

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, SEPT. 22, 1888.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE COMMONPLACE WOMAN.

We have read, as you know, for ages and ages,  
O! a willowy maiden devoid of a spine,  
A fabulous, pre-historic person,  
Who on white of an egg and cracker could dine.

But I write to you now of a commonplace woman,  
Who's shockingly healthy and fearfully fat,  
Who never has headache or nervous prostration.  
Commonplace! what could be more so than that?

She doesn't "do" Kensington cat-tails or rushes,  
Nor has she a screen with a one-legged stork;  
She doesn't adore Charlotte Rasse or blanc manges,  
But prefers unromantic, commonplace pork.

She hasn't a gift for the art decorative,  
Pasting Japanese monsters on Yankee stone jar,  
That stands in the corner to look so æsthetic,  
But that grieves to the soul the old household Lar.

She cannot write poems that glow like a furnace,  
Nor sonnets as cold as the Apennine snow;  
For if she chops up her ideas into meter,  
There's a rush in the ebb and a halt in the flow.

She doesn't believe she was born with a mission,  
Unless, it may be, to be happy and well;  
Nor does she at all understand protoplasm,  
And looks upon women who do as a "sell."

But there's worse to be told of this commonplace woman,  
Who owns neither bird, nor dog, nor pet cat;  
They say that she's really in love with her husband.

Commonplace! what could be more so than that?

And when we all stand at the last dread tribunal,  
Where great and where small are assigned each a part,

May the angels make room for the commonplace woman

Who knows naught of literature, science or art.

—Good Housekeeping.

Would you be young again?

So would not I;

One tear of memory given:

Onward I'll hie;

Life's dark wave forded o'er,

All but at rest on shore,

Say, would you plunge once more,

With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now

Retrace your way?

Wander through stormy wilds

Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,

Morning all beaming red,

Hope's smile around us shed,

Heavenward, away!

Lady Nairn.

### AT THE STATE FAIR.

I spent one day, or rather, that portion of the day "between trains," at Jackson, at

the State fair, and a very pleasant day it was, too. In the first place, the weather was everything that fair weather ought to be, not too warm nor yet too cool. I heard some discontented persons grumbling about the dust; but then you know there are people who are like Hans Anderson's princess, who was so sensitive she could feel a pea under twenty feather beds, and such persons can find something to be uncomfortable about wherever they are. In the second place, it was a pretty good fair in most of its departments. I have seen much larger exhibits of flowers and plants at State fairs, but everything shown had at least the merit of being excellent of its kind. There's a great difference in plants, you know; some get one-sided and out of proportion, other are symmetrical and well grown, and he who studies all points takes into consideration not alone the bloom and its color but also the shape of the plant and its perfection of foliage.

The exhibition of butter and cheese was very meagre. Yet in the stalls outside were lordly Shorthorns, the Holsteins whose milk records mount up to the tens of thousands of pounds annually, and the little Jerseys whose milk is claimed to be "all butter," yet dairy products were "conspicuous by their absence." I wonder why? By reference to the premium list I find there premiums aggregating \$23 offered for the best fifteen pounds of domestic butter, the same amount for twenty-five pounds of creamery butter, and \$9 in three prizes for the best five pounds of print butter; and an aggregate of \$30 for factory cheese. Now these premiums are not large, considering the importance of the dairy interests of this State, and the character and number of its cattle, and yet they are fairly generous, and ought to have called out a better exhibit. If dairymen are dissatisfied, they should, through their Dairymen's Association, present their desires to the management, when without doubt some satisfactory arrangement could be made, and the way made clear for a more creditable showing in this industry, now rapidly growing in our State. Then let them take pride in competing for the premiums.

The exhibit of bread was moderately good, and it looked good. The judges had affixed the blue cards, and it was therefore possible to judge of color and appearance. I tell you, dear ladies, there is "an awful sight" of good wheat made into poor bread by ignorant, careless housekeepers, who yet think their own as good as anybody's. A loaf of heavy, dark, underdone bread is a waste—a wicked waste, because it is easy to

make it good by a little painstaking and the trouble of learning how.

