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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE CORE OF THE HOUSE.

The core of the house, the dearest place, he one  
that we all love best,  
Holding it close in our heart of hearts, for its  
comfort and its rest,  
Is never the place where strangers come, nor  
yet where friends are met,  
Is never the stately drawing-room, where our  
treasured things are set.  
Oh, dearer far, as the time recedes in a dream of  
colors dim,  
Breathing across our stormy moods like the  
echo of a hymn,  
Forever our own, and only ours, and pure as a  
rose in bloom,  
Is the centre and soul of the old home nest, the  
mother's darling room.

We flew to its arms when we rushed from school,  
with a thousand things to tell;  
Our mother was always waiting there, had the  
day gone ill or well.  
No other pillow was quite so cool, under an  
aching head,  
As soft to our fevered childish cheek, as the  
pillow on mother's bed.  
Sitting so safely at her feet, when the dewy  
dusk drew nigh,  
We watched for the angels to light the lamps in  
the solemn evening sky.  
Tiny hands folded, there we knelt, to hush the  
pightly prayer,  
Learning to cast on the Loving One early our  
load of care.  
Whatever the world has brought us since, yet,  
pure as a rose in bloom,  
Is the thought we keep of the core of the home,  
the mother's darling room.

We think of it oft in the glare and heat of our  
lifetime's later day,  
Around our steps when the wild spray beats,  
and the mirk is gathering gray.  
As once to the altar's foot they ran whom the  
menacing foe pursued.  
We turn to the still and sacred place where a  
foe may never intrude,  
And there, in the hush of remembered hours,  
our falling souls grow strong,  
And gird themselves anew for the fray, the battle  
of right and wrong,  
Behind us ever the hallowed thought, as pure as  
a rose in bloom,  
Of the happiest place in all the earth, the  
mother's darling room.

We've not forgotten the fragrant sheaves of the  
lilacs at the door,  
Nor the ladder of sunbeams lying prone on the  
shining morning floor.  
We've not forgotten the robin's tap at the ever  
friendly pane,  
Nor the lilt of the little brook outside, trol-  
ling its gay refrain.  
How it haunts us yet, in the tender hour of the  
sunset's fading blush,  
The vesper song, so silvery clear, of the hidden  
hermit thrush!  
All sweetest of sound and scent is blent, when,  
pure as a rose in bloom,  
We think of the spot we loved best in life, the  
mother's darling room.  
Holding us close to our best in life, keeping us  
back from sin,

Folding us yet to her faithful breast, oft as a  
prize we win,  
The mother who left us here alone to battle with  
care and strife  
Is the guardian angel who leads us on to the  
fruit of the tree of life.  
Her smile from the heights we hope to gain is an  
ever beckoning lure;  
We watch her look when our pulses faint, nerv-  
ing us to endure.  
Others may dwell where once she dwelt, and  
the home be ours no more,  
But the thought of her is a sacred spell, never  
its magic o'er.  
We're truer and stronger and braver yet, that,  
pure as a rose in bloom,  
Back of all struggle, a heart of peace, is the  
mother's darling room.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Bazar*.

### THE THOMAS CONCERT.

I have had a great admiration for The-  
odore Thomas ever since the first time I  
heard his unrivaled orchestra, some fourteen  
years ago, when I rode fourteen miles in  
the dull gray twilight of a November after-  
noon, and fourteen miles home again  
through the frosty night, for the sake of  
listening once more to some really fine  
music. So of course I was one of the three  
thousand music-loving individuals who in-  
vested in tickets for his concert, given here  
the evening of Memorial Day. And too I  
was one of the unfortunate thousand  
"caught in the jam" before the doors  
of the Light Guard Armory—a jam that  
blocked the sidewalk and street with a solid  
mass of humanity, humanity that could  
not lift a hand, or take a step, but was  
borne, a resistless current, up to the narrow  
doors through which ticket holders had to  
pass, as Noah packed the animals into the  
Ark, "two by two." Preserve me from  
another such crowd! Dainty toilettes were  
crushed, corsage bouquets ruthlessly pre-  
pared for a *hortus siccus*, elbows were  
worn in one's neighbor's ribs, and the re-  
cording angel, if he ever got into a tight  
place himself, will surely forgive the sup-  
pressed "swear words" when one's pet  
corn was trod upon. Woe to the man or  
woman who dropped an article; you could  
not stoop to pick it up any more than if you  
were in the clasp of the iron arms of The  
Maiden of Inquisitorial times; woe to  
the woman whose furbelows and fripperies  
were not sewed tight; she saw them never  
more.

