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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

MEMORY BELLS.

BY ALICE SABIA CALDWELL.

Night is falling; softly quietly,
Come its shimmering shadows down,
Falling flakes from heaven are thickly
Whitening all the distant town.
Through the stillness, borne on faintly
Through the air, I hear a sound
As of bells, so softly, quaintly,
Rung in ever-changing round.

Faintly through the silence breaking,
Listening—the bells ring low;
Memories in my heart awaking
Of the days of long ago.
Days which out of Old Time's treasure—
Priceless gifts he gave to me;
Days of youth, and hope, and pleasures,
Sparkling gems from Life's deep sea.

Now the bells sound louder, nearer;
Plainer memory brings to view
Scenes and faces gone, yet dearer
With each season's changing hue.
And a wave of recollection,
Bitter, hard as death to bear,
Comes, as in my deep reflection,
Clangs each bell note through the air.

And the bells, with myriad changes,
Clash together; yet afraid
Every separate echo ranges
Through the chambers of my heart.
And the night, so swift descending,
Brings no more the hush of peace;
And the bells, with sound unending
Echo. Will they ever cease?

MAKING A BEGINNING.

We are already making up next summer's gingham and satteen dresses, in the faith that though we have had no winter, at least "seed-time and harvest shall not fail." Gingham are no longer seen in plaids, stripes and checks only, but come in flowered designs, strewn on a satin-striped groundwork. There are also lace-like stripes alternating with plain ones; and a great many very dainty and delicate plaids are seen, especially those in three colors. The new designs have borders, and are so wide the width forms the length of the skirt. The border is a plaid, or of graduated stripes.

They are made up with straight skirts, full waists pointed back and front, and with large sleeves, or mutton-leg sleeves made not too full. White embroidered muslins are used for yokes, for jackets, cuffs and collars. Ribbons will be freely used, and must match—not the ground color, but the prevailing color of the pattern on it, and are two and a half inches wide. Ribbons are folded and sewed in the under arm seams, and brought for-

ward to define the edge of the pointed basque. Plaid gingham will be cut bias throughout; and probably you will think something naughty when you try to laundry them. Belted waists are liked for these dresses; turn-down collars and deep cuffs of embroidery are employed for trimming. The straight edges of two pieces of embroidery are sewed together and are set on the front of the bodice as a girdle.

India silks are said to be the coming material for summer dresses. They are beautiful, so soft, fine and clinging, but they are narrow, cost a dollar a yard, and you can use yards and yards of them in a dress. And very likely your dearest friend, who always takes the privilege of saying "just what she thinks," will tell you your dress doesn't "look" its cost, and your dearest foe will exclaim "What a lovely *sateen* you have on!" They are made up with slightly draped skirts, waists without darts, the fullness at the waist lines being laid in small forward turning pleats (as is the case with thin, light weight summer wool goods), a full sleeve; velvet ribbons are used for trimming.

The new models for spring wool dresses show the same straight lines as to skirts, the same absence of draperies, and the elaborate basques which we have been familiar with this winter. The front of the skirt may be slightly draped, the slightest of breaks in its plainness, and the back has a fold or two caught up to relieve the plainness. Borders seem as popular as ever. They are of braiding on a darker shade of the color of the costume. Bodices are a trifle longer on the hip than before, are pointed in front and cut in blocks behind. A simple yet stylish wool dress, best modeled in cloth or flannel, has a skirt of straight breadths, three and one-eighth yards wide, hung over a foundation skirt with a pleating around the bottom. The edge of the straight skirt is pinked in deep vandykes and set over this pleating. Two scant ruffles similarly pinked are set above, and headed with three rows of moire ribbon. A black moire sash is worn about the waist, arranged in Empire folds in front on a foundation, with long ends behind. A pleated silk guimpe and sleeve puffs are the ornaments of the corsage; the guimpe is square and outlined with two rows of ribbon.