In the ladies' needlework department there was an unusually fine and large display; indeed I think I never saw a better. And the quality of the work was much better than heretofore; that is, there was more that was artistic and harmonious and less that was gaudy and *bizarre*. The gorgeous patchwork which I remember as a feature of the fairs I used to attend "when I was a girl" was replaced by the pretty silk quilts, and some specimens of quilts in two colors more remarkable for beauty of workmanship than for showy material. I heard a lady who "spoke as one having authority" say there were but three "tidies" entered, and "not one of them worthy of mention." One lady had 123 samples of knitted and crocheted lace and insertion arranged against a blue groundwork; these were quite a study. Drawn work, aprons and pillow-slips trimmed with knitted and crocheted lace, ribbon and arrasene embroidery, made up most of the goods. There were some nice home made rugs, too, which I think had been made by fraying the edges of the rugs before weaving, giving a chenille-like effect not unlike the Smyrna rugs of the stores. Another quite novel rug which represented a great deal of patient labor, consisted of overlapping half circles of black cloth, neatly bound, and ornamented with a few fancy stitches in colored wool. It would be very pretty in the hall at the foot of the staircase. An acquaintance of mine once showed me over her new and newly furnished house on the occasion of my first call, and at the foot of the hall stairs lay a brand new Angora wool mat. My hostess very carefully stepped over this to the first step, and not to be outdone in respect to the freshness and fluffiness of that mat, I did likewise. I fancy wherever that State fair rug belongs it will have to be "stepped over"—it represents too much work for practical use. I had not time to study this exhibit as I would have liked, but I did see one thing I must tell the girls about, it was such a pretty thought for Christmas. It was a needlebook made of chamois skin; a piece about nine inches long by four and a half wide was doubled in the centre, book fashion, the edges cut in points, and one cover embellished with a few flourishes put on in gold paint, and the word "needles." The inside was lined with silk whose fringed edges projected beyond the chamois points, and the pinked flannel leaves were held in place by a bit of silk cord and tiny tassels tied at the back. I had the pleasure of meeting many old



friends, and making some new and delightful acquaintances, besides seeing briefly many who professed themselves interested readers of the HOUSEHOLD. Only one HOUSEHOLD contributor made herself known, M. E. H., of Albion, with whom I enjoyed a cosy chat. I had hoped to meet Evangeline, Mrs. Hall, of Leslie, Mrs. R. D. P., and others whose homes are not far from Jackson, but either they were not there or we failed to meet. And I hope the ladies who agreed to occasionally contribute to our little paper will not give me reason to complain that promises, "like piecrust, are often made to be broken."

BEATRIX.

#### DAFFODILLY AS HOUSEKEEPER.

While the weather was so hot my spirit yearned for the indolent luxuries depicted by the popular novelist, of happy people swinging all day long in hammocks, sandwiched between cool breezes, supplied with literature exactly adapted to the season. No ticks, no mosquitoes, no chigres, no anything that makes a body's back itch and head swim. A lawn Mother Hubbard and a cool parlor at home are not to be sniffed at, but the work, the work! There is so much to be done before a good housekeeper can consent to sit or lie down. In the city we are obliged to see so many fellows before we turn a deaf ear to the door bell. We plan an evening dinner in the morning, and provide for it by ordering from the grocer who calls at the back door, and the vegetable man who stops at the front gate. We must see the milkman and watch the scamp who brings the ice, and then wait to see if the postman brings anything in the second mail, so that it is high noon before one is clear round, then I had as lief work the rest of the day as not. The poetry is all knocked out of me. If I go to the parks or the country I want to go in the morning, when the air is less freighted with the care and the sighs of people who toil and weep.

The grease and garrulity of the boarding house reached a climax about the Fourth of July. We secured a neat brick house of six rooms with modern conveniences, a good back yard and a little grass plat in front, for \$2.50 per month for the house and \$20 per month for the services of the rats, roaches and bedbugs—summer terms.

