

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 13. 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### MY PHOTOGRAPH.

The picture-man's accustomed hand  
Arranged me with celeity,  
And hid my principal defects  
With judgment and dexterity.  
He turned me right, he turned me left,  
With wonderful rapidity,  
Securing my inconstant head,  
To give it due solidity.  
He placed a river at my back,  
And trees and rocks adjacently  
Adjusted, with artistic touch,  
And viewed the whole complacently.  
"Just drop your chin!" I dropped it to  
The best of my ability;  
"But shut your mouth!" he added, which  
I deemed an incivility.  
Across the room with dirty face  
A bric-a-bracket Psyche sat;  
The artist backward jerked his thumb  
And bade me keep an eye on that,  
And eke to smile and wink,  
With dignity and suavity;  
Whereat I smiled full solemnly,  
And winked with awful gravity.  
'Twas difficult—but now 'tis done,  
With secret exultation do  
I show to friends my photograph,  
And note their admiration too.  
"How beautiful!" they cry, nor know  
Their honest praise is praise of me,  
Till pressed to tell them whose it is,  
"Tis mine!" I say triumphantly.

### A STUDY OF CHILDHOOD.

"I only want a tricycle, and a new white dress, one of those all over embroidery ones, and to go to dancing school and to take painting lessons; and—oh yes, one of those lovely little gold watches at Rolshoven's—they're only \$20, and they're just perfectly lovely; and then I would not want another thing for ever so long."

"Wouldn't you like the earth, Millicent?"

"N—no, I don't think I'd care for it. But I do want a watch and a tricycle just awful."

Miss Millicent, aged twelve, has a new list of wants every week, as fancy inclines or as she sees others have things she admires. She wants everything "just awful," and no sooner is one wish gratified than she wants something else just as bad, and runs up and down the old gamut of coaxing and teasing to get it. For all small things, her plea is "Oh mamma! it only costs"—ten cents or a quarter or half a dollar, as the case may be. The pocketbook generally uncloses, the small want of the moment is satisfied, and next day the plea is renewed. Her mother says herself that Millicent is never contented, but always

wants something more to make her happy; and often adds with a little sigh that tells a whole history, "She's just like her father." And I presume some day it will be said of some child yet to be born, "She's just like her mother," meaning the little unsatisfied spendthrift of to-day.

Master Harry, of another family, a year younger than Miss Millicent, differs from her in that he wants but one thing at a time and wants it with a determination to get it which usually overcomes parental resistance. But as soon as whatever is coveted is his, it has no further value in his eyes, and he will sell, or trade, or give it away with what might be called generosity if he cared at all for what he parts with so freely. It is not true generosity to give what costs us nothing or what we do not prize.

I sometimes speculate a little as to the probable outcome of these young lives, and wonder what sort of a wife Miss Millicent will make, especially should she marry some poor man, who cannot give her more than a tithe of what she will want in the way of luxury.

"When I grow up I'm going to have a surrey for the park, and a coupe with a big gray horse to draw it, and a phaeton, and then of course I'll have to have a nice carriage to go out calling in, and—oh won't it be fine!"

"But who will give you these fine things? your mamma cannot."

"Oh, I shall have them when I get married."

"Then you will have to marry a very rich man, Millicent."

"Of course!"

Well, a child lives largely in an imaginative world, it is true; but I wonder if it is healthy to have the mind always dwelling on images of wealth and magnificence. How will these bright visions compare with the dull prosaic reality, should Miss Millicent fancy a poor man and find she must ride in the street cars instead of keeping a carriage, and tread on ingrain instead of moquette, and dress like the people she now characterizes, with the sublime impertinence of childhood, as "ordinary people." Miss Millicent's mother is not rich, but earns a salary by her daily labor. She dresses like one of the "ordinary people" who are objects of Miss Millie's disapproval; but the love light in the child's eyes and heart does not acknowledge it or know it; though "I think mamma might get me"—this, that or the other thing wanted at the moment is often on her lips.

