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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TIRED.

I am so tired to-day;
I long to lay
My head, for rest, upon the pillow green
Or some still churchyard grave, and shut me in
From all the cares, the worries and the strife
Of all this anxious, restless mother life,
And sleep, please God, for aye.

Ah! little children with your dancing feet
And glances sweet!
I have so weary of my burdens grown,
I fain would loose your fingers from my own,
And leave to other hands the dear delight
Of guiding baby footsteps up the height,
And thus my task complete.

Bu', weary mothers, would I have it so?
Would I? Ah! no.
I could no sleep within my grassy bed,
For hearing pattering footsteps overhead.
This mother heart, though turned to dust, would
throb
Responsive to the baby's lonely sob,
However faint and low.

And so I could not rest me after all;
The grasses tall
And snowy daisies could not bring me peace;
The aching mother love would never cease.
Oh Christ! who gave this love with motherhood,
O mothers tired bes'ow this greater good,
Patience—whatever befall!

THE DUTIES OF A GUEST.

I am asked to write a letter for the HOUSEHOLD, defining the duties of a guest. Now the obligations of guest and hostess are so mutually reciprocal that, like the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb, one cannot be written without the other, so I shall have to put in some words for entertainer as well as entertained. The first duty of a guest is to make herself agreeable, not only to her hostess, but to the entire family. Her tastes and habits may differ from those of her entertainer; then each should respect the peculiarities of the other. She should, as far as possible, conform to the customs of the family, although these customs should be modified if radically differing from those to which she has been habituated. For instance, if the hour for the family breakfast is at six, and the guest has been accustomed to breakfast at eight, to rise at such an unusual hour is to ruin the whole day, often, by the disturbance of the usual routine; the guest should be privileged to rise at her pleasure, even if this necessitates some little trouble in the preparation of a second breakfast. This thought should be carried out in other things. We do not invite people to our houses to make them uncomfortable, nor can we entertain without exertion and without infringing on our usual routine.

The well-bred guest makes as little trouble as possible, and especially takes

care to leave her hostess free to attend to necessary duties; it is presumed they wish to "visit," and to be together, but the housekeeper has matters she must see after, and the guest should not follow her about to converse. Most women are unable to talk on one subject and think on another, nor do justice to their work with some one talking to them; they become flurried and are hindered. The guest should therefore occupy herself with book, work, or a walk during those hours which her friend must give to her housekeeping, and should not interfere with her after dinner nap. And the hostess should see that her guest is not neglected. The horse and carriage may be placed at her disposal, although the hostess cannot accompany her; or an agreeable friend may be invited to spend an hour of her leisure with the guest, and the hostess excuse herself to both; though it is well to remember that many people are so constituted as not to require companionship at all times. To have a guest who never seems bored, and evinces an ability to entertain herself, is a great comfort to the lady of the house. The friendship which implies the paying of visits implies also a knowledge of tastes and inclinations which prompts the plans for entertainment.

The guest should enter cheerfully and pleasantly into the amusements, visits, drives and the like arranged for her pleasure, though they may not be what she most cares for. Tact will lead her not to ridicule any feature of these entertainments, nor compare them disadvantageously with what she may have seen elsewhere. And just here let me say it is not for the guest to criticise her friend's servants, her children, her belongings of any kind, even though the hostess herself may complain of them. A woman may mention her servant's faults or her children's peculiarities to a friend, but she does not really like to have that friend join in her depreciation. Nor should the guest criticise the people she may meet who are her friend's friends; it is very uncourteous, yet often done. Nor is it polite to suggest changes or improvements without being requested; "Why don't you have this?" "Why don't you do that?" are questions we do not always like to answer by confessing our inability. Whatever the guest can say in praise or commendation let her say freely and heartily; whatever she sees not to her taste or approval let her keep silent about; she is not to assume the role of Mentor, nor reconstruct her friend's household upon her own ideas.