But at last the resistless force behind  
pushed us in time through the doors, and  
finding our seats we had some time to re-  
cover from the squeezing to which we had  
been subjected before the leader put his  
patent leather toes upon the wooden box

before his stand and with his back to the  
audience, assumed the baton. Mr. Thomas  
has gained some grey hairs since fourteen  
years, and the bald spot on his cranium is  
worn larger. Otherwise, he is the same  
quiet, unassuming director, the best in-  
terpreter of Wagnerian music in this  
country. And the opening movement was  
Wagner's "Tannhauser," the first low  
notes of which scarcely for a moment arrest-  
ed the murmur of voices and the flutter of  
fans. What words are adequate to describe  
music, its charm, its meaning, its effect  
upon us? You listen to the perfect har-  
mony, the exact unison, the concord of  
sound, the tones of each of these sixty in-  
struments blending to produce the effect of  
one grand unknown instrument, so subor-  
dinated to each other that you can hardly  
distinguish one from another, and are con-  
tent just to let the melody fill your ears and  
still all other senses into the one delight of  
hearing. I thought of the art—the genius—  
of the great composer, whose brain arranged  
this harmony so that each part might swell  
the perfect whole, writing each score and  
hearing its effect with the others, and it  
seemed an almost God-like attribute to  
thus be able to unite and harmonize such  
exquisite sounds.

Miss Emma Juch was the soloist of the  
evening, singing for her first number "Die  
stille Nacht," from Spohr's "Faust." Miss  
Juch has a reputation for being a very fine  
singer; perhaps you will like to know how  
she looked. She is a blonde of generous  
proportions, fine looking, with light hair  
very simply arranged at the back of her  
shapely head, and the customary short,  
fluffy bangs in front. Diamond studs  
twinkled in her little ears; she wore a pale  
blue satin with lace drapery in front, *en  
traine*, decolletée corsage bordered with  
pearl passementerie and lace, and a cluster  
of white flowers for a breast knot. Opinions  
differ; I heard one person say, "What  
lovely arms!" another said; "What arms!  
they look like a washwoman's!" But they  
were in proportion to her figure; and cer-  
tainly whatever else they were they were  
not red—judicious use of powder prevented  
that. An enthusiastic encore brought her  
back to sing "Du bist wie eine Blume"  
with accompaniment on the harp; and her  
second number, an aria, "*Reine de Saba*,"  
was so well received that her repeated bows  
to the audience only strengthened their de-  
termination to hear her again, and Thomas,  
who stood at one side waiting for the  
applause to subside that he might go on  
with the programme, and pulling his  
moustache so vigorously that I'm certain he



found it one-sided next morning, gave it one vicious farewell tug and hastened "behind the scenes," returning with the smiling diva, whose reception certainly was sufficiently hearty to excite pardonable vanity. She sang Gounod's "Ave Marie," which was really the most beautiful of her songs.

I liked particularly a theme and variations in which the bass-viol gave the theme, and some unique variations followed by the other instruments; in all, the melody ran like a silver thread through a chain of beads, flashing out a moment, and caught up and varied again and again. Now it was the deep, stately, solemn music of an organ, throwing out its swelling waves of sound, again a rippling hail of high notes from the violins, now the martial ring that stirred one's blood and thrilled the pulses like wine.

And my wish—one wish—has been gratified; I have heard the Thomas orchestra play dance music. One of the four movements of a Serenade was a waltz, one of the sweetest things in rhythmic melody, an airy, lilting strain that made you think of butterflies over a June meadow; the only rouble was, there was not half enough of it, and the measure changed into the merry music of marching feet. Then Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, which no pen can describe, least of all mine, closed the concert, and Theodore dropped his baton and disappeared in a twinkling, with the members of the orchestra a good second, and the audience leisurely departed. We, desirous to avoid a second skirmish in the crowd, made for the side entrance, past the yawning musicians, who were chattering German like magpies as they packed away their instruments in great padded and cushioned trunks and boxes, out into the alley where we tumbled off a high step in the dark, and whisked round three or four corners, and up past the City Hall clock which said "Ten minutes to eleven, you'll be sleepy to-morrow," and home to dream all those divine melodies over again.

BEATRIX.

#### THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the law of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task would live to grow old and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washwoman with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life, they accomplish no worthy one. They are only doll forms in the hands of milliners and servants to be dressed and fed. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody. They write no books; they set no example of virtue and womanly life.