I long sometimes to see a real child; one who is not spoiled by grown-up ways, who possesses childhood's democracy, and has not been taught she must not play with some children—not because they are vicious or foul-mouthed, but because they don't live on "our street," or dress well, or are poor—a child who does not look you over and appraise the style and value of your clothing; one who is, in fact, full of fun and play, with no ideas of social caste, knowing no distinction between rich and poor, but just care-free and happy, content with little things. It seems as if the saying "It takes a small thing to please a child" is no longer true. It takes a great deal to please them. The more that is done for them, the more they demand. And it is due to the fact that injudicious parents, through mistaken love, try to gratify every real and fictitious want, to satisfy every desire, no matter how unnecessary. Character is destroyed, they are made discontented, selfish; they expect everything to be done for them; they grow up inclined to cast the world from them like a squeezed orange; they have exhausted life's pleasures, and nothing is worth the effort to secure. The great reason why the children of the rich so seldom amount to anything at maturity is because there have been no "musts" in their lives; their needs have been anticipated, they have had no occasion to exert themselves. It is a most unwise education—this education which provides everything and leaves nothing to be gained by personal achievement.

BEATRIX.

Miss E. CORA DEPUY, of Tecumseh, says: In "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," you will find that Izaak Walton, whose life was comprised within the years 1593—1683, said: "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.'" A foot-note explains that Dr. Boteler was William Butler, whom Dr. Fuller styled the "Esculapius of the Age." Who William Butler was, further than as above stated, I have not been able to ascertain. The cyclopedias to which the Editor of the HOUSEHOLD has access are silent, as is also the Reader's Handbook of Quotations. Many thanks for the information; it nails the quotation definitely, at all events.

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## A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

I will send Philander a cure for dyspepsia. Drink a cup of water, as hot as possible, half an hour before eating and one at bedtime, and do not eat between meals. I know whereof I speak, for Seth had the dyspepsia so that he could hardly eat enough to keep him alive. By drinking the hot water and eating graham bread he can eat anything that anyone can, and as much.

I enjoy Evangeline's writings very much, but wondered how she could accomplish so much in so short a time.

H.  
HUDSON.

## SCRAPS.

HARPER's *Bazar* gives a dressing for kid shoes and slippers which it says is better than any patent dressing. It is prepared by putting a little good black ink in a small jar or something that can be set into hot water, so as to heat the ink. Melt down a common tallow candle, and mix it to a smooth paste with the heated ink. Rub this on the kid with a piece of old flannel.

QUITE a showy rug for a bedroom may be made of heavy dark ecru Turkish toweling. Cut applique designs out of Turkey red cotton, and sew them down to form a border, edging them with a white cord, or chainstitch the edges with coarse cotton. The rug must be lined with canvas; bind the edges with red. This is especially pretty on a floor covered with matting, and is not expensive. Often a pretty pattern for such work may be taken from the conventional figures of oilcloth by combining and rearranging them.

A "literary salad" is the latest novelty for a bazar. A number of green paper slips are cut in the shape of lettuce leaves and arranged in a salad bowl. On the stalk of each leaf a quotation from some well known author is written. The person who guesses where the quotation comes from is rewarded by drawing from a lucky bag, which contains a number of trifling presents. The price of a guess may be varied from five cents to twenty-five cents. Shakespeare is the best author to choose from, and it is amusing to see how few people know in which of his plays occur the most familiar lines. As a social game, literary salad is also entertaining, and the presents in the grab bag may be as valuable as the hostess pleases.

A PRETTY fan photograph rack is made as follows: Cover a palm leaf fan with any colored plush you prefer, and back it with satteen of the same color. Edge it with a fancy cord. Make a pocket of some pretty contrasting color, stiffened with cardboard and lined, large enough to cover about half the front of the fan; ornament this in any way you prefer, with ribbon embroidery if you wish it very handsome; fasten it to the fan. The upper edge—along the sticks of the fan—is left open, or rather, finished with the cord but not sewed to

the lining, so that photographs may be slipped between. Between the upper edge and the pocket the plush is slashed to form another small pocket. This will accommodate five cabinets very nicely.

THERE is nothing much hotter in hot weather than a corset and a linen collar. The "summer corset," therefore, fills that gap known as "a long felt want." It has the principal whalebones of the ordinary corset, similar clasps, shape, etc.; but is made, except the casings of the whalebones, of a sort of coarse, strong, open-work canvas, which is cool and light. It sells, in the usual sizes, at 39 and 50 cents, and a higher-priced article can be obtained at \$1 and \$1.25 for those who think the others too cheap. Tourist ruchings, six yards for 15, 25, 40 and 50 cents, according to quality, banish the uncomfortable collar during the hot months. When a ruche costs less than the laundrying of a collar, we can afford to combine comfort and economy. The neat little boxes, which take little room in the satchel or hand bag, are invaluable to the traveler, who can keep herself presentable at hotels and on the cars by a cologne "rub-off" and a fresh ruche. It is the cheapest neckwear in summer.

