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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE TIRED WIFE.

All day the wife had been toiling,  
From an early hour in the morn,  
And her hands and her feet were weary  
With the burdens that she had borne;  
But she said to herself: "The trouble  
That weighs on my mind is this—  
That Tom never thinks to give me  
A comforting hug and a kiss.

"I'm willing to do my duty,  
To use all my strength and skill  
In making the home attractive,  
In striving my place to fill;  
But though the approval of conscience  
Is sweet, I am free to say,  
That if Tom would give me a hug and a kiss,  
'Twould take all the tired away."

Then she counted over and over  
The years she had been Tom's wife,  
And thought of the joys and sorrows  
She had known in her married life;  
To be sure, there was money plenty,  
And never a lack of food,  
But a kiss now and then and a word of praise  
Would have done a world of good.

Ah, many a one is longing  
For words that are never said;  
And many a heart goes hungry  
For something better than bread;  
But Tom had an inspiration,  
And when he went home that day  
He petted his wife and kissed her  
In the old-time lover-like way.

And she—such enigmas are women!  
Who had held herself up with pride,  
At her husband's display of fondness  
Just hung on his neck and cried.  
And he, by her grief reminded  
Of troubles he might have shared,  
Said: "Bless my heart! What a fool I've been!  
And I didn't suppose you cared!"  
—Josephine Pollard, in *N. Y. Ledger*.

### READING FOR GIRLS.

I have been greatly troubled about the way in which country girls spend their leisure hours. After the customary routine of household duties is performed the girls are "so lonesome," don't know what to do with themselves, and either sit down idly to hold their hands, or go visiting; perhaps, though, it is a busy season, all the horses are at work; so the young girl is thrown upon her own resources, and, picking up a trashy novel, it may be in book form, but it is more likely to be of the newspaper kind—*Saturday Night*, for instance—or one of those printed upon the inside of some of the country papers, she drops down upon the couch, and for the next two hours is lost in the heart-rending distresses of Amanda Malvina Fitzallen, only closing the book or paper after her mother has called her several times, and then going sulkily about her work wondering why she had not been born in a castle where there

were no dishes to wash, and hoping, in a dreamy sort of way, that fate will eventually send some wandering prince that way. The girl lives an unreal life, sympathizing with the trials of her favorite heroine, until she almost puts herself in her place, and unconsciously scorns her homely round of duties as she imagines the great lady would do, until the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked country girl grows up into a discontented young lady who gives no pleasure to herself or anybody else.

The girl herself is not to blame for this, but her parents are; for it is their duty to furnish books and papers of the best kind, and to stimulate and suggest in the wisest way the best methods of reading. Children should be taught to read at home, or rather allowed to learn as a privilege, which is not impossible if rightly managed. I would teach the child to study in the very beginning, not to read the little story simply to be amused or to pass away the time.

Of the necessity of making attractive the beginning of reading, Edward Everett Hale says: "In the first place we must make this business agreeable. Whichever avenue we take into the maze must be one of the pleasant avenues, or else, in a world that God has made very beautiful, the child will want to go out of door to play and the young people will go a-skating, or a-fishing, or a-swimming, or a-voyaging, and not a-reading."

If there is a wise counselor by to suggest, or rather accidentally to put into one's way a book which, while it requires great mental effort, yet is entertaining enough to make the reader forget she is thinking, as some of Washington Irving's or Holland's for instance, the taste for good, substantial literature is very soon acquired. It is in reading as in eating. When the first hunger is over you begin to be a little critical, and will by no means take to garbage if you have a wholesome nature.

There is a heavy duty and responsibility resting upon parents at the very outset, and many mistakes are unwittingly made. Sometimes a certain class of reading is condemned, but nothing else is given in its place to fill the craving of a hungry mind; in that case, either the forbidden book is read "on the sly" or some other, often more hurtful, is substituted in its place. Every one who has had anything to do with girls knows that each one is much more apt to follow a suggestion which is so delicately put that she believes she came around to that way of thinking herself, (and it is true of the boys too).

