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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TOO LATE.

What silence we keep year after year,  
With those who are most near to us and dear.  
We live beside each other day by day  
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say  
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach  
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—  
These close, familiar friends who loved us so;  
And sitting in the shadow they have left,  
Alone with loneliness and sore bereft,  
We think with vain regret of some fond word  
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we express  
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,  
And slight the deeds we did to those undone.  
And small the service spent to treasures won,  
And undeserved the praise for word and deed  
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be  
Full visioned only when the ministry  
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place  
Of some dear presence is but empty space.  
What recollected service ever can then  
Give consolation for the might have been?  
—*New York Independent.*

### THE EXCURSIONIST.

August is the great month for excursions. The weather is usually very favorable to this class of pleasures, being hot, dry and dusty, with occasionally a cyclonic shower. Under such conditions the excursion flourishes like a cucumber vine. The farmer's crops are housed, and he can afford to treat himself to a "day off," and he has, or should have, a natural and laudable curiosity to see strange places and life under varied aspects. And hence the low railroad rates nearly always call together a crowd, all anticipating a good time.

Thousands of excursionists visit this city every year. It is easy for the old resident to tell when there is an excursion in town by the personal appearance of the people on the streets, though a thousand or so of strangers, dispersed on the avenues of a great city, hardly cause a perceptible increase of the rushing stream of humanity whose ebb and flood tides depend largely upon the great clock in the City Hall tower. It is easy to guess how far from "Wayback" the occasional stranger has come; he has come a long way if he leads "his girl" round by the hand as if fearful of losing her, and distends his coatpockets with peanuts which he feeds her by the handful from those capacious receptacles. He don't care who sees he is "spoons" on her; he has come

to town to have a good time, he is going to have it in his own way and "city folks" can look if they want to, he don't care. And "city folks" don't care either.

But I generally feel sorry for the excursionists. They look tired; they are tired. They have had a tiresome ride, they are hungry, they wish to rest and eat, and the town seems to have no place for them. They came to see, but they do not know what there is to see, or where to find it. Briefly, I propose to tell in this letter, what the stranger who has half or three-quarters of a day to spend here, can see of the city and its attractions. In the first place, make up your mind to have at least one square meal. Sight-seeing on an empty stomach or a scrap of cake is a dismal business. After the fatigue of the journey, a cup of tea or coffee and a "sit down dinner" is both rest and refreshment. Resolve to be reckless "for one day only," and get your dinner. And you can pay a dollar at the Russell, seventy-five cents at the Griswold, and half a dollar at the Kirkwood, according to your finances; and between you and I, barring the matter of "style," they are all about on a parity.

Woodward Avenue is the great street for the retail trade in dry goods, etc.; it is to Detroit what "Main Street" is to the village, and I've more than once heard it called "that there main street, I forget its name." Devoted to business in its down town portion, at the upper end it becomes one of our finest residence avenues. Walk up on the right hand side, from Jefferson Avenue (which is the great artery of the wholesale trade from the Michigan Central station up past the lonely Biddle House, and the location of the homes of most of the oldest and many of the wealthiest residents beyond), and you pass Mabley's immense clothing store, and the Russell House adjoining it; around the corner to the right you get a view of a long low shed, the Central market, where Detroit buys its dinners. The Soldiers' Monument, in the open space known as the Campus Martius, is noticed next, and beyond it the Detroit Opera House. From the Campus the streets radiate somewhat like the spokes from the hub of a wheel. Keeping straight up Woodward Avenue, the stroller passes many places known through newspaper advertisements, Wright, Kay & Co's jewelry stores, Black's carpet house; a splendid plate glass window filled with beautiful palms and tropical plants, which is not, as one might imagine, a florist's, but the most "high-toned" saloon in town, where the drunken reveler is discreetly loaded into a

