

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 14, 1888.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THAT DEPENDS.

"She is older far," you say,
"Than the man he weds to-day;
He will tire of fading cheek,
Whitening hair and body weak;
Long for youth and girlish grace—
Love another in her place."
That depends! If soul to soul
Wedded be, as parts of whole;
If her mind has depths for him,
Filled with knowledge to the brim;
If her heart has held him fast
In the leashes of the past,
Making perfect peace and rest;
Satisfied with love's behest;
Two in one, like polar star,
Nothing can their future mar.
Love holds not by voice or eye,
Silken hair or lips that vie
With the roses. Love complete,
Must be God like, strong and sweet.
Love knows neither age nor time,
Pure, all-healing and sublime.

—Sarah K. Bolton.

WOMAN.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woe-man;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
That people call them whim-men.

Oh, if you would but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love.

—I. F. Dikenza.

THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE.

All the newspapers in all our towns and villages have published the programmes of the Commencement exercises of their respective high schools and colleges, giving more or less extended summaries of the essays read, and often what is supposed to be of equal interest and as much importance, descriptions of the dresses worn. The woman who has been through all these exciting experiences and grown world-worn and weary learning the lesson of a plain,

practical, bread-and-butter life, smiles a little to herself at these soarings to Olympian heights, this theoretical solving of life's profoundest problems, and then sighs a little sigh at remembrance of her own Commencement Day, when the world seemed her oyster, to open at the tap of the teacher's birch. But her heart goes out to these sweet young girls, as fresh as June's roses, with all their untried ambitions, their inexperience, their "bitter waters" yet to drink.

After Commencement, what?

How many of those who concluded a course of study with the summer solstice, have before them a definite plan by which they mean to shape their lives? How many, twenty years hence, will look back upon the plans and ambitions of their Commencement Day, and be able to say they are what they then hoped to be, that they have reached the goal, or are even within reach of it! We talk of shaping our lives as we please, of moulding our own destinies, yet I often think we are in reality like the ball between battledore and shuttlecock, tossed here and there by Fate and Circumstance as passively—or at least as helplessly—as it. Much is said about setting our aim high and moving forward steadily, forgetting that in so doing we must be blind and indifferent to the rights and needs of others, whose lives are linked with ours. George Eliot says: "We cannot choose duties; they are like children born to us; we must accept them, and do the best we can by them; we dare not repudiate them." So a sacrifice of our own hopes is often demanded of us, as offering upon the altar of Duty.

The girl who "went through" her course merely because it seemed the proper thing to do, and whose per cent on examination was only high enough to just let her pass from class to class, is like "Rip Van Winkle's" last glass—she "don't count." She will put her books on the top shelf of a dark closet, feeling her education is finished, and "plunge madly into the whirling vortex" of what she calls enjoyment—picnics and parties and beaux. No one need waste sympathy on her "unsatisfied ambitions," she has none beyond a wish to marry well. All her life will be "bound in shallows" but she won't mind; indeed, she won't know it.

But the earnest student has been growing, mentally, with each successive term. For years she has been absorbed in duties in which the routine of schoolwork has been the principal feature. She knows the keen delights and triumphs of intellectual achievement, and when she goes home,

how tame and dull and quiet it seems, as soon as the first flush of fruition is over! She finds the home just as she left it, unchanged in both outward and inward life; it seems pleasant to be there, yet she misses something which hitherto to her has been essential life, and grows discontented and restless. Her newly awakened faculties must be exercised, she must still feel she is growing or she cannot be happy. And this feeling is often misunderstood by parents, who think her restlessness due to loss of love for home, and desire for gaiety; they blame her education for making her restless, without reflecting the very aim and end of education is growth, and that mental growth must outstrip old ideas as physical development leaves behind the outgrown garments.

If at this critical time there could follow the education in some industrial art, which should afford exercise for the developed faculties, work for the hands and money for the purse, the question what to do with our girls is satisfactorily answered. There would be less business for our divorce courts, fewer women wearing themselves out in friction against the "must be" were girls as well as boys taught that the right to labor is a divine inheritance. The girl who can support herself does not marry for the sake of a home, and men know it.

"To her of my love I shall never speak,
'Twould be vain, I clearly see—
Maria gets sixteen dollars a week,
And what does she want of me?"