St. Louis is a zigzag, rail fence sort of a city. I am almost sure to go north when I would go south. The sun seems to shine from all points of the compass at one time, so that I am never quite certain whether I am going toward the center or the circumference of the city, unless I am aboard the street cars, having the assurance of the conductor and driver and all the passengers that I am on the right car. We have only taken one trip on the "double deckers," or "Coney Island" cars, which are constructed like a tally-ho coach, with seats all round the top. You mount up there by a winding stairway, the train of course starting off before you are seated. Then you fall over the feet and legs of the other passengers and tumble into a seat and begin to feel dizzy and disgraced and exactly like riding on an elephant. It was about sundown when we started, and it seemed to me that thousands of people from the streets and from their

windows gazed at us in astonishment, and thought "There is a hard crowd." At the end of the route we received transfer tickets which took us on the steam cars out about five miles from the city. We wandered around a hamlet where no one was at home but the dogs, for an hour, and then returned on the same route, but after dark one feels bolder and more indifferent to the community below, so we put our feet against the railing and leaned back and enjoyed the different smells of St. Louis as we changed localities and neighborhoods. Forest Park has been a grateful retreat Saturday afternoons when the business houses closed early, giving our husbands a chance to go with us. This park consists of about 1,400 acres owned and cared for by the city, and a few invisible policemen dodge up now and then to scare the children. Lafayette Park is a small park with plenty of signs to "keep off the grass," and some statuary. G. W. is there in rusty black surrounded by plants of a frowzy sort, and Thomas H. Benton, whose statue was unveiled by his daughter Jessie Fremont, who was at one time talked about a good deal, principally I think because her father objected to her marriage, and she ran off with her lover who was afterward the first presidential candidate of the Republican party. I have not visited Shaw's Garden this summer, but have a distinct remembrance of going there once and getting into a little unpleasantness with the old German woman who keeps watch at the gate. No one is permitted to enter the gardens with even a tiny package, but must leave it with her and pay her five cents for keeping it. I was thirsty, and on getting out of the carriage stepped across the road for a glass of lemonade, where another shrew of a German woman advised me to leave my hand satchel, as I would not be allowed to take it in, and supposing of course I should have to give up my visit I left the article with her. The dame at the gate had been a witness to all this and was ready with a narangue. I offered to let her keep my handkerchief and collar and pay her ten cents, but she was wounded and injured by the wicked neighbor. This in a measure clouded my enjoyment in the blooming garden. Many people have written of this garden as the largest botanical garden in the world. I only know it is very extensive and a beautiful and interesting place to visit. It is enclosed on all sides by a high stone fence covered with evergreens, and is laid out in walks of gravel. There is a collection of curiosities in one of the buildings called the Museum, and the owner, Henry Shaw, has a mausoleum built for his body when he passes away. He is now quite an old man and sick a good deal of the time. He is very rich and also a bachelor. He has been persecuted and prosecuted once or twice in his life by women who claimed heavy damages for breach of promise. He is a benevolent and respected citizen, and had he done nothing more than establish this wonderful garden, I could forgive him for flirting.

The Exposition is open and the autumn festivities are under way. The Veiled Prophet pageant will move as usual, according to extensive and flaming advertisements, and St. Louis be in a flutter of mysterious anticipation.

ST. LOUIS.

DAFFODILLY.

#### WOMAN VS. WOMEN.

Some time ago I read a paragraph that voiced this sentiment: "I do not know what men would do for something to talk about, were it not for women, their foibles, failings and fashions." It may be that this constitutes the talking timber of the sterner sex, but if so, it is an implied compliment to women, that even their negative virtues command the almost undivided attention of men; and we must suppose that in many ways they are above criticism, and are held too sacred for familiar discussion.

The writer was in a complaining vein. She seemed to object to her sex being made the subject of man's pleasantries; did not like to have caustic or sarcastic remarks leveled at the sisterhood.

While we allow that sometimes ridicule cuts through our armor of indifference, the question of Boss Tweed seems pertinent; "Suppose you don't like it, what are you going to do about it?" I suppose women never do the like; they are always blind to the shortcomings of their heroes; indifferent to their bad habits; lenient to their faults, and if they do occasionally confess to themselves that "Jones is not quite perfect," they are too loyal to speak of it to others.

It is a crying shame that men will notice woman's peculiarities of dress, and idiosyncrasies of temperament, and make absurd or comical remarks thereon, but here again comes the query: "What are you going to do about it?"

