

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands!  
They are so full, they turn at our demands,  
So often; they reach out  
With trifles scarcely thought about,  
So many times; they do  
So many things for me, for you,  
If then fond wills mistake  
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips  
That speak to us. Pray if love strips  
Them of discretion many times;  
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes  
We may pass by, for we may see  
Days not far off when those small words may be  
Held not as slow or quick, or out of place, but  
dear  
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go  
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow  
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake  
Or tread upon some flowers that we would take  
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,  
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,  
We may be mute,  
Nor turning quickly to impute  
Grave fault; for they and we  
Have such a little way to go, can be  
Together such a little while along the way,  
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,  
We see them! For not blind  
Is love. We see them, but if you and I  
Perhaps remember them, some by and by,  
They will not be  
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,  
But just odd ways; mistakes, or even less,  
Remembrances to bless.

Days change so many things—yes, hours,  
We see so differently in suns and showers.  
Mistaken words to-night.  
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,  
We may be patient, for we know  
There's such a little way to go.

### AN OPEN LETTER TO "HETTY."

DEAR HETTY.—There is nothing in all the world, my dear girl, that's as cheap and plenty as advice. Providence has endowed us with a generous desire to benefit our fellows, so far as words go; when it comes to more substantial matters, that's quite another thing. Obeying this instinct, I too would give you a few words of counsel, in lieu of a more appropriate wedding gift, upon the occasion of your marriage.

The three things I would most impress upon your attention, take the form of negations. Don't grumble. Don't find fault. Don't scold. Grumbling and faultfinding are close of kin; grumbling is only a trifle less personal. Scolding follows close upon them; they seem sometimes to merge by insensible gradations into each other. All are like foes to love and happiness. You

think, now, you will never be guilty of any of these faults, but first you know you will catch yourself grumbling over some little privation; some self-denial that is expected of you, or scolding about muddy feet or misplaced hat and gloves. Stop short at once, Hetty; and exercise a little of your woman's strategy to bring about your wishes and inculcate carefulness without cross or fretful words.

Be neat and orderly, but remember that a virtue carried to excess becomes a vice. A man does not enjoy being followed up with a broom and dustpan. At home his great wish is to be comfortable; let him find comfort his own way. If he puts his feet on an ottoman, or occupies two chairs with more satisfaction than elegance of appearance, don't mind it. Constant reproof, "don't do this, "stop doing that," wears out a man's patience and often irritates him into unkind speech, or drives him out of the house.

Don't order your housekeeping to suit the neighbors; and give no heed to "they say." Home was made for the inmates; don't reverse the conditions. Have nothing in your house too good for use, but enjoy your possessions as you go along; and strive always to have things comfortable rather than fine.

Don't say "No" when your husband asks you to go out with him; go, even at some personal inconvenience; even if you would rather stay at home. He wishes your company, and if you do not give it he will soon learn to do without it, and will omit the invitation.

You will undoubtedly discover new and unexpected traits in your husband's character; perhaps some you may consider faults. Let the good ones overbalance them; dwell on his good qualities, and overlook his faults or weaknesses. In that way only you can find happiness. Do not attempt to "reconstruct" him, or make him conform to your ideas. Go round the rough places, not over them. Never force an issue to an absolute conclusion, where one or the other must make unconditional surrender; even though you win, it is a dear-bought victory. Always leave yourself a chance to yield gracefully and graciously. Study your husband's character, and don't be ashamed to try to please him.

If you value your influence over your husband, do not resort to tears to "bring him to terms," as I have heard women say. It will work well for a few times—at first; but men dislike a lachrymose woman above all things. If every little difference brings a thunder-gust or a gentle drizzle quite as

exasperating, it will not be long before the flutter of a pocket handkerchief will be a signal for Harry to have a pressing engagement to "see a man" somewhere. At first, there will be sympathy, but every such demand weakens it; the husband hardens, and you may some day hear reference made to "sniveling women." No woman can afford to win her own way by such means. A little woman here told me not long ago: "Howard said the other day, when he was called out of town, and I did not make a fuss over his going, that it made it a good deal easier for him when I took it cheerfully and did not seem to mind. I know it does, too. I've noticed often that when he comes from work at night he seems to take his cue from me; if I'm singing or laughing, he cheers up at once, but if I am quiet and dull, he has not much to say. And so when he comes in I always try to seem happy." The dear little woman! She thinks there's only one man in all the world and that she's got him!