Steady, useful, remunerative employment keeps many a girl from entanglements with silly "dudes;" she has no time for nonsense, the dignity of her work lifts her above the snares set for the idle and discontented, for Satan works mischief with idle brains as well as idle hands.

So, when your "girl graduate" comes home from school or college, with a lot of new ideas you are inclined to call "high-falutin"—whatever that may mean—and some little refinements you sarcastically refer to as "putting on style," and a great wish in her heart to do something to help herself and to continue the work you have aided her to begin, which you refer to in confidential interviews with your wife as "d— nonsense," take all these things into consideration and instead of bidding her make puddings and mend shirts, help her to a life which shall satisfy in some measure her newly formed ambitions. The old thought was that the girl whose education was "finished," was to sit waiting at home for some one to come and marry her and take her to a home of her own. But nowadays, the girl who believes in herself

but a facsimile of her husband's, there are a variety of questions and subjects, upon which they entertain vastly different ideas. Take for instance, temperance and public morals. If as is said woman's influence is refining, if wherever she is introduced there comes with her courtesy, cleanliness, sobriety, morality and order, certainly then giving her the ballot would have a beneficial effect upon politics; for in their present state they are filthy and corrupt—nothing but a cesspool. If there is any one thing that needs reconstruction it is politics. The democratic party of to-day differs materially from Jefferson's time. There are none of the old school republicans. There are no statesmen like Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster. The popular cry is not for the best men, but the most money. Scarcely a man is considered eligible for Congress unless he represents a silver mine or a pine forest, or owns the whole Pacific coast. The time has gone by when the best men are sifted out from the masses—like wheat from the chaff and gold from the dross—to represent the people. Men come forward and beg the office; they not only beg but are willing to pay for the privilege of "getting there." Whether true philanthropy prompts the act, is best determined by the manner in which they serve their party. There was never a time when so much money was represented in Washington, when entertainments were so princely; the receptions are miniature courts, and this in our boasted land of liberty, our America that plants her stars and stripes on every shore, and waves a welcome to all countries, to come to our land of freedom and equality. To what are we drifting, unless it be to that aristocracy that we have claimed we had not.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE GIRLS.

A handsome paper rack is made of two thick pieces of card-board, the edges beveled and gilded. The board intended for the back is much larger than the front; these boards are laced at the side with gold cord from the top to the bottom of the smaller piece. Any design may be painted on these, but a very novel and pretty one represented an old man, seated at a table, reading by candle-light. There are many flowers that can be appropriately used as patterns, a spray of dogwood blossoms, for instance. Ribbon bows are used at the corners of the case.

A pretty little thing to strike matches on is made of ribbon about three inches wide and seven long. It is fringed out at the bottom about an inch and hung from the top with a narrow ribbon of the same shade. On the bottom of the wide ribbon just above the fringe is a piece of sandpaper about one and a half inches wide and as long as the ribbon is wide. A similar piece one-half inch wide is glued on at the top; between these pieces of sandpaper on the ribbon in gold are the words, "I mind not your scratches if you keep me in matches," in quaint lettering.

A pretty square table cover is made of olive felt, just the size of the table and pinked around the edges. Number nine

olive ribbon was sewed on the cloth about two inches from each corner; this ribbon was brought down and tied in a loose bow on each corner of the table. About three or four yards of ribbon will be required.

If you wish a piece of the new white and gold furniture, now so stylish, buy a Shaker rocker, and apply two coats of white paint, then, after it is thoroughly dry, two coats of varnish; add fancy cushions to back and seat, or add ribbon bows. The gold paints enable you to put on the rings of gilt on the frame.

FASHION ITEMS.

For traveling dresses designed for long journeys by rail or steamer, homespun, chevot, serges and rough-finished fabrics are preferred. They may be made up with a pleated lower skirt, and a long drapery nearly covering it, and a plain basque or pleated Norfolk jacket. Waistcoats and jackets are liked for these dresses, as they look less plain than the severe basque. The waistcoat is often a full blouse of surah or silk, made long enough to fall over and conceal the band which confines it to the waist. The same idea is pretty for street dresses, and one can vary her costume by having one blouse waist of silk the color of her dress and another of cream or other contrasting color.

Percale collars, chemisettes and cuffs are worn again with wash dresses, as also white pique and Marseilles vests and chemisettes; these are especially pretty with the sateen dresses so much worn. This may be called "the sateen season"—fully one-third of the dresses one sees in our streets on a pleasant afternoon are of this material, made in every conceivable style and of all degrees of "fit."