If it is such an unpardonable crime for men to speak lightly of women's apparent foibles and weaknesses, what shall be said of the woman who takes a sister woman for a text, and draws a picture of her that would delight the heart of a reprobate? A woman is ever the hardest judge of women, the most severe in her judgment, and the most implacable in her stern denunciation, unrelenting, unforgiving; one lapse from the rigid rule laid down, and repentance can scarcely hope for forgiveness. But while this may be looked upon as necessary to the high standard of female excellence called for, there can be no excuse for any woman to deliberately sit down and make such perverse and untrue statements about the average woman, as appeared in a late article in the HOUSEHOLD.

There are ignorant women, fickle women, frail women, vicious women, impure women, but that such outnumber the intelligent, the honest, the firm, true and pure is a libel on the sex, and should blister the tongue of the traducer. Most heartily do I congratulate Mrs. R. D. P. for being first with an indignant protest. Silence at such an accusation would be cowardly, and might be construed as agreement. But do not the women ever take the "starch out of" the follies and peculiarities of men? Aye, they do. A wise Providence has placed the two sexes on this fair earth. Each is necessary to the other, each incomplete without the other; there are good and bad of both. Let each be true to themselves, to each other, and a sly taking off of the whims and vanities of the other will do no harm.

Every woman should stand up for her sex, and by her own life prove the high



standard women should maintain. But for the weak, the erring, even the fallen, speak kindly; hide their faults from the public eye; let sweet charity and pity dwell in the heart and soften the words spoken of and to them. Condemn the sin, but help the sinner to forsake her sin, and if she endeavors to rise, let her forget the phantom if she can. Do not by word or manner be an ever present accuser. How many know to what depths of degradation hot tempered, despairing souls have been cast by the recoil from some primly pious soul, so wholly holy that horror only held sway in the presence of erring humanity.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

## HOSPITALITY.

[Read at the September meeting of the Antwerp and Paw Paw Farmers' Association, by Mrs. A. H. Smith.]

True hospitality is a virtue to be coveted. It is not a natural virtue, but an acquired one. We are all more or less selfish, each one works and lives for himself. A livelihood compels business intercourse, and honest dealings beget friendliness; friendliness develops sociability, and through the latter we are led to dispense hospitality. Force of circumstances drives us from one stage to another, and at last we think ourselves really hospitable.

We often hear the remark that we are "social beings," but we like too well to go away from home to be social, we want some one else to do the entertaining. Time is so scarce and valuable in this land of plenty that the most of us are hospitable when it is convenient; that is, we combine business and pleasure so often that one detracts from the other. We begrudge an hour's talk with a chance visitor; we are in such a hurry that we forget to ask him to tie his horse, or invite him to sit in the shade or by the stove as the case may be. These little acts of hospitality cost nothing and they often gain the good will and favor of many who might be very disagreeable. If it will be any advantage to us, financially or socially, we are willing to incommode ourselves, but for nothing the stranger can take care of himself, we are not indebted to him. We forget that we place him under obligations to us, and that in "taking in strangers we sometimes entertain angels unawares."

True hospitality seeks no reward. We have an example of this intrinsic excellence given twenty centuries before Christ, by Abraham, who ran out to meet three strangers. He took them to his tent and refreshed them with water, bread and meat. This act was the outcome of a heart overflowing with kindness. He sought no reward; the reward was in the giving, as may be inferred from his standing under the tree and watching with satisfaction the men eat. Future greatness was the compensation Abraham received for this kindness. The same recompense may not be awarded us for a similar deed, but the act itself is a reward, in that it makes us larger-hearted. In order to be truly hospitable we must cultivate another virtue that goes hand in hand with hospitality—generosity. We cannot be hospitable without being generous.

There is a class of people who will always

take advantage of a kindly disposed person, and such do not deserve hospitality, they are spongers, human parasites. There are some who may be hospitably disposed, but by nature or habit are so reserved that their attempts at entertainment are misunderstood. Then there are those of whom special hospitality cannot be expected, their time is not their own. They may be kindly disposed, but their duty is to attend to business.