A little woman said to me once, of a

mutual friend who had paid her a visit: "I had looked forward to Anna's visit with great anticipations, but I must own I was glad when she went away." "Why?" I asked, too surprised to be polite. "O, she had just come from Mrs. Bank's where she had had such a 'perfectly lovely time,' gone everywhere and seen everything, and she talked of nothing but Mrs. Bank's elegant dresses, her carriage and horses, her servants, her furniture, her dinners, till she tired me out. And I know she was all the time contrasting our home with Mrs. Bank's, and we live so quietly and plainly, you know;" and she added, with a little laugh that had not much heart in it, "I gave up trying to put the 'best foot foremost,' for whatever I did Mrs. Bank had done so much better that it really seemed no use." Now I knew all this talk of the rich lady's perfections had been without the intention to wound or affront, and yet it had done both to a certain degree. This then, is one of the things "not to do."

While a guest should, generally, acquiesce in her hostess's plans for the disposal of her time, she is privileged to excuse herself from whatever she feels would be distasteful, nor is it at all impolite for her to remain at home while her hostess pays visits, attends church or entertainments, or accepts invitations in which she may chance not to be included. This is a point often misunderstood. There is not the slightest discourtesy in a lady's accepting an invitation which her guest declines. There is another point, too, to be remembered. The guest who is staying with a friend is at perfect liberty to accept invitations in which that friend is not included. Some people think their guests must visit only *their* friends, ignoring previous acquaintances whom they chance not to know, or especially so doing if they chance not to be on good terms with some of their guest's friends. We do not invite people to monopolize them entirely, nor to dictate to them in their friendships.

The question is asked: How much ought the guest to assist her hostess with the housework? That depends entirely upon circumstances, and must be determined by them, and also by the degree of intimacy between the entertained and entertainer. An intimate friend may offer service which would be regarded as intrusive from a comparative stranger. If the hostess keeps a girl, of course no assistance is expected, but the guest should be careful and considerate, and not require too much waiting upon; if no help is kept, good sense and her ideas of "the fitness of things" must

dictate where and when to help. To wipe the dishes, to dust a room, to whisk a plate of eggs, are little aids which may be acceptably rendered. The guest should not be expected to help in the heavy work, though I have known women who when a friend was expected to spend several weeks with them, would manage to have on hand a pile of sewing or a lot of fruit to put up, with the intention that the guest should assist them during her visit, and in that way manage to get a good deal of assistance as a "stand-off" against her board. But there is no hospitality, no courtesy, in inviting people to use them for our own convenience or profit.

"Short visits make long friends." I believe that is true. Never wear out a welcome. Always leave your friends wishing you could stay longer, instead of glad you are going away. It is said that Dickens, charmed by Hans Anderson's agreeable conversation at a dinner party, invited him to visit Gads Hill. The author of *The Ugly Duckling* arrived, bag and baggage, and established himself very comfortably. He proved a very exacting and capricious guest, however, and Dickens was heartily tired of him, yet he stayed and stayed and stayed, until, if I remember correctly, he had been there several months. And Dickens says, "At the first hint of departure I ordered the carriage," and he was never invited to repeat the visit.

I do not believe in "surprise visits." I think it the duty of the intended visitor to apprise her hostess-to-be of her intention to come to her. Visits which are convenient to one party may be very inopportune to another; and however welcome the visitor may be, it is more pleasing to the visited to have made suitable preparation. But the guest who "drops in" with a big trunk and a general air which demands "Aren't you delighted to see me," will excuse herself by saying she "didn't want to put you to any trouble to get ready for me," yet often does incommode you far more than timely notice of her coming could have done.

It is a guest's sacred duty not to discuss the private affairs of the family where she has been entertained, with outside parties. Especially if she is so unfortunate as to discover that osseous framework known as the "family skeleton," she should be very careful not to disclose it to the world. She should make it a point of honor to keep absolute silence on all domestic differences or disagreements; nor make the faults or peculiarities of her late hostess or any member of her household the subject of comment or criticisms to others. It is a shameful abuse of hospitality and friendship to do so, yet, unfortunately, there are too many who thoughtlessly or maliciously do so offend, thus bringing sorrow and humiliation to those whose salt they have eaten.