coupe and sent home with privacy and dispatch when he becomes too riotous. The stranger can dazzle his eyes by the diamonds in Rolshoven's window, and turning to the right will find the Public Library one block away. It is worth while taking a glance at the interior, where 100,000 books are snugly stored away in the tiers of alcoves rising one above another. Next, back on the avenue, is Newcomb's dry goods house; it pays to go through this great establishment, so perfectly managed in all its departments. Argell's art gallery is the next point of interest, and an hour can be passed very pleasantly in studying the display of paintings, etchings, etc., in the store and in the little gallery at the rear, where there is nearly always something worth looking at and no admission fee. The circle of green turf thickly set with trees, which the avenue divides, is the Grand Circus park, where one may rest a moment and listen to the splash of falling water from the fountain in the center of each half circle. The handsome stone church, with chapel and pastor's residence annexed, is the Central Methodist, it has the largest membership of any Methodist church in the city. Here, take an upward bound street car, an open one, and you can have a pleasant ride of two miles or more, past flourishing business houses and handsome private residences, all for five cents. The church next above the Central Methodist is St. John's—Episcopal, the next the elegant new edifice erected by the Baptists, which is famed for the beauty of the rose window in its facade and its fine stained glass windows. The sight-seer will pass a large open space, filled with a great profusion of flowers, plants, etc., with a small, unostentatious building well back in the lot; this is Ferry's experimental seed station, under charge of Prof. W. W. Tracy. The next car back gives a view of the other side of the street, and the lawns and fountains which beautify the homes of our millionaires. At the Grand Circus, one may leave the car for the sake of seeing more clearly the display in the shop windows. At M. S. Smith's a visitor will find a bewildering display of objects of art and virtue, and realize fully his profound ignorance of the real merits of what he beholds. A homely vase he would think dear at a dollar is valued at \$50, and so with many things whose intrinsic worth lies in rarity of material or workmanship. Go through the main floor and basement of Heyn's Bazar; it is somewhat like Aladdin's palace to a novice; the City Hall and the Bagley Fountain come next, a fine view is obtained from the tower; the



elevator takes one part way, but the climb is rather fatiguing.

From the foot of Woodward Avenue, one may take a steamer and pay a brief visit to Belle Isle, the ride is a great pleasure to many. Or, at the City Hall take a Fort St. car and go to Elmwood, the beautiful "city of the dead," which many people have said is the most lovely place they ever saw. This is in the eastern part of the city; a car going in the opposite direction runs to Fort Wayne, but there's "metal more attractive" at Taplin's greenhouses, corner Fort and Twenty-fourth streets, where the rarest and loveliest flowers, like "Bendemeer's roses," are "ever in bloom." Then there's the "Battle of Atlanta," which must be ranked among our attractions, right down town and so near Woodward Avenue that one has no excuse for not seeing it.

And that's about all—and rather more—that the pilgrim will have time to "take in," and he'd better hustle for the station or the newsboys will be inquiring "Did you ever get left?"

BEATRIX.

#### BARGAINS.

If a body's pocket-book was not sure to be empty when bargains are offered, how much might be saved! How cheaply one could dress, what "lots of things" we could buy! If one but had the money in hand and did not mind dressing a little in the rear of the fashionable "times"—bringing up the end of the procession, so to speak—we might buy next summer's gowns at almost half price at midsummer this year, and hosiery and millinery even more cheaply. The fine Scotch gingham sold at fifty cents earlier in the year are now ticketed at thirty-five cents, and the cheaper qualities sold at sixteen cents at "twelve yards for a dollar." White suits have "tumbled" to the cool weather, and those marked \$20 in May are \$12 and \$15 in the last week in July. Bonnets and hats which ranged from \$1 up to \$1.50, get down to fifty cents "about these [days]," while Newcomb's windows were recently filled with a collection in all shapes, sizes and colors, for ten and twenty-five cents. When you can buy a pretty rough straw bonnet for a quarter, a spray of creamy daisies for another, ribbon for sixteen cents and Brussels net for forty cents, who can't have bonnets?

