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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old but h's hair is gold,
And his face is as clear as the sky,
And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
He looks them straight in the eye
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
Though he bows like a little knight,
Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball
Or the prettiest game can stay
His eager feet as he hastens to greet
Whatever she means to say.
And the teachers depend on the little friend
At school in his place at nine,
With his lesson learned and his good marks
earned,
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,
This boy, who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,
Who isn't a bit of a prig,
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As happy as happy can be,
A gentleman, dears, in th' coming years,
And at present the boy for me.

CHARITY.

My attention was attracted last week while reading an old number of the HOUSEHOLD (I think the date is April 28th) to a beautiful little article, "True Charity," by X. Y. Z. It is so kind, so true, so full of the charitable spirit the world is most in need of, that I have read it many times, have read it to others, and lastly have given it a place in my scrap book where it will fall under my gaze every time I go there for refreshment of heart, and where I hope other eyes will read it and let its lesson fall into their hearts.

I should like to relate a true story which bears upon this subject, charity. The advice of X. Y. Z. brought up a whole train of thoughts, but I will begin with my own observations and experiences that my active and varied life has had crowded into it from having to deal with the world in many different planes, having seen life under peculiar circumstances and phases.

There lived in our town a bright, beautiful, promising girl. She had grace, kind-heartedness, and winning ways. In intelligence, capacity in growth, self-culture and intensive comprehension, she was far beyond the average girl of her years. She reached higher, and felt aspirations that her associates knew nothing of. She grew upward, left the stagnant pool behind. Her path led away from idle frivolities and easy pastimes; she found her pleasure and company in books, music, and a few chosen friends. Her life how-

ever had been laid in a community with no impulse toward intellectual things, or even the common delights of an average country neighborhood. It was one of these barren districts where self prevailed, where everything was counted for its money value; and where enmity and jealousy and discord had full sway. There was no unity of feeling—never had been. Her gentle nature responded to peace, quiet, study, reading, and aside from the serious quality of her mind, she became the ready sympathizer in the family and the helpful inmate of a busy home. She avoided gossiping neighbors, they called her vain; she found communion in nature and books, they called her lazy and idle. She learned to love a few choice friends for their kinship of spirit, they said she was worthless and untrue.

She resolved to make herself a teacher, feeling the growing power within to do and to be, took up her calling in the public schools, and proved herself to be an efficient and faithful teacher. Vacations were so spent back at the old home among the scenes of her childhood.

There came a day of weakness to her strong heart. Love touched her with airy wings. It was the love of a friend who had stood up for her when storms of calumny had fallen on her fair head, one who had fought her battles, who had cleared away clouds of distrust and bitterness thrust over her sky by the depravity of those who longed to drag her down to their own level. She loved him for the dangers he had known for her sake; for the courage of a man; love entered these two hearts and dwelt there as only few can know in this world. No one seemed true but her lover, none so pure, so good, so lovely as she; into his desolate life she brought love and life, and the hope of happiness. What cavil, what tongues of scathing anathema, till she was buried under the pile of smoking debris, carried together by gossiping women, troublesome Aunt Jemimas and jealous society belles, all of whom in their own careers would not bear careful scrutiny.

It requires a great burden of sin to ruin a good, heroic soul. It does not require so great a load of sin to make the world think it is ruined.

Aspirations holy and beautiful radiated from the girl's life, who had now become a woman in breadth, in soul, in dreams of belief in a future victory. She lost her position in the school where she had been engaged. With what money she had she went to one of the best normal schools in this country, where she remained a year and a half perfecting herself in the art of teach-

ing, absorbing new methods, and where she developed marked skill as a teacher. She graduated with high honors, a favorite with her class of teachers.

