

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

No baby in the house, I know;  
'Tis far too nice and clean;  
No tops by careless fingers thrown  
Upon the floor are seen;  
No finger-marks are on the panes,  
No scratches on the chairs;  
No wooden men set up in rows,  
Or marshalled off in pairs;  
No little stockings to be darned,  
All ragged at the toes;  
No pile of mending to be done,  
Made up of baby clothes;  
No little troubles to be soothed,  
No little hands to fold;  
No grimy fingers to be washed,  
No stories to be told;  
No tender kisses to be given,  
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"  
No merry frolics after tea,  
No baby in the house.

### ENGLISH COMMON SCHOOLS.

About this time, there seems to be a very general complaint about our common or district schools, and sometimes comparison is made with our own and the English system. The writer has had a little experience in both, and perhaps might have a hearing. The free school, or common school of England is in some way supported by church and state and upheld by the gentry living around. Each parish has generally a solid, well-built school-house, boys' and girls' rooms separate. In many cases, a dwelling for the master and mistress, who are often man and wife, is attached; the man teacher is for the boys, and the woman for the girls. The teachers are permanent, so long as they perform their duties well, and school is kept all the year round, five days in each week, except the Easter and Christmas holidays. A child is admitted at the age of five years; The rules are read to both parent and child. they are plain and strict, and both parties understanding that they must be obeyed, no whimpering tales of finding fault with teachers are often carried home. The minister of the parish keeps an eye on the teachers. The tuition fees are (for each pupil) three halfpence per week, and if there are three pupils from the same family, only one penny. Slates and all books are furnished free of cost, except writing or copy books. These schools are strictly protestant, and there is one in each parish. There is no reason why an English child should not have an education, unless for the poverty of the parents, who, as soon as their boys or girls are strong enough to earn fourpence or sixpence per day, take them out of school to help earn a living. Scholars can attend these schools until they are 20 years old.

Each year there are one or two festival treats given to the children; parents and all are invited, some nice ground is selected, games like stool-ball, skip-the-rope, drop-handkerchief, etc., and the gentry folks join in, and furnish buns and candy for the children, and tea for the old folks.

Now the English common school is not far behind our own; in many things seems superior. From the age of five to thirteen I went to one of these schools, and in ten years after this I "graduated" in a district school in Iowa. I have visited the High School at Westminster Abbey, and twice I was in the school room at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and in this school room, the seats and the desks were solid hard wood, no paint, and on the side ceiling were carved with pocket knives the initials of many of England's noblest boys and men. This was from 1848 to 1850. At this time I think Dr. Tait was principal, and I was a page to one of the kindest and most liberal men of London; his name was Wm. Tooke, M. P.

I have since been assessor and director in our own district, and find there is great disinterestedness on the part of the parents, also general at the annual school-meetings, and many times it is hard to get three of the best men in the district to accept. The laws and rules are not strict enough; or if they are, they are not heeded, neither by parent or teacher, and if my judgment is worth anything, there is too much pampering of teachers and pupils. You see none of these maxims in high or low schools of Old England: Obey your parents; obey your teacher.

ANTI OVER.

PLAINWELL.

### A PATIENT SUFFERER.

Nearly always a feeling of sadness steals over us, when we hear that some one is dead. We immediately picture to ourselves the desolate house, the mourning friends, the vacant chair at the fireside, the empty place at the table. There is no one but has some friend to drop a tear for him, when Death closes his eyes forever. For if God has denied us ties of flesh and blood, He has given us the power to win friends to ourselves. When the news came into my quiet home one morning that Mrs. — was dead. I simply said, "I am glad that the poor body is at rest." It was no common sickness she had, it was not a matter of a few days or weeks, but for seven long wearisome years she lay on the same bed, in the same room, and suffered such terrible pains that her hands and limbs were all drawn out of shape. She was telling me