But above all things discourage the young

person from setting herself up as a critic. To say "I can't bear Dickens," or "Thackeray is so tiresome," or "George Eliot is too prosaic," is almost equivalent to no taste at all. If, after she has read those great authors, she has failed to get into sympathy with them enough to understand and appreciate them, let her say so humbly and sorrowfully, not boastfully; and the reader should immediately go to work to cultivate her taste. I would not have her untruthful, and pretend to like what she does not, for there is little hope of a hypocrite; but each of us is responsible for her own taste; it is like the conscience, we are to blame if it is not sufficiently educated to be able to distinguish the good from the bad. And when once we have the true love of books in our hearts, what an inexhaustible store of happiness is open to us! As Ruskin says, great and good men will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; talk to us in the best words they can choose and with thanks, if we listen to them.

PAW PAW.

AURORA.

### SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

One of our most popular poets, Longfellow, brings this subject before us in the form of a beautiful poem.

"Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone."

Something, or an unknown quantity or undetermined event; neglected or forgotten; undone or subject to destruction.

Defined thus it is an event forgotten and destroyed.

It is an established truth that labor is never finished so long as we inhabit this earth, and some would have this only the first step to a higher, universal and eternal career, and therefore something uncompleted still would await us in the hereafter.

In the life of every one there come days and weeks of doubt and perplexity when we ask ourselves "What shall I do and what can I leave undone?"

To those who have decided on a definite course, not much trouble will arise in following its prescribed path, but a large percentage of humanity is compelled by circumstances to follow a pursuit that will require of them daily self-denial, and to them comes always the ghost of another life, an incompleteness and longing for something that is not for them.

Labor day after day, physical or mental, is required of all. And though centuries of labor have been completed, future generations will ever find work before them.

Labor in the sweat of the brow, the

whirl of the brain, with beating pulses and throbbing heart.

Still there is forever something left undone haunting our physical repose and following us in our pleasure. Something is waiting to receive our attention at every turn.

Then, too, the spiritual body endeavors to overcome the physical weariness and enable the brain and heart to gain refreshment, a necessary adjunct to existence. Or a moral obligation is urging us onward, and always and forever tasks are unfinished.

"Beside the bedside, by the stair,  
At the threshold, near the gate,  
With its menace or its prayer,  
Like a mendicant it waits."

Day unto day brings its weight of care, and the setting sun of to-day sees many tasks uncompleted.

"Procrastination is the thief of Time," and neglect and forgot are close of kin. Hand in hand they travel through our lives, abiding here or there, ever leaving the soil impoverished if not ruined by their habitation. Yet time with relentless hand is constantly destroying the work of man and nature, and assisting him to bury his failures; opening new sources of pleasure and profit. And, again, the faithful and far-seeing poet brings to our view a burden through which we are all suffering, namely:

"By the cares of yesterday  
Each to-day is heavier made."

We all recall some event of the past that still casts a shadow over the present, in word or action, thoughtless and careless, in youth or later years. The passing by of a duty that we owe to the community in which we dwell, a religious or moral, a business or political obligation is neglected. More yet, to our friends and companions do we cause heedless suffering; not wilfully but simply because we forgot. In all conditions of life we find this evil.

"Faithfulness in little things" is a maxim to be followed more generally even at the present day of large undertakings and small profits.

A wise ordinance of our Creator so vails the future that we remain ignorant of the next step before us, else we would, in many cases, be utterly discouraged at the amount of care and suffering to be our share.

Step by step onward and upward, no halting to look to right to left for what might be, and we reach the haven of rest. So we fulfill the duties that come before us and steadily press onward, so only can we escape the overpowering sense of labors uncompleted.

"Knowing our duty, let us cling to that, and distress may overwhelm but can not disturb us, may destroy but cannot hurt us."

To the conscientious man an apparent duty becomes oftentimes a reality, and its neglect brings with it a constant recurring sense of something left undone and worries the victim until the forgetfulness has been remedied, yet through the entire lifetime of said person it appears now and again like some awful spectre of forgotten times, becoming thus a burden to carry from year to year, making heavier our to-morrow, and heeding not our penitence.

