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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MOTHER'S LEISURE.

She paused beside the doorway
Where her treasures lay asleep,
And thought an hour of leisure
Was hers to hold and keep.
A rare, rare bit of leisure—
She wondered what to do;
To finish up a little sketch,
Or read a story new;
To write a letter to a friend,
Or make a simple rhyme;
To try her rusty music,
Or enjoy an idle time;
But a sudden cough behind her
Filled her mother-heart with dread;
The thought of rest and literature
With art and music fled.
Her rare, rare bit of leisure
Proved a myth as you may see,
For in a moment she decided
To make some Onion Tea.
November 28th

A. H. J.

GIFTS AND THEIR GIVING.

At this season of the year, many people are attacked by a peculiar form of mania, which runs its course in two or three weeks, during which it attains fever heat, culminates at a fixed date known as Christmas, and is followed by a reaction accompanied by great depression of spirits and often by financial and physical collapse. It is the passion for making presents, sanctioned by custom and tradition, said to have originated in commemoration of the offerings brought by the wise men of the East to the infant Jesus; but somewhat diverted from its purpose in that few give gifts to the church, representative of the risen Christ, at this season. The custom had in old times a beautiful significance, a meaning which seems to have been largely lost in later days, so that many have come to regard the practice as troublesome and expensive, and more to be honored in the breach than in the observance.

In the first place, we make presents to members of our own family and relatives and those to whose favor we would commend ourselves, rather than to the destitute and needy, as was the original intent of the custom. Often we give beyond our means, spending money needed for essentials at home, in making costly gifts for those who already have enough and to spare. We buy foolishly, not suiting our offering to the tastes of the recipient, who feels under an obligation to us for something for which he has no use, and in which he takes no pleasure. And sometimes, I am sorry to say, the giving seems to be rather a commercial exchange, in which each reckons in secret the value of the gift given and the one received, and strikes a balance in his

own or the other's favor, as happens. This spirit crops out very often in unguarded speech, especially in the young. "I sent Minna such a sweet tascinator; it took me a week to make it, and all she sent me was this beggarly sachet," and the despised "confection" of ribbons and violet powder was pettishly thrown into a corner, while an unmistakable frown made very unbecoming lines on a fair young forehead. "I don't know what on earth to send Mary; last Christmas she sent me that lovely table-scarf, and this year I must make it up to her, but I don't know how on earth to afford anything nice, these hard times, and so much else to buy. But I hate to have her think I'm mean!" said a busy young house-keeper perplexed over many things.

Isn't it true? Is not that the spirit in which Christmas gifts are frequently exchanged? Does not giving under such conditions become a tax, a forced contribution, levied through a time-honored custom which is felt to be somewhat of an extortion?

I have an acquaintance here in this city, who has counted up thirty-eight Christmas gifts she has "got to make." Her list includes relatives, members of her own family, her servant and washerwoman—and these are the most deserving of all—and sundry wealthy neighbors. Her husband's salary is not large, and his family is an expensive one; think of the aggregate of these unnecessary, uncalled for presents, coming to swell the bills at the close of the year! A young girl commenced preparing her gifts in September; she said: "I have so many to make for and so little money, I must begin early or I shall not get round," and she gave up the time which should have been spent over her lessons at school and her music at home, to etching Kate Greenaway designs on towels, and spoiling her eyes over hemstitching, a most unwise sacrifice, which I blamed her mother for permitting. So it goes; the gift giving begun as religiously symbolic has degenerated into a very worldly business indeed, to a great many of us.

I do not think this view is so true in the country as in the city; at least it seems so to me. There the giving is confined more to the family circle, and the gifts are more commensurate with the means of the giver. I do not wish to be understood as objecting or discountenancing the custom of Christmas, it is only its abuse I object to; the spending more money than it is right we should spend; the giving because some one else has given to us, when we feel we cannot afford the return, the meanness of spirit

which calculates values. One's pleasure in a gift comes—or ought to come—much more from delight in the affection that prompted it than its pecuniary worth; and next from a sense of suitability, which shows our inclinations have been regarded in its choice; though one may not be so jealous as "Lucy Snowe's" lover in *Villette*, who would not accept her birthday offering until convinced that it was designed solely and particularly for him.