about it one day when I sat by her bedside. She said that the summer she was taken sick, it seemed to her as if she must get ready for something that was going to happen. She made lots of underclothes and caps, lace, barred mull, and lawn caps all frilled and tucked, she bought a new parlor carpet, replenished the household linen and set everything in order, and the last thing that remained undone was to clean the cellar. It was an extremely hot day and she took off her shoes and stockings, and mopped the cellar barefooted. She was taken in a little while with inflammatory rheumatism, and had been helpless ever since. She retained her hearing and eyesight until the last, and I could not see but her mind was as clear as ever, she seemed quite interested in the things that were transpiring out in the world. But the most wonderful thing was the patience with which she bore her pain and suffering, and once she asked me, with the tears running down her face, if I thought it was a judgment sent upon her; she had always tried to be a good wife and mother, a kind neighbor, and why was she made to suffer so year after year. Said I, "No, I do not believe it for a moment. The kind Father does not afflict so; you violated Nature's laws, and when we do that we suffer the penalty every time." I have heard a great deal about judgments being sent on people for sins committed, but I never was a very firm believer in it. It was never intended that we should be mere machines, doing the work of steel and iron and wood. Our mechanism is much more delicate and intricate, and invariably, if we overtax our strength or expose our health, we suffer. Her married life had numbered over sixty years, and just a few weeks before she died we all gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to her husband's memory. When he was carried out of the house, amid her tears she prayed to go with him, and God heard her prayer, He was good to her, and in just a little while the poor shapeless hands were folded over the heart, whose throbs were stilled forever; the eyes over which the lids drooped wearily had opened to new beauties. We are left to grope in darkness, she the real has attained, over all the pain and suffering and anguish, the great wave of eternity has rolled—they are but things of the past. I am sure I learned a lesson of patience from her, and if sometimes I shall think my lot is hard, that my troubles outnumber my blessings, I will think how uncomplainingly she bore her life, isolated from the world, with nothing to break the monotony but an occasional

call from a friend, or a bouquet of flowers that had been in the beautiful sunshine from which she was debarred. One would certainly need to have an inexhaustible supply of happy thoughts to keep time from being a drag, until rest shall come:

"Oh! sweet and blessed rest:  
With these sore burdens pressed,  
To lose ourselves in slumber long and deep,  
To drop our heavy load,  
Beside the dusty road,  
When He hath given His beloved sleep.

"To die! it is to rise,  
To fairer, brighter skies,  
Where Death no more shall his dread harvest reap,  
To soar on angel wings,  
Where life immortal sings,  
For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

## INJUSTICE TO WIVES.

I have just finished reading my last *HOUSEHOLD* (Aug. 22nd) where Beatrix tells when some people thought they were happiest, and I thought if she could be made happy so easy I would add my mite by picking up my pencil and paper.

Like her first friend, I have done looking for any great happiness to come to me, not only all in a moment, but at all; if it does come, I can receive it, but am not letting the little pleasant things that each day brings pass unheeded by. That little scrap of poetry on the first page of the *HOUSEHOLD* mentioned gives as good a direction to find happiness as can be given:

"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."

How much of our lives have been spent hoping and wishing for more, or something better than we already possessed? Many people believe that God gave us each our appointed place to work; if this is true, how foolish and wicked to be fretting at our lot. No one doubts our privilege or duty to better our condition physically, mentally and spiritually; you know the man in the New Testament who doubled his talent most times, was given more in proportion to the ability and industry shown in results.

I do not know quite which are my happiest moments, but think they are when I feel sure of the love and approbation of my kindred and dear friends, with the approbation of my own heart or conscience.