The shoulder capes of Persian lamb and Astrachan which have been worn so much this mild winter, protect the throat and shoulders, but leave the lower half of the

arms exposed. Ladies obviate the dangers of thus chilling themselves by lining the sleeves of their street dress with chamois. A muff and deep cuffs of fur are needed to complete this outfit.

ABOUT TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Excuse me, Bess, but I can't for the life of me see why farmers should not practice as good table manners as any one. Now I believe in the free and daily use of the napkin, but no one, Beatrix not excepted, expects us to provide napkins for threshers. There is reason in all things. And when I read that part about the threshers I asked my husband if it made any difference in the manner of his eating as to what he had been doing, whether he eats any differently now he is a farmer from what he used when he was clerking (he was a salesman in a store before he married the schoolma'am), if he was conscious of doing any differently at the table when he has been threshing and is in "dusty clothes, tired and hungry" from any other times. He instantly said *No*, he didn't see why that should make any difference; the only difference threshing made with him was to increase the quantity he ate, though goodness knows—however, let that pass.

I don't see why the use of napkin and fork should necessitate the calling in of the chickens. Perhaps I'm a little stupid, but I think I missed the point there. Weren't you just a little unkind, Bess, about refusing to eat dinner with Beatrix for fear of being watched?

And S. M. was quite too bad. There is no law compelling one to eat with a fork, use a napkin, keep his elbows off the table, etc., but it is vastly nicer to do these things. Even if we do not care to practice them at home I am sure it is a thousand times nicer to know what is expected of you in society, than to find yourself out in company sometimes, not knowing what to do, furtively watching your next neighbor to see what he does. Now I am not an extremist in this thing. I probably do a hundred things that the ultra-fashionable would object to. For instance, I use colored table linen every day and like it too, believing that I can do many things more to my advantage than washing so many white tablecloths every week. I think very probably there is such a thing as overstraining one's self in this particular, but I am occasionally invited out and I am sure I am thankful for anything which will help me to know how to conduct

myself. And as Beatrix says, she doesn't set the fashions in eating; she is only stating correctly customs prevalent in good society, and in so doing assumes no responsibility. A little later in the season when she tells us how to make our spring dresses so as to be in the fashion, I venture we will not grumble, but seize upon every item with avidity. But it does not follow that we will use every suggestion. We will probably use what we want and let the rest go. It seems to me we can do the same with the instructions regarding our eating; and let us always try and remember she is working for our interest and the good of the paper.

EUPHEMIA.

GOVERNING THE CHILDREN.

Yes, here is one mother who realizes the responsibility resting on her through her children. I have two; one a boy of six years and a little girl aged two and a half. I have come to the conclusion that if you do not want an ill-tempered, sulky child you must spare the rod. If your children cannot love and respect you enough to obey you, force is not going to do any good for the time being. Kindness can accomplish more than anything, even with animals. I once heard a gentleman say when he was a boy he was disobedient in school (an older sister was the teacher). She made bitter complaints of his conduct to the father, who sent for him to come to his room. The father reasoned with the child, telling him of the trials of the teacher, until the child was ready to break down with weeping, and thoughts like these were running through his mind—he would beg his sister's pardon and would try and do better. Then his father got a strap and began to lay the blows on him. As blow after blow descended on his shoulders, he turned and said: "Father, if I was a man I would kill you." The father had carried it too far; it seems to me if the child was penitent there was no necessity of the whipping.

I think children are noticed too much. If they are out with you in company we can not expect them to sit down and act like grown up folks. Sometimes I think I would not care if they were somewhat ungovernable, if they only grow up good men and women. Keep the confidence of your children, so if in trouble they are not afraid to come to you. If my children have any calamity befall them, or they break, lose, or do any mischief and I ask about it, they do not deny. I make very light of it. I wish some one would write a book on governing children, or more letters in the HOUSEHOLD; I would peruse them, and get all the information I could, while the children would be tearing things upside down.

I never knew an association of ladies to prosper, they have not the business faculties of laying down rules and laws. I know of a Ladies' Library Association where some pay their dues, others scarcely ever, still I do not think many were ever refused books; they were so polite they could not say no.