Teachers qualified to teach the New Education are wanted everywhere, and she has been one to establish the great principles and to crown her work with success for five years. Two years ago she accepted a position in Boston, where she has had unequalled opportunity for study and observation, for culture and travel. Her position was in a private family who spend their winters in Florida, and this offered her sight-seeing, travel and a home in the sunny tropics. There is scarcely an historic spot around Boston that she has not visited. Last summer vacation she was a member of the Martha's Vineyard Institute, and passed six weeks there and at Nantucket, and New England is become a charmed and beloved home. Probably not one teacher in a thousand has so choice and valuable a library as this lady, and not one in a thousand from any calling or vocation in life is better read upon all topics and current literature of the day.

She is an enthusiastic worker for and believer in the C. L. S. C.; and graduated with the class of 1886. Since then she has continued the annual reading, beside accomplishing very much of the supplementary reading, which has adorned her diplomas with nine additional seals. These efforts have been made through her own exertions, ambitions and perseverance.

Everywhere her work has called her she has maintained a character above reproach. She has at all times identified herself with the Christian workers, attendant upon divine service. She is a working member of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Boston, a constant reader through the public library, in fact her reachings out and attainments are beyond the scope of my paper. This little earnest working woman, with a heart full of tenderness, fired with ambition to be useful, with desire to be loved for good works, has gone steadily forward, trampling down difficulties while the forge has been bent upon sounding her ruin to the world. Nothing can ruin or break down such a soul. The more it is bruised the more it will shine forth. There has never been a moment during her darkest hours, she told me, that she had once faltered from her determination; she has believed in herself and the cause of right, and had faith in the justice of love.

Yet in her native town, sisters, women, who claim to be handworkers of the church,

members of the W. C. T. U., look at her with stony eyes and hearts as hard, draw away and wrap their blankets of self-righteousness around their shriveled forms, and say "She is not as good as we are," and they call this acceptable to Him, our Great Teacher, whose words were "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." This is true charity.

E. V. J.

BATTLE CREEK.

HOME.

Why do we farmers toil early and late, through heat and cold, wet and dry? Is it to gain wealth, renown and fame? I tell you nay. For all of these are empty names without that best of all of God's blessings, most precious of all things here on earth—a home. What is home? Is it a fine mansion? The mansion, however perfect it may be in architectural design and finish, may not be a home in the real sense of the word, it may not be the abode of kindred spirits, or hearts that beat as one. With those of true kindred, the surroundings may be plain, but there is something in the very word Home, that sounds as if it were beautiful. It is a subject that we will never weary of; the older it grows the brighter it shines. Since the creation of Eve man was placed at its head, but by close observation you will find in almost every case that the woman is the home. Just take her out and what is home; it is only a place to stay, where you get your board and lodging. Where is home to the little child but where mother is? And where is home to the true husband but where the wife is?

Then if woman is the home, I would say to those poor tired mothers with the many cares, may the knowledge of this drop a little sunbeam in your lives. And with all your loving care for others do not be so self-forgetting, but take a dose occasionally of out-door air and sunshine: it will help to sweeten life and keep out perplexing care which brings the wrinkles. In forgetting self you rob those you love, for motherless in most cases means homeless. Though wealth may be lavished with an unsparing hand, nothing can take the place of that unselfish mother love.

We are having somewhat of a change in our farmers' homes. Women are being educated that the home life should be something above one of mere drudgery, that they should take in some free air and sunlight in the home. Some of our girls are being educated in such a way that when they step beyond the walls of the parental home they can make themselves useful in helping to form a new one. They are familiar with horticulture and the rearing of poultry, which helps to add many luxuries to the comforts of a home. Woman needs more out door air than she generally gets, and in these pursuits she will breathe a pure air which will help her to retain perfect health, and live a long useful life, and in old age be an ornament to the home which she has ennobled by her example and embellished by her labor; and will leave a legacy to the children that only a healthy mother can give—a strong constitution. For a home without health what is it but a

mere hospital; sickness will take the joy all out of a home.