For boating parties, young girls wear straight skirts of blue flannel, with perhaps a few tucks, and blouse waists which can be braided with white if desired; the sleeves are loose and full, with wristbands, and there is a sailor collar. Around the neck is carelessly knotted a large silk handkerchief of navy blue, cream or red silk; and the hat is a navy blue sailor with a band of white ribbon.

White bonnets for wear with white dresses are of white chip or fancy straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with large clusters of fine flowers, though scarlet poppies, roses, and yellow daffodils are all favorites. A large upright bow of ribbon is added on one side, or the flowers are veiled in puffs of white brussels net, which also forms the ties.

Hats which are very becoming to some faces have narrow rolled brims coming over the forehead, and covered with loose folds of velvet. The remainder of the hat is covered with black lace laid in pleats from the crown down to the sides. The joining of the lace in the middle of the crown is concealed under a bow of ribbon, and the front is trimmed with a few flowers and upright loops of ribbon.

A young lady who likes novelty and is not afraid to "lead the style," may wear a basque cut very short and pointed in front, with a twisted belt or series of folds to define and yet conceal the union of skirt and waist. Such a bodice should have full

loose folds sewed in with the shoulder seams and narrowing to a point in front. A lace cascade or jabot down the front is a dressy addition. The skirt of such a dress may have one deep flounce entirely around the skirt, and a panel of six flounces on the right side. The drapery is disposed in deep straight folds sloped and folded back on each side of the panel in an irregular cascade. If of wool goods the edges of this drapery may be heavily buttonholed in silk of a darker tint. This style is very becoming to slight, short figures, as the long straight folds apparently increase the height.

Ginghams, which may be bought for 16 to 25 cents, and which, though not as fine as the 40 cent goods, still wear and wash quite as well, are made up with plain unlined waists to be worn with wide belts, and have surplice folds in front. The skirt has long very full drapery pleated under the belt at the back, and an apron with sides shirred on cords for convenience in ironing. These dresses look very neat and trim, and though not quite as fashionable as sateen, are serviceable. The woman who can do up her own wash dresses can dress very nicely indeed on a limited sum, for all cotton goods are marvelously cheap. But she needs one wool dress for outdoor wear on damp days and rainy ones, when a cotton dress gets limp and stringy. But the individual who has to pay for having such dresses "done up" will do well not to yield to temptation when she inspects the dainty cambrics, lawns, batistes and white goods on the merchants' counters, for by the time she has paid her washwoman 75 cents for a manipulation of it which "runs" the colors, and sends it home stiff as a board, she is fain to conclude there's "no money" in wash dresses for her.

Useful Recipes.

VANILLA ICE CREAM.—Put one pint of milk into a pall set in a kettle of hot water, or use a double boiler. Beat two eggs, a small half cup of flour, one cup sugar, and when the milk is boiling hot add to the mixture. Boil about fifteen minutes, stirring often. Take from the stove; add one quart of cream, another cup of sugar, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vanilla. Stir well, and set away to cool; then freeze.

CHOCOLATE CREAM.—Beat two eggs very light, and add two cups of sugar. Heat one pint of milk to the boiling point and pour over the eggs and sugar slowly, beating it at the same time. Rub five tablespoonfuls of chocolate into sufficient milk to dissolve and add to the mixture. Beat it thoroughly and set the dish back upon the stove or in the double boiler to cook till it thickens. Then cool it and add a little vanilla flavoring. When the custard is cold beat in one quart of cream and freeze.

FREEZING.—To freeze a cream, adjust the parts of the freezer properly, pour the mixture into the can and give the handle a turn or two to see that it works right, before packing. The ice may be broken small by placing in a canvas bag and pounding with a wooden mallet. There should be three times as much ice as salt. Do not pour off the water which forms in the freezing process unless it is likely to overflow into the can. Half an hour will be sufficient to freeze it.