The girls often choose Christmas as a time to in a certain sense, express to their particular friends among the young men, their obligations for attentions in the way of concert, supper, theatre and party, where custom decrees the young men shall bear the expense. True, many girls expect presents from them in addition to other favors, and feel their company a sufficient repayment; but others, less conceited, perhaps, avail themselves of the season's privilege to "balance accounts." But it is better not to do so unless you are sure the young man thus favored will not consider your gift an invitation to respond with another. Young men just beginning, or working on a small salary, have many ways for their money, and a great dislike to having the girls think them mean or stingy. They are tempted to spend the money which ought to go to the washwoman or the landlady, in repayment of a gift. If you have done as some girls still do, let them know you accept no gifts from gentlemen except flowers or bouquets, or perhaps an inexpensive book, you can feel free to give a Christmas greeting, making your offering appropriate, something you have reason to believe will be acceptable, and not too dainty for use. Men don't yearn for sachets and chair drapes, but they can appreciate a half dozen handkerchiefs marked with their initial, a pair of gloves or a pretty tie.

I believe we are on the way to a reform in this matter, for whenever a custom gets to be so onerous as in many cases this has become, it works its own remedy. There is a spontaneous throwing off its oppressive bondage, and we adjust ourselves to more healthy conditions. This will come in time in Christmas gift-giving, as it has in many other things. BEATRIX.

FARM BREAKFASTS.

I wonder how many farmers' wives ever really prepared any such a week's breakfasts as those given in a recent *HOUSEHOLD* by E. R. S. She says, "They are not elaborate nor are they meager." They cer-

tainly are not meager; they are what I should call elaborate and not at all a fair sample of the average farm breakfast. If the rest of her meals through the day are on the same scale their much abused stomachs are indeed to be pitied. Then too, I should consider such breakfasts rather expensive. If E. R. S. was obliged to prepare breakfast for from three to five hired men, I hardly think she would offer them chocolate and marmalade with all the rest they had for Sunday's breakfast. But perhaps the fact that they were prepared for only two made some difference. In any case I should not care for so elaborate a breakfast. However, each one to his taste. And Mr. E. B. S. may consider himself fortunate if he can afford such breakfasts the year round.

EUPHEMIA.

ALBION.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The Editor says: "If you have anything to say about Christmas, speak up."

I would like to suggest a few pretty things and would also like to hear from others, as I am very fond of fancy work and do a great deal of it.

Take a piece of plush twelve inches wide and about eight inches long; line with satin to match, of any pretty contrasting shade; then tie the lining with silk in diamonds, put cotton batting between and sprinkle the cotton with violet powder; then sew together, edge with cord (heavy chenille is best), then on the lining put two straps of ribbon half an inch wide across the top (each end) to hold the gloves; then put a wider ribbon around the case to tie when folded together. I have just made one in peacock blue plush with pink lining, ribbons and cord.

Chamois skins make pretty button bags. Sew them across on the right side, up about three inches from the bottom, then gild a band half an inch deep, then cut in narrow strips for fringe; pink the top and turn the point of the bag down a ways. Take a spool and draw a circle, gild a fine line around it and sketch in some little figures, or paint a flower inside. Then in pretty fancy letters put in with gilding: "Button, button, who's got the button." Or make a bag of silk, satin or plush, face it with the silk, run ribbons in to draw up and put on the letters in gilt. I have tried both ways and they are very useful.

A novel bangle-board is a pretty little chair, not a very large one, say about eight or ten inches in height; gild, then make a pin cushion to fit the seat, cover with plush and leave enough to tack on the under side of the chair, fold the corners by the legs smooth, and then on the point of the chair seat put in hooks to hold your button hook, pins, etc; tie a ribbon across the back and make a good sized bow at the top and one at the side. They are pretty and not expensive, costing 65 or 70 cents.