At the end of last year, when our sub-

scription for the MICHIGAN FARMER was about to expire, my husband thought we better not renew it, as we were now taking five papers. I gently but firmly told him I could not give up the HOUSEHOLD.

FLUSHING

RUTH.

KNITTED SHAWLS IN SILK OR WOOL.

I send two very pretty shawl patterns, to be knitted of silk or fine Shetland floss. They will be equally pretty made of ice wool. Cast on any number of stitches divisible by 21. 1st row—Narrow, knit 3, narrow, knit 1, over, k 1, n, k 3, n, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 2. 2nd row and all even rows all seamed. 3rd row—N, k 1, n, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, n, k 1, n, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 2. 5th row—Slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 5, o, k 1, slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 5, o, k 2. 7th row—K 2, o, k 1, o, k 1, n, k 3, n, k 1, o, k 1, o, k 1, n, k 3, n. 9th row—K 2, o, k 3, o, k 1, n, k 1, n, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, n, k 1, n. 11th row—K 2, o, k 5, o, k 1, slip 1, n, passed slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 5, o, k 1, slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over. 12th row—All seamed. Repeat from first row. Make the shawl as large as desired, then finish with a handsome tied fringe. This is to be tied just as the fringe on towels is tied.

For the other pattern, cast on any number of stitches divisible by 18. 1st row—Seam 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, k 3, o, n, o, k 3, o, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, o, k 3, n; repeat. 2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows seamed. 3rd row—Seam 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, k 2, o, k 2, o, k 1, slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 2, o, k 2, n; repeat. 5th row—Seam 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over, k 1, o, k 3, o, k 1, n; repeat. 7th row—Seam 1, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, o, k 2, n, o, k 1, o, slip 1, n, pass slipped stitch over, o, k 1, o, slip 1, k 1, pass slipped stitch over, k 2, o, n; repeat. Tied fringe is a very pretty finish for this shawl also; although any pretty knitted edge can be used if desired.

In making these shawls it is easier to have the stitches divided equally upon three needles and knit with the fourth, as there is less danger of dropping stitches than if all were upon one needle; besides, it would be impossible to get stitches enough upon one needle to have the shawl as large as it should be. In passing from one needle to the next draw the thread tightly as possible, and the work will be all right. Perhaps some of our critics who object to painting, etc. may like these directions.

FOREST LODGE.

MILL MINNIE.

SAYS a correspondent of *Good Housekeeping*: An old straw hat that has turned yellow may be bleached by the use of ammonia and soap. Make a strong suds of hot water and put into it as much ammonia as you can use comfortably. Rub the straw vigorously with this, using a stiff brush, rinse and put in the sun until it is perfectly dry. Remember it will hold the shape in which it dries.

BIRCH BARK PICTURE FRAMES.

I am indebted to a newspaper item for the directions, which I give from memory, of a photograph frame made of birch bark. If they should be of any help to G. F. O. or any other reader of the HOUSEHOLD, I shall be very glad. A pine board was used as the foundation; I should prefer heavy pasteboard, as the pine splits so easily; it should be several inches larger than the picture to be framed. I have usually made frames six and a fourth and eight inches, but they may be smaller. The size of the opening depends upon the style of photograph to be framed. The upper left hand corner may be cut off. If pine is used, the edges should all be beveled and sandpapered smooth. A piece of bark is then cut as large as the foundation, leaving all four corners so that one will curl over. A decoration of berries, cones or ferns in India ink may be added if liked. A piece of pasteboard nearly as large as the front is pasted at the bottom and the two sides; a piece of heavy paper pasted down over this as is done by the best framers now, will add to the "looks of the thing." I think a pretty frame for an engraving might be made in the same way; get your glass cut and then frame it yourself. A screen for photographs might be made if the bark would not split.

I am quite sure I should like the pretty birch bark stationary, but thought if G. F. O. had much bark she might like several ways of using it.

JEANNE ALLISON.