If they rear children the latter are left to the care of servants and nurses. And when reared what are the children? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men; not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all spring from strong-minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as the changing clouds.

An indolent country gentleman had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt he sold half the estate and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the time the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. "Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "Yes, if we can agree about the price." "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman, "Pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm and are able in a few years to purchase it?" "The reason is plain," was the reply. "You sat still and said *Go*; I was up and said *Come*; you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business." Some take no thought of the value of money until they have come to an end of it, and many do the same with their time. The hours are allowed to flow by unemployed, and then when life is fast waning they bethink themselves of the duty of making a wiser use of it. But the habits of listlessness and idleness may already have become confirmed, and they are unable to break the chains with which they have become bound. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

HARTFORD.

#### POLITICS.

Politics in the HOUSEHOLD! Now is not that too bad! Oh I know I'm a backslider and am aware that I have not done my duty in neglecting to write oftener, but the little paper kept coming so true and good that I knew I was not missed, but when I saw Tecumseh's article on the presidents' wives, and heard the following expression: "No woman wrote that. It is just put in as a boom for Alger; and Cleveland did not need a wife to be elected four years ago, and will not require her aid now," I could not forbear putting in a plea against party discussions in our little paper. We know where there is politics there can be no harmony, especially during such a campaign as is opening up this summer. We cannot all think alike or be in favor of the same candidate, and as there are so many papers and other means of arguing these things, I beg our Editor not to pollute our women's sheet with anything disagreeable. If we were allowed to help choose these men perhaps we would feel differently, but as we cannot, let us work at questions which woman can handle, and in

which she is steadily making progress in spite of the difficulties she has to labor under. The leading questions of the day can and have been discussed without much dissension, and it is proper and right to do so, but when we try to nominate officers through these columns we are "getting off our goal" as the boys say.

I do not think there can be perfect harmony in any society if the members talk or lecture on politics; for instance our grange in this section, although prospering in a small way, might have been a success if they had not allowed political questions to be discussed. I have heard a great many say that they would have supported and liked the grange if they had lived up to the rules and worked for agricultural interests only, but when the lectures became more political than agricultural, dissatisfaction reigned and the consequence was one party ruled, the other retired, the grange store failed, and the middlemen got their custom just as they did before the institution was organized. Those who have stood by it have a good sociable time once in a while, but it is far short of the great good it was intended to do.

Bruneille's "Woman Question" was good, and I think woman can do a great deal of good in small ways toward making moral laws if she has any chance, and the time is coming when she will have a voice in making laws; and when we get certain rights let us hope we will know how to use them. I have always said there was only one subject that I would care much about voting upon and that is the liquor question; if women could vote on that they would find some way of annihilating the traffic, and I think it is because there are so many moderate drinkers at the helm that women and temperance have to take a back seat. It is thought by many that the moderate drinker does more harm than the low inebriate, for young men will ape the former, while they turn with disgust from the latter; and their first glass is often drank because distinguished Mr. — asked them, and it was too much of an honor to refuse. But I must close or some one will say "She is a prohibitionist," hence is bringing partyism into the HOUSEHOLD.

VICKSBURG.

C. B. R.

[The article, "A Boom for a Michigan Sister," to which C. B. R. alludes above, was "written by a woman" and one of our oldest contributors, who simply appeared under a nom-de-plume instead of her own name as heretofore. Nor was it intended as a "boom for Alger," who is certainly getting all the "boom" his most exacting friends could ask, but simply as illustrative of the types of womanhood who might be called upon to fill the position of "first lady in the land" and their peculiar fitness for the place. We desire to avoid all party discussions in the HOUSEHOLD, believing, with C. B. R., that discussions on political or sectarian subjects in a paper are destructive of harmony, since each eager debater can see only from her individual standpoint, and of course can find neither logic nor reason in anything which controverts her argument, while those not interested vote the whole thing a bore. We intend to exclude radical articles on all topics, that is, those which are manifestly partizan and prejudiced.]