Neatness in dress is more a matter of habit than of time. If you keep up what I presume is your present custom, that of dressing yourself properly in the morning, you will never miss the minutes required, and save yourself more than one awkward *contretemps*. It is not expected you will dress your hair elaborately, or try to do a washing in a muslin wrapper, but it is a brief task to brush your hair into a smooth coil at the back which shall not resemble a "washwoman's pug," and a calico dress can be clean and whole. If you accustom yourself to wear a collar mornings, you will soon find it can be put on in less than one minute. As I have said, the habit of personal neatness, once established, becomes second nature.

"Lovers' purses," I've heard, "are tied with cobwebs." Never let those gossamer threads strengthen into hempen cables. Begin right. Let your husband understand from the first that it costs money to run a house and clothe a woman. Knowing his income and expenses, and his ambitions as well, you will know how to proportion your expenses; but never let him get in the way of thinking all that comes into his hands is *his*, absolutely, and that the "butter and egg" money must suffice for the house and your personal expenses. Make him comfortable and content, consult his tastes and humor his weaknesses, and the chances are the money question will never be a bugbear in your married life. But don't go into debt for luxuries or finery, nor let it make you unhappy because a neighbor has finer furnishings than you. This wretched social

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rivalry is responsible for debts and failures and untold misery.

Don't begin by earning money for your own expenses from outside sources, as sewing, teaching, or painting, etc.; if you do this, let the proceeds go into the family fund. It is far better so, for by and by even the most loving of Harrys may come to think it your duty to provide for those little needs.

Never discuss your private affairs with a friend or neighbor, no matter how intimate. Draw the line there. "Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend." Family matters are not for the public, who, greedy to hear though it be, respects most a quiet reticence that has nothing to tell.

And last, but not least, Hetty, remember that a pure-minded woman holds her husband's deepest love, his truest respect. And a wife can and should preserve all her maidenly dignity and purity of thought and speech. And because you are married, do not permit coarse, vulgar stories—such as I have heard of women's retailing to one another as "good jokes"—to be repeated in your presence. Show by your unsmiling face and your proud reserve, that such conversation is displeasing to you, and though you may be called a prude, you will be the more honored for it. BEATRIX.

### DOMESTIC HELP.

I was much interested in L. C.'s article on ironing in the *HOUSEHOLD* of January 30, and want to tell her what a treasure I have found in the shape of starch. Cuffs, collars, shirts—yes, and white aprons too—can be nicely ironed in ten minutes after washing; but much better to first let them dry; they will be stiff and glossy and the irons will not stick if they are clean when you commence. It is fine like flour, and comes at ten cents per pound; call for Elastic Starch and take no other, especially in the winter time. Many people make their ironing harder than it otherwise would be, by taking the clothes from the line and crowding them into the basket, thereby making many deep wrinkles to smooth out on ironing day. I always fold my clothes directly from the line, unless the weather is too cold; in that case I lay them loosely in the basket, and fold them as soon as I get in the house. I never roll clothes, as it makes so many wrinkles, but fold them smoothly; it takes a little longer, but I am fully paid when I come to iron, as they iron so easily. There are so many ways that we can simplify work if we only put our thinking-cap on, and "make our heads save our heels," as the saying goes.

Beatrix says have the holders handy. I will tell you how handy I have mine. I take an oyster can that has been opened across one side and both ends, bend it up straight, then put a shingle nail through each upper corner, and hang it by the side of the kitchen stove. You can paper it if you like. I find this much better than hanging them up, as half the time in the last way they are—well, where are they? certainly not on the nail. Have a good supply, so you can wash them every week, as who wants pie or cake taken out of the oven with a dirty holder?

□ I wish to say a few words in regard to our every day dresses. Some say, "Oh it don't make any difference if it is homely, it is just to wear every day." Now why not pick out something neat, that will wash well? It is no more work to make it, nor wash and iron it; and certainly any one feels better, and if the doorbell rings one does not go to the door covered with blushes and so confused that she can not think of anything to say but make excuses about her looks. I for one am so slow about my work that I do not very often get my dress changed before two o'clock, so I put on my collar when I dress in the morning, and try to keep my hair behind my ears; and with clean big gingham apron on I am not ashamed if any one does catch me. I do not think it necessary to wear corsets and bustles, nor in fact anything that will hinder work by making me uncomfortable; they are all right in their place and for those who want to wear them. I think corsets bring on a great many diseases, even if they are worn loose.