I have made some aprons for afternoons that are very much admired. Buy a yard and a quarter of dotted muslin, the dots should be the size of a penny—then draw with a pencil large wild daisies, leaves large and small, scatter one or two broken leaves down the apron, then etch in yellow wash silks, then the stems and some few

leaves in olive; put in a deep hem and bunch the daisies (*i. e.* make them in clusters); then turn down a hem and run ribbons through the hem to tie; or shir in two or three rows and have the ribbons at each side. Some have a dislike to gingham aprons for the kitchen. I have worked in the white squares in cross-stitch a fancy pattern; one called Roman border. Make seven crosses up, then seven for the top, down three, in five, then down five, then with seven again for the bottom of the figure, work in red wash cotton and it adds a great deal to the apron and is not any work to speak of.

I will not suggest anything more at this time, as this is my first letter to the HOUSEHOLD and it may find its way to the basket. We enjoy the little paper, and I hope some of the girls will tell what they are doing for Christmas. I have so many friends that I want to remember and I run ashore for new things.

ANN ARBOR.

TOMMY.

HOME TALKS.

NO. X.

The macaroni and cheese and rice pudding we will cook in the morning, as the oven will be needed after ten o'clock for that baked chicken. Set the rice over to steam; two coffee cups will be needed, with three pints of water and a half teaspoonful of salt.

Put six ounces of macaroni to boil in salted water; it should be covered nicely. Make a custard for the rice in the largest pudding dish; use six eggs beaten lightly, two quarts of rich milk, a coffee cup of sugar, if that is not sweet enough add more, lump of butter size of an egg, half a nutmeg. Stir in the rice and set to bake, do not allow it to boil. I should think three-quarters of an hour would be sufficient; when you serve it pass strawberry jam with it, no butter and sugar. When the macaroni is tender drain off the water, warm that small-sized brown-ware dish; lay in a layer of grated cheese, pepper, salt and bits of butter and proceed until the dish is full, but finish with cheese; pour on rich milk to fill the dish two-thirds full, and bake three-quarters of an hour. These two dishes can be kept warm until needed. The beef's tongue is boiling, it will be done about ten o'clock, that is to be set to cool and is served on individual platters with a spoonful of tomato sauce, or simple stewed tomatoes, as thick as they can be cooked and seasoned with butter, pepper and salt. The giblets, or hearts, gizzards and livers of the chickens must be boiled tender and chopped fine, to add to the gravy. The beets can be cooked before the stove is needed for the potatoes, coffee and other things, slice them in the dish, sprinkle on three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and half a cup of vinegar; set them where they will be just warm. Always be sure to put vegetables into boiling water and when they are done take them up, as they will absorb water if allowed to stand, add salt to nearly all kinds: lima beans, corn, tomatoes, squash, peas, asparagus, I do not salt until they are done. When you pare potatoes throw them into a pan of cold

water, as it keeps them from turning red. After they are boiled dry them over the fire to make them mealy, and try to have them done just as they are needed; they are much better than when allowed to stand. There is such a difference in potatoes, some fly all to pieces before they are done in the center.

Rub the chickens with salt, outside and in; make the dressing the same as you did for the fish, only use more sage and make it more moist. After filling them spread them liberally with butter and bake them for two hours, turn them often and baste each time, proceed as you did in roasting beef; make the the gravy the same, adding the giblets chopped fine. The waffles for tea are made as follows: One quart sweet milk; two-thirds teacupful melted butter; six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; four teaspoonfuls baking powder; flour to make a batter so it will pour nicely. It is slow work baking them one at a time, butter them and sprinkle powdered sugar between them, they are so nice for tea. Now everything is "booming," I will commence the comforters, and leave you and your help monarchs of the kitchen.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas days will soon be here, when the little folks will expect a Christmas tree and lots of nice things, and who can have the heart to disappoint them. What mother worthy of that dear name does not delight in playing "Santa Claus" to her little ones. How to fill and trim a tree so that one need not feel it a luxury too dearly bought, is a question many are cudgeling their brains to solve. A tree need not necessarily be an expensive affair; some as pretty ones as I ever saw cost but very little money. Here are a few hints that may aid some.