"Till at length the burden seems  
Greater than our strength can bear,  
Heavy as the weight of dreams,  
Pressing on us every where."

Others may pass over such stings of conscience with a careless disregard for what men may think—cool, indifferent; but to the most of us it is always a weight, and leaves behind it some impression that it is in our power to turn to good or evil, just as we will, for our own benefit or for that of others. Certain it is that we leave undone more for the benefit of our neighbor and brother than for our own interest, and yet the words are ever before us, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

It may be a labor of love or pity that custom or morality requires of us, yet better it is if we unshrinkingly attack it and not let the opportunity pass, for moments pass only too swiftly and we see them no more.

All that we do, let us do to the best of our ability and then we may rest content.

Human imperfection cannot pretend to accomplish what Nature is constantly striving to improve.

In every life are wasted moments, yet we cannot always call them wasted, for one or another of the senses are alert and active.

And thus

"We stand from day to day  
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,  
Who, as Northern legends say,  
On their shoulders held the sky."

FRED.

#### FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

Where two colors are made up together, it is customary to use the lighter for the lower skirt. A black and tan dress recently sent from a well-known dressmaker's had a skirt of tan color, the bottom cut out in leaf points which fell over a fold of tan velvet. The drapery was of black cashmere, very long and nearly concealing the skirt, though permitting it to show all round and on the sides. Basque of black cashmere, cut in points over the tan vest. This would be handsome in black and copper color, or one of the new mahogany shades which are so popular at the moment. Where a dress is made up with velvet, the skirt is perfectly plain, and has a wide border of the velvet set on at the edge or three inches above it. The basque is trimmed with velvet revers, but no velvet is used on the drapery. Velvet skirts with polonaises of wool goods are popular.

Garibaldi waists are revived, but not as they were worn twenty years ago. They have a pointed yoke, which is generally braided, are more closely fitted, and extend below the belt long enough to cover the hips, being sloped shorter on the hips, and a little longer in front than behind. This prevents them from pulling up under the belt. The sleeves have no cuffs, but a line of braiding finishes the wrist; the belt is pointed and lapped, and it and the high straight collar are covered with braiding. These waists are made of cloth, flannel and cashmere, and worn with any skirts. Young ladies like them in red, but others prefer quiet colors.

Watered silk is a very fashionable combination with wool goods; it replaces to a large extent the velvet, plain or brocaded, which has been worn so long. It is used as revers, panels, etc., with cashmere and Henrietta cloth, and though not enduring wear like the velvet, makes rich-looking dresses. It costs from \$1.37½ to \$2.25,

with the blessed privilege of using as much or as little as one chooses.

A pretty dress made for a stout, matronly lady, of green camells' hair, had a plain skirt of green watered silk, finished at the foot across the front and sides by a full pleated ruche three inches wide, of the dress goods. The front drapery disclosed the skirt to the waist on the left side, and extending almost to the bottom, was gathered in graceful folds far back on the right where it met the back drapery, slightly caught up with it. A cluster of French loops of green watered ribbon was set on here. The basque was absolutely plain save for short, narrow revers of the moire, and fitted the plump figure like a glove.

The ribbons of the season deserve more than mere mention. They are very handsome. A novelty seen at Lowrie's—where you must go if you want to find the very latest and cheapest—had two narrow stripes of velvet on a copper-colored ground, with alternate satin and corded stripes dividing them. The same effect was seen in old gold, mauve, mahogany and cardinal. Another style had one wider stripe of velvet, making about one-half the width, the other half being grosgrain; these are fifty cents a yard. Changeable ribbons are the fashionable fad of the moment; used in French loops, that is, a bunch of 15 loops, each half a yard long, they decorate costumes and furniture. French loops of white satin ribbon tied the bouquets of the bridal party at the Sheldon-Alger wedding recently. They have a plain satin cord edge, and are from one and a half to two inches wide, for forty cents. Ribbons of two shades are showy and pretty; pale lilac with purple, dark and light greens and blues, show to good advantage on dresses or fancy work, and cost from 25 to 50 cents. Picot-edged ribbons are less used, the loop edges are quite "out," the milliners tell us, but all the same merchants sell yards of them yet. The feather-edged ribbons, though, are past and gone, they soiled and looked ragged too soon. Moire ribbons of the same color are used more upon dresses than these fancy ones, which are reserved for wear on the corsage.