Now, as regards that other conundrum about the wife's money. I do not know that anything new can be added to the numerous testimonies already before the *HOUSEHOLD*, but will, nevertheless, add mine. According to my observation, a man is more careless in the expenditure of his wife's money than in money earned by himself. I know more than one case where, the wife's share of her father's property being in a farm, the husband hires the most of his work done; he keeps a single horse for the road, and it is "generally there;" the wife does her own housework and makes butter and raises poultry for her pocket money, as well as to supply the groceries for the table. Another man, worth about ten thousand dollars, married a woman who had about two thousand; they were people along in years. He began to borrow soon after their marriage, and he would give her his note; he kept borrowing as her money came due to her, until he got nearly all of it. She never

could get a cent of interest, the notes are outlawed, and the husband will not make a will; these are all nice people; the man is selfish; the woman is weak enough to suffer injustice for peace's sake. I could tell of a case of greater injustice than even this, but will forbear. I sometimes think the woman who has no money of her own stands the best chance for happiness. Yet in justice, every woman should keep her money or property in her own name, and in such shape that she can control it or the use of it.

Women will never receive just treatment on this subject until the boys are educated by their mothers to see the right and then practice it; and it is for the mothers of today to begin that work.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

## CHAT.

Now wasn't that a neat little hint of Beatrix's, i. e., that her happiest moments are when she has an abundance of *HOUSEHOLD* copy? Those who have the ability and any spare moments ought not to forget this; let us keep our Editor happy, for the knowledge of her enjoyment will surely comfort those who contribute toward it, for we all wish nothing else but happiness for her. I wish I had the time and ability to send a few lines that would be interesting, each week. Variety is the spice of life, and we should take time to note down any new ideas that may occur to us and donate them to the little paper. If they should not be worthy of notice let the waste basket catch them and try again. The trouble with me is if I ever have bright thoughts they are sure to come when I am mixing bread, entertaining company, or after I have retired and the lights are out; and when I am prepared to write them, they are like the Irishman's flea, when he put his finger on him, "faith he wasn't there."

I do not agree with Antiover in regard to the chicken business, but as my experience is limited will not argue as yet. Suffice to say that my pin money would be sadly reduced were my chicken and egg money taken from me. I would like to know what became of her chickens' toes; or, if like "Topsy," they "just growed so." If Aunt Prudence says anything more about farmer husbands being so penurious I shall rise up in righteous judgment against her, and by the time I should get through defending them she would wish she had one of her very own.

Wonder if Brunefille's Lu had a mother-in-law to look at the dirty dishes and sigh over the careless and destructive ways of modern wives! I like her spirit, yet sympathize with the sister who thinks she cannot leave her work undone. I am looking for an answer to the query, "How does Evangeline find so much time to write," quite anxiously, and it begins to look as if she must come to the front and explain herself, for surely such a big light has no need to be under a small bushel.

C. B. R.

VICKSBURG.

[Evangeline has explained (see *HOUSEHOLD* of Sept. 5); the secret lies in good management, and a nice discrimination which weighs essentials and non-essentials carefully, and rejects the latter.

## THE FARMER'S WIFE AND HER CONSCIENCE.

(Paper read by Mrs. Jennie Averill before the East and West Farmers' Club, of Paw Paw, August 25, 1887.)

The farmer's wife is usually not always, nor necessarily, but usually a farmer's daughter. She becomes acquainted early in life with the surroundings and requirements of a farm, with its resources and limitations, its petty economies and unbounded hospitalities. From the time she can stand on a stool and wipe dishes, or help brother bring in wood, until she can, at need, take mother's place at the head of affairs, she has her regular and abundant duties. She is taught that of all sins shirking is deadliest, while waste and ignorance are not far behind.

Nowhere on earth exists a greater respect for education than among farmers, therefore, our girl is taught to believe that here is one clean, sharp, effective weapon that an honest man or woman may wield in life's battle, and she spares no effort to become possessor of it.

This is her record: A bright district school girl; a favorite in the nearest high school, and afterwards, if the family purse will possibly allow it, a pupil for a while at some first class seminary, college or university; all the while spurred by conscience to work far beyond her normal capacity, for does she not know that mother foregoes the needed new dress, and father wears the shabby overcoat one winter longer, and both give up the little trip that would rest them so much, and work the harder instead, that the beloved daughter may have "a chance."

After her return home, under a burden of gratitude for favors received, she works her young body and over-sensitive nerves unreasonably, at teaching, sewing, housework, anything to add to the family prosperity, pay the family debts, or aid the younger children.

