as he portrayed the scenes so vividly before us. His description of Rome was very graphic, giving a word picture of St. Peter's church, which cost \$50,000,000, and is of such vast dimensions that thirty churches of ordinary size could be placed in the entrance hall, whose spire can be seen forty miles away. He also pictured to us the church of St. Clements, 1200 years old, ruins of the palace of Cæsars, in which there still remain five hundred kinds of marble, the Roman baths, covering twenty acres and con-

taining room for two thousand bathers, the Coliseum, in the arena of which two thousand Christians perished, Trajan's Column, built A. D. 114, the Pantheon, the Maritime prison, where St. Peter is said to have been confined, the pageantry of the Pope and cardinals, each riding in a coach costing \$17,000. He described Cairo as a city of great filth and narrow streets, containing three hundred mosques, and people so lazy that they ride up to the third story to bed on a donkey, and down to breakfast in the morning in the same fashion. He related his experience in climbing one of the pyramids, which covers six acres of ground, built of stones three feet thick, making the steps three feet high. He made the ascent with the help of four men, and when half way up, stopped to rest, in full view of the university where Moses was educated.

Col. Sprague gave two very fine lectures, entitled "Shakespeare's Youth," and "Milton as an Educator." He said Milton was the most able and acute scholar then living, and of so fair an appearance as to be called "The Lady of Christ's College." He was scholar, poet and musician, ever living in a religious frame of mind, but despising the slavery of the priesthood. He established a school in London, using his pen in favor of religious liberty, sympathizing with Cromwell in his revolt against Charles I. He was contemporaneous with Galileo, and with Roger Williams, who in America was laboring for the same cause, religious liberty, and the first man on earth to incorporate its principles into politics. In 1646 Milton became totally blind, having written a book in defense of the people of England when told by his physician that it was at the peril of losing his sight, so dearly did he love his people, who were endeavoring to throw off the yoke of tyranny.

Prof. Hammil, the eminent elocutionist, gave several readings, to the great delight of the Assembly; and the famous Schubert quartette, the Assembly chorus, the children's chorus, Mrs. Yale, Miss Luther and other soloists, rendered the air jubilant with song; and the admirable violinists, the Misses Reynolds, of Kalamazoo, elicited great admiration from all by their fairy-like music.

Then there was the noted stereoptican lecturer, H. H. Ragan, bringing out the historic scenes with such life-like semblance, illustrating Paris, the Rhine and Switzerland, and picturesque Ireland. Among the beautiful scenes of Ireland are the lakes of Killarney, Phoenix park, where Cavendish and Burke were assassinated in broad daylight, and in full view of the porter's lodge; monument to Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar; the mysterious Round Tower, built no one knows when; the Shandon bells and the Giant's Causeway, built in the days of the giants—as the legend runs—by the giant Fin, king of Ireland. The Scottish king across the water had said "he would come over and thrash him, if he was not afraid of wetting his feet," and so old king Fin built the causeway, and he came over, and was badly beaten.

There is in connection with the Assembly a cooking school, teachers' institute, art class, and school of elocution. All the concerts and lectures, everything except the

last four named schools, may be enjoyed for the small sum of one dollar and a half.

Too much can not be said in praise of J. M. Hall, the capable superintendent of the Assembly, whose untiring zeal and ready tact made the Assembly such a success, and whose beautiful cottage, commanding a fine view of the lovely bay, was a rendezvous for all Assembly workers. Mr. Hall, with his estimable wife, doled out hospitality without stint, and many a benighted traveler found shelter there, who otherwise might have looked long for a place to lay his head, so great was the crowd.

The wisdom of the trustees of the Assembly is displayed in its location at Bay View, one mile from Petoskey. I think a lovelier spot could not have been found in the State. Little Traverse Bay, upon which the town is situated, seems indented into the land for man's express enjoyment, while the blue waters of Lake Michigan go rolling by, bearing on their precious freight. The Assembly grounds, which rise in gradual ascent from the pebbly beach, command a magnificent view, with Harbor Springs on the right, Petoskey on the left, and the water below, with its ever changing colors, while the cool fresh breeze, the absence of all care, the invigorating tone of the exercises of the Assembly, all conspire to fill the hours with perfect joy.