Blouse waists are very pretty for girls of from ten to fourteen. They have pointed yokes, both front and back, which are braided, as also the cuffs and high collar. The material is gathered to the yoke, and cut long enough to gather to a belt and fall over it like a sailor blouse. Sometimes instead of braiding, the yoke, cuffs and collar are made of velvet, the skirt being trimmed with it also.

Young ladies are wearing velvet basques again, matching them to the color of the skirts to be worn, or if the waist is to do duty with several skirts, selecting black. Velvet and plush goods in colors have been as low as a dollar per yard here, in 20-inch widths; they are not of course of the best quality, but answer very well for these basques, which are not likely to be worn long, and for fancy work. Some very beautiful plush dresses are seen in blue, green or purple; a copper-colored plush with wrap and bonnet to match was very handsome but rather too showy for the street, especially as the wearer was on foot. These plush dresses are perfectly plain in front and on



the sides, slightly draped at the back, and absolutely without trimming of any kind; the beauty of the material and the fit of the costume constituting its elegance.

## HOME TALKS.

## NO. XII.

The baking powder crust you have learned to make, Hetty, for biscuit, furnishes a foundation for a number of puddings; rolled in small pieces and filled with tart apples cut in quarters, the crust drawn around and edges pinched together, and steamed three-quarters of an hour, we have delicious dumplings to be eaten with butter and sugar, maple syrup, or cream and sugar. Rolled out in a sheet and covered with berries of any kind, or cherries, or peaches cut fine, then rolled up, crusts pinched together and steamed makes roly-poly pudding. Fill a pudding dish with apples, lay a crust over and bake them, turn crust down on a platter and season liberally with butter and sugar, not stirred in, but laid thick on top and a little nutmeg grated on, we call it Apple John. It also makes an excellent crust for pot pie and meat or chicken pie. It is always light and always white when made from patent flour.

Here is a piece of beef for stewing to-day; this piece is cut from the fore shoulder, the fore-knuckle it is called, and has but one round bone in it; it weighs nine pounds. Twenty minutes to the pound for fresh meat and thirty for salt meat is the rule, but I think two and one-half hours will cook this. Always put fresh meat into hot water, salt meat into cold. Have water enough to two-thirds cover the meat to-day and have it boiling; salt and pepper the meat when you put it in. Some cooks say the salt extracts the juices of the meat, it will steak, I know. After the meat gets to boiling keep a good steady fire; let it boil slowly but constantly. Plunging it into hot water sears the meat on the outside; just as I told you about the roast, if it is kept boiling hard all the time the fibrine is hardened and the meat becomes tasteless and hard. That is the trouble with nine-tenths of the young cooks, the fire is all out at times, and then started up and the meat boiled as violently as possible. It should not simmer, but bubble all over, in this way the meat is juicy and has a good flavor. Replenish the water as needed from the tea kettle, which should be kept full of hot water. As the dinner hour approaches see that the meat boils dry, add a lump of butter and brown nicely, do not ever let it scorch, for the flavor of the gravy will be spoiled. Now add a trifle of seasoning and dish; turn in one pint of hot water and thicken as for roast beef; strain the gravy through the tin strainer, as there will be bits of meat in it.

Corn boiled on the ear, baked potatoes, lima beans, raw tomatoes, corn starch blancmange makes our dinner to-day. For the last, set one quart of milk over a kettle of hot water; when hot, salt, and wet up half a teacup of corn starch with cold milk, stir in slowly; if it does not make it stiff enough add a little more, it should be quite stiff. Wet some cups and in the bottom of each place one tablespoonful of

current jelly; fill them two-thirds full of the blancmange and set them to cool. When you serve it, turn out in saucers and eat with sweetened cream, not milk, flavored with vanilla. The lima beans should boil two hours at least, in just enough water to cook them then add cream, butter, salt, and serve like peas. Peel and slice the tomatoes and sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper, and pass them for each one to help himself, they are so much better than made sour with vinegar. In making succotash use six large ears of corn to a pint of lima beans. Cook the beans half an hour before adding the corn; cut and scrape it from the cob, and then boil half an hour, season with cream, butter, salt and a little sugar.