By and by her farmer appears; circumstances of courtship differ, but most result alike in marriage. She is too wise and conscientious to be influenced by mercenary motives; besides, it's a well known fact that a farmer is the only man whose wealth is powerless to bestow ease upon his wife. If it takes away the need of actual manual labor, it brings so much more care, so much doubtful help, and such extensive entertaining, that there is little choice between poverty and riches.

Even before the wedding presents arrive, advice begins to pour in. Mother puts in hers first. "Be a good housekeeper, daughter. No amount of education or talent can atone for a disorderly house, or useless extravagance." Father rather spoils the effect of this by adding: "For mercy's sake, child, don't be too good a housekeeper; don't make the men take off their boots in the barn for fear of your floors; don't have spasms if a fly gets into the dining-room. If a chap drops his hat on the lounge or doubles his newspaper wrong side out, don't pounce upon either immediately, like a hungry cat on a mouse. Let the kittens lie under the kitchen stove, and the sun shine on your best carpet sometimes, and don't make everybody



miserable if Mrs. Jones gets her washing on the line first, or her house cleaned earlier."

Brothers and sisters, at first inclined to resent her removal, conclude later that her house will make a grand resort for them, and extort a promise that she will always allow them and their friends the greatest latitude, and get them jolly suppers on occasion. An intellectual aunt who, rather late in life, married a farmer, has no family and plenty of energy, advises her to thoroughly understand her husband's business, and study his tastes, that she may be a fit companion for him at all times, and a capable manager in case of need. Teachers and former schoolmates are apprised of the approaching event by letter, and send in their ideas the same way.

Her old teacher entreats her not to retrograde mentally. She feels sure that in some way her old time favorite can not only hold in her memory the already hard earned knowledge, but increase her store by constant reading of the best newspapers and magazines, attending lectures, building up a library of choice books, associating with cultivated people only, etc., etc.

Of course none of her classmates are just satisfied that she is to settle on a farm, but they carefully try to conceal that. One bids her be mindful of her piano practice and painting, as she herself intends to work faithfully, and threatens to surpass her, in spite of her old supremacy, unless she does the same. Another hopes she will not outgrow her rather exceptional taste in dress, and become a dowdy because she must live on a farm. The inevitable linen collar and tidy apron are urged upon her notice for mornings and matinees, and fresh prints and muslins for afternoon, regardless of the fact that a farmer's wife must generally be her own laundress.

Well, she enters upon the new life and actually tries to remember and practice these things. And it is perfectly wonderful how many of them she succeeds in doing fairly well, but do you suppose she is half satisfied with her achievements?

It is to be hoped she is a Christian. If so, and connected with any church, think of the duties required of her in that line, not only the obvious ones of attendance upon and work in the church proper, the Sunday school and prayer meeting, but even the charities and recreations become an actual burden when they call upon an overworked woman to join mission, temperance, and bible societies; beg, sew, write or speak for each, manage church socials by giving several dollars' worth of choice food, ice cream materials, labor of self, husband and team, and then pay for a share of the resulting feast. She lives on a farm, you know, and has butter, eggs, fruit, milk, etc., and has a team too. It is even impudently urged that people on a farm rise so early that women have much more time for work than "we town ladies." Then there are donations and picnics, the poor and ill of the congregation must be cared for, strangers sought out and made welcome, the young people interested and the church building kept in order.

By and by the little ones come, and every one knows that the plain duties of a Chris-

tian mother would absorb the time and strength of half a dozen women. There are the bodily needs, from the morning oatmeal to the evening bath, the hygienic dress for all, from babyhood to man and womanhood; the endless sewing, the constant waiting upon, the tireless watching through illness, the necessary knowledge of simple remedies for frequent or sudden ailments, for doctors do not live next door to farm houses. Let any one but a mother attempt to dress and start for school three or four restless children, some winter morning; I think the point of exhaustion would be reached long before all the rubbers, leggings, wraps, hoods, vails, mittens, books, umbrellas and lunch were hunted up and properly bestowed.