BEATRIX.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN ST. LOUIS.

Rain and smoke and heavy skies is the record of the third October week in St. Louis. The boasted autumnal glory of this vicinity, like the Veiled Prophet with his bewildering street display of grotesque conceptions worked up in tinsel, gay paper

and red lights, has gone into hiding. Rheumatism, malaria, uncomfortable street cars and quinine are jogging along, a doleful procession. Gas companies and electric plants have knocked down their miles of arches, picked up their many colored globes, and threaten to never relight the city so gorgeously unless subscribers are more liberal. The front doors of the Exposition building are closed; Gilmore and his 65 musicians have taken their trumpets and gone; the railroads have resumed full fare rates and we St. Louisans are getting down to hard work again. It is said regretfully that neither the Veiled Prophet pageant nor the Exposition were quite equal to those of previous years. The former this year represented the stories of Mother Goose instead of historic events, therefore contained less of interest and no intellectual attraction or instruction. During the evening of the great procession thousands of people, some of them not more than four days old, were on the streets for hours awaiting the glittering, transient spectacle. Everyone seemed relieved when it was over. Parents shouldered their fatigued youngsters, many of them trudging along with one on each arm, squalling and kicking. People fought for seats in the street cars, jammed each other mercilessly, trod unfeelingly upon other people's corns, and separated with a deadly hatred for all mankind outside their own family. And all this for what?

The Exposition in the main was very like all expositions. The best of every man's and woman's workmanship was there. The finished work of long months was set in place for admiration or advertising; things useful and things ornamental were arranged in the most enticing shape. Exhibitors did their best to deceive or allure; spectators did what they could to keep up the farce. As a housekeeper I was strongly attracted toward the huge pyramid of granite iron ware, consisting of every conceivable article possible to use about a house, from the leviathan of a teakettle from the spout of which was suspended another, pigmy in size, down to the cups and spoons, all made of this beautiful and serviceable ware, manufactured in this city in the largest establishment of the kind in the world. The manufacturers, two brothers, are among the wealthiest and most benevolent citizens of St. Louis. They are building at this time at their own expense, for the German Methodists of this city, a church to cost \$25,000, although they are members of and attend the English speaking church. One of them, F. G. Neidringhaus, is the Republican candidate for Congress from this district and very popular with the working men.

There was a fine display of fruits, grain, minerals and samples of timber from Arkansas, suggesting something of rivalry to the better known products of California. This exhibit lacked but one of Arkansas's established features, a case of incurable chills and fever.

There was cotton from Kansas, corn from Illinois, magnificent productions of every variety from Missouri, all represented by voluble talkers interested in getting up a "boom" for the "great southwest." There is no other way nowadays to move the

masses but by a "boom." We don't care a cent whether a thing is so or not if it is only boomed loud enough.

But even the boomers must at last have a rest, so the roaring went down, down, on Saturday night to a hum and buzz, the machinery ceased its whirring, the lights went out, boomer and boomed went home to bed.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DAFFODILLY.

THE VINEGAR BARREL.