Many pretty toys can easily be made at home at no expense to speak of, except the time, and they will please the children quite as well, and certainly last much longer than those we buy. Toy animals are pretty, easy to make, and the materials are to be found in almost any home. For a little white dog, rabbit or cat, use canton flannel, the nap side out to give a fleecy appearance, cut out the parts, sew together, leaving an opening underneath, through which stuff with cotton batting, then close; use beads for eyes, red twist for the mouth, line the ears with pink cambric, and use waxed threads for the whiskers of the cat. For a horse use dark cloth, a bit of old fringe will serve for mane and tail. An elephant and camel are comical looking toys; insert sticks in the legs of the camel, to stiffen them. Shape two pieces of wood for tusks for your miniature Jumbo and cover them with pieces of old white kid or paper cambric; roll a bit of the cloth for the tail. For a mouse, rat, or duck use plain brown cashmere; cut out the parts, sew together, stuff same as for the others. Any of these animals can also be used for pin cushions; think of a great hum-packed camel, or a kitten or rabbit with their backs thrust full of pins.

A boot shaped autograph album is another novelty. The inside leaves are to be

of unruled paper, the cover of red card board, at the top are four perforations made with a shoemaker's eyelet punch, and through these openings are drawn two tiny bows of narrow blue ribbon, the cover is ornamented with scrap pictures. A jumping jack, although an old-fashioned toy, will always be welcomed where there is a child; they can easily be made from pasteboard. Cut out the parts, fasten the joints of the limbs with bent pins; and with a pencil mark out its clownish features; for the body use two same sized pieces of card board, held far enough apart by the inserting of a piece in each shoulder and near each leg, fasten a string to each arm and leg in such a way that when pulled downward, poor "Jack" will at once assume violent contortions, much to the amusement of the little folks.

Various colored birds are pretty, and doubly so when a liberal number of them are used to help dress out the tree; make the body of red, blue, or yellow cloth, and black for wings and tail, wire wound with brown yarn for legs. A dove on the wing is a lovely tree ornament, and so appropriate. Cut out a pasteboard dove and cover both sides with cotton flannel, the fleecy side out; stuff slightly, then with strong thread suspend the dove in the tree, the head inclined downward, and fasten a sprig of evergreen in its beak, the effect is beautiful; when no longer needed for the occasion it can be used for a window ornament, by suspending the same way at the top of the window, so as to give a good outside view.

Now for the tree. Place it in shape to receive the pretty things, putting on the larger ones first. If not convenient to visit the store for those little penny articles, for ornamenting a tree, then you can make them. Stars, anchors and English walnuts are pretty covered with tin foil, strings of pop corn, paper balls, or tiny cornucopias made of bright colored paper and filled with sweetmeats are all pretty and serve the purpose.

There, if these few words have aided any I am repaid for penning them. If any one wishes to make some of these toys but have no patterns, send postage to me; I have a variety and will give you all you wish. I have patterns for horse, pig, rabbit, cat, rat, mouse, elephant, sheep, camel, duck, dove on wing, bird, deer, balloon, air castle, match safe, match case, wheelbarrow, letter holder, boot, autograph album, sofa, chair, rag doll and large doll's body. On each pattern I will give directions how to make. Send one stamp for postage if only a pattern or two are wanted, but for the whole of these send six or seven stamps. Do not wait until near Christmas, for then I will be busy, but now I have ample time to oblige you.

MRS. F. A. WARNER.

EAST SAGINAW.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

For those who have plenty of money there is no need of suggestions, for the shop windows are filled with beautiful things; but for those who wish to make their presents instead of buying them every suggestion helps. For grandmothers there is nothing more appropriate than crocheted slippers, shoulder capes or nice warm undershirts.

When there are small children in the family mittens or leggings do not come amiss.