HOWELL.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.

BRATTENBURG LACE WORK.

Brattenburg lace work is very fashionable at present, and much liked for table-scarf ends, mantle valences, tidies, etc. This work is done with the needle, by putting down braids in pretty designs, then filling in leaves and flowers with pretty lace stitches. Many of the stitches used are the same that we use in point lace work, but the materials are so much coarser that the work is quite rapidly performed.

For mantle scarfs, bottom of window shades, chair backs, etc., nothing is more effective than the old, but now new again, Roman embroidery. This is worked with linen floss upon ecru, grey or cream linen.

Some simple design is chosen, such as daisies, wild roses, honeysuckles with their leaves, etc., and outlined upon the linen, then worked in button hole stitch. These designs are all connected by bars worked over two or three threads of linen to make them firm. When the outlines are all buttonholed, the linen outside the outlines is cut away, leaving a beautiful lace-like pattern. When tidies, table scarfs, etc., are made of this embroidery, they should be laid over some rich, bright colored fabric, thus bringing out all the beauty of the design.

KNITTED JACKET FOR INFANT.

Use either white Shetland, or white single zephyr; and two No. 9 needles. The lace on the bottom is knit first. Cast on 113 stitches, and seam first and second rows. 3d, knit 2, *, slip 1, narrow, pass slipped stitch over narrowed one, knit 2, over, knit 1, over, knit 2, *, repeat; finish with 1 plain. 4th, seamed, 5th like 3d row. 6th, seamed. 7th, seamed. 8th, all plain. 9th, like 3d. 10th, seamed. 11th, like 3d. 12th, seamed. 13th, seamed. 14th, plain.

15th, like 3d. 16th, seamed. 17th, like 3d. 18th, seamed. 19th, seamed. 20th, plain. 21st, plain. 22d, seamed. 23d, slip 1, knit 1, *, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 1, repeat from * to * till last three stitches, then over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1. 24th, seamed. 25th, slip 1, knit 1, *, over, slip 1, narrow, pass slip over, over, knit 3, *, repeat from * to * till last 3, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1. 26th, seamed. 27th, slip 1, knit 1, *, over, knit 1, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1, narrow, *, repeat till last 3, then over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1. 28th, seamed. 29th, slip 1, knit 1, *, over, knit 3, over, slip 1, narrow, pass slip over, *, repeat from * to * till last 3; then over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slip over, knit 1. Now repeat twice the rows from the 22d to the 30th. Then repeat the third time from the 22d row, but this time knit to end of the 27th instead of the end of the 29th. This brings you up to the 52d row. 52d, all seamed. In knitting this row seam 30 stitches, then slip a twine through them, drawing out the needle, these stitches are to form one of the fronts, now seam 53, for the back, seam the remaining 30, and slip these over on a twine also.

Now for the back: 53d row; like 29th. Next repeat the pattern from the 22d to the 27th until you get to the 70th row, then make 8 rows from 22d to 29th row again, and narrow at the beginning of each row to form the shoulders. Now put these stitches on a twine until you have finished the two fronts. For each front, do the same as you did the back, only narrowing on the inside of each shoulder. Then put all these stitches again on one needle, back and fronts, and knit as before, decreasing once on the shoulders, and take care to keep the pattern.

Make 8 rows, then knit 2 rows plain for the neck. Now make a row of holes, *, over, narrow, *, repeat. 4th row for the neck, plain. 5th, bind off. Crochet an edge up the fronts and around the neck.