As so many of the ladies are having their say about Evangeline, I thought I would have mine. I look at it from this standpoint: She had been asked for recipes and methods of doing work, and so she takes this way of telling us; perhaps she has no daughters, but thought the lesson would be better remembered by telling it as a story than by column after column of recipes. You know that we all like to take medicine in homeopathic doses. For my part I have enjoyed her "Home Talks;" and think were they and her "Culinary Conversazione" that she gave last winter, put into a book they would be a great help to young housekeepers and old ones also, better than many of the cook-books of the times, as she tells what would be suitable for a meal and how to prepare each article. I would not try to follow any one's example wholly, only such parts of it as were suitable to my time, taste and purse. Some think she must be very quick to accomplish so much work. Perhaps she keeps a girl; she never has said that she did not. We can not always see both sides.

I want to ask some of the young ladies of the *HOUSEHOLD* what is the meaning of a "lovely time." I always supposed that anything lovely was something pleasing to the eye, but I was visited lately by a friend who when she went away said she had had a lovely time. Now if she had said, I have had a pleasant time, I should have been better pleased, for then I should have known what she meant. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but I do not like this superfluous use of adjectives. X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

### ROSES FOR THE GARDEN.

There are roses for outdoor planting in so many varieties of form, size and color, that selection is only a matter of taste. The *Madame Plantier* is a pure white, and so profuse in bloom as to have no rival; although hardy as a hazel shrub it is often used by florists in greenhouses, so lasting and abundant are its blooming qualities. Another favorite which, although an oldish variety, has not outlived its popularity, is *Gen. Jacqueminot*, the most glowing scarlet, but too well known to need description.

There seems to be some doubt of the vigor of moss roses, but after years of trial I know they have no superior in that respect. The best insecticide for roses is spraying with hellebore or pyrethrum. Paris green has little value for rose pests.

A lady asks what she shall do with bedding plants which were pulled up last fall and hung in the cellar in the hope that they would survive this rather heroic treatment. The plan of hanging geraniums and like coarse and vigorous plants in a cellar is not I think, to be trusted in every case. Sometimes the cellar is damp, and anything that is kept a month or more in it will be covered with mold, which is sure death to vegetable life. Another would be dry, and the plants would be entirely without moisture; in this case they would be likely to die for the lack of it, if not watched. If the stalks seem dry and limp they should be potted, cutting away all lifeless branches and leaves. Water with tepid water, and when the roots are well started and the foliage appears, give fertilizers and such treatment as is usual for growing plants. When the stalks are so dry as to be brittle, there is little or no chance of their reviving.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

### SOCIETY.

[Paper read by Mrs. Sophia J. Brockway at the January meeting of the Webster Farmers' Club.]

What am I expected to say about this one word, which is of itself so vastly important to each individual present, and every one elsewhere? Is it not said people are known by the society in which they associate? Therefore we should strive to realize the significance of a word of so much consequence to mankind. Webster defines it as union of persons in one interest, fellowship; hence the influence this farmers' club has upon its members is promotion of fellowship; and we as members of a society ought to exert ourselves somewhat, to make it of mutual benefit to all concerned.

Our every day lives are one form of society, and yet how little we realize this momentous fact. The influence of our lives, whether for good or evil, will extend to those around us, and have a great tendency to mold their future character; and more especially the children, who think what papa or mamma does is nearest right, and often refer to them in their intercourse with others. Their minds are very susceptible to faults and are ever on the alert after knowledge, either for happiness or sinfulness; for this reason parents have great need to be watchful over their own words and actions. Behavior many times speaks louder than words; is more easily remembered and considered with closer attention; it often has a greater bearing upon our associates.

Again, society means mingling together in various places with different classes of people. Each and every person should be able to choose his or her own associates as much as is possible under the situation. But in all the vast concourse of society, do we not see too much false pride and unnecessary extravagance displayed, regardless of whether it can be afforded, or how much it may inconvenience those who provide its means, thoughtless of the example



which others feel they must follow, or keep out of society. It is a sad and lamentable truth that the present is an age of unbounded desire for display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquenchable ambition, and not an age of calm, contented and useful knowledge.

We should learn to be independent of the society of others, if it becomes a necessity for us to do so. We should not acquire the habit of being fearful or miserable if we needs must be alone. Every one should be sufficiently egotistical to enjoy his own society, with such aids as are usually within reach, of which good books are first in use.

Under any circumstances we should never depend upon the friendship of the world for happiness, but seek for assistance from a higher power, which may ever be found in the sacred scriptures.

#### INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. L. Griffin at the February meeting of the Napoleon Farmers' Club.]