I GREATLY admired some lunch cloths shown me by Mrs. A. B. Gulley, of Dearborn, on the occasion of a late visit. They were of plain linen, with a narrow border of drawn work above the hem. One had the corners decorated with drawn work, a different design in each, and in the center the owner's initials and date, done in satin stitch, and surrounded by a border in drawn work which resembled a lace insertion, so beautifully was it done. The other was bordered with designs done in Kensington stitch with wash silks in colors, first a spray of flowers, then one of fruit. There was also two very dainty doyleys in drawn work which resembled Venetian embroidery, and must have cost not a little time and pains. Some of our readers are probably treasuring old linens, the hand woven product of an ancestress's skill and work; and they might easily be converted to some such use as this. For the lunch cloth and the doyley are now almost as necessary as the tablecloth and the napkin.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DRIED berries are unsatisfactory winter stores. Make jam of all imperfect and surplus blackberries and raspberries, by allowing one-third their weight in sugar, cooking twenty or thirty minutes and sealing in cans or jars.

If a black or dark colored straw hat or bonnet has become discolored by dust, brush it well to remove the dust as much as possible, then rub with a soft cloth on which you have put a *very little* sweet oil. Too much will make it look worse than before after it is once worn in the dust, but just a little will brighten the braid.

THE chemist of the Oswego, N. Y.,

woolen mills says the following compound is sure death to carpet bugs: One ounce of alum; one ounce of chloride of zinc; three ounces of salt. Mix with two quarts of water, let it stand over night in a covered vessel; in the morning pour carefully into another vessel without sediment. Dilute with two quarts of water and apply by sprinkling the edges of the carpet for a distance of a foot from the wall. This will not injure the carpet, and bugs will leave any carpet, box or bed on its application.

MEN's Mackinac straw hats may be made to look nicely by washing. Have some clean, cold water, put in enough ammonia to soften it, wash the hat with this; then with a small, soft scrubbing-brush and some nice white soap scrub the straw until clean, rinse in clean water and put in the sun to dry. Lay the hat on a table or board, while working, brim down, and it may be done easier. When drying, lay on a flat surface in the same position. This is only for plain braids and a few fancy, but usually the latter do not take kindly to this treatment. Never use warm or hot water for this purpose, as it will melt the glue used for stiffening, and a general mess will be the result. When wet press with the hands the hat as near its original shape as you can, then let dry.

LUMA, of Maple Rapids, says she found no difficulty in thoroughly cleansing a nursing bottle and tube by putting a few drops of ammonia in the water; and the use of two brushes with long wires attached, one for the bottle and the smaller one for the tube. Such brushes may be obtained at any drug store.

## Contributed Recipes.

PEACH POT-PIE.—Empty a quart can of peaches into a porcelain-lined kettle; add half a pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. While stewing put in little dumplings of rich biscuit crust, rolled very thin and cut in squares. Cook half an hour, or twenty minutes, and serve with cream. Do not add water to the fruit, unless a very little if you use fresh peaches instead of canned.

BERRY SHORTCAKE.—Bake a Sally Lunn in a square tin. When done pull it open with the fingers, or cut with a hot knife, and cover thickly with any kind of berries in season. Serve with cream and powdered sugar.

RAISIN PIE.—Stone and chop one heaping cupful of raisins, mix with them the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of water and half a cupful of sugar. Bake in a rather rich paste, putting the beaten whites, sweetened to taste, over the top. B.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Two cups sour milk; half cup molasses; one tablespoonful soda; salt to taste. Stir very thick with graham flour, and bake three-quarters of an hour.

TO CAN PUMPKIN.—Cook the pumpkin, sift and pack the cans as full as possible, screw on the covers just enough to keep out the water while boiling; have a board full of holes fitted to the bottom of the boiler, put in the cans with cold or warm water (never hot) boil about four hours, then take them out and turn the covers down tight. H.