Sleeve: begin at the bottom, cast on 25 stitches, 1st row, all seamed. 2d, all seamed. 3d, *, knit 2, slip 1, narrow, pass slip over, knit 2, over, knit 1, *, repeat from * to *, knit 1. 4th, seamed. 5th, like 3d. 6th, seamed. 7th, seamed. 8th, plain. 9th, like 3d. 10th, seamed. 11th, like 3d. 12th, seamed. 13th, seamed. 14th, plain. 15th, plain. 16th, all seamed. 17th, slip 1, (over, seam 2 together) 12 times. In this row you run a ribbon for the hand. 18th, seamed. 19th, plain. 20th, plain. 21st, seamed. Now work the jacket pattern 5 times from the 22d to the 28th row, increasing one stitch at each end of the row, before the last stitch and after the first stitch. In the 51st bind off 6 stitches, then continue the work. 52d row, bind off 6, continue the work. In the next row bind off 2 at the beginning, and do this every row until you have worked 61 rows, bind off the remainder. Sew up the sleeve and sew into the arm hole; run a ribbon in at the throat, and finish with a bow of ribbon.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MIMIE.

Flannel cleans paint more readily than any other material.

BACKGROUNDS IN PAINTING.

Alice M. Crockett, in the *New England Farmer*, says:

A few hints may be given to advantage in regard to the arrangement of flowers and background. A good background is very essential, one that will contrast and harmonize well with the flowers, but not so striking as to attract the eye first. The flowers should be the object of attraction, and the background should be of a color to throw them out, and make them look like nature instead of looking flat and as though they were stuck on to a piece of paper.

Different shades of gray are more used as backgrounds than any other color, for it will harmonize well and not attract the eye as quickly as a bright color. For light flowers use a darker color for background, for dark rich colors use a lighter one. Different shades of gray may be made from the following combinations: White, raw umber, adding black in the darker shades; white, yellow ochre, black and a little Antwerp blue; white, light red, Antwerp blue, yellow ochre and black; Antwerp blue, caledonian brown, white and black. By varying these colors, using sometimes more of one than another, you can produce a great number of shades. I sometimes mix together all the colors left on the palette after a day's work, and it produces a gray, which can be used in backgrounds. This is a good way to use up the paint that none be wasted. The paint can be kept nicely for several days by putting it in a piece of tin foil; that which comes from yeast cakes can be used for this purpose.

Purple flowers are pretty on a shade of old gold or yellow; crimson on certain shades of buff shaded to a light brown. A crimson background is pretty for white flowers if rightly handled, but it should not be very bright, or the contrast will be too striking. The colors to use in such a shade are crimson lake, Indian red, white, a little vermillion, and black. Make the tone rather gray, so it will recede from the flowers and give a good perspective. In arranging flowers, one of the most pleasing methods is to put them in a vase or jar, one that will be artistic and graceful. Do not have the flowers all full face view, but arrange them in as many different positions as possible. Those in the center, front view, those at the sides turn each way or a back view, do not put them all in full sight but hide some partly back of the leaves, or each other. Sometimes a branch of blossoms may be arranged gracefully across the canvas or in shape of a panel. Rustic and fancy baskets are pretty filled with flowers to paint. A bunch lying on a table with an empty glass, or one with a flower or two in it, the rest thrown carelessly down near it as though they were to be arranged, makes a pretty study.

IRON stands, which can be bought at any hardware store, are very convenient in the kitchen to place under pots and kettles when removed from the stove, to set the tea-kettle on when it is wished to keep it hot but not boiling on top of the stove, and to set cakes upon in the oven to prevent them being burned on the bottom.

THINKS "OUTIS" WANTS TOO MUCH.

Like "Dot," I am a young housekeeper, inexperienced and often discouraged. Until two years ago I had never been on a farm a week at a time in my life and, as "Dot" said, hardly knew wheat from grass, therefore I can assure you I make many and woful mistakes. But I cannot tell you how much good the little *HOUSEHOLD* has done me. Have thought so many, many times of writing some of my experiences and asking help from some of the ladies, who I know from just reading what they have to say, are such beautiful housekeepers just such as I hope to be some day. Can't I see the immaculate spotlessness of "Old Hundred's" kitchen? I enjoyed so much reading "A Woman's Ideal" this week, from "Beatrix." I wanted myself to reply to "Outis" a few weeks ago, but did not do so, thinking some one else would surely take up the cudgels. When I read his article, I was so thankful I was not the one of whom he expected so many perfections. How magnanimously he says "Now with these various accomplishments combined in one woman, I will have no hesitancy in saying 'with this ring I thee wed.'" I should think not! How many useful and delightful hints we get from the *HOUSEHOLD*, and how it helps to know there are others who have the same perplexities that we have!