## THE CHURCHES OF NEW ORLEANS.

In New Orleans there are about one hundred and fifty churches. The French, Italian, Spanish and Irish are mostly Roman Catholic. There are thirty-six Roman Catholic churches. The Jesuit is the most central. One fine Sunday we went there. I think it is the finest church I was ever in; not as large as many others, but richly furnished. The windows are of stained glass, each picture of some Bible character; one represented Jesus on the cross. The oldest and largest church is the old cathedral near the French market, opposite Jackson square; it has a clock, very tall steeple, high iron fence and double gates which are locked when the church is closed; seats in the cathedral are free for five cents, the floor is of stone painted in squares of gray and white. All the worshippers as they entered would drop on one knee or both, cross themselves and murmur a prayer. There must have been some sacrifice in kneeling on that stone floor twenty minutes or more. I could not help making observations; while the elegantly dressed, those of high bearing apparently, knelt, their heads erect, eyes watching the stranger, the poor and thinly clad, those in more humble station, bowed their heads with closed eyes in humility. We chanced to be down to the French market on Good Friday and stepped in with the silent throng. At the entrance just within the great doors was a little table on which lay a small image of the Savior, also a box to receive contributions, on this box lay a bunch of flowers, perhaps the offering of some poor widow who had not even one mite, who can tell but this may have been more acceptable than the silver and gold of the rich and proud. Before this table sat three small boys dressed in white, one attended to the box, the other two took turns in wiping off the image with a small white handkerchief after every one kissed it. I observed how the rich, haughty woman would try to kiss some spot she thought another's lips beneath her had not touched, the arm or the hand; most kissed the feet or head.

Through Lent all the Catholic churches are open every day; at any hour you might see all classes enter, perform their holy vows, consecrate themselves anew, kiss the image of Christ, and bow before the Virgin Mary. Daily we passed St. Patrick's church on Camp street, built of gray stone, gloomy looking without as well as within. Candles were burning at the altar, at one side as you enter stands a font of holy water.

Next in number are the Baptist churches, twenty-five in number, the Methodists nine, Presbyterians twelve. The largest is on Camp St., Dr. Palmer has been their pastor nearly 30 years. We heard him several times; he is an unassuming and kind looking person, called very eloquent in his sermons. We attended the colored church to hear Moody and Sankey; there being a small attendance Mr. Sankey could not sing, he was used to a crowded house. He sang the "Ninety and Nine" and one other piece; Moody talked a little extempore, very short, then while the congregation were singing he invited the sinners to come

around the mercy-seat, called on a "collud brudder" to pray, then during prayer Messrs. Moody and Sankey left the house unobserved and sought their elegant apartments at the St. Charles; not much like our Savior, the great example. I must say I was very disappointed in these renowned men I had heard were such lovers of souls.

There are six Hebrew synagogues; one small Greek church, its one prototype in the world is said to be in Alaska. This reminds me of a beautiful souvenir of the old church of Shandon, Cork, a piece of exquisite workmanship in pure silver and gold. This was on exhibition at the World's Industrial Exposition at New Orleans. This ancient church of Ireland is immortalized in the beautiful poem by Francis Mahoney, sometimes called "Father Prout." The encyclopædia says: "He was educated at the Jesuit College in Paris and at Rome where he entered the priesthood of the Roman Catholic church. Not finding employment in his profession he went to London and devoted himself to literature and journalism, contributing to *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Daily News*. He lived in Paris many years as correspondent of the *London Globe*, but in 1864 he entered a monastery, where he spent the last years of his life." Such is a brief history of the author of the poem, "Bells of Shandon." With the Editor's consent I quote for you the poem:

## BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of  
Those Shandon Bells,  
Whose sound so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee—  
With thy Bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a time in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine  
While at a glib rate,  
Brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music  
Spoke naught like thine.  
For memory dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy beffry, knelling  
Its bold note free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican—  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of No re Dame;  
But thy music were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly.  
Oh! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow;  
While on tower and kiosk oh  
In saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summit  
Of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom  
I fling about them;  
But here's an anthem  
More dear to me—  
'Tis the bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

In the "Reliques of Father Prout" a dis-

cussion about bells is thus concluded: "There's nothing after all like the associations which our early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our parish steeple; and no music can equal on our ears when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries—The Bells of Shandon."