But these, she is warned, are but secondary matters, in addition a mother should always be competent to aid the child when teachers are busy, or absent or puzzled, to answer all questions, and do so patiently. She is criminally negligent if she does not know for herself the precise character of her children's associates, whether teachers, schoolmasters or playmates; she should never employ or endure help, indoors or out, liable to corrupt her children by ill manners, coarse expressions, profanity or bad habits; and finally, she must herself set the example of an almost perfect life, or she cannot expect much of them. All this she believes, and while accomplishing much, she walks continually under a cloud of apparent failure, since she comes so far short of her endeavor.

Brothers, sisters and schoolmates gradually drift into houses of their own, and from giving, take to receiving more or less kindly the advice they so freely offered others. Their judgment of our heroine is greatly softened by their personal experience, but all are not so merciful.

A trusted medical friend thus counsels her: "If you are ambitious for your children do not crowd them. Develop first a perfect physical growth, and the mental structure afterwards reared will have a solid foundation." She has tried to follow this direction and rather prides herself on her warmhearted young athletes and hoydens, until a friend arrives with an eight years old girl who is a model of deportment and stylishness, and casually mentions a son of ten who is well advanced toward graduation. She doesn't half approve such management, but she can but notice that her daughters are a trifle larger waisted and tanned, and her boys not always reliable in English grammar. In a highly respectable college a few hundred miles away, labors a most exemplary gentleman, who, in the pleasant past, when they were classmates, greatly admired her, and indeed thought her expressly qualified for a professor's wife, which calling she only missed because of a difference of opinion on her part. During one of his long vacations he is sent out to swell the always too small endowment fund, and happy in the double prospect of seeing his old friend and securing a fat subscription from her husband, he arrives, unannounced, at the farmhouse. She is unfeignedly glad, but what bachelor could fathom the ability put forth to so marshal her little clan, to so order

meals, to so oil the household machinery, to so bring forward the pleasant objects on a farm, and so cover up the unsightly and inconvenient ones, that his greatest comfort may be secured? Blind to management that would do credit to a prime minister, he only observes that she seems somewhat absorbed and absent minded. When, at the tea-table, he ventures upon a Latin quotation from the book so familiar to both not long ago, she is so intent on keeping her six year old boy in tolerable order that she only half catches his meaning, and the matter ends rather lamely, to her great chagrin. She has not even heard of a famous new text-book in higher mathematics, or of some perfectly marvelous new discoveries in natural science. He rides away presently, feeling disappointed in her, and she knows it. Now she did not want that professor, if she had she would have taken him, but she would not be human if she enjoyed having him think he had a fortunate escape.

She resolves upon a change. She will not endure another such an humiliation, what she has known shall be freshened up a little, she will at least read the reviews of important new books, and spend more time on newspapers. Husband warmly approves her new departure, and is cheerfully oblivious to various small discomforts and omissions resulting therefrom, but the time comes when, glancing from her book at the sound of wheels, she sees approaching two old friends of her family, whose home is some miles away. They are evidently on a business trip to the little city just beyond, and intending to spend the night with her for bodily refreshment and mild gossip. How her heart sinks! Well she knows the ruling passion of that ordinary looking woman in the old fashioned carriage. She seldom visits, reads nothing but the locals in the county papers and an occasional chapter in the Bible, but her housekeeping, from the canned fruit in the cellar, to the dried herbs and carpet rags in the attic, is simply perfect; and our farmer's wife feels certain that, after her most frantic efforts in the way of entertainment, this visitor, in the privacy of her apartment, will inform her husband, who is disposed to like his bright little hostess, that the coffee lacked strength, while the butter had too much, that she observed dust in the sitting room, and flies in the kitchen, and that nowhere in the house exists what *she* calls order. They leave her in a very depressed and self-accusing state of mind.