Boiled macaroni is delicious. Because it is served as a vegetable, many think it must be something that grows. Well, it does; but in the shape of wheat; it is simply dough pressed and forced through tubes and comes out in the form of macaroni or vermicelli. Boil it gently in milk and water; allowing six minutes to the ounce, then drain and season the same as beans or corn; grated cheese over it seems an essential adjunct. Macaroni with tomatoes: One and one half pints of beef soup will be absorbed by eight ounces of macaroni. After boiling fifteen minutes, or until it is tender, take up in a flat dish—grate cheese over—and pour over a plentiful supply of nicely seasoned stewed tomatoes. Sweet potatoes are plenty now, and are certainly at their best when baked, but are an excellent breakfast dish when boiled the day before and fried in hot butter, not sliced but cut in oblong chunks or cube shapes. Salt slightly and fry brown. Irish potatoes are cooked in innumerable ways, as pared and roasted whole in the dripping pan with roast beef. Mashed potato mixed with minced beef's tongue or boiled ham, seasoned and made into balls, rolled in egg and fried like fish-balls, are called potato rissoles and are a pleasant change for breakfast.

Those sweet apples are at their best now, Hetty; select enough perfect ones to fill the preserve kettle two-thirds full; add a pint of hot water and let them boil, after covering closely, half an hour or more; then add a teacupful of white sugar, and after a little change the under ones to the top and let the syrup boil down on them. These are lovely for tea and breakfast. Pears are delicious cooked in this way, and served for a dessert with butter and sugar, or eaten cold like the apples. Baked quinces are equally as good eaten with butter and sugar. The Red Astrachans are ripe and we will have apple compote some day: Pare and dig the cores out, leaving the apples whole; take enough to weigh one pound. Make a syrup of three-fourths of a pound of sugar and drop in the apples a few at a time; do not allow them to break to pieces, remove carefully to a deep dish; now dissolve one box of gelatine in a little hot water, stir into the syrup and strain over the apples; when cold heap whipped cream over it. Some add a little lemon to the syrup, or slices of lemon on each apple. So many nice dishes are made with whipped cream, one should really have a syllabub churn, but we will make the egg beater do

service. Use what you have when you cannot do any better, thus making a virtue of necessity. Slice sponge and fruit cake, spread with jelly, and lay alternately edge down around the mold, that new square tin will do, or a glass dish will answer as well. Take one pint of rich sweet cream; have it ice cold and whip with the beater; it will become light, much as cream does in the churn just before butter comes. Be sure you do not beat it too long or you will have butter. Have half a package of gelatine dissolved, strained, and nearly cold; now stir this into the cream with two-thirds of a cup of granulated sugar, and any flavoring you desire—peach is excellent. After mixing thoroughly turn over the cake in the mold and set in the refrigerator. Now this can be varied, so many dishes are made with this whipped cream; glasses can be half filled with jelly, or fruit of different kinds—big strawberries are splendid, halves of peaches, bananas; then fill the glasses full and heaped with the cream; these dishes are handy to make on Saturday for Sunday dinner.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

## LITTLE THINGS.

[Paper read before the Grass Lake Farmers' Club by Miss Nelly Sawyer.]

"Little Things" is, perhaps a subject which embraces a much wider field of thought than any one would suppose at first thought. There is scarcely anything we can mention, but what is in itself a little thing, or composed of a multiplicity of little things. Human happiness or misery is made up of little events, each in itself insignificant. In every undertaking it is the systematic attention to minor details that ensures success.

To be faithful in that which is least, is the high road to the ruling over much.