The Southerner is often held up to us as a model of this virtue, and there is a reason for it, more so in days gone by than now. His work was done by slaves and now by plenty of cheap help, so that he is a gentleman of leisure and has plenty of time to devote to the entertainment of visitors. The Northerner does his own work, or enough of it to keep him busy ten or twelve hours a day, and to entertain his visitors he must leave his work to some one else or until some future time. So the hospitality of a Northerner should be given more consideration than that of the Southerner, for the latter's is due more to the climate than to the outcome of a generous heart. But whatever the cause may be the example is worthy of imitation.

Of course there are exceptions to all rules, and we often find people who take solid comfort in having company—indeed, it seems almost necessary to their existence. It is a pleasure, real enjoyment to visit such. The German leaves everything to entertain a stranger, answers all his questions, shows him everything of interest, and is proud of what he shows; the Frenchman entertains him out of curiosity, and the Englishman for profit. Among these people the American is famous for his hospitality. May he live well and long to dispense this generous liberality and make his fame abroad a reality at home.

"Who gives and hides the giving hand,  
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,  
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
The burden of the sea and land."

## SPRING FLOWERING BULBS.

As each month brings with it a variety of preparations for the coming cold season, let us not forget that autumn is the time to make plans for a gay garden in spring; when we will be so glad to see our bulbs in bloom, and rejoice that we managed to take time to plant them. The last of September or the mild days of October, when the soil is warm and out door work is a delight, get good rich black manure that has been left in the yard a long time—an old sheep pen or cow yard will yield a suitable fertilizer, and the woods a fine addition to that—and if the soil is stiff clay, take the trouble to get a quantity of sharp sand from the well washed shores of some neighboring lake or river, and after forking up the soil mix all thoroughly and deep until free from lumps and stones and fit for any variety of bulbs. I like the plan of planting bulbs in beds of fanciful shape, and filling them with low growing annuals for summer. Plant the center with the taller varieties of tulips; and border with crocus, scillas, snowflake and snow drop; let each border be of one kind only, without mixing those small bulbs for they differ in hardiness. A mixture of tulips or hyacinths for a bed is desirable, as there is

a difference in their time of blooming, and so there will be a succession of bloom.

Another way is to plant early, late, or medium varieties of different colors and have them to use together, and to make a pleasing contrast in the beds. Of all the gorgeous things in the way of tulips—and also the earliest—are the Duc Van Thol; they are of all colors, double and single, very fine too for house culture in winter. The later tulips are many of them double as roses and far more gay; the single ones are clear white, red, yellow, and bordered in fanciful styles.

The hyacinth and tulip are the most hardy of any of the bulbous spring bloomers, and still the most showy and useful in decorations.

The different kinds of narcissus are necessary to fill out the garden and for bouquets also. If one has a good rich garden and somewhat porous soil it will do well without further preparation. Plant the bulbs four or five inches deep, and when the weather becomes cold give a dressing of leaves or compost from the woods, as straw will contain seeds that will make a growth not desired in the garden. Bulbs will do well planted as late as November if the ground is not frozen, but it is neither safe or pleasant to wait. As potting bulbs is later work, I will speak of it in the season, as requested.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The little black-eyed woman whose quick, decisive ways are born of her employment, which requires promptness and readiness of both hand and eye, and whose opinions are as decided as her movements, said the other morning while she waited for her matutinal coffee and toast: "Dr. — told me the other day that in this climate every person who is at all troubled with bronchial affections ought to wear across the chest a piece of wadding quilted to silk, coming up well to the collar and entirely protecting the chest." The pale-faced widow at the end of the table, who rarely takes part in the table talk, spoke up: "I always make a point of wearing a couple of thicknesses of the glazed wadding across my chest during the winter, and am sure it saves me many a cold. The silk would probably be an added protection; I think —" and here the ancient maiden whom single-blessedness has soured to the world, broke in: "It's all nonsense, mam, all nonsense. I never wear any such thing and I never have any trouble, mam. None of our family ever wore any such thing, and we never have any trouble with our throats, mam." "But, Miss —, don't you think that some families are more predisposed to bronchi—" "We never had any such thing as 'bronchitis' or whatever you call it (she) in our family! I never heard of such a thing, mam." The fair-haired, slow-spoken, gentle lady sitting opposite was just opening her mouth, but the venerable relic was too quick for her; with a little bound on her chair, like a child urging a rocking-horse, and a clasping of hands and a sideways nod that might have been coquettish and pretty when she was sixteen—oh so long ago, the "old gal"—as a profane youth irreverently styles her—