The trouble is the empty pocket book, and the fact that one invariably has bought all she means to buy for the season, and feels further purchases are extravagant. There is no economy in buying what you do not need, because it is cheap, though a great many do that very unwise thing. When all the world puts on its new bonnets and its dainty spring suits, one can't wait till the golden rod is blooming before she does likewise. The only way is to buy the dresses, hold them over, with the feeling that if you don't need them your heirs can make use of them—and then you are certain when the matter of a fall outfit is considered, to wish you had that cash for present use. And the bonnets are no good for another year, for the style is sure to change, and who's going to wear a chapeau that reminds all observant eyes of last year's bargain counters!

Nevertheless, there are bargains for wise

buyers. Not in standard goods, in those colorings and qualities which are always desirable, but in remnants, in novelties which will not hold over for another year; in colorings which will be "out," in lines of goods that did not prove popular. And there are always bargains in cotton goods at this season. People who come in town on excursions, and who know what they want to buy, often excite the envy of stay-at-home neighbors who are surprised at the excellence and cheapness of the bargains obtained.

There are bargains in other things than dry-goods, too. The carpet dealer overlooks his stock, singles out the odds and ends, the "broken lines" of draperies and curtains, the patterns which have not "run well" or have been thrown out in the carpet mills, and puts them on sale at greatly reduced prices. And a good many women make a little money go a good ways by knowing what they want; knowing values, and having sense enough not to buy what they don't want merely because it is cheap. But alas! the poor, who need the bargains most of all, are the ones who never have the ready money to spare. The rich man shovels in his coal in July, when it is five dollars a ton; the poor one buys half a ton at a time as he needs it, pays the extra twenty-five cents the dealer adds on for delivering a small order, and pays eight dollars; or ten cents a scuttle-full, perhaps, which is almost or quite a third more.

When we see these attractive displays of goods, "marked down" so temptingly and realize our impecuniosity, we can sympathize with the tramp, who in describing the condition of his finances, said: "If meeting-houses were selling at a cent apiece, I couldn't buy a brick."

B.

#### WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

I have been reading an article in the *Detroit Tribune* from the pen of L. H. S. on the subject of woman's rights, and it makes me long for her skill and knowledge that I might answer. Herein such women have the advantage of us; long continued use of the pen has given them so great skill that our "little efforts" prove nauseating to some. If facts or some unanswerable argument is presented them, in answering they use that powerful but much feared weapon, ridicule. There are not many women whose armor is so strong but that the arrow of ridicule will pierce and deeply wound, and oftentimes overcome.

I agree with Minx that "a bit of paper called a ballot will work no transformation in the nature of woman," and from this standpoint I will answer her question "Does she speak from experience?" I will say yes, if you will allow that experience may come from observation. Have we not all seen how fickle woman is, even in so trifling a matter as the ordering of a bonnet or the making of a dress, changing her plans to suit first one friend who may say it looks too sober, and then another who, with a laugh, may assert it is too gay? It is the same in matters of greater importance, and just remember that "bit of paper" will not change her nature, she will still remain fickle.

Was the description given befitting the

female communist of Paris? Please tell me how far behind Louise Michel Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is when she says (I quote from memory and if not right let some one correct it), "The day is not far distant when if men do not give women the ballot the women will join hands with the socialist, the anarchist, and the bloody scenes of the French Revolution will be acted over again." The vote of Lucy Parsons, the most bitter of the Chicago anarchists, would count just as much as the vote of the noblest woman.

It is very true the industrious, sensible woman is as capable of voting as the half idiot or the herd of foreigners now voting, but her vote would offset, not the vote of the half idiot man, but the half idiot woman, not the vote of the foreign man now voting but of the foreign woman, for the ballot will not be given to just one class, the class with "brains enough to decide who would be best to have for president."

There are comparatively few wise, sensible, pure women. You and I may know a few hundred or thousand such, but to each one of these wise women—I have not the statistics, but think I do not place it too high in saying there are two ignorant—to each sensible woman there are ten frivolous butterflies, and how many impure to one pure? These ignorant, frivolous, degraded women of our land ought to awaken in us a pity so strong as to impel us to act in their behalf. My sisters, would not this (instead of battling for the ballot) be a good work for those whose time is not occupied with home duties to engage in? To lead one from the darkness of ignorance into the light of knowledge, from the depths of sin and death, to Him who hath power to say "Thy sins be forgiven thee," who hath power to save from death and to give life eternal, would give to me more joy than the privilege of voting through eternity.