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So, when your "girl graduate" comes home from school or college, with a lot of new ideas you are inclined to call "highfalutin"—whatever that may mean—and some little refinements you sarcastically refer to as "putting on style," and a great wish in her heart to do something to help herself and to continue the work you have aided her to begin, which you refer to in confidential interviews with your wife as "d— nonsense," take all these things into consideration and instead of bidding her make puddings and mend shirts, help her to a life which shall satisfy in some measure her newly formed ambitions. The old thought was that the girl whose education was "finished," was to sit waiting at home for some one to come and marry her and take her to a home of her own. But nowadays, the girl who believes in herself

may dare to seek any congenial work, and be more honored in the doing than if she sat idly at home. So do not ridicule your daughter's new-born aspirations; nor her desire to support herself. I have heard fathers wonder why their girls were not contented, saying they had good homes and ought to be satisfied, when the daughters did not have five dollars they could call their own once in six months, and any little proposed improvement in the home surroundings was met with "I can't afford it!" Do not grudge the dollars for a few new books, nor for papers and magazines, and take an interest in them yourself. There must be home advantages and social privileges, and "things like other folks," if you will keep your caged birds singing. The young woman just from school must not be made to feel the home life is non-progressive, but that in its atmosphere she can continue to develop.

And the girls must remember that rarely is it given us in this world to do that work which we feel would be most congenial. We want to do something so grand, so useful, that the "belittling cares" seem contemptible by contrast. In looking for the stars we are apt to stumble over obstacles an humbler light would reveal. We disdain the small things, forgetting that in details lies the perfection of the whole; we want to mould our lives as we will, though others may have claims upon us which we ought not to ignore. A giving up of one's cherished hopes for a life of self-sacrifice seems terrible, yet a blessing invariably follows if we do not rob our sacrifice of its merit by complaints. There is not a trouble in the world which patience will not outwear, not a sorrow it will not soften.

But here I am, talking of patience and self sacrifice and "sweet girl graduates," all in the same letter. Is it, I wonder, because, looking backward, those who have "come to forty year" realize through their own experiences, what heights and depths of happiness and pain a score of years will bring to even the most joyous hearts?

BEATRIX.

A DAY IN JUNE.

The poet who sings, "What so rare as a day in June," would hardly have proceeded so beautifully in description, had he been obliged to sit by a fire to keep warm, and watch the dull rain falling lazily outside. Thought is the product of environment, the inspiration and thrill which nature communicates to us through the influence of beauty and truth. It weaves itself about fact and fancy, constructing and reconstructing with wonderful rapidity.

I sometimes think, if we knew how much the inner nature is changed by a new course of thought, if we could see clearly a fresh gathered experience lying upon our hearts with all the fruition experience yields, we would regard this subtle, receptive soul-power with wonder as well as consternation. One of the grandest and deepest lessons of life is to search out those powers of thought and those influences in nature which place us, in a large degree, beyond the control of morbid and unhealthy expression either in body or mind.

Nature is rich in aids and devices to beautify the body and build up the soul. As I watch the children running over the sunny grass, chasing each other in familiar games under the joyous excitement of childhood, I question if naturally the time should so early come when they put all this glee and healthful exercise away for the "accomplishments" of young ladyhood. And we see the merry child a "young lady" grown, carefully guarding herself from any direct rays of sunshine by a parasol, her lungs compressed, breathing only half the "breath of life" she should, turning from nature to art for the secret of power and beauty, all this proving how few there are who search for the true understanding of being.

Do you know what is in the air? There is beauty, there is power and life. Breathe and live. Not the little puff in the upper part of the lungs, but breathe deep and long; take meals of air, until the warm current sweeps along the veins, until the eye glows, and the cheek flushes with the vitalized blood.

Do you know the wondrous chemistry of the sunbeam? It has hidden fire in the rock, it has stored flame in the dark recesses of the earth. It forms the precious stones, and in its secret laboratory flashes into them all its brilliant hues; it waves in the field, trembles in the leaves, flashes in the bow of heaven, quivers in the dew. It lies upon the bosom of the rose, it flows in the stream. It warms and thrills our complex being into joy, both through what we see and all we feel. Let there be sunlight, and let its shining burn upon the altar of life, purifying the entire being.

Nature is the great physician. She invites us all to partake of her abundant vitality. She woos us to her forests and her streams, she fascinates us by the magic of her lights and shadows. She is sincere in expression, rugged, but genuine. She takes us close to her great, loving heart; she caresses, while our pained hearts throb against her calm bosom. Into the mystery of her life and healing power she invites us. Freely we may come, and, seeking, freely we receive.