THE NEW ARGONAUTS.

I heartily thank those persons who so readily responded to my request for quotations from Josh Billings. And now I will tell you what they were for. In the neighborhood and vicinity of the town of N—there are a number of young married farmers, so for mental and social improvement they formed a society called the Argonauts. They meet the first Thursday of every month, the place to be determined by each lady member drawing from some receptacle containing slips of paper on which is written the names of each month of the year a slip, and the name of the month upon the slips determines the time for each to have the club. Upon the absence or failure of any member to perform the part assigned by the committee on programme, they are subject to a fine of five cents (and I will say right here they have quite a number of nickels in their treasury). The officers are the same as in any other society; they have a constitution and by-laws which are strictly adhered to. The programme opens with roll call, and each member answers to his or her name with a quotation; and if any particular author is desired it is so stated in the programme prepared by the committee. After roll call a short literary programme is indulged in, including a debate on some leading topic of the day, after which a light repast furnished by the hostess is partaken of, then they resort to games or visiting until such a time as they see fit to separate.

A FRAUD.

GLIMPSES OF A JOURNEY IN THE WEST.

[Paper read by Miss Ida Kenny at the January meeting of the Webster Farmers' Club.]

I take for my paper a subject of which my mind is full—which still furnishes me with an unlimited amount of pleasure as I live over again and again my journey to, and my life in Southern California. It is with glimpses of it that I hope to entertain you for a few minutes.

The scene en route were somewhat familiar to me, until reaching Kansas City.

This city is built on bluffs; the depot where we arrived Friday morning, Dec. 7, 1888, was down in a valley, and on either side we looked up to see the streets of the city.

From Kansas City we went over the Santa Fe route to the Atlantic & Pacific Junction, and from there over the Atlantic & Pacific road. Through Kansas the scenery was pleasing—by the river much of the way, past limestone bluffs, like natural walls laid up with mason work, through fine farming lands, and past thriving-looking villages. In the evening out upon the open prairie a little twinkling light in the distance marked the spot where some pioneer had located, to reclaim one little spot of that vast plain, many miles from a station and miles from a neighbor. I could not help a feeling of pity for the isolated lives of the women of the household. The road ran for many miles by the side of the Arkansas river; it was swift and deep, not a clear stream, at times of a reddish color for the soil that it ran through. As we left Kansas and entered Colorado the country was desertlike and barren. There were many hills capped with rocks. The time was spent watching for prairie dogs; it took sharp eyes to find the light brown little fellows before they vanished beneath the surface. Here the yucca plant flourished and tumble weeds were rolled along by the wind, single or in great balls of many collected together.

It was up grade all the way from Kansas City, which is 765 feet above sea level. Topeka is 900 feet; at La Junta we were up 4,061 feet; from there to Trinidad it required hard work by two engines to pull the train. Trinidad is 7,622 feet, the highest elevation on the road; and there, instead of scaling the peak of the mountain the road went through a tunnel; before we came to it the lamps were lighted, so we were not in midnight darkness. Then we ran a down grade so rapidly that I felt the hair on my head rising and half expected to be dashed to pieces in the rocky canon below. Trinidad is beautifully situated on the mountains. These mountains are rightly named "The Rockies," such heaps of stone in wild confusion, and then again some so symmetrically laid one might fancy it was a city, or the well preserved ruins of one, with high steep walls of red, gray, brown and black rocks, and towers and domes. The afternoon sun on the distant peaks made them glittering white, bringing to mind ivory palaces, or the ancient temple of white and gold. At La Junta we were in sight of Pike's Peak. At this

station I became conscious that I was in a country where the Spaniards or Mexicans had made as many settlements as the Americans, for instead of pronouncing the town as it was spelled, La Junta, in Spanish words, the J has the sound of H. Of some towns in California I had to learn the pronunciation; among them were San Juan, San Jacinto, San Jacquin, San Jose, Cajon, Mojave and others. Before leaving Colorado a spring by the way tempted many of the excursionists out with their cups to get a drink of the coldest, purest water. At another place specimen hunters were out with their hammers to get pieces of a petrified tree which lay by the roadside. Those who were awake that night as we climbed the hills in New Mexico saw beautiful snow covered peaks. As we passed near the Los Vegas Hot Springs, fleeting glimpses of them seen by moonlight, made them seem strange and weird as well as lovely.