If a grand vegetable garden absorbs her spare moments and strength, some æsthetic friend remarks that vegetables equally fine may be procured at any market, but that flowers give to a home refinement and individuality that nothing else can supply. Perhaps the very next summer some beautifully kept flower beds elicit from a practical woman the expression that she "never could see the use of posies anyway; if 'twas a kitchen garden now she could admire it no end." One guest walks over the farm admiringly, but wonders at her friend's ignorance as to the exact age and pedigree of some of the finest animals, while the very next one smiles pityingly upon a woman at all interested in stock-raising, and a third thinks it downright improper and unwomanly.



Now ladies, you know this is no fancy sketch. With slight variations it is the experience of each of us.

Why is it that so much more is required of farmers' wives than of any other class of women on earth? Why may a lady in city or town devote herself to society without self-reproach, if she have sufficient means, or a working woman there ignore social claims, and none complain? Above all, why is it that any otherwhere a woman settles herself back complacently, or plumes herself greatly after accomplishing one-tenth of what a farmer's wife does constantly without at all satisfying her conscience?

Has any one a suggestion? Can it be that some of our tasks are not duties? Is there any hope that enlightened surgery may devise an operation, whereby a woman may sacrifice a part of her abnormal conscience to the salvation of her life and reason?

#### A WEEK OFF.

Saturday evening, August 13th, a pleasant party embarked on the City of Mackinac, at Detroit, the object being rest and recreation, in enjoyment of the sights and cooling breezes of Northern Michigan. Many others were like-minded, as was proved by the crowded state of the steamer. Our party was fortunate in having staterooms engaged beforehand, but many were thankful to find rest on a cot-bed; and although every available space seemed filled, there was not enough for all.

The management refused to sell a stateroom to one occupant on any terms, owing to the great press of travel, and during the evening, a lady who had secured the lower berth of a stateroom, saw with astonishment a gentleman walk up to the door of her room, and producing a key, proceed to open it. She at once walked over and inquired what he was doing there at her room door. Chagrined and shamefaced, he showed his key, proving he had been assigned to that room, but hurriedly saying he would see the clerk, he hastened away. The mistake was rectified, the gentleman found other quarters, and another "lone woman" shared the room with the first inmate. Trifles are amusing, but the poor fellow who was placed in such an awkward predicament by another's fault, was not in a state to enjoy the fun others found in it.

The voyage was pleasant but uneventful to Cheboygan, where we left, and took the "Little Mary" for the celebrated inland route to Petoskey. Starting from Cheboygan, up the river of the same name, we soon came to an extensive manufacturing establishment, consisting of saw mills, grist mills, etc., the water power being furnished by means of a canal, lock and dam, built at a cost of \$25,000, which lifts the tourist up some ten feet in the world, and you proceed on your way, without further obstruction than the immense floats of logs which fill the river in places from bank to bank, and through which the little steamer, (a propeller) slowly picks or works her way, crowding them into picturesque piles, badly barked and bruised, to again fall together in her rear as they plunge forward to the chute that gathers them into the boom at the mill.

Passing the mouth of Black River, you see fine farms along the banks, and six miles from the point of starting you enter Mullett Lake. This lake is twelve miles long by six to eight broad; is a fine sheet of water with high wooded banks, whose undulations make a varied and pleasing scenery. There are several hotels on its banks and all are crowded. We took dinner at the Mullett House, and found fires burning in ample open hearths. Changing to the Northern Belle, a side wheel steamer, we soon enter Indian River, a stream but little wider than the steamer, but which flows through varied and picturesque scenes almost indescribable. Now thickly wooded banks, then a tangle of swamp, then an expanse of marsh, with tall reeds alternating with acres of lovely water lilies, so near and yet so far; then repeat, until after a ride of five miles you enter Burt's Lake, a lovely sheet of water, ten miles long by five wide. Crossing this, you enter Crooked River, which is seven miles long, and crooked its nature as its name. Turning, twisting, on we go, here hung up in a tree, there stuck in the mud, running into a bank at a sharp bend; laughing, exclaiming at each misadventure, and new and enchanting view, we come at last to Crooked Lake, and crossing this, tie up at the wharf at Olen, from which an open car takes our party to Petoskey, a distance of eight miles. This car, drawn by an engine, is an enlarged pattern of an open horse car, is provided with curtains, which can be drawn closely in case of storm, and is a very novel and pleasant way of traveling the short distance. A gentleman traveling over this inland route was asked by another if he found it of interest. "Yes," was the reply, "it is all interest, no principal."