This is a subject in which I am sure all who are members of our Farmers' Club are interested, for if I mistake not the impelling motive power in the organization of the Club, was the desire for improvement in our various plans and method of work. If it is commendable to seek the best methods of cultivating the soil so it will produce the richest results and bring us the largest rewards, is it not equally desirable that we endeavor to cultivate our minds so that we bring in the largest returns in that direction? Through the wisdom of our Creator, men and women have been endowed with the intellectual nature, and we know by observation and by experience, that this nature is capable of improvement and enlargement. It is true of this faculty as of our lower faculties that constant exercise strengthens and develops, while the opposite course—that is, lack of cultivation—renders weak and inefficient. When we have such a gift in our possession we cannot afford to neglect it, any more than we can neglect the cultivation of our choicest fields. For next to our spiritual nature, I believe the intellectual nature is the richest possession with which we are endowed, and that we are responsible for its use and improvement. It is our duty to make the most of ourselves. In this land of free schools the majority of the youth may devote their earlier life to acquiring an education, but to all of us comes the time when our schooldays are over; we take up the active duties of life, and can no longer give the whole, or even any great portion of our time to the cultivation of our minds. But we realize that we have only just made a beginning. We are still in the seed-time of life, the seeds which have been planted are yet to germinate and grow, other seeds are to be planted in the fallow ground prepared for their reception, then the patient, persistent cultivation, and finally the reward of the harvest of wisdom, which we may expect to reap in our declining years.

Now what are we, what are farmers' wives going to do? If mental culture is an end to be desired, then we want to attain it. One does not require any great amount of experience in the duties of the indoor life

on the farm, to learn that there are serious obstacles in the way. In the first place there is the lack of time; for the practical homely duties demand a large share of our time. Then there is the lack of physical strength. Many farmers' wives exhaust all their energies in the routine of household duties, and we all know how nearly impossible it is for the mind to act when the body is worn out. Indeed it is easy to almost abandon any purpose to keep up with the times, letting alone making ourselves familiar with the gems of literature which are our inheritance, left us by great minds, and which cannot be obtained by us without an effort, and a great effort. But we can not afford to give it up.

It will not take us many years to learn that it does not pay to be immaculate in our housekeeping—with never a speck of dirt or a cobweb to be seen—at the expense of a neglected brain; for while we may be blind to the condition of things, others will not. We cannot afford to be left behind in the race by our husbands, our brothers, our sons; for it is true that they may keep their minds fresher without a special effort, than we can under the same conditions; because in their outdoor life, mingling with others, they will discuss the events of the present time, especially the political situation. The wife must not get into the deplorable condition where her husband feels that he must go away from home to talk over the news. Why should they not discuss it, and each benefit the other by their interchange of views? It is our duty to inform ourselves on the passing events of the day, on political matters, on new discoveries, so we may know what is going on in the world, and be able to converse intelligently on these subjects.

There is a right and a wrong way of reading the newspapers. If we take a newspaper and read everything there is in it, it is a curse to us, for if we cram our minds with all the trash to be found in the common secular newspaper, there is no room left for anything else. But there is a right use to be made of it, and with care and practice we can all learn to tell at a glance that which is worth our time.

When we turn our attention to books, we are confronted by such a multitude, we feel that we are standing before an army, mighty and invincible; and because of our inability to conquer the whole we are discouraged. But in this matter, as in nearly all other fields, we have to exercise the privilege of choice. We cannot have all the desirable things which are within our reach, but must choose that which in our estimation is most to be desired. I think that those whose time is the most limited, are the ones who should be the most careful in the selection of books to be read. We can not afford to waste our time reading worthless books, or those which we do not really care for, simply because some one wants us to. We must be independent.

One of our first rules should be that we will not read any books except those by standard authors, whose reputation has already been won before the reading public. Then after we have decided that a book is worth reading, it is surely worth a careful perusal. We ought to think and talk over

what we read that we may fix it in our memory. One book carefully read and digested is worth fifty half read. It is a very great help to read with others, for there is an inspiration when the stimulus of companionship is added to any effort, and where two or more are reading the same thing, they will discuss it. Herein lies the value of reading clubs. The busy housewife is indeed fortunate if there is some one who is ready to read to her, for then her fingers may be employed at the same time that her mind is being refreshed. One may accomplish a great deal, even if there are only a few moments—say half an hour each day—to devote to a book. When our course of reading is decided upon and we have our book at hand, we can begin work the moment we sit down, instead of wasting half our leisure—no, not leisure, but time set apart for that purpose—in hunting for something to read.