Did you ever realize how much that one little word means to the wanderer or foot-sore traveler as he longs for a place of rest for weary limbs and aching heart, to be welcomed by loved ones, and feel the home influence? Some may not appreciate the worth of a home until they are deprived of it. With what love and endearment we speak of the old home, with what bright hopes we think of the new, and anticipate what we will make it. Take the home from this life and you have robbed us of all that makes earth dear. Jesus, knowing the love that we have for our earthly homes, tells us of a heavenly one, and says, "In my father's house are many mansions." And then to show us that it is a prepared place he says, "I go to prepare a place for you."

Of all places the farmer's home should be the nearest like heaven; without jar or contention. It should be attractive, pleasant, and a place of safety where one is sheltered from the world, and in this it should be a type of heaven, as a safeguard from vice. How pleasant to rehearse the trials and victories of the day in the evening home circle, for there is the place we may talk of what we have done without any misunderstanding. Much has been said and written on this subject, but it is a theme that cannot be exhausted. As home is not complete without a woman to preside over it to make it a paradise, that woman should not be above home work. Did you ever think of the self denial the true wife and mother will undergo for her loved ones, to make that place of all other on earth attractive? But to her it cannot be all sunshine; there come the dismal days of housecleaning that we have just passed through, when the whole household seems in a panic, and the men are tempted to wish their homes were somewhere else, but this must be endured in view of its good results. Frequently this work falls on one woman, and at a time of the year when other extra work comes in; there is the dairy and the hired men, and there can be no cutting down in the culinary department; the table must be supplied with plenty of good fresh food, for hard working men have good appetites, and in addition there is the tidying of the yard, and the work among the small fruit and flowers. It seems there is not much time to play the lady, but does she not get good pay for all this in the enjoyment of her home? Nor must she neglect the demands of society, which are as necessary to her well-being as light and air to the vegetable kingdom.

Our daughters need a practical education, something more than to say they are graduates; that is all very nice as far it goes, but they need something that will enable them to be helps to their husbands in the building up of a home and in the guiding of the minds of their children. It takes no more time to fill the mind with something grand and noble, than to allow waste time to fill the mind with evil. Do let our boys and girls be educated with this end in view, the building up of noble homes for the best good of mankind. For the safety of the State depends on the right kind of training

in a Christian home. It is the only safe corner stone for a republic, but how many of our homes have educated Christian mothers at the head. What our homes are our future country will tell. Mothers hardly realize the responsibility that rests on us in this matter of home training, until perhaps it is too late. And it tells not only for the good of our country, but the coming church and eternity will reveal what our homes have been.

MRS. R. D. PALMER.

SHALL WE TALK POLITICS?

No doubt we all agree with C. B. R., that the HOUSEHOLD is not the place for politics. An occasional sprinkle might serve as spice, but it would not be easy to get some without getting much, and that would be decidedly disagreeable; for such a discussion among women is apt to get a little heated. Not that it is not so among men, but I think the other sex is a little worse. I believe that politics often dim man's patriotism.

When a president is chosen by the party to which they do not belong, they forget that he is the choice of the people, and their president as well as their neighbor's. They allow party feeling to make them think every act of his utterly bad. The women cannot be blamed for this, they are not "politically patriotic." Yet I believe women should interest themselves in this subject, try to understand it, and be able to discuss it with their husbands, and explain it to their children. Let us not, because we are not "allowed to help choose these men," turn indifferently away. But let us take an interest in this, as in other subjects, and in everything that is going on. Keep up with the times; even if housework is pressing, find room for other thoughts.

Those who wish to vote will naturally think more about politics. What is the opinion of the HOUSEHOLD on the nomination of Mrs. Lockwood by the Women Suffrage party? For my part I think it a foolish move.

C. B. R. says that she desires to vote only on the liquor question. But there has already been a surplus of legislation on this subject, and according to an article which I read recently "there are so many forms of law that their object is defeated as much by their number as by their general weakness." Temperance is not the only great reform. The tariff and other national issues affect the women as much as the men, yet they seldom think of this.