JANNETTE.

#### TOMATOES.

Now that the tomato season is approaching, I would like to knock at the door of the *HOUSEHOLD* with a request in one hand, and perhaps it would be easier to gain admittance if I held a few recipes in the other.

For those who like the taste of onions here is a nice way to stew tomatoes: Put a little butter or meat fryings in a spider, slice into it an onion, and when that has lightly browned add the tomatoes, season; stew until done.

Cut green tomatoes in thick slices, sprinkle with salt and let them stand awhile, then roll in flour and fry in butter; season to taste.

I have two recipes that have been used in the family for years, and are nice with meats. [These recipes will be found on the last page of the present issue.—E. I.]

Now for the request: There is a way of putting down ripe tomatoes in brine so that one may have them fresh through the winter. If any one can give directions for putting them down that way it will be appreciated by others, as well as by

EDWARDSBURG.

MARTHA ANN.



## THE WORLD AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

As I read the HOUSEHOLD week after week, I find many pleasant and profitable things, many wise and good teachings; some which seem perhaps a little weak or mistaken; a few with which I must disagree entirely. Are not people prone to take too narrow views of many things, especially of those pertaining to politics and progress?

It really seems as though we need to study history to know something of the great dramas that have been acted on the stage of the nations, to understand something of the movements of the human mind, in order to be able to properly judge of these matters. The primary object of studying history must be, not merely to find out what has been going on and done in the world, but to learn to understand humanity; to judge correctly of man and all his actions; to take a wide view; to trace from effect back to cause, and thereby reason from causes to effects, that evil may be avoided and good accomplished. In short, we ought to make practical application of any knowledge which we may have gained from our studies.

Now, not only history but experience has shown us that opposition to the measures of a government, or of any party in power, is the safety of a nation. It makes that power look to itself, moderate its acts; reminds it that if it is wise it will keep within certain bounds, and if it is not wise enough to do this, its downfall may be predicted as likely to occur within a time, shorter or longer according as the patience of the people is more or less tried. Of course this applies most nearly to a free country like our own, in which the people are not afraid to speak and are listened to; but the same is true also of other countries and forms of government, except that it takes far longer to bring out the same object, and causes vastly more disturbance.

But while it is the duty of all good and honest people to watch and criticize, to point out evils, both political and social, we cannot help thinking that a sweeping condemnation of the politics and public men of the time is unreasonable and unjust.

Very much corruption in politics certainly there is, but not more than in past years. If the secret history of all the political movements in this country were told, probably the record of the past might be even a shade darker than that of the present. The present is our battleground. We see and hear and feel the smoke, the dust, the confusion, the pain of weariness and heat and thirst and wounds—we know not yet which shall triumph, good or evil. We look back to the past—it seems serene; we cannot realize that when the past was present, it was just as much a battleground as ours is now; perhaps the fight was even fiercer, more malignant and bloody than ours.

Those great leaders, whose names are landmarks in our history, of whom we are ready to say "There were giants on the earth in those days," had their bitter enemies, their maligners, as well as the leaders of our own time. Those whom we know to have been honest servants of the public, and men of upright lives, were ac-

cused of corruption, of immorality, of all dishonesty. They were hated, and their faults and mistakes blazoned abroad, and made to appear as hateful as possible. Not that men meant to be mean or dishonorable, but such things are done in the heat of conflict, when we are blinded by the zeal of conflict, where only those who stand on the heights can see clearly. And there are always some who thus stand, and seeing what should be done, enter intelligently into the contest and help mightily to overthrow evil and uphold the good.