When the old homestead came into my possession, among the contents of the house was a vinegar barrel well stocked with that peculiar growth known as "mother." I was told that a supply of cider must be made every year to replenish the barrel or I would not have good vinegar, but the cider mill was miles away, the supply of suitable apples very small, and no cider was wanted for other purposes, because in early life I had eaten my fill of cider apple sauce and the like, when the boiled cider was used as a matter of economy, so that I should never more "hanker" for that as a relish. The vinegar barrel stood in a roomy closet up stairs, safe from frost, just where my grandfather had put it more than forty years before, so for the convenience of every day use, I keep a two gallon jug in the pantry, and whenever it has been necessary to fill that from the barrel, I have done so and then poured a pailful of warm water, in which a half-pint of common cooking molasses had been thoroughly mixed, into the barrel, and I have always had an ample supply of the best of vinegar, so sharp that I never use it for lettuce, ripe tomatoes and the like without reducing it. In the jug is a goodly portion of that liverlike mother, and I will confess to the addition, occasionally, of what Beatrix evidently means by "slops" but not to the detriment of the contents. When company did not drink as much tea as I had expected, a cupful or even a pint of the strong infusion has gone into the jug, and any accumulation of sweetened water, as from rinsing a sugar bowl or the dishes in which maple syrup was served, was poured in and it has never failed in these four years of coming out as good as any cider vinegar; but it's all on account of the "mother," and just how that could be started I do not know. I remember once seeing a barrel of hard cider placed on the sunny side of the house, a sheet of foolscap paper, a pint of white beans and some other ingredients were added for the mother-making process, and a glass bottle placed in the bung hole, but when the proper time for the making had elapsed, only the dry paper and the beans were left to tell the story of how a festive worm had pierced the lower side of the barrel, so that all its liquid contents had leaked out. The process must be somewhat mysterious, for I know a man who made himself famous throughout two counties by shaking and sunning a bottle of what proved to be marble dust and water, daily for months; he having been told that and ends of zephyr and sew to the bottom of the bag and on the lower edge of the flap. Hem two squares of cheese cloth and place inside for dusters.

The new fashioned way of covering

the compound would make valuable "mother," and from the failure he is known as "Vinegar Jones" to this day.

I was also told at the outset that if the barrel was taken to the cellar the vinegar would "die," and although others have disputed that theory I have "let well enough alone," by leaving it where I found it; and a quart, or thereabout, of molasses, costing a shilling, has given my family its annual supply of vinegar without any of the bother or expense of cider-making. But the prettiest vinegar that I ever saw was a supply of currant wine that, for some unknown reason, went astray and turned out an acid of the keenest kind and free from any intoxicating quality.

One of those large kitchens that from necessity is also a dining room, that I wot of, is in proportions twelve by fifteen feet, but as all the belongings of the kitchen are conveniently massed at one end, the housewife had a strip nearly two inches in diameter ripped from an oak plank, the corners rounded and smoothed, then stained like walnut and fastened near the ceiling by nailing a small block to the wall on either side. Then an outlay of fifteen cents for eighteen "silver" rings from a harness shop, and a sufficient amount of spriggy curtain calico to make a double portiere makes an adjustable partition that shuts off the heat and the view of the culinary department from the carpeted fifteen feet used as a dining room, or the curtain is easily pushed back to make the whole warm for winter.

EL SEE.

WASHINGTON.

MAKING OVER A BLACK SILK.

One of our readers asks directions about making over a black grosgrain silk which is out of style. It is rather difficult to give advice which will be of any practical value without knowing what shape the goods is in. The present fashions require all draperies to be so long and full that it is almost an impossibility to remodel a dress made when short draperies and flounces or ruffles were popular, into a stylish costume. Unless there is enough of the silk to make the straight full back drapery—which requires at least four widths the length of the skirt, I really think I would not try to remodel it, but would use it as the foundation for a lace dress, which can be worn at evening entertainments, day weddings, etc., all winter and for church and street wear all next summer. Under the lace the silk can be pieced as necessity may require, and none be the wiser. Lace flouncings, 40 inches deep, of sufficiently excellent quality can be bought here from \$2.50 to \$4 per yard, and the piece lace, same width, at \$1.75 upward. Not over four yards would be needed for the skirt, which should be made plain with an interlining of crinoline as well as cambric, with only a full pleating of silk at the foot. The lace may be draped at the side under a handsome bow of ribbon or a jet ornament, and the space on the skirt thus disclosed filled in with pleatings. The old basque may be ripped up, covered with lace and put together again, or the worn parts replaced by pieces from the old skirt and trimmed with narrower lace. This will leave the five yards of new silk on

hand, and it can be utilized very nicely in a plain skirt on which to arrange draperies of Henrietta cloth or drap d'alm^e, making a stylish costume.

No, the lace dress is not "too youthful;" bless me, I see women old enough to have grown up grandchildren wearing them. I wear one myself, and am I not grandmama by brevet? So that objection is made invalid.