PRISCILLA.

THAT cold boiled ham in the pantry can be presented as a very appetizing dish in case of the necessity to prepare a hasty meal. Slice rather thicker than if it were to be served cold, have a spider hot, put in a very little bit of butter, and quickly cook the meat on both sides, turning it quickly. Or enclose it in a wire broiler and broil over the fire. The previous boiling has removed the salt and made it tender and the quick cooking does not dry it. It comes to the table tender, sweet and palatable, and the best of it all is the speed with which it can be made ready.

THE BAY VIEW ASSEMBLY.

As the heated season approaches and the wheels of life begin to drag heavily, the memory of last summer's scorching sun and parching winds is fresh in our minds, and we cry out in the earnestness of our souls: Is there no place in all this lake-girt State of ours, to which we may fly, and for awhile escape the heat and dust and turmoil of a busy life? Is there no shady peaceful spot to which we may go, and amid the entrancing beauties of Nature find needed rest for our weary bodies, and rich intellectual and spiritual food for our hungry souls, and so be enabled to gain the equipoise of body and soul so essential for successfully meeting the great issues of life, and battling with its adversities? And the answer comes quickly to us: Yes, just such a place, and just such an intellectual feast may be found at Bay View! There we behold Nature in all her loveliest moods, and as we bare our heads to the fresh breeze coming up from the great lake, we gaze in rapt admiration at the lovely land cape, the sunlit forest, the sky-clearing hills, the sun gleaming as through amber clouds, or sinking beneath the waters, sending back to us its gorgeous ethereal rays over the dancing, rippling waves.

⁴ And even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And the green earth sends its incense up
From every flower and dewy cup,
That greet at the sunshine."

All this created beauty finds an echo in the heart, for there's a story in every breeze, and a picture in every wave, and in contemplation of created things, by steps we may ascend to God.

The wisdom of the managers can not be too highly commended in locating the Assembly on the shore of this lovely bay. One can spend hours watching the waves, "With all their white crests dancing like thick plumed squadrons to the shore gallantly bounding." But grandest of all is to watch its storm tossed fury, lashing and foaming, yet ever recoiling back upon itself; never daring to transgress the bounds given by its Master, who said: "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The high moral and intellectual tone of the Assembly is in keeping with the natural beauty of the location and enhances its charms; indeed, each seems a counterpart or complement of the other.

The Assembly this year promises to be an exceptionally interesting one, due to the capable management of M. Hall, its able superintendent. The rarest treat of all will be the presence of Dr. Vincent, to whom all Chautauquans look as their leader; and second only to him, will be Alfred Wright, of Boston, dean of the Chautauqua School of Theology; and it is worth a trip to Bay View to listen to either of these gifted, devoted men. Dean Wright will be present during the whole of the Assembly, and undoubtedly Dr. Vincent will grace the platform Recognition Day, and present the diplomas to the graduates of the C. L. S. C. Then there is a long list of other celebrities, Dr. Henson, of Chicago; Geo. P. Hayes; Robert Nourse; Prof. Winchell; Bishop Ninde; Benjamin Clarke, the foremost Sunday School man in England; Mrs. Bessie

Star Keefer, of Toronto; Laylah Barrakat, that wonderful woman from Syria, and many other attractions.

A rare opportunity for contact with the noblest minds is here enjoyed. Thought is stimulated and higher, nobler aspirations are formed, which must ennoble the life. There is also an excellent opportunity for study in the schools of Art, Music, Oratory, Summer School for Teachers, S. S. Normal classes, all led by the first talent in the land.

Recreative pleasures are also abundant. Open air concerts, receptions and gay illuminations, rowing and fishing, boat rides and excursions help to re-create the body; while lectures, concerts, sweet vespers, Church and Missionary Congress, W. C. T. U. Day and other great days, brighten and purify the soul.