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## THE HOUSEKEEPER.

I was reading not long since that what mankind most needed was less advice and more strawberries in the shortcake. But it don't say one word about the women, so it is presumable that they, being "weaker vessels" will need a little propping up. Our little HOUSEHOLD wings its way into each home once a week, freighted with words of cheer and experience, telling of plans for the future, of petty trials that have been left behind, of joys that have come to us, making life more bearable; of sorrows that have left the home sad and lonely. And ever there is awakened a responsive chord, there is that silent sympathy that goes from one to another. We are a little band, bound together with bands of long companionship; we can rejoice with those who rejoice, and mourn with those who mourn. Human sympathy! what a hard cold world this would be without it! We all need it, we must have it, the heart reaches out after it, just as the flower reaches up for the light, the sunshine, the dew and showers; but how often when we want sympathy, kind words, approval and encouragement the most, we are liable to get the least, for along with the good, kind hearted ones, we find fault-finders.

When I see a little, sensitive child to whom a cross word is as bad as a blow, I feel like taking the little shrinking body in my arms and shielding it, for a sensitive nature gets hard usage when it comes in contact with the world. It is an old saying and a trite one that "misery likes company." We may be practicing some little economy, we are forced to manage to get along; it makes it easier to know that some one else is in just the same condition. If we thought our case was an isolated one it would be a great deal harder to bear. In our HOUSEHOLD we find the doors of many homes ajar, we can see their workings, how they are managed; there are suggestions, ways and means, that a great many put into practice; it is natural to try ways different from our own if no better, it is a change and "variety is the spice of life." On a farm the outdoor work is managed much the same—the routine of plowing, dragging, cultivating, sowing, reaping, threshing. Men vary in their ideas of fertilizers, but the main crops are put in and secured much alike. But in our housekeeping we can never adopt the same ways, they are as varied as the scenery spread out before us. One may perhaps practice "unconscious housekeeping;" there is never any work around; a regular system is adopted, everything goes off like clock-work. If there is a baby he seems to grasp the situation, and unlike babies in general is always on his good behavior; the yeast never sours, the cuisine is perfect, the hottest day in summer with the thermometer playing in the nineties, the butter is hard and firm and the house cool, good temper reigns, and why shouldn't it with no friction, nothing to upset the equilibrium? The farmer is a lucky individual who comes in sweaty and tired from the hay field and finds things "on velvet," and how he congratulates himself when he

changes work with a neighbor where the flies swarm round the table like bees, the butter runs like oil, disorder is rampant, eight or ten children clamor to be helped to something to eat, and in place of the nice white bread there is a "steamed Indian loaf"—the children's favorite dish—for in this home the children are first, foremost and uppermost, and he wonders if the difference is in the "household fairy," and if there is really anything in system. So many homes, so many methods of housekeeping, and human beings so constituted that each is happy in his own home, satisfied with all conditions. Oh yes, occasionally a pair of wings is beating against the cage that holds them fast; fretting at present surroundings, longing for the world beyond their little domain, longing for something better than they have known.

Housekeeping probably will never be managed and carried on on scientific principles. Suppose we have the week's work mapped out—each day we shall have to work so and so. The day that we have staked our bottom dollar on, the baby is sick, company arrives, husband has an extra force, the bread refuses to rise, the butter is forever coming, and to top off with, the meat-cart does not make its usual round. Who wants to have a greater mud-dle than this is? If one had been stirring things up with a pudding-stick, there could not have been more confusion; and because things are so different from what we had planned, the nerves give out, a headache results, and how natural it is to want mother, and rue the day that we ever, yes ever, undertook the position of "boss balancer" in a farm house? There are ups and downs in nearly all kinds of business; but for crooks and turns and disappointments, I think housekeeping will "take the cake."