With Mrs. R. D. P., I wonder if Evangeline is really a farmer's wife, and if so how in the world she gets so much time to write. She must take care of the minutes better than the most of us, I guess.

ALBION.

EUPHEMIA.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN Ann Arbor man has invented a "machine" by which bread may be toasted by a gasoline stove. It consists of a cone in the centre of a wire frame, in which are places for four slices of bread.

IN toothache, if the pain extends upward toward the eye, or takes the form of neuralgia, get some horseradish leaves, take out the stems, wet them and apply to the face over the pain. This will usually give relief.

A HANDFUL of the leaves of the Palma Christi or castor-oil tree—*Ricinus communis*,—boiled in milk, makes a poultice which is very highly recommended for application to those troublesome swellings with which Job was afflicted.

It is said that the Baldwin apple takes a very beautiful color if the fruit is wiped clean, cut in quarters, cored and stewed without paring. The Baldwin makes a beautifully pink jelly if the apples used are wiped clean and not pared, the coloring matter seeming to lie near the skin.

THE Buffalo carpet beetle lurks in close proximity to the walls of a room, under the carpet, and has also been known to follow a crack in the floor, eating the carpet as it went. Benzine, poured in or copiously applied to all crevices and under the baseboards, is said to kill the insect in its sever-

al stages of egg, larva, pupa and imago. Delays are dangerous with this pest, for when it once takes possession it is said to be very difficult to overcome it.

ONE of the most tempting of relishes is the sweet pickle. Sweet apples make very good sweet pickles. Choose the small ones, and cook till clear in a quart of good cider vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, an ounce of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. This is sufficient for seven pounds of fruit.

If you use gasoline to exterminate moths or carpet bugs, see to it that there is no fire in the house. Volatilized gasoline is extremely explosive, and a fire, even though in another room, may cause an explosion. A lady at Niles recently learned this lesson by costly experience. If you have furniture to be cleared of moths, set it out doors and apply the gasoline or benzine freely.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says she tried hanging paper on her walls with both hot and cold paste. After the weather had become cold enough to freeze, the paper put on with hot paste cracked and fell off; while that put on with cold is all right and sticks well. Both papers were put on the same day, and under similar conditions except in the temperature of the paste.

COUNTRY housekeepers can prepare cracked wheat at home with very little labor. To do so take good, clean wheat, pick, wash and dry it; crack in a new coffee mill and cook. Wheat prepared in this way is equally as palatable and wholesome as that purchased in packages, and costs the farmer almost nothing. To cook, take two quarts of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt and two teacupfuls of the cracked wheat. Boil three hours. Eat with cream and sugar.

WE wish those of our readers who are "tempted to reply" to some article in the *HOUSEHOLD* to which they take exceptions, would not hesitate to criticize or comment as they feel inclined. We suspect some of our writers say what they hardly believe themselves for the sake of eliciting contrary opinions.

Contributed Recipes.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups white sugar; half-cup butter; two-thirds cup sour milk or buttermilk; half teaspoonful soda; a little salt and nutmeg. Mix just as soft as is possible to handle the dough and roll moderately thin. The secret of having them good is to be as sparing of flour as possible; if mixed hard, they are dry and "chippy."

DIPPED TOAST.—Heat in a basin a pint of milk, two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, and pepper and salt to season. Have ready slices of bread cut thin and toasted a dark brown. Dip each slice into the hot gravy, and serve quickly. Or, stir a tablespoonful of flour into two tablespoonfuls of butter, and pour on it a pint of hot sweet cream.

FRIED BREAD.—Three eggs, beaten very light; add a little salt, and thin with a very little hot water. Dip slices of bread in this, and fry brown.

L. C.

PORT HURON.