We devoted one day to Little Traverse Bay region. Petoskey is all alive with business; Bay View, a mile away, with its church, Chautauqua auditorium and cottage, its forest amphitheater for outdoor services, its rows and rows of cottages, from the simplest to the most pretentious, lying as it does on a sloping hillside down to the clear waters of the bay, is full of interest. A steamer makes the circuit of the bay several times a day, and we visited Wequetonsing, (a resort under the control of a Presbyterian Association), Harbor Springs and Harbor Point, the two last named being, in my opinion, the most desirable places for summer residences.

(Continued next week)

#### A GOOD WORD FOR THE CACTUS.

I am an interested reader of the HOUSEHOLD, but have never felt as if anything I could write would add to its interest; but I can be silent no longer when I hear one of my favorite flowers assailed. I think could Beatrix step into our home sometime when our night blooming cereus is in bloom she would change her mind about the cactus. If they were never allowed this side of New Mexico, a great deal of our enjoyment would be lost. But it is well we do not all like the same flowers best. If the cactus were the only plant cultivated we would tire of looking at the plain, rough plant while waiting for the lovely blossoms, which do appear and pay us well for our patience.

Even the beautiful rose, the most beautiful of all flowers, would seem common if it alone was cared for. I do acknowledge that some of the cactus family are very much like some noble men and women, plain to look at, but by and by as you know them better you wonder that you could have thought them homely. I never thought myself very wise, but I do not think my wisdom fails most in keeping over thirty varieties of the cactus. I wish some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD would try raising the rainbow cactus; it needs very little water, requires little care, and in beauty will well repay your trouble.

If this does not find its way into the waste basket, I may tell you more of those abominably homely, ungainly cacti. I have been watching for something about the dish-washing machine; have none of those over-worked farmers' wives courage to give it a trial?

S. E. W.

MANCHESTER.

OLD HUNDRED says the proof-reader made a big blunder in her recipe for orange cake in the HOUSEHOLD of August 22. She thinks the result will come nearer her standard if half a cup of water and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder are used. This correction should have been made last week, but was overlooked.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor acknowledges, with many thanks, the receipt of a basket of delicious fruit—apples, pears, peaches and grapes, and also a very beautiful bouquet of flowers from Miss Mattie L. Fuller, of Fenton.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**PRESERVED CRAB-APPLES.**—Sort your apples, and the perfect ones put by themselves, trim the stem (leaving about an inch on the apple) and scrape out the blossom end, wash them, and put in a porcelain or other preserve-kettle, cover with water, cook until you can run a straw through, skim out and weigh; to each pound take a pound of sugar and a cup of water, boil and skim, put in the apples and boil until clear, skim out, boil the syrup a few moments, then pour over the apples. The water the apples were boiled in measure, and to each pint put a pound of white sugar, boil an hour, and it makes a beautiful jelly.

**PICKLED PEACHES.**—Four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, to twelve pounds of fruit. Put sugar and vinegar together and boil then add the fruit and let it come to a boiling point. The next day drain off the liquor and boil again. Do this three times. Add cinnamon to the liquor and stick two or three cloves in each peach. Do not pare, but rub the fruit carefully with a flannel cloth, and put up in cans the same as any fruit, though they will keep a long time in jars.

**SPICED GRAPES.**—Seven pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, brown or white, one pint of good vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, half a teaspoonful ground cloves. Stem the grapes, weigh them, at the same time taking out the seeds. Put the juice of grapes, sugar and vinegar into a preserving kettle. Let boil and skim, add spices, then grapes, skins and pulp. Let all get boiling hot, then remove from stove and can.