I think our condition of physical strength and health, as well as the season of the year, should be taken into consideration when we choose our reading. We certainly are not as well able to master a history in the summer, when the weather and our added household cares exhaust our energy. Even the student abandons the heavy literary work at that time, and reads something light. At such a time it is delightfully refreshing to forget ourselves for a little time in the experiences of some imaginary character which has been skillfully drawn by a gifted mind.

Now while I am willing to admit that the farmer's wife finds many obstacles in her path toward mental improvement, still I cannot admit that those obstacles are insurmountable. There are opportunities for intellectual improvement of which we may avail ourselves. And we want to keep in mind the old saying, that "Where there is a will there is a way."

#### HOME NURSING.

Doctors are very well in their way. When one of the family is sick and we are anxious and worried it is soothing to have a well-dressed man with gold spectacles and an air of professional gravity call, look wise, ask us a good many questions in a non-committal way, listen respectfully to our statements, assure us the patient is "doing well," leave a calabastic scroll which only the druggist can decipher, and take himself and his wisdom off without expecting an invitation to dinner. But we wish we had done with fewer of those comforting visits when we scan the bill which comes as sure as "Death and taxes."

The pioneers, our grandmothers, who were settled far from towns, often miles from a neighbor, had to do without doctors. Thus they learned the healing virtues of herbs and roots. It was well they did, for the old-fashioned physician who prescribed calomel till the teeth of his patient rattled "like a loose casement in the wind," and whose other alternative was blood-letting, was as much a foe to life as the savages who lurked in ambush for unwary stragglers. There was much virtue in those teas and *tisanes* of catnip and thoroughwort and dock and all the

rest, for if they did not cure at least they did no harm; and where not concocted by superstitious persons somewhat after the formulae of the witches in "Macbeth," the patient's faith would enable him to worry down the dose. There are not wanting sensible but non-progressive people who still have more faith in the efficiency of herb teas, poultices, drafts, and wet packs than in all the drugs of the pharmacy, and who are heretical enough to say they would rather have "one old woman" as a nurse than the best doctor in a township.

I am myself of opinion that must I choose between a good nurse and the ordinary doctor, I should prefer the former. Not that I intend any disrespect to the profession, but that I am impressed with the superior importance of intelligent nursing. The remedial agents a skillful nurse may employ are as valuable as the medicines; and medicines alone are rarely a cure. The intelligent physician does not rely upon his pills and powders, either, but will supplement them by instructions relative to diet, sanitation, etc.; and sometimes honestly acknowledge that the devoted care of some faithful, untiring woman has done more for the recovery of the sick than he.

I am compelled to confess that I know very little about taking care of the sick. When any of our large, irregular family was taken ill, one member of the household who had a genius for nursing took charge of the sick-room, and the rest of us were only too willing to be excused from hospital duty. Not until a few months ago was I ever placed in a position where such service was demanded of me; and oh, how inexperienced and unlearned I felt myself to be! Anxious above all things to do everything possible for the sick friend, how I chafed at finding I did not know how to even make a poultice as it ought to be made, and could only guess at symptoms! It was a case of congestion of the lungs, combined with bronchitis. When I arrived on the scene the grown-up daughter, herself a mother, was wringing her hands and crying "mother's awful sick; she's going to die," while waiting the tardy messenger who had gone for the flaxseed meal to make the poultice the doctor had ordered. I did know "a little bit," so sent for flannels, had them heated hot, and covered chest and throat with them, till the meal came. Now here is what I learned, and if the "know how" helps some novice as much as to have known how would have aided me in my strait, I shall not have written in vain.

To make a flaxseed poultice, stir handfuls of meal into boiling water, and let it boil up well. Have ready a piece of old cotton cloth twice the length you want your poultice, and ten inches to spare; and about five inches wider than the poultice is to be. (And a poultice should be big enough to cover the lungs and chest completely.) On half of this, spread the hot meal, not too thickly, least its weight be oppressive, fold the other half over it, tuck in the edges, fold it together to keep hot in transit, and apply. There should be two such poultices, one ready to apply, hot, when the other is taken off, and the poultice should be well covered with flannels to keep in the heat. A little experience will teach

how hot it can be borne; it is no good if it is not hot. And while one poultice is on, the meal of the other can be scraped off, into the basin, a little water added, heated up and used again. I consider this large cloth better than a bag; the meal can be more easily removed for re-heating, and there is no danger of the contents being spilled if the cloth is well folded at the edges. Don't make sloppy poultices; they are disagreeable to the patient, and wet the clothing. These poultices were changed every fifteen minutes, and applied just as hot as could be endured.