went on: "It is all nonsense for people to do themselves up in cotton wool (te he, te he he). If you'll bathe yourself properly, mam (here her glance sought the little black-eyed woman who had brought all this upon us, and who blushed resentfully), and rub your chest well with a coarse towel, mam ('Such as we always use in "our family,"' breathed the widow into my left ear), you'll not need any 'cotton battin' (scornfully). I told Mrs. — yesterday when she was having her dress fitted that she ought to cut the sleeves out of her wrappers, mam; they spoil the shape of the arm, 'specially round the wrist, mam, where one does not need any flannel to—"

"But, Miss —," interrupted one who had not yet spoken, "do you not remember the doctors all tell us—" "I don't care what the doctors tell us, mam; I know as much as any doctor, mam. My common-sense teaches me, mam, —" but seeing the signs of a heated combat impending, which would continue till the last boarder had vanished and Kitty began to clear the table while the old lady for the first time remembered her cold toast and lukewarm coffee, I fled. And the little black-eyed woman shook her napkin as a flag of truce and followed, as did also the widow, and what we said in the hall as we buttoned our gloves, I'll never tell.

And as I went out into the sweet September air, so still that the falling leaves were scarcely drifted from their direct path downward by an eddy of air, I remembered a sentence I once read: "There are people so disputatious you have only to say water is wet to set them to thinking of an argument to disprove it." I doubted it then; I know it is true now. And it is certainly a most unfortunate trait of character in any person, old or young, to be so ready to contradict. And if it is developed no pains should be spared to conquer and repress it within decent bounds, that one be not so disagreeable to every one as is this unfortunate spinster, who between her garrulity and her disputativeness is only endured by her acquaintances and tolerated by her relatives, none of whom will have her as an inmate of their homes. There is one thought we ought to take home to ourselves and bear about with us constantly; it is that our traits of character, either of strength or weakness, pleasant or disagreeable, grow upon us and become more and more intensified as we grow older. People notice our peculiarities more, because they become more striking; in age we have not youth's freshness, nor the charm of beauty and spontaneity to condone our shortcomings. If pleasant, agreeable manners are of advantage to young people, they are of tenfold more importance to the elderly person, man or woman, who would win the friendship and esteem and liking which alone make old age agreeable.

BEATRIX.

MRS. FULLER'S letter on spring-flowering bulbs is commended to the attention of those who intend to make a beginning in bulb growing. Mrs Fuller will send mixed colors of tulips and narcissus at fifty cents per dozen, separate colors of tulips at sixty cents, crocus bulbs twenty cents per dozen, pips of the beautiful lily of the valley at twenty-five cents per dozen.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A young lady who "thinks of going to housekeeping soon," she says, asks some information about dishes, what are the most popular and desirable styles, what would be the best choice for a dinner set. The HOUSEHOLD Editor has an article on this topic well begun (which the old saw says is "half done") and it will be published in a week or two. From it our young friend can probably obtain the information she desires.