The month that has just closed—June, with its profusion of flowers, but capricious this year with chill air and showers, always my favorite month, and one in which I take the most ease and comfort, was unusually hard. With a family numbering from thirteen to seventeen, I found myself turning out twenty-four loaves of bread every six days, and other things in proportion. For three consecutive weeks I stood at my post, vacillating between the moulding-board and the oven, but the fourth week, Monday found me on the bed, and I was forced to remain there three days with a nervous headache, which is my terror, leaving me in much the shape a run of fever would. But when the sun dropped in the west on Wednesday, leaving the sky aflame, and the birds were singing their evening hymn, the headache left me and I fell into that delicious sleep that always follows, and in the morning when I looked out over the yard that had just been mowed, the air full of music and fragrant with clover bloom, I wondered how I ever could have been sorry, the day before, that my home was on a farm with its hard work and worry. So you see that it is the conditions that make our life. We are the same always. "Seasons may come and go; Hope like a bird may fly away; Passion may

break its wings against the iron bars of Fate; Illusion may crumble as the cloudy towers of sunset flame; Faith as running water may slip from beneath our feet; Solitude may stretch itself around us, like the measureless desert sand; Old Age may creep as the gathering night over our bowed heads; but still through all we are the same."

There are very few of us behemoths, in fact the majority of farmers' wives are slight, slender women, but blest with will force that will stand in stead of strength; feeling that their possessions lie about and it needs a shoulder to the wheel to keep things moving, while Hope ever holds before our eyes the beautiful illusory bubble, rainbow hued, decoying us with the promise that sometime, somewhere, things will be easier, perfection will be realized. And how could we live and struggle along without this hope? We would faint by the way, there would be nothing to live for, if for time and eternity we should plod along carrying the burdens, bearing the heat of the day. It is well that hope is such a large element in our organization, for without a prize the race were not worth running.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

## POLLY'S OPINION ON ROAD-MAKING.

You thought Polly had "done gone died," didn't you? Well, you see how easy it is to be mistaken, and still you came pretty near being right; she was almost gone; it wasn't Warner's Safe Cure nor Compound Oxygen Rheumatic Syrup that resuscitated her; what do you think it was? It was "getting mad" that revived her.

No doubt you have all read in the newspapers and almanacs of the man who asked his wife (who imagined herself dying) which one of their acquaintances she thought would make him the best wife when she was gone; and of course you remember how quick she revived, and was up and around as well as usual. Well, that was something like Polly's case, only hers was quite a different cause. Now I'll tell you all about it. I have asked myself many times in the last few weeks why the men of to-day will follow the old ruts and ways of their fathers in road-making.

If women every spring began housecleaning by tearing up the rooms, piling things up, and finished, leaving them in such a condition that every one must move slowly and with care to avoid running against or over something that might destroy their equilibrium, and wiping something that would seriously soil their best coat or pants nearly every time they stirred, is there any expletive a man would think too bad for the occasion? I guess not! I feel just that way about the manner in which our country roads are worked.

In our road districts, and the same is true in districts adjoining us, the biggest fools—the men with the least brains—excuse this strong term please, and remember Polly is mad about the mud on her new carriage—the biggest fools are nominated and immediately elected pathmasters. Men of sense



or brains generally think they have what they consider things of more importance to attend to, and do not want to be bothered with pathmastership. Well, these pathmasters cannot use brains which nature never endowed them with, so they, remembering how their fathers set teams and plows to plowing up the roads, proceed to do likewise. This job is left until the roads are worn down smooth and hard, and people get their new carriages out, and those who haven't new ones get their old ones painted and varnished. Then if the "fool-killer" only would come! But alas, no! It's only the pathmaster, who warns every man to come on the road with team and plow, etc. And then good-by to all comfort or pleasure or patience, riding over that portion of the road they have desecrated. I thank the Lord earnestly and honestly they do not have time to get the whole length of the district. After they have done their work we can say good-by to the exquisite shine of our new varnish, and also to several hours' hard work by the one who has to wash the carriage after running through this soft dirt after a shower. And Polly is the one at this house.

I guess I will describe a few of the pieces of artistic road work I have had the fortune, good or bad, to ride over in the last two weeks. I do not expect it will at all compare with Evangeline's (bless her) One Week. On one road the pathmaster wanted to make the road oval on a certain hill, so instead of taking off the sides and leaving the hard middle, they plowed and turned the dirt into the middle, of course making the hill so much higher for the horses to climb. Then they thought to still improve upon the job, so they built—really, I do not know what the scientific name might be—but they are ridges a foot and a half or two feet high across the track. I was told these were to prevent the water running down hill; ahem! Yes! Well, at least until it got out to the sides of the road. On one hill I counted three or four and the hill was not a very long one. My horse is a very good-natured animal, so she mounted the hill without any protest but with a long drawn sigh of relief when the top was reached.