Very pretty and inexpensive picture scarfs can be made of scrim. It is wide enough to be cut into three strips, and one yard and a quarter is a good length. The ends are fringed out for about two or three inches while the sides are hemmed with a very narrow hem and drawn work a quarter of an inch from the hem. Any pretty design can be worked with tinsel cord across the ends. Another neat way is a finish of two rows of drawn work and three rows of half inch ribbon interwoven above.

Acrostics, spelling the words "Merry Christmas," are pleasing. Plain cardboard cut five by six inches is a pretty size. Select appropriate Bible texts or familiar quotations from favorite authors and write them in black ink on the cards, excepting the first letter which should be written in colored ink. A pretty spray of grasses or flowers in one corner adds much to the beauty. Two Christmas cards are used for the covers. Tie all of the cards together in order with a ribbon, and you will have a very nice Christmas greeting.

Handkerchief cases are made of two contrasting colors of satin eight by eighteen inches. The two are sewed together and interlined with wadding sprinkled with sachet powder. The upper end is turned down two inches and the lower end turned to meet the upper. The right hand corner of the lower part is turned over until it forms a half square. Ribbon bows are fastened on the corner which turns over and on the two corners of the upper part.

AID.

TALKING TOO MUCH.

I think there is no fault which a woman is more prone to confess than the one of talking too much; nothing she is more apt to wish for than the timely silence called "golden." But the tongue is a difficult member to curb; she resolves and resolves again only to find conscience holding up some unjust sentence, an uncalled-for criticism, or a piece of silly gossip to shame her sensitive mind; or turns, cringes and perhaps lies her way out of something which has reached her subject's ear and returned, in perverted meaning and double strength to her own. It seems strange too that while we talk so much ourselves, we should be so sensitive over being talked about.

I often think that with our rights of suffrage granted, we could never run for office for we should die in the midst of the campaign from the cruel things said of us. Who of us could survive the venom of Nast's cartoons, or any of the newspaper "leaders?"

Men are different. They claim the royal right of continually slurring the play of our tongues, while the truth is their own play just as freely and just as foolishly, but what they say doesn't take the same effect. Two of them will often stand at the point of blows for an hour, and call each other every bad name in the calendar, but meet next day with a good natured nod, and in a week all is forgotten; while a woman seldom comes to a direct "war of words" with her enemy, but hears, through that indispensable third person, of some remark

about her face, dress, manner, or character, and feels mad all over forever after. She may feel that there was truth in it, but that helps very little. She may say over and over again that, for the sake of things she loves better she is willing to yield the honor of immaculate housekeeping to others, but when she hears that some friend has mentioned the fact of having seen dust upon her frames and webs upon her walls, in spite of her pride of intellect, the pain comes in her heart and stays there until it grows old. When this old year dies the new will be greeted by a host of new resolves, and well I know that from many a true, thoughtful woman, will be offered one to break up the habit of "talking too much," while at the same time she may smile to remember how often it has been made before and broken.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

DIARY OF A WEEK.

Dear me, how full the time is! Evangeline tells us she is a farmer's wife, and yet we see she gets time every week to write an article for the HOUSEHOLD. I really cannot find time, though I would like to once in a while. Harry told me a short time ago of his approaching marriage to Hetty, and I do so want to give him a few short talks that he may not be such a thoughtless, selfish man as many I know, for I want him to have a happy, live wife, not a dead "yet living" one in a few short years. I always "set great store" by Hetty's mother and knew she would teach Hetty in the way she should go, but I really was beat the other day when I went over there and saw the great amount of things she is going to give Hetty for a "setting out." I about made up my mind it would be of no use to talk to Harry, for he will not have to buy anything for so long that he will be so astonished when Hetty does ask for a new dress or anything he will have forgotten my twilight talks, and will open his purse grudgingly and hand her a five dollar bill, thinking that ample enough to get any woman a dress.