We read history to small purpose if we imagine that the world is growing worse. I am proud and glad to know that it is growing better. Its course is progressive. There are times when it seems to stop, even to become worse, but these are only sloughs as it were in the road; mankind struggles on through them; it does not go backward. And there was never a time in the history of the civilized world when there were not a few noble spirits, a few "without fear and without reproach;" and I feel sure that the honorable names of our day well bear comparison with those of any other. In the political and social life of our own land, there may be at this time some tendency toward an aristocracy of money; but the old time aristocracy of blood, family, name, or even office, is surely dying out. Those things are thought much more lightly of, and people feel themselves more truly on an equality than in the earlier days of our republic. It is said that there was never a time when so much money was represented in our national capital as is now. This is no doubt true, but how can it be otherwise since the country was never so rich as it is now? Indeed through the whole country (and herein our danger lies perhaps), is the same spirit felt and shown, a love of luxuries and display. It is like a strong current that we cannot help fearing may carry us to some dangerous rapid; and yet we are helplessly carried along by it. Very probably we shall come to the rapid, but our vessel will outride it by the help of its good sterling crew, and then the current though not less strong, perhaps, will be less swift and far safer. While the country will be equally prosperous, people will be less anxious about riches, think less of display, and more of real heart goodness and solid intellectual qualities. Hasten the happy day!

While condemning the corruption and the love of riches and display, which are so rampant in the political and social centers, we should search our own hearts and lives, remembering (and we say it thankfully) that these centers are not the moulders of public opinion; but that the people and public opinion make them what they are, and have the power to change them as soon as they can sufficiently correct themselves. In reality we are finding fault with the working of our form of government, with the people themselves, and should not speak as those who have no hope, who see no light but only darkness. I do not mean that we are to be silent, by all means let us speak of the evil which we see, but try to speak of both men and things fairly, honestly, justly.

GRISelda

## A USE FOR THE HEIRLOOMS.

I distinctly remember that about twenty-five years ago I somehow broke a large notch from the edge of my mother's best tureen dish, a light blue one, low and broad, with a wide flange outside the cover and a pretty bit of scenery in the bottom, of tall trees and clouds, river and castle, fountain and people. I admired the dish then but had not seen it for years until "as I rumaged through the attic," or rather the second story of the carriage barn, to-day, I found it as bright and pretty as ever except for that ugly notch; and to-night it hangs in the corner over my writing desk and I am really proud of it. The notch is covered by a bunch of flowers—yellow primroses and pale pink rosebuds—contrasting so prettily with the blue of the delft that it is really ornamental, and no one would guess that they were there for a purpose other than ornamental. The junk bottle that my grandfather kept filled with black cherries and whiskey sixty years ago, is another treasure that I found and I've promptly converted that into a vase, its only ornament being a bow of bright ribbon tied around the long, slim neck, the large globe bottom being so transparent when filled with pure water that the prismatic colors are reflected, and I prize it highly. Another "find" was a tall jar of a deep, glossy red that required no painting to hide deformities, for it was perfect; some pretty transfers and the rim and ears gilded was all that was needed to make an umbrella stand of that. The brass tray that used to hold the snuffers lacked only the polishing that was given it to make it a proper ornament; and the odd brass plaque hanging over there was nothing more or less than an old advertisement of "Dr. Jayne's" remedies. A wreath of grapes and leaves in relief made a pretty edge for the oval disc, so that part was polished, a fringed mat of scarlet paper was stuck with shellac over the advertisement in the center and a bunch of white daisies hung outside the mat, a wire through an awl hole in the brass making that part firm, then a ribbon of the same shade as the mat was looped through the holes on the opposite sides so it hangs complete after only a few minutes' work.

The frame of my grandmother's mirror with twisted sides, claw-feet and acorn pendants across the top is in a perfect state of preservation and is biding its time for ornamental purposes; also the splint-bottomed chairs, one of which is to be painted white, gilded, and brought in to keep company with its modern sisters. The little flax wheel "runs like a top" and is perfect, distaff and all, and I'm half inclined to make an ornamental heirloom of that. Can any one tell me how to fix it?