On another piece the road was pretty flat, but there was a small ditch each side and the soil was gravelly. No matter how long or hard it rains in summer, in twelve hours a carriage can run almost anywhere without soiling any more than the felly, before the pathmaster gets abroad. Well, this piece of twenty or thirty rods was plowed in and in until it was raised, I should think, two feet; in a few days there came a heavy rain, and horses and wagons went down and down through this newly piled up earth, and the soil and the water were trampled and mixed so it remained deep mud for days after the rest of the road was perfectly dry. And it dried in that cut and trampled condition; and no amount of travel has yet succeeded in making it smooth. It is enough to give any one spinal difficulty or liver complaint to ride over it. Does the pathmaster think it his duty to hitch to a scraper and level it a bit?

Oh no, not he! He imagines he has done all his duty in tearing up the road—or rather ordering others to do it.

To tell you the truth, I see no help for this state of things until women can have the ballot and be pathmasters. Then it would be done right. POLLY.

#### ANOTHER WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from June 29th.)

Sunday morning dawned clear and warm, and after indulging in a short nap, I arose, dressed and began to help with breakfast. Mutton chops, potatoes warmed in milk and butter, bread, butter, ginger cookies and coffee was our bill of fare; and when the meal was over and the chickens attended to, the dishes were washed and the dining room attended to. I wanted to attend the morning services in town, so I hurried up with the sweeping, dusting and bed-making and proceeded to get ready. The boy, Karl, had been ready some time and had the horse and carriage at the door before I put in an appearance. A pleasant drive of two and one-half miles and we were there. Owing to the difference in clocks we were late, and then had the pleasure of sitting near a baby that moved from one end of the pew to the other continually. The ride from town was not very pleasant owing to the heat, and I was glad when we reached home and I could change my thick dress for a cool one.

Dinner was soon ready and consisted of ham, eggs, mashed potatoes, bread, butter, pickles, fruitcake, bananas sliced and eaten with cream and sugar, pie and tea.

It was very warm and I made a silent wish that chicks and lambs might not get hungry so often. But then they do, and some one has to take pity on them and attend to their wants. Dishes are washed and we are at liberty for a few hours. The day has passed rapidly thus far, and so I take a book, fan and chair and settle myself on the veranda for a little while. My book proving uninteresting I read the story in the last FARMER to Mary, who is also enjoying the shade and breeze. We laugh over Hetty's adventure with the calf, and are glad that she at last comes to her senses and accepts Nathan.

Only too soon is it time to go to the Sunday school at the school house, and an hour is very pleasantly spent there. We walk slowly home and then indulge in day-dreams, until "Old Sol," slowly retiring to his bed in the west, warns us that it is time to be "up and doing." Everything is soon done and we have lunch, consisting of cold mutton and ham, bread, butter, radishes, cookies and pie. The working hours on a farm begin early and so we are soon asleep that we may prove that "the early bird catches the worm." Monday comes all too soon, but hearing no one up when I awake at five o'clock, I settle myself for a short nap before beginning the day's work. Finally I stir up enough energy to get up "for good," and after dressing proceed to the kitchen and find that Mary has been up nearly an hour, and has hot water in the boiler and the

first tubful of clothes soaking. The sooner the washing is done the better, so I go at that while she finishes the breakfast. Soon I hear "Breakfast is ready. Come," and I start for the dining-room, where fried white fish, fried potatoes, bread, butter, ginger cookies and coffee are ready for us to partake of. Immediately after the meal is over I again go to washing and succeed in getting the white clothes on the line by half past eight. I am glad so much is done, but a sigh will come when I survey the great pile of clothes yet to be washed. But they are all done by half past eleven, and I begin to put the wash-room to rights. Mary has done all the other work and has dinner ready at noon. Pork pot-pie, potatoes, chopped cabbage, bread, butter and queen pudding make up the bill of fare, and it is with a sigh of relief that I sit down for a few minutes. Dinner over I mop off the floor while Mary does the dishes, and we then have the afternoon to ourselves. I am undecided whether to crochet or paint on some ground glass. Right here let me say to those who paint with the oil paints that a spray of flowers painted on a piece of ground glass makes a very pretty and inexpensive ornament. I finally decide to crochet and go out on the veranda, followed soon after by Mary, who finds the air indoors rather warm. The hours soon pass and it is supper time. Mary folds the clothes while I make biscuit, gather eggs and get the supper; the latter, consisting of cold meat, warmed pot-pie, biscuit, butter, pickles, canned cherries and fruit cake, is ready by the time the boy comes with the cows. Supper over, dishes are washed, milk skimmed, bread sponge made, coffee prepared for breakfast, and our day's work is done. This is always the only time I can find for the care of flowers, as it is so warm to work among them during the day. The chickens have helped all they could to undo what I have done, but I have them in check now, for the beds are thickly covered with brush. This is more useful than ornamental, and I hope soon to be able to do away with it. Such work as they do make! A nice bed of young verbena plants was all scratched out while I was away one afternoon. That made me wrathful, and I said I'd banish every hen and chicken from the place, but they are all here yet, with no prospect of their going very soon.