If the back drapery can be "rescued," I think a good way to arrange the front and sides would be in box pleats straight down the skirt, a style which would be becoming to the lady in question. The crinoline interlining should be used on the foundation skirt, in front and on the sides. Another mode would be to insert a panel of figured velvet on one side. Sometimes a cascade drapery across the front can be managed out of pieces, the folds of the cascade concealing the seams; this may fall over a silk kilt pleating or velvet or moire laid plain on the foundation skirt. I saw not long ago a very pretty dress which had a pleated panel on one side; the front next to this was laid in two deep downward turning folds, and drawn, loosely, diagonally across well up on the other side; this model would allow the silk to be pieced under the folds, if care were taken to keep the rep running alike on the pieces. The edge of the folds next the panel was trimmed with a cord passementerie.

BEATRIX.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A beautiful table scarf can be made of pink satin with a four-inch band of plush at each end. Embroidered in gold thread, laid on the outline of the pattern and held in place by threads of silk, the work is very beautiful. A few of the pretty plush or gold tassels or drops make a handsome finish.

Bamboo matting, 18 inches wide, makes a pretty paper-rack. About one and an eighth yards will be needed, 18 inches being turned up for the pocket. A spray of flowers is painted upon the pocket, which is held in place with ribbon bows.

A duster bag of the most approved fashion is made of a strip of cretonne thirty inches long, and eight inches wide, lined with pale blue silesia. Fold over seven inches of one end for the pocket; nine inches from the other end gather it across the width, and turn the end over as a flap to conceal the opening of the pocket; sew the gathers to a heavy cretonne-covered cord joined in a circle, to hang the bag up by, or fasten a small brass ring there under a bow of ribbon. Make fancy tassels or balls of odds bread, biscuit, etc., on the table is to set the plate on the napkin and throw the corners up on the food. A napkin, twenty inches square, with wheat ears embroidered in each corner in gold colored silk, to be thus used, is a very useful and appropriate Christmas gift. Make it of butchers' linen, with the edges fringed and a narrow row of double hemstitching all round the edge. Or a couple of rows of narrow drawn work may be used and the wheat ears omitted, if one does not know how to embroider.

A pair of towels, with the initial of the last name traced in Kensington stitch with

red or blue marking cotton, is a useful gift. The Briggs transfer patterns include some very pretty designs in letters, and are very convenient and cheap—two for five cents.

A common wicker work basket can be made very beautiful, at the expense of considerable labor and some money. Select one which is square or oblong, having two of the sides higher than the other two. Gild the edges and the handle, and line the inside with copper-colored satin. Cover the outside of the two raised sides with satin panels embroidered or painted, and border them with a narrow band of plush, wind the handles with a folded band of plush, and add full square bows of narrow ribbon. Some of the fancy willow baskets are quite pretty enough without being thus ornamented, further than by a fancy satin lining, some ribbon bows and a little gilding. The square waste paper baskets are lined with red satteen and have embroidered tabs or draperies hung on the outside; these are of plush or embroidered fancifully, and edged with a fancy cord or gilt galloon; the satteen lining is shirred to form a narrow heading at the top of the basket, which forms a pretty finish, and bows or cord and tassels are at each of the four corners. One of these baskets had these draperies cut in leaf points, two short and two long; the long ones were of mosaic work—the new name for crazy patchwork, while the short ones had a small spray of flowers embroidered on each. Small plush grelots or balls are attached to the points.

B.

A VENTURESOME BROTHER.