The month of June records a day of rare pleasure spent in the rustic park of this, the "Parlor City" of the Empire State. The park comprises about one hundred acres out from the city, and is a wild and picturesque spot to one who dwells among the fair fields of Michigan. Nature has given the place charms, while man has interfered little with the "forest primeval." The fragrant pine and hemlock mingle with the commoner trees of the wood; overhanging the gorges paths are cut out or formed by the rocks, and drives encircle the whole. At the top of the great hill, there is to had a lovely view of the city below, encircled by its shining rivers. Yet the pleasure was not so much in seeing, as in feeling, and in the restfulness and deep suggestiveness of the place. The beautiful wood where we gathered the young wintergreens, the fine, pure air, the freedom and joyous influence of the place, all charmed the soul into sympathy with nature, until it seemed as though the springing hope of childhood again lay fresh and sweet upon

the heart, and the griefs and perplexities of maturer years faded into the far away. Nature draws us near to the soul of things, where peace and strength abide.

Then the rare sunset on the quiet hills, where the snowy daisies spread like the misty milky way across the sky; the glory of red and gold thrown wide across the blue heaven, while the shadows creep down the hillsides to the wild flowers at their feet and the shining river below. The wonder and beauty of the sunset is a thing eternal in its story to the human heart, thrilling again and again its picture deep into the gallery of the soul whose answering sympathy allies it to the great spirit of nature, which is Love.

S. M. G.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

JULY 4TH, 1888.

Why do we, the people, celebrate the Fourth? That is, what are our motives in gathering together to carry out the programme of the day as arranged by our committee? We surely are a long way off from love and reverence for our valiant forefathers, or a desire to show our grateful remembrance of their noble action on the fourth of July, one hundred and twelve years since.

The enterprising townspeople arrange for a celebration and give their money to help it along, in hopes of making extra sales or coining money by "running a stand." Then we farmers attend if we have time, or are not haying, and spend what we can afford. So far, so good, but that is as far as it goes. Who of all the participants really values the day for its associations, or cares for anything more than to have a good time or to "make something?"

In this day love of self overbalances love of country. If danger threatened the nation every heart would leap with patriotism, and lives would be willingly laid down for her safety. Yet I wish that men would manifest their patriotism in time of peace. It is one of the highest attributes of man, and is next to religion as a sentiment. Indeed I believe that a patriotic man without religion is a better person than a religious man without patriotism. The truly patriotic are never truly bad. There is something so noble and uplifting in real patriotism that the most ignorant citizen if he loves his country can not fail to be a better father and a better husband, as well as a better citizen because of that sentiment.

Parents then should teach their children patriotism by example and precept. If they do not learn it in childhood they will not acquire it later.

I remember riding past a home one Independence Day and seeing two children on the top fastening a large Union flag to the chimney. "What a pretty way," I thought, "of remembering the day! So much more expressive than the fire cracker and the pistol." Yet these are not out of place so long as they serve their purpose, and the oration and the fireworks are commendable observances on the Fourth. But surely climbing greased poles and footracing, and the spirit in which they are witnessed are to be deprecated.

PRISCILLA.

WOMAN AND HER SPHERE.

[Paper read by Mrs. E. T. Sprague (Evangeline) before the Calhoun County Farmers' Institute, Feb. 23rd, 1888.]

(Concluded.)

We are told by these advocates of woman's rights that giving her the ballot will elevate her position. I hardly think that it is necessary to open up new spheres of action, for we have evidence of what woman can and has done for herself without the ballot; but would it be advisable for all women to pursue the same course? That woman has a sphere and profession that God and Nature have assigned her is very evident, and that is *family life*. Duties to the State and public life she may have, but the public duties of women must bear to their family ones the same relation that the family duties of men bear to their public ones. Instead of talking so much to woman about her rights, teach her her duties. Woman's education in a great measure is too limited; when she reaches womanhood she is unfitted for the duties that await her. Then where does the trouble lie? With the mothers. Motherhood, the crowning glory of woman, is shirked in every conceivable manner. Women enter the marriage state with little or no idea of its duties, their sole aim has been to get married. We have two distinct classes of women. The class who marry young, supposing a home can run itself; their health becomes impaired, their beauty faded and gone, with the excitement of society, ignorant, untrained help to do their domestic work, and care for their little ones. In direct contrast to these women who are perishing from too much care stands another class who have developed their brains but not their muscles, but who are eminently fitted to go into houses with all the modern improvements, discharge the duties, shoulder the cares and perform the labors; but would beg rather than be paid domestics; would prefer starvation, be dependents—anything would be preferable to being called "hired help."