We saw many Indians through New Mexico and Arizona. The first one I saw coming towards the train with long strides, he was thick and short and wrapped in a blanket. I thought, is this the creature that is called the "noble red man," if so he is misnamed, for I did not see one that answered to that description. West of Albuquerque we passed through some villages of the Pueblo Indians, dwellings built of stone upon the rock; some enter their dwellings by a ladder. In Arizona at places where the train stopped for water or coal it would soon be surrounded by Indians. Most of them came wrapped in woolen blankets, some with feathers in their hair and war paint on their faces. One young brave was dressed in a white man's clothes—a blue wamus and overalls, a black felt hat above his long black hair and the costume made picturesque by a red sash; he strutted around with his hands in his pockets in sullen dignity. We heard that he was a bridegroom; the bride was a merry squaw running about and laughing a good deal. An artist among the excursionists endeavored to photograph some of the groups, but as soon as the camera was pointed toward them they ran screaming and laughing to the other side of the station, he tried for a long time but the result was the same; he finally changed his coat and hat but they knew him the moment he appeared. At Hackberry I visited some Indian huts built by the squaws; posts set in the ground and covered with coarse grass and skins and pieces of blankets. The younger members of the tribe were not well clad, some of the poor little ones felt the biting cold upon naked shoulders and bare feet.

I saw the Colorado river by moonlight, a swift, deep muddy stream, and where we crossed very broad. Not far from it were the Needles, several straight spire-like rocks.

The desert was left behind with its barren unattractiveness, its sands and sage bushes, cactus and Spanish daggers; the valley called Yucca, where the cactus grows in the shape of trees thirty or forty feet high, looking like an old apple orchard; and down the western slope of the mountains

in California into the beautiful Santa Ana valley and the land of summer, Dec. 11th. A springtime freshness pervaded everything. The sun was warm and bright, the foothills were green; the valley in many places being prepared for spring crops, the gardens freshly worked, and those wonderful groves loaded with oranges. The flowers at this season were in their glory. Callas in profusion; tea roses so large and sweet; the Marchal Niel roses, great golden beauties; the White La March trained over porches; one I saw twenty-three feet in length, with a trunk of twenty-two inches, only nine years old. Here were fuchsias which grow into trees. In March and April there are wild flowers upon the plains and foothills; for miles and miles there was a mass of the bright bloom—primroses, daisies, asters, poppies, pinks, baby blue eyes, morning-glories and sun-flowers. The perfume was sweet and abundant. One poet calls the perfume the soul of the flower. The mustard in bloom, with its sweet and spicy yellow blossom, is a pretty sight, but the farmers consider it a nuisance; it is an innocent looking weed at first, but in a few months it grows into a tree with wide spreading branches; seven or eight or even ten feet high. The birds light in its branches and it hardly sways beneath them the stalk is so strong. Later the leaves fall off, leaving the bare stalks. There is a story of a whole army being put to flight by one man rattling around among the dry mustard stalks. There is a beautiful description of this plant in *Ramona*, by Helen Hunt Jackson; her description of Southern California is very true, though her story of the Indian sheep shearers seem almost too Californian. I am sure there are no Alessandros now that can shear a sheep in one minute. The flocks of sheep on the Maca plains that we always passed on our way to the sea were quite a sight; there were thousands in a flock, watched by shepherds and dogs; all fine looking sheep, and having excellent pasture on the burr clover, alfalfa and wild oats. There are corrals where they are driven at night, and a hut or long box upon sticks where the shepherd sleeps. An inclosure of any kind for stock is called a corral. Farms are called ranches and farmers are ranchmen. Twenty-five cents is always spoken of as "two bits." Among people who come from the Southern States; nothing is carried, everything is packed; they pack a pail of water, always in a bucket—no matter what kind of a pail it is, it is a bucket.