A mustard foot-bath is a good thing in such cases. If you have not a foot bath, take a large deep pan, partly fill it with hot water and stir in a half pound or more of ground mustard. Set it on the foot of the bed, slipping up the bed clothes, put in the patient's feet and throw a flannel blanket over pan and all. If complaint is made that the water is too hot, do not cool it; have some one hold the pan firm, take up the feet in your hands, under the blanket, and rub them with the mustard water until they can be replaced in it.

Drafts to relieve a sudden and severe pain can be made of horseradish leaves, which grow in almost every garden. Remove the midvein, fold them together, set a hot flat-iron on them, and put them on hot.

Now these seem like directions for doing very simple things, but if one does not know when and how to do, she experiences a sense of helplessness which is akin to despair. A flaxseed meal poultice is one of the best remedial agents that can be employed where a cold has settled on the lungs and congestion is feared. A single one, put on at retiring, warmly covered with flannel, has twice this winter, to my own knowledge, averted a threatened attack of pneumonia. The patient was up and around the house the following day, and down town the next. When the poultice is taken off in the morning, the skin should be briskly rubbed to induce a glow, and prevent taking cold.

An acquaintance of mine who had a very sallow, dark complexion, effectually cleared it to a Spanish-looking, creamy tint by liberal doses, during the spring months, of thoroughwort (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*) tea and lemon juice, sweetened to taste. Persistence in use of this tonic brought about the desired result, besides building up the general health. The great trouble is people want to be made well in a hurry, and have not patience to employ the slow and gradual processes which Nature loves, and which, being in harmony with her ways, are alone harmless and effectual.

To know what to do, in case of sudden illness, and how to do it, and not lose presence of mind, may save the life of some one near and dear to us. And so I advise every mother to take pains to instruct her children in such matters, that in an emergency they be not so awkward, so barren of resources, as was

DETROIT.

BRUNEFILLE.

FRIED APPLES.—Make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk, and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Slice, pare and core tart apples as Saratoga potatoes. Dip them in the batter and fry. Eat with powdered sugar.

## EVANGELINE DEFENDED.

I for one am sorry to see the end of Evangeline's Home Talks, and hope she will favor us with another series in the near future. I cannot believe that her Hetty's (if she has one) education in home and culinary affairs has been neglected until within a few months of marriage. Evangeline is far too thorough for that, yet we all can find one or more of our acquaintance, who long after marriage are very glad to accept much of her advice. And I think that is the reason those articles were written—to help those who had no one to instruct them, to give them an insight into the many different ways in preparing and caring for home in all its details.

Neither can I think that the writer intended those elaborate bills of fare to be invariably adopted, and never deviated from in any respect. Rather that out of them one may select a few articles that are within reach, means and strength, and prepare them in the most palatable manner.

As a general thing farmers can and do set better tables than the laboring classes in town, for the simple reason that the cream, butter, eggs, meat, flour and vegetables are raised, and their tables can be and are usually set with the freshest and best.

"T" quotes Miss Parloa, but even she gives many recipes containing liquor, yet in reality the food is much better without it. Does "T" practice hygienic living? If so will she kindly give us recipes for preparing food in this manner? I think there are many who would be glad to have her do so.

El. See, you have my deepest sympathy in your loneliness and grief. What can you do? Everything you do, be it ever so small, do in His name, and you will find your heavy burden growing lighter.

"The beautiful hours, crowd them full  
Of beauty and blessing and love;  
Bind them into a golden sheaf  
For the glorious garner above,  
This we will do, we will do, we will do,  
Do with God's beautiful days,  
Try to lighten the burdens of every one,  
Many sad hearts turn to praise."

"So many burdens to lighten,  
Such beautiful work to be done,  
So many sad hearts to brighten,  
Enlist in the work every one."

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MIMMIE.

## WATCHING WITH THE DEAD.

I too, think A. H. J. is a little behind the times in thinking that in the country the form of sitting up with the dead is only gone through with for the fun to be had. That might have been in times gone by—but we have advanced beyond those conditions. Why not do away with the custom of sitting up with the dead entirely? Really the body is only like a worn out shoe; having served its use, it is left behind, the soul passing out and beyond to its next stage of existence. Why should we watch beside it during the time before burial?

Will some one please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD where I can get the music and words of the song entitled "The Vacant Chair," and oblige

A GRANGER.

COURTLAND.



**ISSUE(S)  
MISSING  
NOT  
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