M. E. H.

## WALL PAPERS.

The question of styles in paper and paint for the various rooms of a house is one often considered with perplexity by the country housekeeper, who can seldom procure the patterns and friezes (the present name for what were once called "borders") she feels are suitable and appropriate, at the village store where she must purchase her supplies. The present choice in wall paper is a light groundwork, covered with rather large, indistinct figures in a deeper tone of the same color, or a harmonious one, very probably with lines of pale gilt running through it; a deep frieze harmonizing with it, and a ceiling in a soft tone of the same shade with gilt figures. Thus a room may have on its side walls a paper having the faintest green tinge for ground, and on it acanthus leaves in a second shade, outlined by lines of pale gold. The 18-inch frieze shades from a medium shade of green at the upper edge to a pale tint at the lower, and its pattern also is the acanthus, but deepened in tone and boldly outlined by heavy lines of yellow gold. The picture rail is placed at the union of frieze and wall paper. The ceiling is covered with a paper of the general tone of the walls, sprinkled irregularly with golden stars. For the border meeting the side walls, a diagonal, diamond-shaped pattern in green and gold is used, and a narrow pattern of acanthus leaves divides it from the solid ceiling. The woodwork in such a room should be painted just one shade darker than the deepest tone in the pattern of the side walls; the chandelier, should there be one, must be treated to a green vestment, picked out with gold. The same scheme of color can be repeated in blue, pink or buff, with most charming results. Where wall paper and frieze and ceiling paper cannot be found which are thus made to correspond, the housekeeper must study and compare the material which is available, and do the best she can with it. Dadoes have gone out of style; they were an excess of ornamentation; indeed, all walls and ceilings are treated much more simply than a couple of years ago, and it is alleged this is due to the fact that saloons and bar-rooms were so brilliantly decorated as to bring about a reaction.

White and gold papers are largely used for parlors, and also the yellow or creamy, with gold figures. These correspond with the prevalent fancy for white and gold furniture, a "fad" as yet confined to large cities. Solid colored papers are still fashionable, they form an excellent background for pictures, and are liked for halls.

Ladies who followed the craze for stained and waxed floors, with large rugs for the centre, are now covering them with carpets. The solid colored carpet—"filling," the carpet dealers call it—is used to cover, the



margin and the rug is still retained. It was found the labor of caring for the margin of stained floor, or the waxing, was as great as that of a carpeted room, since dust had a way of gathering on the bare portions, requiring a daily wiping up with a wet cloth. This "filing" is found in dull red, old blue, and brown, and comes in admirably to piece out an old carpet, or carpet stairs.

The reign of the "tidy" is over; the lambrequin, we are told must go. The white marble mantles and tables, so long covered with draperies, are now revealed as "the mode" again. Rods for lace window draperies are brass or bronze, and the curtains tied back with ribbons or left to hang straight. Ecru and sage green Holland shades are used in all rooms; the present fancy is to have them perfectly plain, the only adornment permissible being the narrow fringe or edge of antique lace across the bottom.

#### THOSE STRAWBERRIES.

As the time for canning strawberries is at hand again, I will say for the benefit of those interested that my experiments in the canning of that delicious fruit last year were in every instance perfectly planned, inasmuch that I have proven beyond a doubt to my own palate at least, also to that of many others, that the strawberry is no more difficult to keep than other fruit, and that it can be canned without sugar, retaining its flavor, color and individual-berryiness better than when swaddled and smothered in a rank and sickish smudge of sugar.

The requirements are first, fruit fully ripe, and second, fresh from the vines. In no instance was it more than four hours from the time the fruit was picked until it was in the cans, and I always got fruit that was picked early in the morning. It was, as soon as it arrived here, placed in a colander and cold water fresh from the well carefully but copiously poured over it to remove the possible sand or dirt, then carefully hulled and anything that gave hint of unsoundness in any way removed; when thus prepared placed in a granite ware kettle, and with the aid of the gasoline stove very quickly cooked, canned and left on the pantry shelf to cool. I canned with no sugar, with little and with much. I canned those that were over ripe, fully ripe and rather green. I cooked much, little, less and more, only observing the first and second specifications every time. Also one more rule is to be observed. The cans, rubbers and tops must be perfect in every way, and every thing must be boiling hot when the fruit is put in the cans and sealed. I have not lost a berry. Those canned without sugar suit my taste best. When I open a can I take about a teacupful of the juice, put with it a cupful of fine granulated sugar, set it on the stove, usually on the back part of the coal stove, where it will heat gradually, stirring often, and as soon as the sugar is fully dissolved pour this over the fruit in the compote. And I assure you I have something that is good to eat.

And I will here say that this is the general formula by which I can all fruits, rarely using sugar at the canning, and I do not average to lose one can per year by fer-

mentation or mould, or "spoiling;" which things are the result not of a lack of sugar as some seem to think, but of unsound or partially fermented fruit at the time of canning, or of defective cans, tops, rubbers or cooking or canning. Also, glass cans of fruit should be kept from light and draughts of hot or cold air.