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

[Just tie a blue ribbon on it somewhere; around the bunch of tow which must be put on the distaff, for instance.—Ed.]

WHEN you make up a supply of new cotton sheets, pillow-slips, or undergarments which are not wanted for immediate use, put them away without washing. They will not turn yellow, as they will if the dressing is washed out first.

WILLIAMSTON, N. H.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MYRTLE wishes to know how she shall exterminate the myriads of small green lice which infest her rose geraniums and potted roses. We know of nothing better than a thorough smoking with tobacco. Pin a newspaper about the plant so as to cover the space under it, and get your cigar-loving brother, or some other girl's brother, to puff cigar smoke directly upon the plants. This does not always kill the insects, but stupifies them so that when the plant is shaken they will fall upon the paper below and can be destroyed. Then thoroughly syringe the plants. Possibly this process may need to be repeated a couple of times to get entirely rid of them. Or, you can place your plants in a large box or barrel, put a few coals in a tin dish and on them lay a handful of moist tobacco stems. Cover the box, and take care there is not heat enough to injure the foliage. When the tobacco has done smoking remove the plants and syringe them well. You will find frequent syringing will help keep the plants free from this annoying and destructive pest, which seems to have a special partiality for the tender shoots of rose geraniums and the flower buds on rose trees. Perhaps Mrs. Fuller can tell us a better remedy, but this is the best known to the HOUSEHOLD Editor.

MRS. FELLOWS, of Manchester, wishes to know what can be done to cure chicken cholera, saying she has tried many alleged specifics without success. In this disease, as with many other things, prevention is easier than cure; in fact there is no remedy, to our knowledge, that has proved a sure cure in all cases. The best thing to be done after the appearance of the disease, is to promptly isolate all ailing fowls and kill those that seem to be most badly diseased; the best preventive of its appearance is cleanliness. After the sick birds are removed, have the hen-house thoroughly cleaned, fumigated with sulphur and then whitewashed; scatter lime freely, and if the fowls are in yards, the runs should be spaded up, and a fresh clean surface secured. A little copperas, a lump of Carolina tar, or a little hyposulphite of soda in the drinking water—which ought always to be fresh and undefiled—is recommended by many authorities; this should be given the well birds. Dr. Simon recommends sixty drops of water to one drop of carbolic acid, three or four drops to be given each bird daily for a week; or what is the same thing and less trouble; add four or five drops of the acid to a quart of water and use it to mix the feed with. Charred corn or willow charcoal should be given the well fowls. For the sick ones, if thought worth while to doctor them, many remedies have been suggested, but none are certain cures, as said before. One remedy is an ounce of Fowler's solution and half an ounce of aqua ammonia in one gallon of water; given as drink in moderate quantities, no other drink being allowed. Another is equal parts of powdered chalk, powdered charcoal, gum camphor, assafoetida and pure carbolic acid, mixed and fed in the proportion of one teaspoonful to ten fowls. Give in soft food. When the disease ap-

pears prompt measures as indicated above will generally stamp out the disease with the loss of but few birds, but if neglected and allowed to spread, the entire flock may be lost.

"COUNTRY GIRL" desires very much to know what kind of an entertainment she can arrange in honor of some city cousins who are coming to visit her, which will be unique, enjoyable, and not too much trouble and expense. The house is not very roomy, but the lawn is large and well shaded. A garden party would be about the right thing. Scatter seats about the lawn, and arrange the refreshment table under a tree, or on the old-fashioned piazza mentioned. In arranging the seats, choose those spots most shaded at the hour your guests will occupy them; make this a special study a day or two beforehand. The hour may be from five to eight, or from four to seven. Refreshments suitable for the occasion are sandwiches, salads, fruit, ice-cream and cake, lemonade and iced milk. A pretty variation on the usual sandwich is to cut all the crust from a loaf of bread, cut in thin slices, spread with butter and ham paste seasoned with mustard, roll up and tie with a bit of bright ribbon. Or if you have plenty of fruit, you might give a blackberry party or a peach party, in which case abundant supplies of the chosen fruit should be on hand, with ice-cream and cake. The daughter of a wealthy eastern family recently gave a "blackberry party" and inaugurated a new feature by inviting her elegantly attired guests to help themselves from the bushes in the "patch" at the foot of the old-fashioned garden. No special entertainment need be provided; guests are expected to chat and eat—and flirt; but if the "big brother who belongs to the band" can persuade his brother musicians to attend and play suitable music, it would certainly be an agreeable addition. A garden party should not be stiff and conventional. White dresses are very appropriate, and bonnets or hats are worn. The great trouble would be the uncertainty of the weather.