"Edna" asks what places of interest strangers in Detroit can visit during a two or three days' stay, Sunday being one of the days. Read "The Excursionist," in the HOUSEHOLD of August 11th for a partial list of "attractions," which can be made to cover much more time if one has leisure to "go slow." Visit the Public Library, Newcomb's, the bazars, M. S. Smith's jewelry and art store, the little gallery back of Angell's picture store, where you are almost always sure to find some gem worth seeing. You can spend the sunshiny hours of a day very pleasantly at Belle Isle, even if it is September weather, and see some of the attractive features, unless we have a hard frost to kill the flowers and denude the branches before the proposed visit. Go through the Central market on Saturday night; you will see more people, be run over by more baby cabs, get more pushes and shoves and elbowings than a few, but after all it is amusing and always a novel and interesting study to strangers. On Sunday one will visit the church of her choice, probably. If a Baptist, Rev. C. R. Henderson is the pastor of the finest church of that denomination, and also a very talented man. Rev. W. W. Ramsey presides over the Central Methodist, the Westminster church on Woodward Avenue furnishes sound doctrine from a Presbyterian standpoint, the music at St. Aloysius (Catholic) on Washington Avenue, is celebrated, and the surpliced choirs at St. Paul's (Episcopal) and Christ church draw many visitors. There is a very pretty choral service at St. Paul's at four o'clock on Sunday, which lasts less than an hour, and is worth attending. Half a day—preferably Sunday—should be spent at Elmwood, which is more easy of access than Woodmere and more generally attractive. Here are the graves of many distinguished men, Lewis Cass, Zachariah Chandler, Gen. Williams, Gen. Brady, and others who helped make Michigan's history. There are also some fine monuments, notably the Firemen's, and the Waterman, the latter one of Randolph Rogers' finest efforts; "Passing Away," a beautiful female figure, with clasped hands and veiled face.

Then there is the Art Museum, opened the first of the current month, which now contains the famous Seney collection of pictures, and some fine paintings from the gallery of the late H. C. Lewis, of Coldwater, kindly loaned by Mrs. Lewis. This may be visited by day or in the evening, as suits one's convenience best, as the pictures are quite as advantageously seen by the electric lights as by sunlight. The management is a trifle cranky; it is one of its "fads" to require a silver quarter dollar as

an admission ticket, two ten cent pieces and a nickel won't answer their purpose; you'll have to humor them, it is the best way to get on easily in a promiscuous world. I always like to say a good word for the "Battle of Atlanta," because it is really so excellent and life-like a representation; go by all means, day or evening, it matters not which, and give it at least an hour's careful scrutiny; all its details are not apparent to casual inspection. There are many public institutions which one may visit if inclined, as the Home for the Friendless, Foundling's Home, House of Correction; and if there chances to be a good play in town the visitor will probably enjoy an evening at the theatre as much as anything.

MRS. O. G. H., of Oxford, says: "I would like to know if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD keep bees and take care of them themselves. We keep bees, and I enjoy taking care of them; we have sixteen swarms, which have done finely for this season."

MRS. J. M. WEST, of Fairfield, says in reply to a late inquiry relative to the merits of a certain churn: "I should like to say that we have used the Davis swing churn nearly three years, and find it fully equal to any other in all respects in which churns are usually compared; and superior in that it is well adapted to the process of brine salting, a method which is sure to be adopted as soon as it becomes fully understood."

EDNA sends a recipe for mustard pickles, for C. B.'s benefit, which she says are "perfectly lovely." She adds: "I would like to thank L. C. (I think it was, have sent my papers to a friend, so can't find out) for 'Uses for Stale Bread;' we have tried nearly all and think them just the thing, especially the dressing."

## Contributed Recipes.

MUSTARD PICKLES.—Half a peck green cucumbers; half peck green tomatoes; half dozen green peppers; two quarts green beans; two quarts silver onions; three or four heads cauliflower. Cut up into suitable size everything but the beans and onions. Soak each over night in salt water, drain and scald in vinegar. Drain again. Put one pound of best ground mustard in six quarts of vinegar; boil and pour over the pickles hot. It will be best to seal up or put in cans, as they won't be so apt to be used up as fast as though they were easily gotten at. I have seen five people make way with the best part of a quart at one meal, they were so very nice. EDNA. HAMBURG.

MUSTARD PICKLES.—Six green peppers; six quarts small onions; six quarts cucumbers; six cauliflowers; four quarts sliced cucumbers. Pour over these a weak brine in the proportion of one tablespoonful of salt to one quart of water, let stand over night, then drain. Take vinegar to cover; to each quart of vinegar add one tablespoonful of mustard, half cup brown sugar, half cup flour, half ounce of tumeric powder, boil all together five minutes and pour over the pickles. The cucumbers are the large ripe ones pared, the seeds taken out and sliced. I also use watermelon or muskmelon rinds the same way. This year I shall use one-half whole and one-half ground mustard. MRS. O. G. H. OXFORD.