Well, I will keep a diary this week, beginning to-night, and perhaps in that way I may see where I could find time to write my mite for the HOUSEHOLD. We (the girls and I) rose shortly after five this morning (Monday) and started bravely at work determined to accomplish something this week, for we want to get our sewing done up so we can make some Christmas presents; money is scarce this year, and we will have to make instead of buying. I attended to the creamery, May got the breakfast, Mary put up the dinners, there were four to put up separately, and Bell went at the washing. The clothes had been put to soak over night and she thought she could wring them out and get the tubs ready and put over the boiler of water before breakfast. By the time all this was done Mr. ——— and Johnnie had brought in the milk, fed the horses, hogs and calves, and were ready for breakfast. Breakfast over, May had to get ready and go to the shop. She drove the horse down instead of waiting until Mary went to school. Mary washed the breakfast dishes, Belle and I went to washing, thinking we had a good

start and would get done in good season. Belle thought she could get the skirt of her new satteen dress cut out in the forenoon and perhaps get it nearly made in the afternoon after folding the clothes. But alas for the plans of men and mice; about eight o'clock the teacher's father came and said the teacher was sick, and would Belle kindly teach for her.

Belle took her hands from the suds and prepared to go, Johnnie took Mary to town to school, and when he came back he started for school, and as there was no one to help I concluded I had to complete all unfinished work.

I got through washing, did the mopping, swept up the dining room, watered the plants, attended to the bird, and had dinner ready soon after twelve. I did not have to be so punctual to-day as the hired man has gone, and Mr. ——— did not get home from town until a little past noon.

After dinner I washed the dishes, made a fire in the furnace, changed my dress and found I had time to sew a little. I sewed on my dress until four o'clock, then made a fire in the kitchen stove, put over the irons and a kettle of water to wash the creamery, then I went out and brought in the sheets, knit underwear, red tablecloth and coarse shirts and folded them, slightly sprinkled; then I drew off the milk from the creamery and put it warming for the calves; by this time the irons were hot and I commenced to iron, as it was too dark to sew and Belle had come home. She got the supper and I ironed the clothes I had folded and the coarse towels in addition.

The girls and Johnnie came home, hungry as usual and with their usual store of news. The girls brought four letters, one for each of them and one for me. Supper over, Belle and Mary washed the dishes and prepared things in readiness for breakfast; May practiced and I finished folding the clothes. After the work was done we spent an hour reading "Ben Hur" and commenting upon the same.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th, we arose at the usual early hour, but as this was the morning for churning May took care of the creamery in addition to getting breakfast, and I prepared the churn and did the churning, Belle stirred up a cake. She used a new recipe which a young lady friend gave her, and found it made a very nice cake and would prove very valuable when eggs are scarce. I would give it, but I think we have had a surfeit of cake recipes in the HOUSEHOLD and I forbear. After she put her cake in the oven she mixed fried cakes, and had them partly fried before breakfast.

The men were unusually long doing the chores this morning, as they were going to butcher, and filled the scalding tank with water and made the fire before coming in, I had finished churning, taken care of the butter and put it down cellar and Mary had washed and scalded the churn.

Breakfast over, May started for the shop, Belle finished the fried cakes and made a huckleberry pie, then finished the ironing. Mary washed the dishes and I did the other work, washed and filled the lamps, baked the bread (salt-rising) and in addition went down cellar and brought up all the old pork in the barrel, washed it, took off the skin,

cut it up in small pieces and put it in water to soak, as we do not like old pork after we have the new, and I thought it good economy to try it out for lard. I got through in time to make a pair of sleeves for my dress before dinner, and Belle found time to crochet while on her fascinator.

After dinner I put the pork over to try; I would not have worked at this in the afternoon only I knew we would want the kettle in the morning to try out the fresh lard. Belle cut out the skirt of the dress, and as I wanted the machine she sewed up the widths by hand. I put the sleeves in my basque, then tried it on and found the braid ornamenting the front was not quite true, one side being lower than the other. I took it off, concluding dressmaking was not altogether lovely. The pork had tried enough, so while it was cooling I scalded the barrel, that it might be ready when wanted for the new pork, then finished caring for the lard and changed my dress; after which I ripped the braid from the basque and basted it on again. It was now time for the night work. We put up our sewing, I started the fire in the kitchen stove and Belle drew off the milk from the creamery, I brought up the butter and worked it over, then packed it in the package, which it just filled. This I shall cover with muslin, then put salt over and in the morning send by express to Detroit to a private customer.