## APPRECIATIVE WORDS.

There is one thing some of us, who are not gifted with a ready pen can do, and that is express our hearty appreciation of the noble thoughts, wise, earnest and cheerful words, which greet us week after week and do much to interest, amuse and instruct those of us who are in the midst of this busy and work-a-day world. I am neither a farmer's wife or daughter, and, consequently may have no right within the charmed circle, but I have been an interested reader of the HOUSEHOLD for some time, and more than once have been struck by the power, force and logic, as well as the gracefulness and versatility of many of its contributions and its editorials. I think every woman who is privileged to read the HOUSEHOLD each week owes a debt of gratitude to its sensible, practical and impartial correspondents.

I was very much pleased with the letter "To the Girls" by Ruth Curtis. I think she deserves to have as many offers of marriage as the Dakota school ma'am, or even Mrs.

Frank Leslie herself; the only advantage one could see in that, perhaps, would be in having more to choose from, preventing the remark one often hears, "the only chance," though when, where or how man secured a monopoly of the right to propose has always been a puzzle to me. Surely according to Scripture a woman made the first "offer."

I am very glad, for one, to see so many letters written on other topics than servant girls and housework; for even though these subjects are exhaustless, there are many other matters we like to hear about, and certainly some of the most interesting questions of the day have been treated in a manner that would bear comparison with the best.

Evangeline's words, "When Hope and Heaven seemed a long way off," touched a chord that vibrated in one who has sounded their full meaning to the very depths. I never could see that it made one's own pain any the less to know of the sufferings of others; but such knowledge may help to make us more patient, and give us more courage to try and go on living. Yet philosophy is so easy to preach that a feeling of tiredness comes over one sometimes when they realize how far off it comes from reaching the seat of the disease.

If any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD desire a rich and strong intellectual treat, and have not done so already, I would advise them to read the "Life and Letters of George Eliot," by her husband, J. W. Cross. I have often moralized, to myself, upon the tendency in human nature to be wrought up by the woes and sufferings of an imaginary and fictitious character, while greater trials and hardships to persons in real life would hardly elicit a passing word of sympathy.

The real intention of my letter being simply an expression of gratitude and appreciation, I will not intrude any longer or ventilate any more individual ideas.

LUCILE.

## Contributed Recipes.

BAKED CORN.—Three pints of corn scraped from the cob; one teacupful cream; one tablespoonful of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Bake one hour, occasionally stirring it.

CORN FRITTERS.—Cut the kernels from half a dozen ears of corn. Beat one egg and stir into it; add salt and pepper to taste. Drop into hot butter in a frying-pan, and fry brown on both sides. B.

DETROIT.

CHILLI SAUCE.—Thirty large, ripe tomatoes; eight peppers, chopped fine; eight cups vinegar; eight tablespoonfuls of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls each of salt, ginger, cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and grated nutmeg. Boil twenty minutes and can while hot. Omitting the dark spices gives it a better color.

TOMATO PICKLE.—One peck green tomatoes and six large onions, chopped fine; stir in one cup salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain off the liquor, add one quart of vinegar, two quarts water, boil twenty minutes, and drain again. Then add two pounds sugar, two quarts vinegar, half pound white mustard seed; two tablespoonfuls each of ground pepper, cinnamon, cloves, ginger and mustard. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes. I am using some now that was canned last fall, and it is "good as new." MARTHA ANN.

EDWARDSBURG.