We must look to the littles, but on the other hand we must overlook a great many things. We should be careful not to magnify little things until they assume great proportions, as we are so apt to do. A very trifling annoyance, if allowed a foothold, can make a whole family uncomfortable, when if we would put it out of our minds things would go on just as well, and we would feel much better afterward for the discipline.

Little things mean every thing. Little words, insinuations and sarcasms innocently spoken have destroyed the happiness of many a life, but if in their place kind words and sympathy had been expressed, the result would have been entirely different.

When the farmer begins to plow a field the task seems interminable, for the ground must all be turned over furrow by furrow. But as he gets near the end and looks back, it does not seem the task he pictured to himself, simply because it is done. So with any unpleasant work that is looked forward to with dread; if we would do that first, a very needless burden would be lifted from our minds, and all have actual burdens enough without carrying any unnecessary ones.

In getting an education the foundation in the form of the A B C's must first be laid; it cannot be acquired in a single day.

An inconsistent father once said to his little boy who had been to school for the first time, that if he could not read after having been at school all day he could not go again. He expected too much and of course (as people often are who expect a great deal) was disappointed. We cannot begin at the top rounds of the ladder, but must climb them round by round, and that can only be accomplished by a good deal of both: patience and push.

There is not an avocation perhaps that requires the patience and perseverance that farming does. It takes so long for the farmer to see the result of his labor. But we can put up with tardiness better from "Dame Nature" than any one else.

Pardon this hint, fathers and brothers, but if you knew how much help it is for each one to hang up a coat, or put in place a pair of boots, you would do it oftener, and the mothers and sisters would extend a vote of thanks, and say "Keep right on in the good work." Those of us who are fortunate enough to have our wood and water brought in for us know how to appreciate it, and wish all women were as blessed in that regard as ourselves; they ought to be.

#### AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

Here is my ironing right here on the table but I cannot touch it until I have given vent to my feelings. The *HOUSEHOLD* came this morning, and of course I looked it over, and what do you suppose I read in Evangeline's "Home Talks?" I found the word "alcohol," and this is not the first time she has given it in her recipes. I have waited and waited for some of the gifted pens to admonish her in the way of wrong-doing, but if my memory serves me right, but one has ventured to object. Now she will say "Aunt Jennie" is one who has been bitten by the poisonous reptile. No, I am not; I am a wife and mother, but the tempter never has entered my household, neither did it enter my father's before me, nor will it enter, disguised by my hand, in the shape of cakes, pies, or pudding sauce. But I have seen somebody's boy dragged down lower than the lowest, and somebody's husband has ruined home, fortune, friends, happiness, everything, through its venomous sting. And here is Evangeline, the one I had always imagined to resemble the "Evangeline" by the sea, with that sad, sweet face—we used to sing about her in the old home, teaching Hetty to use ardent spirits in her cooking. Does she know the kind of seed she is sowing? She knows not what the harvest will be; there may be a weakness in the taste of some member of that household, and they may not have moral courage enough to resist it, and the spirits in the food may arouse the lion from his den; for you know the good book says: "The iniquity of the fathers shall be visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generations." I am imagining Evangeline's face to be a little different from the one I pictured a few years ago; a firm, resolute face, not easily marred or ruffled by the little annoyances of life. She will say when she reads this, "Well; she is some temperance fanatic; probably belongs to some temperance organization." Yes, I do; I belong to one that was in the begin-

ning, is now, and will be forever more. I also belong to one founded by man, and am working for the upbuilding of the temperance cause.

I beg our housekeepers not to use any more alcohol in their cooking. Your husband and sons may be strong, but some one else may be weak, and "if meat maketh my brother to offend, then I will eat no meat while the world shall stand." There is no teaching that will take the place of a mother's, and nothing short of some great, sad experience of our own will undermine or uproot that error taught us in childhood. The rocks upon which other ships have been wrecked should have a light-house with the word "Beware" blazing in letters of fire.

NORVELL.

AUNT JENNIE.