The Assembly opens the last Wednesday in July and continues three weeks. Everything possible will be done to make these three weeks most delightful and enjoyable; and I can say from experience that one visit to the Assembly will create a desire for an attendance there ever after, so charming is the place. The prosperity of the Assembly testifies to its attractiveness.

Nearly one hundred cottages are to be erected on the grounds this year; the amphitheater is to be enlarged and everything arranged for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors. Last year a beautiful Chautauqua cottage was built, and from its broad verandas, one of the most charming views of the bay is obtained; although owing to the terraced plan of the grounds, magnificent views of the beautiful bay may be had from the piazzas of the three hundred cottages and public buildings composing this lovely summer city of the woods, this queen of summer resorts.

Bay View is situated on Little Traverse Bay, and is easy of access, both by boats and by the G. R. & I. railroad, which runs through the place. Half rate railroad tickets will be sold during the Assembly. The best table board costs \$4 and \$5 per week; furnished rooms \$2 and \$3; while hotel rates for room and board are \$7 to \$10. Any one desiring to know more of Bay View can obtain a copy of the *Assembly Herald*, giving full particulars, by sending to the Superintendent, J. M. Hall, Flint, or Secretary S. Reed, Saginaw.

HOWELL.

MR. W. K. SEXTON.

NO POLITICS.

Ah me! to think it was I that got our Editor into trouble, just because I wanted to "boom" a deserving sister. So my poor efforts are like "unto a man's writing." I wonder if it was a man or woman made the remark! How sagacious it was, any way! But I am sure I would rather be taken, or rather mistaken, for a man than for a manly woman.

Now hear some comments on the other side: "That boom is a cunningly contrived plan of some man to get in a boom for Alger. A woman couldn't have hoodwinked the queen B. into allowing that in the *HOUSEHOLD*." How easily some people can make mystery and covert design out of square plain dealing! I am a little inclined to think C. B. R. may be a man and

"what's the matter" with she-he is that credit was given Mrs. Logan for having an acknowledged influence with her husband. Envy, was it?

To think that I, whose ambition is and always has been to stand ready to nod and smile assent to my husband's lightest expressed opinion, am now inferentially accused of being a "man," and booming a presidential candidate! I'm entirely overwhelmed, but still feel like putting in a word or two, just to prove my sex.

It seems to me C. B. R. has an itching for the very question she denounces. She thinks the time is coming when women will have to nominate candidates, though "they are off their goal" now, if expressing an opinion. Never mind, it takes a pretty smart woman to keep "the president on the rug," if reports are true, so don't let us be too much disheartened.

It does not seem to me that the highest intellectual powers are needed in naming political candidates, and with all deference to C. B. R., I protest that no "pollution of our *HOUSEHOLD*" could come of the article complained of, if it had been written "by a man," as a "boom" for an honored Michigan soldier.

If politics are so defiling that a discussion of candidates of any party is "polluting," I think the rights apparently wished for by our friend, are scarcely to be desired. She says that when women get certain rights she hopes they will know how to use them, but it seems to me that this hope is more likely to be realized by a broad, fair discussion of principles and policy involved in the proper use of such rights, than to hold up one's hands in holy horror at their bare mention. This is only following a logical sequence, not in the least intended as an argument in favor of introducing politics.

One other phrase, "The leading questions of the day" includes much. We are generally "too unanimous"—a phrase coined by our chief that described the state of things perfectly. But once in a while some pet theory is jarred, or a manner of doing some kind of work is called in question, or a matter of opinion is criticised; then don't the dear creatures make themselves heard! This is just as it should be. We want independent thought, lively criticism, original ideas, but we want all these tempered with courteous respect and kindly feeling. No member can please me better than to review my letters, object to anything she thinks incorrect, and thus awaken the brain to renewed and more careful thought, and stir the sluggish mind to greater exertion. I am especially pleased that "A boom for a Michigan sister" has awakened so able a delinquent to a sense of duty, and if incidentally a "political" effect should result in somebody's favor, why "so mote it be."