I have just read El See's letter, "A Protest," and will say that before I wrote my first letter to the HOUSEHOLD, I read therein an invitations to the masculine gender, to the effect that their thoughts and opinions would be accepted, otherwise I should not have ventured. I soon heard little whispers abroad that I was interfering with a ladies' department, and that they wanted none of my "gab." All but one of my communications have escaped the waste basket, and I thought if I was "all right" at headquarters why let them talk. I have been acquainted with many "My Lords and My Ladies" in Old England, and found there were bad tempers and dispositions amongst the high, as well as the low. I have heard the voice of gentle woman and listened to her soft sigh, but after all I am aware of the fact that I am not the model husband that every woman wants. So I will not brag on what I do, and what I do not do. Last spring I noticed one poor fellow got a drubbing in the HOUSEHOLD, and I have been patiently waiting for my turn to come, for in writing the truth one must sometimes be a little personal; a little truth is worth a basketful of trash. I also read other papers beside the FARMER, amongst them my wife's journals, but must say that I have been quite interested in the FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD, perhaps too much so. I shall be watching and waiting the decision of our lady friends, whether all men are the lords of creation, or no better than the dumb brute. Rather is there not good and bad on both sides? So be kind to your brother

ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

A WORD ABOUT "SHE."

A couple of years ago the quidnuncs were all saying something about "She," said "She" being the title of a novel newly out at that time, written by H. Rider Haggard, an Englishman. I always meant to read the book, because I could see by the papers and the talk that "She" was the book that had made its author famous, supposing all the time that he had used the "She" as many uncultivated people do when speaking of the feminine head of the household to which they belong, imagining that he had so manipulated and combined his characters and their quaintnesses as to make a true to life, readable and entertaining story out of their haps and mishaps. Judge then of my surprise when on reading the book a couple of weeks ago I found it to be a metaphysical allegory, which I have not yet fully solved nor succeeded in satisfactorily applying some portion of its simile to what Rider Haggard must have conceived to be fact. As a story it is a preposterous, unmitigated lie. And Faith, after a cursory survey of it goes into her private gymnasium, quietly remarking that she will be obliged to develop a great deal of muscle before she can carry such evidence and substance in her gripsack.

But taken as the symbolization of Haggard's conception of the "She" element in the science of psychology, it is something of a study.

Taken thus, and carefully considered and compared with positive social events, conditions and outlooks, I somehow draw a sigh of relief when I think in conclusion: "Well, thank goodness! it is only the opinion of one man, and of one too, who evidently has sounded the heights and depths of the 'She' element in social and soul life fractionally, and not in the grand rounding out of the full unit."

It is said that Haggard's "Witches' Head" is the like expression allegorically of his ideal, or idea rather of the masculine or "He" element in psychology. I expect to have it soon to read. In the meantime if any of the HOUSEHOLDERS have read either or both of these books, I wish they would give us their impressions in regard to them. In these days of "Women's Rights" it is expedient that "She" be weighed in all sorts of balances.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

SCRAPS.

EL SEE, in her "Protest," deprecates the attitude of certain of the HOUSEHOLD correspondents toward the other sex, and says "even Beatrix" seems to join in the detraction. That was only a chance phrase, to which you allude, El See, prompted by my knowledge of the antipathy of the average farmer to what he calls "puttering" in the garden. A good many men are like that Biblical personage who at first refused to go, but finally changed his mind and went. I would much prefer to deal with that class of men than with those like the other, who said "I go," and went not. I think some men growl a little at times to enhance the value of their services; "What comes cheap is lightly held." I have known men who said No at first

merely for the pleasure, it seemed to me, of being coaxed into compliance; after they had asserted themselves as "masters of the situation" they would do more than you asked. There is a great deal in knowing how to manage a husband. It has been my good fortune all through life to have been treated with the utmost courtesy, kindness and consideration in either business or social relations with men, and I have no occasion to write slightly or disrespectfully of them. And men have always been, and still are, welcome in the HOUSEHOLD, whenever they feel disposed to contribute to it.