When May came home she said: "Belle, where is your goods? I will draft and cut your dress and perhaps I can fit it to-night." Belle got the goods, the dress was cut out, basted together and the fit was perfect. May felt quite elated, as this is her first attempt at fitting. We have had our evening reading in "Ben Hur," and Mary and Belle have each written a letter.

(Continued next week)

THE CRESCENT CITY.

New Orleans is one of the grandest, most wretched and most wonderful cities in the world. I fancy to most of you it would mean a combination of smoke and noise, black mud and wickedness.

It is a grand place only to the rich. One finds there the extremes, both of pleasure and misery, people enjoying and enduring, very close together and profoundly ignorant of one another; sometimes the good faithful servant will suffer shame and want for his master and family.

A Northern woman who spent the winters South, used to talk with these colored servants to draw them out and learn something of Southern life. On one occasion the cook was sent to market with only 25 cents to purchase vegetables, etc. to supply the family one meal; she felt ashamed and knew not how she could do it. Love aided her, and "Necessity is the mother of invention."

The people there despise labor; perhaps I should say there is a class who do. If one purchase no more than a corset she would not be seen carrying it home; it must be delivered at her house, then she seems distrustful and will not pay till it has been delivered. The wealthy despise those who must labor, and spend their time in dress and amusement. I believe that is wicked

in so far as all idleness is wicked, and the utter wasting of good faculties in frivolity is sin. It seems as if there were no end to the places of amusement, theatres, matinees, operas, night and day excursions by land and water all days of the week. Sunday is only observed by the few as a sacred day; it is rather set apart as a day for amusement, while some labor every day alike.

If you have never seen the great, heavy, low, long wagons that carry huge loads of cotton over the rough stone streets, I can convey to you no idea of the terrible noise they make, it is just deafening when they pass. I noticed these on Sunday when there was less other noise, as they trotted along not loaded.

Horses are never hitched in streets, there are no posts. I never saw a farmer's wagon. I mean a good looking two-horse lumber wagon; poor little mules and one-horse carts, even the street cars are drawn with one mule. Poor things, how I pitied them! Sometimes they would slip and fall, cutting themselves on the sharp stones. Nowhere did I see fine horses except among the very wealthy and on the fire engines, the latter were large and fat.

Yes, there is the Margaret statue which Brunefille describes. I saw the Square; there she sits in that great arm chair, benevolence shining out of her eyes, one arm encircles a child, the joy of her heart. She has left a more lasting monument than marble in the hearts of the people, by founding schools for orphan children; there are two large buildings opposite, one on each side of the Square, one for boys, the other for girls. Orphans of Catholics are well provided for—it is a Catholic city. There are many schools and hospitals supported by charity under Catholic instruction and supervision.

There are many other beautiful squares. If you would like sometime I will tell you of Jackson and Lafayette Square and Lee's Circle. M. E. HALL.

LESLIE.

TROUBLE WITH HOUSE PLANTS.

Will some one please tell me what is the trouble with my plants. I have a few in a south window that were doing so nicely, they were really a source of great satisfaction to me. But such a change within the last two weeks! The leaves of the geranium and fuchsias turn yellow and have to be picked off by the handful. I do not allow the earth to become dry before watering, it cannot be that. Thought at first the water I gave them might be too warm, so used cooler; have used a very little ammonia in the water frequently. The thought came to me this morning I am using hard water and pretty hard at that. So will some one tell me if that is injurious to house plants.

FLINT.

COZETTE.

[We are rather inclined to think perhaps the trouble is too much ammonia. A very, very little, and not often, is all that a potted plant can stand. This we learned by experience, killing a fine chrysanthemum by what we thought quite homeopathic doses. Possibly too, worms may be feeding on the bark of the roots, inducing decay; or too much water with imperfect drainage may cause the trouble.]