Christian democracy has not yet attained development. Domestic labor has not yet realized its true dignity. These agitators of woman's rights have not looked at this matter as they ought. Their cry is reform. They say to men: "Throw away your whisky, billiards, etc., and reform." Man was never a greater slave to his appetite than woman is to her pride. Fashion and position are idols before which she bows in silent homage. Does a strange woman rap at the door of society for admittance, what is the first question asked about her? If she is educated, refined, if she would be a desirable addition to society? Oh no! but rather "Who was her father? What does her husband do for a living. Does she keep hired help? Has she got a sealskin cloak?" Oh, woman, give of your best, show that sweet sympathetic nature that is rightfully yours, measure your own sex by true work, by capacity of brain and soul, by what lies inside that body rather than by what decks the outside. Instead of opening up new ways, strange avenues for women, better straighten out some of the old ways. Try reform on the so-called "domestic drud-

gery," remove some of the obstacles that lie in its way. Teach the daughters that it is fully as much of an accomplishment to make a loaf of bread properly, as to sketch a landscape, that a correct eye and artistic taste can be shown as well in the arrangement of a tea-table, storeroom and pantry, as in giving an artistic air to drawing-room and parlor; in hanging a picture or draping a curtain; that a well cooked and served meal is quite as satisfactory at times, as a symphony from Beethoven. Housework demands brain as well as muscle. Domestic economy is just as practical as political economy.

No woman can develop her brain without enlivening her finger ends, and if after the training and development of a good liberal practical education, she looks down upon labor with contempt, and studies every possible art and device to shirk it, her influence will surely fall upon those who are obliged to do it, and they in turn will have a like contempt. The class who go to factories, printing offices, shops, behind counters, should be in good respectable homes relieving the mother's cares, caring for the sick, honored and respected. The girl who does as little work as she can for the money, and hopes in time to marry, so she will have some one to take care of her, shows just as much sense as her mistress, who probably accepted her first offer for the very same reason. When housework becomes an inspiration, when it is fashionable to work, to bake and brew, broil and stew, the ones who get as far away from it now as possible will be the class that we shall depend on for help.

Educate the daughters, show them their true sphere, train them for it, so that their duties will be performed, not avoided, and when the time comes that woman has the ballot, as come it surely will, she will not bring an ignorant vote—to-day shows the evil effect of that—but rather good broad views, impartial judgment, and good practical common sense.

There will always be women who have "a mission," who spend their lives laboring for their sisters who are abject slaves trodden under foot and bound with chains. At their death they receive an ovation, and in time a monument is raised by subscription to perpetuate their memory.

I am thinking rather of another class of women who live lives of self denial, self abnegation, and self sacrifice; women who are tied to husbands whose evil habits make life as miserable and unendurable as though they were tied to a corpse, caring for the little ones, bringing them through infantile disorders, bearing with the whims and caprices of invalids, shouldering the little cares, the daily prosaic duties, the friction of all the littleness and petty annoyances of the day. The world never hears of these women, their families scarcely know they are entertaining angels, they are never fully appreciated, until they be beneath the willow. I would like to say to these women with a mission: "Do the duty that lies nearest you, and from self denial to self denial, from one duty to another, you will rise to a majesty of moral strength, that is impossible to any form of mere self indulgence. It is of souls thus sculptured and chiseled by self denial

and self discipline that the living temple of the perfect hereafter is to be built. The pain of the discipline is short, but the glory of the fruition is eternal." Make the home what it should be, and our jails and prisons will lack inmates. Mix your religion with a little of the beauties of mother earth, and it will be just as good and much more effective. Woman's sphere! it embraces and includes a great deal. It is found in the home nest, rearing the wee birdies, training the wings for flight into the outer world, building the character of our future men and women. In the pulpit, in the editor's sanctum, on the rostrum, holding an audience with words of truth and eloquence, on the deserted battlefield ministering to the wounded, in hospitals, at the bedside of the suffering, bathing the aching forehead, closing the eyes in death.

"The mission of woman permitted to bruise,
The head of the serpent, and sweetly refuse,
Thro' the sorrow and sin of earth's registered
 curse
The blessing that mitigates all, born to nurse
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to
 heal
The sick world that leans on her; to watch
 and to wait
To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate."