I AM not one of those who believe that men are tyrants and oppressors and women their downtrodden slaves. And women who can argue and believe this, must have been, I think, very unfortunate in their acquaintance with men. There ought to be no antagonism between the sexes; there is not, I truly believe, one-tenth as much as these vehement agitators would have us think. Whenever I hear a woman denounce men and call her sisters slaves, and urge them to "rouse up and throw off their chains" and all that sort of stuff, I set her down as a crank, whose peculiar doctrines have prevented her from becoming acquainted with any good men. For the spirit either man or woman takes into the world, is the spirit with which the world receives them. If we go out with kindness and charity in our hearts, we usually find kindred qualities in those we meet; if we take the attitude that all men are liars and slave drivers we are certain to discover all their angles. Whenever this talk of the slavery and oppression of one sex by the other is sifted down to the real root of the matter, we find the grievance to be that the right of suffrage is not extended to women. The fact remains incontrovertible that the interests of the sexes are identical and inseparable; thus it has been since the creation and thus it must be. There is no land the sun shines on where women are so uniformly well treated, where laws are so discriminating in their behalf, where their property and personal rights are so strongly guaranteed them, and where they have such perfect liberty of speech and act as in our own America. I never read a book of foreign travel that I am not thankful I was born an American woman and in the nineteenth century. These are the best days and this the best country women have ever known. There would be some sense in calling the women of certain foreign countries oppressed and down-trodden, for their condition is pitiful in the extreme; even in England a man's wife is still his chattel, and he may beat her "to a reasonable degree" with license of the law. True, there are men in this as in every land who are petty tyrants by nature, but law and public opinion are both on the woman's side. And as for denial of suffrage being a badge of oppression, let us wait until women at large ask for it, or will pledge themselves to exercise it, before it is ranked as an injustice.

I ONCE heard a lady say the argument that women should exert their power in political and moral reform through their

influence over husbands and sons, had no weight in her family at least, for her husband would vote as he thought best, and her sons would probably vote exactly opposite her wishes out of pure contrariness; and then she added she did not think women had any influence over men. I hope to be pardoned for feeling that this was a tacit confession of the weakness of her own character, if her opinions were held in such light esteem. Now I would not give a wooden nutmeg for a husband who would vote as I wished merely because of that bidding, and without the sanction of his own judgment and convictions. I should try to exert my influence on the line of "Principles, not Party," and if my reasonings could not convince him, I should certainly desire him to vote on his own convictions. And I am very decided in my belief that all women of any character themselves have an influence, varying in kind and intensity, upon not only their husbands and sons, but upon all with whom they are associated. There is no limit to such influence. A woman's views of duty and the relations of life may be so earnest and true that they revivify the principles of others; or they may be so false and distorted that she beckons toward the seductively easy but downward path. And there is a great difference in the way of exerting that influence and expressing those views. To say in manner or words "That is my opinion and you've got to think that way too; you're a fool or a knave if you do not," is to provoke instant and deserved opposition. Remember the fable. The wind, with all its bluster and uproar, only made the traveler wrap his cloak more closely about him; the genial sun, with benignant ray, soon persuaded him to discard it. For myself, personally, I would rather be the woman—or like her—of whom George William Curtis recently wrote: "In the memory of all of us there are persons who seem to have revealed to us the best that we know and are; they are so lofty that we are raised, so noble that we are ennobled, so pure that we are purified. They are generally women whose lives are noiseless, who live at home, wives and mothers without the ambition which spurs men to strive for renown, but their days are full of such richness of beautiful life, that its fitting image is that finest flower of tropical luxuriance, the magnificent Victoria Regia."—I would rather, I say, be one of those "noiseless women," radiating such an influence, than wear the laurels of the most brilliant woman who ever "held down a stump" in any cause whatever.

BEATRIX.

Useful Recipes.

BAKED BROWN BREAD.—Three cups cornmeal; three cups rye meal; half cup sour milk; half cup molasses; three and a half cups warm water; one teaspoonful soda. Bake, covered closely, in a moderate oven.

HULLED CORN.—Take a wooden pail that is not painted inside and pour into it two quarts of wood ashes, then pour four quarts or more of boiling water on it and let it settle; this is the white lye. Put three quarts of yellow corn in a large iron pot and spread a cloth over the top; strain the white lye into it. Set it on the stove and let it cook until the hulls will rub off easy and the germ is partly eaten out, then take it off and wash in clear water several times. Return to the fire and boil until tender, which takes five or six hours, adding water as it boils away.