I think C. B. R. came very near "seeing herself as others see her," when she guiltily admits that she may be accused of the crime she is scoring Tecumseh for.

Was it a naughty imp, or a kindly fairy that prompted me to hide that one time behind a *nom de plume*. As good has to be resulted, unmindful of poor Beatrix's smarts, I'll fain give the credit to the last. No, C. B. R., we don't want "perfect har-

mony." Our HOUSEHOLD is too large to be tuned to one key. If we will only let others play their tunes in peace, and not insist on a general concert at one time, we can get very good music without any very jarring discords. There are major and minor keys, as well as various degrees in each, that will delight the ear of some, and we can withdraw to another room while others play their favorites. Personally, I see no reason why we should not have politics, religion and as many "issues" in our HOUSEHOLD as we please. The men have no business to interfere. They monopolize the FARMER, but when we get into our one little room, and shut the door, it is our right to talk on any subject we please. But I am ever a law-abiding-citizen, am willing to obey the Editor, hence no more "politics" will be offered by

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.

Dorothy, in the *Country Gentleman*, says: "How do you make a strawberry shortcake?" is a question often asked with an air of perplexity that betokens a point at which domestic wisdom is prone to stumble. At hotels and eating-houses, almost every variety of light cake and warm bread is served with strawberries, under the general name of strawberry shortcake. A mixture which produces the lightest, shortest, fluffiest soda biscuit possible, made so rich with sour cream or fresh butter that the crumbs when cold are more like pastry than bread, makes a generally acceptable shortcake. Whoever has the knack of sure perfection in this line—and it is chiefly a matter of swift and skillful touch, no more to be communicated by a recipe than a fine touch upon the piano—need not look farther for a rule for strawberry shortcake. Though we cannot give the secret of manipulation, it is easy to give the formula: Half a cup of thick cream, or a little less of fresh, soft butter; a quart of flour twice sifted, with a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar, two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar (if one chooses), and milk to make a very soft dough, so lightly mixed that it will barely hold together to handle. Make into an inflated biscuit as large as a tea plate, bake on a round tin in a quick oven; pull apart and cover with fully ripe berries, which may be sprinkled with sugar and set in the oven to become hot. Cold berries will sometimes make a light shortcake 'fall.' Put together, cover again with berries and powdered sugar, and serve quickly with an abundance of pure, sweet cream. It would be hard to find anything more delicious in its way."

FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

The feast of the Passover lasts eight days. This allows for one day, about which there is a little doubt. It seems that in ancient times there was a confusion in the calendar by which some of the Jews were not certain of the exact date on which Passover should be celebrated. It was therefore celebrated on two successive days, and this custom now prevails in orthodox congregations. The Paschal supper is eaten on Monday and Tuesday evening and the

ceremonies in the synagogues are also repeated. This Passover occurred March 26th. There is something wonderful in the sincerity this class of people show about the supper. The wheat from which the unleavened bread is made is selected with great care; the previous harvest men are appointed to visit the wheat fields and select the largest, most perfect heads; these are tied in bundles, properly cured and threshed on blankets and ground in a mill which has all new rollers or stones, this flour is then carefully put away for the baking. The grapes for the wine are also selected in the same manner, a new press is used to express the juice, and it is not fermented as our wine is, but is more like the grape juice sweetened. The unleavened bread is called matza, and is ground into powder and used in various culinary dishes for the feast.