Teach the daughters that it is not the sole aim of woman to marry; that she can attain for herself an independent, useful and happy existence; there are responsible places that she can creditably fill, her influence can be refining and ennobling. It is far better to fight the battle of life single handed than give her hand where there is no heart. Married life to be truly blest, truly happy, depends entirely upon the affinity of the two who are united.

If soul to soul
Wedded be as parts of whole,
If her mind has depths of him
Filled with rapture to the brim,
If her heart hath held him fast,
In the leashes of the past,
Making perfect peace and rest
Sa'isled with love's behest,
Two in one! Like polar star,
Nothing can their future mar.
Love holds not by voice or age,
Silken hair or lips that vie
With the roses, love complete,
Must be God-like, strong and sweet.
Love knows neither age nor time,
Pure, al' healing and divine.

ONE SOLUTION OF THE HIRED HELP QUESTION.

When the spring work set in my husband said: "You can't get along alone and had better look for a girl." I looked, and made some inquiries, but as I didn't want a poor one and couldn't get a good one, I proposed to invest about one-half of the "hired help money" in household conveniences and do without a girl, and my proposition was finally accepted. First, new walks were laid at all outside doors, which saves much dirt being tracked into the house. Second, new door and window screens all round. Third, a Grand oil stove, and no one will believe how much it lightens work till they try it. I do all the work for a family of six on it, and do not use its full capacity. And the kitchen is also provided with a good house tank filled from the wind mill, and a good cistern and pump.

With all these conveniences I do my work, but I think I owe some of the credit to Beatrix's prescription of lemon juice. I hope the husbands of the HOUSEHOLD family will provide their wives with household conveniences and lemons.

SCHOOLCRAFT.

M.

"O WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?"

Surely not on a farm at this season. HOUSEHOLD letters for a few weeks have not been among the possibilities, and all on account of my "tower." My three weeks of summer vacation from the farm were spent in Kent and Muskegon Counties, in cities, villages and country homes, and a very pleasant time it was. Remembering the saying that "Short visits make long friends," I only tarried so little time with our numerous "cousins and our aunts," that neither the party of the first or of the second part were wearied, but I have set apart an immense picture gallery "in my mind," and it is crowded with beautiful views, my mental camera producing them at will, and they will not fade for many a day or ever disappear entirely.

That day's drive winding through the second growth timber that crowded close up to the wheel track, gathering green bouquets of sweet fern and running vine and great armfuls of fragrant hemlock boughs, the light emerald tips on the dark background of old branches making each little twig a thing of beauty; then up long sand hills that had two tracks, the one for the ascent being planked; past acres and acres of vineyards, small fruits and vegetables for the Chicago and Muskegon markets; around the high bluffs where the old forest trees leaned obliquely over our heads, the natural bluff rising sheer from the water, but a road was built of timbers and slabs and we could go on and on; across Mona Lake on a sort of pontoon bridge nearly a half mile long, rising and falling with the tide, the water coming up between the planks at every step of the horses' feet, and for some distance the bridge sank to a foot or more below the surface; then leaving our vehicle and walking "Indian file" up and down, in and out, until we stood on the wreck-strewn shore of Lake Michigan where the white-capped waves were rushing landward, and we were children again throwing our boats out to sea, each swell bringing them nearer and the undertow invariably sucking them down so that, although they came almost within arms length, we could never quite grasp them again; then in the inlet going out hand in hand with cautious steps on a piece of narrow timber that settled to the wetting of feet, all to see and poke with our parasols those great sturgeon that were vainly trying to get out of their prison cribs, oh! it was all enjoyable.

Then all the beauty and bustle of Muskegon and Grand Rapids, for although the latter stands second to Detroit it in no way resembles it. Sometimes in driving we looked up, up, to where the buildings were far above the street, and other streets were built up as far above the original level, hills that only the cable cars could climb, and short streets that were only a flight of stairs and no drive-way at all. The broad, shallow river is spanned by many bridges and furnishes power for the immense furniture factories that make that city famous all over the world. At Cedar Springs we enjoyed more of the home life, the Children's Day exercises, lectures and sociables being always appreciated.