In this section the first setting of strawberries was frozen. If the second is not it is not because it has been so warm, for a colder spring never was, I trow, since Paradise hung her sunbonnet on the North Pole, while she danced with her fairies in the fragrance and flowers that surrounded it. Yes, it is June, and many a coal stove has not yet been a cold stove this spring. The weather steward is getting this thing considerably mixed. E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

#### "GATHER YE ROSES WHILE YE MAY."

June is the month of roses, and whoever has a garden-ful of these fragrant flowers can, if she will take the trouble, preserve some of their perfume for December's snows, and make herself independent of the gross, alcoholic extracts of the perfumer. Gather the leaves of full-blown fragrant roses, spread them to dry, and turn and stir them daily; keep each day's gathering by itself; when dry pack them into a jar with a cover, and when perfumed air is desired, shake the jar and open it an hour or so. Fill a linen slip with the dried leaves, and over it put a cover decorated with rose designs, and you have a fragrant pillow for the sofa. Tincture of roses is made by crowding the leaves into a wide mouthed bottle and filling up with spirits of wine; let stand a month—tightly corked—before using. Put the fresh leaves in a jar in layers, sprinkling each layer with fine salt; when the jar is full, sprinkle with pure cider or white wine vinegar, and cork. This jar when opened will fill a room with a faint rose scent, and in a drawer or wardrobe will perfume everything in it. A delicate paste for flavoring cake is made by chopping fresh leaves with sugar into a smooth mass, one cup of roseleaves to three cups of sugar. This must be kept in an air tight receptacle, and is fit for use six months after making. A very small portion will flavor a large cake.—*Harper's Bazar*.

#### A LITTLE GOOD COUNSEL.

I read the other day the following advice: "If you once get a dress that fits you, never throw or give it away. Rip the waist when it is worn out, and carefully cut and keep the pattern." You will have your labor for your pains if you do. I tried it, not once but twice, and am willing to put myself on record as convinced that the pattern will not have the most remote likeness to the fit of the original when it was new. Why should it? It has been pulled and stretched out of shape, and you will discover you cannot cut a good pattern of it. If you must secure a pattern in that way, rip up the waist while it is new, cut your pattern, and put it together again. A still easier way is to hire a good dressmaker to cut and fit a corset-cover, and before the seams are sewed run them over with a

tracing-wheel, then rip up the bastings, cut your pattern, and put it together again exactly as at first, which you can easily do by means of the marks made by the tracing wheel.

I always feel perfectly safe about my furs when I put them up myself. And it is not very much trouble. I shake and beat them well, brush out the boxes, put in the furs, and paste strips of paper over the cracks between cover and box. See to it that the boxes are perfectly whole; no breaks, no matter how small. I always put them away early, before the moths are out; there is less danger. Moths do not like linen, so I fold my blankets and pin them up in linen sheets; then these are wrapped in newspapers, and the edges pasted together. Small articles, like nubias, caps, wool mittens and hose, are put into strong manilla bags, the edges pasted, and the list of the contents written on the outside.

The lady who recently inquired about the cost of mattings, etc., is respectfully recommended to wait till the butter and egg money accumulates and buy a good ingrain. There is more wear in it than in a good deal of matting, even the best. L. C.

DETROIT.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DON'T use a rag for a dishcloth. A yard of cheap crash, costing ten cents, will make two just the right size; hem them and see that they are washed as regularly as the dishtowels.

To remove soiled paper from walls, wet them with hot water; in a few moments the paper can be pulled off in large strips and pieces. If it sticks in spots, wet again, wait a few moments and try once more.

In putting paper upon walls, a white-wash brush without a handle will be found an excellent thing to apply the paste to the paper with; and an old clothesbrush, especially if it is a pretty stiff one, is better than a cloth to smooth the paper after it is applied to the walls.

VERY few country people use tropical fruits upon the table as sauce; the fruit is expensive in the inland towns and is a rare treat bought principally for the children. But sliced bananas and grated pineapple form a most delicious dish for the tea-table, one high in favor with townspeople who have to buy canned goods for sauce.

#### Food for the Sick

CREAM TOAST.—Cut the crust from a slice of stale bread. Toast slowly till delicately brown. Dip into boiling water; spread with the sweetest and freshest of butter, and pour over it a couple of tablespoonfuls of boiling cream.

BEEF SANDWICHES.—Chop tender raw beef-steak very fine, season with salt and pepper, and spread between thin slices of buttered bread from which you have cut the crusts. These are excellent for persons who have dyspepsia, or are troubled with indigestion.

CEREALINE.—Stir half a cupful of cerealine flakes into a kettle of boiling milk, salt delicately, and serve with cream and powdered sugar.