(To be continued.)

WILL Keturah, of Concord, please hurry up her week's programme a little? HOUSEHOLD copy is called for the first thing after the FARMER goes to press Friday night, and is needed not later than Tuesday for insertion in the next issue.

ON Thursday, June 25th, Miss Jennie Wickham, of Flint, was married to Mr. Edmund Davis, of this city. As E. L. Nye, Miss Wickham has been pleasantly known to readers of the HOUSEHOLD for the past ten years, and the many who made her acquaintance through her spicy contributions will extend their congratulations and good wishes to her in her new estate, and will be glad to learn she promises not to forget to visit us as heretofore.



## LIVING BELOW OUR IDEALS.

Dear friends of the HOUSEHOLD, I want an introduction to Mrs. Cloudy Week. I am longing to shake both her hands. She is a housekeeper after my own experience. I actually looked for the signature before I had finished reading the first letter to see if I had not written it myself in some absent-minded half hour and forgotten about it, it was so like what I should say if I had time.

Evangeline's profusion and unvarying perfection tire me while I envy her. If I could choose my lot in this life I would be such a housekeeper and home-maker as she. I would have a good house, large enough for my family and a few guests, well furnished; and sufficient time and strength at command to keep it clean and in order, and a supply of food prepared so that no guest would hear an apology or be felt a burden. But money, time and strength (especially woman's strength) are limited quantities; and I say that the woman who makes the best use of the portion of these allotted to her, is the best housekeeper. Probably one woman in twenty-five can do all the work her household requires and still have time for rest, even three hour naps, writing, reading and fancy work. But with the most of us the programme for the day must be made out something like this. The three meals *must* be cooked and the dishes washed; chamber work and sweeping *must* be done. We think it over as we open our eyes and realize that the clock will soon strike five. If Monday, we add washing to the "must-be's" and hope we can mop, black the stove and possibly finish Nellie's dress or some other piece of necessary sewing in the afternoon; but all the time we know by past experience that callers, the children and chickens are likely to take up so much of our time and strength that if the clothes are made clean and folded "agin to-morrer's ironing," it is all we can expect to accomplish in one day.

After settling the "must-be's" for the day, and hopefully planning to bring in as many as possible of the tasks that *ought to be*, then the imagination runs along hopelessly over the things we would *like* to do—write a letter, read a new book or some of the long columns in the newspaper, or call on a friend. The newspapers contain much information that every mother ought to know if she is to answer all the questions asked her.

Mrs. Cloudy Week is not the only home-maker who has studied night and day on the problem, what is the most essential thing—the house, the food, the clothing, the children, or social and religious duties. The clock strikes, and with the prayer

"Keep me, my God, from stain of sin  
Just for to-day.  
Let me both diligently work  
And daily pray;  
Let me be kind in word, and deed  
Just for to-day."

on our lips we begin the tasks so rarely finished to our satisfaction when we again press our pillows. "Good housekeeping is a luxury I cannot afford," said one tired mother when the work required twice her strength and there was no money to hire. "The work I ought to do and cannot, tires

me more than the work I do," said another. The great question of the time is "How can we build up pleasant, attractive Christian homes with the least outlay of time and strength.

AUNT BESSIE.

## A CLOUDY WEEK.

(Concluded.)