It is good for any one to leave their own

cares and crosses for a time and go out into other homes, for they will surely find that there are many kinds and degrees of trouble. Though we visited the widow and the fatherless, feeling that their bereavement could not be measured, yet when we went out from one beautiful city home knowing of the life of absolute fear and danger because the husband and father, after eighteen years of domestic felicity, had become a raving maniac, his one overwhelming passion being to murder the wife whom he had so fondly cherished, and having now been for ten years an "incurable." Knowing so much as we learned there of the horror of it all, the feeling that it was a grief so heavy that the lives of wife and children were blighted by it, with no hope of release, then it was that we realized, as never before, that there is trouble worse than death. Taking that view of it, it is something to be thankful for when we can close the eyes of our own loved ones after their peaceful death and know that they are at rest safe from such sufferings as those wildly insane brains must endure.

This is not just such a letter as I meant to write, for I intended to tell the HOUSEHOLD sisters of some of the home made fancy work that I learned about, but that must now wait until another from

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

ONE WOMAN'S VIEWS OF WOMAN IN POLITICS.

Woman in politics will be as woman is in all things else, fickle, false and fierce. She will leave home with a ballot in her hand, which before reaching the poll will be changed more times than there are candidates. In conventions, in the holding of office, she will prove false to friend and country. Wherever she meets opposition she will be fierce and unreasonable. There will be wrangling and wire-pulling in ways that never entered into the heart of man. In debate you will hear not arguments but sharp, personal, bitter, slanderous retort.

Give woman unlimited power and you make of her a tyrant. In her judgments she would be guided every time by her sympathies rather than the merits of the case. She would seek to control our morals, our religion, our consciences, by legislation. The foregoing does not refer to the "As votes my dear John so vote I" woman. That class do but little good and but little harm. Neither does the foregoing refer to the perfect, noble type of womanhood which is occasionally found, but to that class which will and do assume leadership in order that self may be elevated. Nor is this merely prophecy, for such woman has been in the past, and such woman will be in the future. "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been."

At the Woman's Convention did not the utterances of Mrs. Stanton, one of the strongest and best of the women suffragists, prove how fierce and vindictive woman can be?

The Female Suffragist Society at Washington passed resolutions calling upon all women to withdraw from the Methodist Episcopal church if their pastor supported the General Conference in regard to non-

admittance of women delegates. Seeking to control our religion, is it not?

The noble women of the W. C. T. U., who have bravely fought the liquor traffic with some success and many failures, now assert that its suppression can come only through the prohibition party, that the only salvation for our country is to put its trust in this prohibition party, and yet the W. C. T. U. say to that party, "Unless you put a suffrage plank in your platform, we will no longer support you." With them the right to vote outweighs "for God and home and native land."

Some prominent woman—I can not recall her name nor her exact language—but it expressed this idea, that woman should and would cast her vote for the best man, irrespective of party. Exactly like a woman! How is one to know which is the best unless personally acquainted with each candidate in the field? One can not rely upon the press, for the press exalts or defames according as it is for or against the victim (I should say candidate). Vote for the man rather than the party; for the man rather than measure! The man represents the principles of the party, not the party the principles of the man. You will not find a strong protectionist at the head of a free trade party, and if he were he would not act otherwise than as free traders dictated.

What would be the result of woman in politics? It would be to increase what is called the floating vote, and that would prove a curse to the country. There would be lack of stability and an uncertainty that would greatly injure business. It would be "Give me this, give me that, or I will join hands with the anarchist; I will support the other party," voting one year with one party, the next with another, whose avowed principles are as different as good and evil. Any one can see what the result would be.

Talk about civil service reform! if woman were in politics she would be decidedly opposed to it, she would be civil in nothing. In fact woman in politics will be a complete failure, and the results extremely disastrous.

JANNETTE.

Useful Recipes.

ENGLISH CHEESE CAKES.—Four ounces of butter beaten with a wooden spoon in a warm pan until it is creamed; four ounces of powdered sugar; beat well, then add the yolk of one egg, beat, and add one whole egg; beat again and stir in four ounces of clean currants. Line patty pans with rich puff paste, fill half full, dust with sugar and bake in a good oven.

LEMON CRACKERS.—Prepare the lemon by grating the yellow rind of two good-sized ones. One pound sugar; one half pound butter; one and a fourth pounds flour. Mix, and set in a cool place or on ice for two hours; then cut into squares or circles. Dust the crackers with granulated sugar, or brush with white of egg.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Five quarts tomatoes; six quarts of apples; stew, separately, mix well, then add six pounds of sugar; two tablespoonfuls of ground cloves and three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon. Let boil up and put into jars and seal.