The children look ahead for the Passover much as we do for Christmas, for it is made a feast for them. Where people possess much wealth there are always new utensils bought for the kitchen, but in case of necessity the old ones are thoroughly cleansed and purified by filling the vessels with water and plunging a red hot iron into the liquid. The table is set out with great splendor; three of the matza are placed in a napkin in such a manner that they do not touch each other. There is also a shoulder of roast lamb, an egg roasted hard in hot ashes; horseradish and lettuce or other pungent herbs, cups of salt water or vinegar, a quantity of wine and some thick apple sauce and almonds. All of these things have a significance. The bone of the lamb represents the Paschal lamb formally sacrificed by all Jewish families. The egg denotes that the lamb was roasted whole; the herbs recall the bitterness of bondage in Egypt; the salt water recalls the passage through the Red Sea; the sauce represents the brick-making under the Pharaohs. The wine is drunk at stated intervals, as a mark of devotion in the various prayers and formulas.

It is expected that the entire family will be under the same roof during the Passover. When all are around the table the head of the family appears dressed in death garments, and the ceremonies begin by drinking a cup of wine; he then washes his hands, some of the herbs are dipped in the salt water and passed around; the top cake of matza is broken into and one of halves laid away to be burned the next feast. The other half, the bone and egg are held up, and the father explains the significance of the Passover and reviews the sufferings of Israel in Egypt. Then a hymn of joy is recited, a blessing invoked and a cup of wine drunk. Then all rise and wash their hands. The father then eats two small pieces of matza, more herbs are eaten, and then an elegant repast is served. After this is over a cup of wine is poured out for the Prophet Elijah, and every one keeps silence. The door is left open that the expected Messiah may enter and find a ready welcome. Then the Paschal hymn is sung: "He is mighty, He will rebuild His house speedily; Quickly, quickly, in our days speedily; God build, God build, oh build this house speedily."

The books of Moses written in Hebrew

on parchment and rolled on spindles are carried to the church and are there read aloud, which occupies two long tedious hours. An ark with curtains before it contains the five books of Moses, and two shields on which the ten commandments are written. After being read, they are returned to the ark with a great deal of ceremony.

The head singer in the Jewish synagogue in New York City is from Odessa, Russia; he is called Canton Minkowsky, and is hired for five years at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars a year. Forty-nine days after the Passover is the Feast of Shobuo. The original law prescribed that every Hebrew should take of the first ripe fruits of his fields in Jerusalem and lay them before the altar, but flowers are used as symbols now. There is a sermon, organ prelude, hymn, prayers and all candidates for confirmation are examined. Then the confession of faith is read, the scroll of the law is laid away, a hymn in German is sung, and this closes the exercises. The general belief prevails that they are the people chosen of the Lord, and that they will be the first ones at His second coming; for that reason many are settling around Jerusalem, for they believe that to be the place where God will meet His people.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A MUSICIAN recently submitted a song to a publisher entitled "Why Don't I Live?" After reading a small portion of it the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger boy."

Useful Recipes.

THE following recipes, which are recommended by a practical housekeeper, we take from the *Indiana Farmer*:

EAST INDIA PICKLES.—One hundred cucumbers (large and small); one peck green tomatoes; one and a half pecks onions; four cauliflowers; four red peppers, without seed; one pint horseradish; slice all and let lay in salt water twenty-four hours; drain, pour on weak vinegar, stand on the stove until it comes to a boil and then drain again. One ounce ground cinnamon, one pound whole mustard, half pound brown sugar; wet all with cold vinegar, moisten all the pickles. Add vinegar enough to cover them, boil ten minutes, and seal in bottles while hot.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take ripe solid peaches, put a whole clove into one end of each. Use one pound brown sugar to half gallon vinegar, skim and boil up twice; pour it hot over peaches and cover closely. In a week or two pour off vinegar and scald again. After this they will keep any length of time in a cool place.

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TOMATO CATSUP.—One peck ripe tomatoes, cut up, boil tender and press through a sieve; add a large spoonful ground cloves, one table-spoonful allspice, one of cinnamon, one tea-spoonful cayenne pepper, quarter pound salt, quarter pound mustard, one pint vinegar. Boil gently three hours. Bottle and seal while hot.