I think no one who has taken an interest in this record of six days will blame me for concluding to rest from writing at least on the seventh. I don't believe in whining, but I set out to tell about our clouds and was bound to do it, even if they did rain down sulphured turkeys and a choked cow. I can not claim that my lot is any harder than the average farmer's wife, but troubles and worries seem to have come thick and fast just because I was telling of them. If you don't notice your worries they seem to shrink and get far between. But just give them plenty of attention and they spring up everywhere.

Saturday is always a sort of day of judgment with me. Whatever I've let slip behind in my work through the week has got to be made up. Simon began haying this morning, and I knew he wouldn't want to drive the horses to-morrow and we couldn't go to meeting; so I tried to do up the work in such a way that I might hope for three or four hours' rest. I never get a bit when we go. I set Phil churning, Lou washing dishes, Kate cutting out cookies, while the baby took a notion to fill the wood-box—one stick at a time—with the screen propped open to let the flies in or out, just as they chose. I baked bread, beans, pies and cake, and had middling good luck with them all. About eleven o'clock Simon's cousin John and his wife stopped at the gate; he went on to mill, and she came in for a visit. We were all young folks together, married about the same time, and started pretty even. But somehow they've never done so well as we have; I don't know why, unless it is because they never had any children to spur them up. Our crops, fruit, garden and whatever I buy is so much better than theirs—at least she tells me so in a way that makes me feel I am to blame for it all. She was worse than usual to-day, even flinging out about the gingham I bought for the girls' dresses; she had to get along with calico. I explained that I thought it cheaper in the long run, as the two dresses made over into one at last, and it wore and washed so well. But when I touched my carpet grievance she snapped out, rather than said, that she supposed such a smart woman as I had got to be could have what she wanted, and she couldn't expect me to enjoy the company of common folks like her any more. I made her explain. It seems our children told at school that I was writing for the papers. The news got to Mrs. Smith, and she said her cousin's sister-in-law got twenty dollars a week for writing, and they patched it up that I must be making as much or more. They talked it up at the sewing society yesterday and expect me to pay liberally for the gold watch they are going to buy for the minister's wife. I

thought John would never come back—at least not until I was dead; and when he did I had to urge them to stay to supper, and felt awful glad to hear him hold out about going, on account of chores. I was tired out when the work was done, and it seemed as if I could not bathe the children; but I did, because I knew if I put it off it wouldn't be done at all, and I do like to know they are clean once a week. All the time I was at them Simon sat out on the porch with his pipe, so comfortable it made me feel mad to think of it. But when I got through and all was quiet he asked me to come out a few minutes, and added that I must be tired. That was a good deal for him to say and made me feel like crying; and as we talked over the day and week there in the moonlight, he said if he had such a grumbling, mean-dispositioned woman as John had he would hang himself. I knew he wouldn't do any such thing, for fear it might pain him; but it flattered me in an underhand way just the same, and I grew quite cheerful. When we talked over the writing business—and I couldn't help wishing I did earn so much—he told me he bet that New York woman was no such good cook and housekeeper as I am. I guess he thought I needed a little tenderness after such a week of trials; and as all women love to be loved, even if it is in a hinting, blundering sort of way, I have concluded to conclude my story by signing myself

SIMON'S WIFE.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not rinse the baby's clothing in water which you have blued. The use of bluing is not to be recommended for any clothing; and the tender skin of infancy should not be exposed to the chance of absorbing the poisonous dye.

A CORRESPONDENT of the N. Y. *Tribune* says: "An item circulating in the country press tells of a woman making butter without churning—by placing the cream in a muslin sack, and burying it in the ground twenty-four hours, when it can be taken out a lump of solid butter. A neighbor had the curiosity to try it and the result was half as much butter as cream put in. It was salvy, and tasted more like cheese than butter. In treating cream this way no chemical action occurs, the water or whey simply drains out, leaving everything else. It would do this were the sack of cream laid or hung anywhere in a cool place, contact with the ground having nothing to do with it. As butter it is a failure; as first-class pot-cheese a success." It will be remembered Evangeline mentioned this as one of her to-be-tried experiments, in "One Week." The item had often been noticed by the HOUSEHOLD Editor in exchanges, it seeming to have had "quite a run," but was never mentioned in the HOUSEHOLD as we were sure the result could not be satisfactory, and that even if there were no other objectionable feature, the earthy taste or flavor which might be acquired would be highly undesirable.