#### SOME THINGS.

Often after reading the elaborate and long drawn out descriptions of how to make such a lovely thing "out of a dry goods box," decorated, covered, painted, bedezened and bedecked with ribbons, flowers and fancies, I have mentally counted up the cost, and the invariable conclusion is that it costs more than it comes to. It may be "a thing of beauty," but certainly will not prove a "joy forever," for wear and tear—even time alone—soon takes off its freshness, and the disgusted owner and fashioner will bounce it as a "dowdy nuisance." The same amount of money invested in a good substantial article of furniture will, with all its want of showiness, give longer and better satisfaction. There is a fascination about the work of our own hands that leads an industrious, ambitious woman to delight in the creation of beautiful things, and if she can name them as useful too, conscience is placated, good sense disarmed, and she goes with ardor about a business that proves a delusion and a snare. But how much in earnest she is while the working fever is on, and no visions of past experiences are allowed to shadow the happy present.

I feel competent to give testimony, for I have "been there." I cannot show specimens, for every blessed one of them was cremated long ago. One must draw a line somewhere. I still utilize the pieces left from home-made dress goods, and the like, sewed into form with the smallest amount of cutting; have even decorated some heirloom linen, homespun and woven nearly a century ago, with an etching pattern, transforming what was useless into a pretty toilet set for a bedroom, where it will do service and yet be preserved for years.

I no longer buy new prints to cut up in little pieces to sew together again in some wonderfully intricate pattern, with a high-sounding name that the highest flight of fancy or the most vivid imagination could place no likeness to or harmony between. I do not wish to discourage any one who may find pleasure and leisure to pursue such avocations; I only wish to enter my decided conviction that it don't pay.

I saw something in this line once that won my unqualified admiration. It was in an humble home, where hard necessity kept watch and ward, but neatness held court. A little bedroom with a clean, bare floor was furnished with an old four poster bedstead,

but it was the support of a nicely made bed covered with a white cotton sheet for a spread, a muslin curtain hung gracefully over the small window, a dry goods box was neatly papered with the same paper as the walls, shelves were placed within, a cover and curtain of the same snowy whiteness made it a pretty adjunct; two smaller boxes, cushioned and curtained, made acceptable seats, and there were no garish colors to fade in the dust and damp.

There are some ladies who have so much leisure that such things may be necessary to pass the time away for them, I certainly would not wish to interfere with their happiness or enjoyment. Every mania must have its day, and every one should be permitted to ride her hobby at her own pleasure. Some very busy women make very little progress, and some very wise ones have some foolish notions, and all have various imperfections very patent to all but themselves. So while we each exercise our right to "have our say" on such subjects as we please, let us each accord to others the same, and endeavor not to give or take offence.

If Mrs. Smith takes pleasure in preaching expensive economy, perhaps Mrs. Jones takes equal pleasure in selecting such material from her cast off stores, and remodeling it into garments that it will suit, that some needy waif will have cause to bless her hobby.

The new year approaches. Let us thoughtfully pause, reflect, and resolve that practical, earnest, heartfelt sympathy with the people around us shall govern our acts, thoughts and endeavors. So shall life put on a broader, deeper significance, be better worth the living, and mankind be the better for our having lived.

"It is not all of Life to live,  
Nor all of Death to die."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

At a late meeting of the Grass Lake Farmers' Club, Mrs. Rowe reminded her associates that not only could carpets be repaired by pasting on patches where needed, but that black clothing can be repaired with neatness by using black courtplaster to unite the torn edges. She had also discovered that the unripe potatoes of the present season have their flavor improved by mashing them just before they are thoroughly done, and allowing the steam of the potato to finish the cooking.

Mrs. EMMA EWING, a well known writer on domestic topics, says there is an avenue to independence for women—or some of them at least, which is little thought of. In any village of one thousand inhabitants there is room for any woman who can bake good bread, to make a living furnishing families with homemade, wholesome bread, such as they cannot buy at the village bakery. And this is true. A good bread-maker, buying flour by the barrel, and sufficiently mistress of the conditions never to have "poor luck" can earn money in the business. It is better than sewing, or washing, or many other employments to which women without training in any business are glad to resort.