Some cities that I visited while there were Anheim, settled by the Germans, surrounded by its vineyards and its dark looking wineries and breweries; Santa Ana, a city of growing proportion, from it a street railway runs to Tustin, a little town; a bower of flowers, beautiful drives shaded with the pepper, English walnut, cyprus, eucalyptus and other trees. Another street car runs over one of the prettiest drives of six miles from Santa Ana to Orange, a place of extensive orange, lemon and lime orchards. I visited several towns in the San Bernardino valley. This is much higher than the Sant

thirty miles across, and nearly surrounded by mountains, which rise steeply from the plains. On the north and east in the Coast Range with San Antonio's peak on the north; on the east are three high mountains, Grayback, San Bernardino and San Jacinto; on the south are Temescal and Santa Ana ridges. In this valley is Riverside, one of the most beautiful towns I was ever in. It is a temperance town. Leading into this place from the south is a double drive twelve miles long, called Magnolia Avenue; there are magnolia trees at regular intervals, with pepper trees and some palms. Oranges from this valley are considered the finest in the State. Above and overlooking the whole valley is the city of San Bernardino; and six miles above it are the Arrow Head Hot Springs. This place is quite a resort for invalids, the mud baths are quite celebrated.

The city of Los Angeles, sixteen miles from the sea, is a beautiful place, abounding in flowers and ornamental trees, with the tropical looking palms and acacias. The orange orchards near Los Angeles were the first that I saw. One poet describes them and the snow capped mountains ten miles above them:

"In restful, tender, soft repose
Sweet nature softly dreaming lies,
Afar the slumbering ocean glows,
Above, the snowy heights disclose
Their glittering banners in the skies;
Soft at their everlasting feet
In green and gold with incense sweet
Queen of the bright hesperian lands,
In royal splendor lovelier far
Than man's vain glittering pageants are
The gracious orange proudly stands,
How soft the purple shadows sleep
On every cloud-kissed, solemn steep;
Sweet fairy vale."

A PROVERB OF SOLOMON'S.

That proverb of Solomon's, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," has been quoted for ages in justification of bodily punishment as a factor in the training of children. No matter how grieved the heart of the little culprit, we must chastise the tender flesh to be sure our leniency does not "spoil the child." How many gentle, loving natures have been hardened to indifference, how many tempers that might have been guided by affection have been "disciplined" into rebellious stubbornness by castigation, in Christian families since Solomon's day, none can say.

I recently read an extract from a treatise by a learned foreign linguist, in which he asserted that grave injustice has been done the wisdom of "the wisest man" by mis-translation. The Hebrew word which has been rendered "rod" in the proverb alluded to, really means training, guidance, direction, not the application of the peach sprout. I am glad even such tardy justice has been done the wise man, but it saddens me to think how many beatings and stripes an imperfect knowledge of his language has occasioned.

BEATRIX.

Mrs. E. C. wants "more light" on the Christmas Rose question. When to plant and what, cuttings, plants, or bulbs, spring, summer or autumn, are questions she wishes Mrs. Fuller or some other flower grower would answer, because she will not be happy until she owns a Christmas Rose.

COMMENTS.

On a long journey west I spent a few days in a city of some five thousand inhabitants, most of them from the east. There were many business men who had at one time early in life been on farms. In helping the wife of one of them set the table, she gave me a steel fork and said, "Put that at husband's place; he will not eat with a silver fork nor will his younger brother. I can hardly get them to use a napkin." They lived in a new house, quite well furnished, but thought silver forks were useless—eating with their knives. Why? Well, because their father did when on the farm. What would you call that? I say a selfish wish to do as they pleased, not as those around them do. And this same reason will hold good concerning country schools and teachers. They will tell you that a certain young woman lives near school and will board at home; they can get her for so much less, and not have to take her home Saturday nights. And how's this? A rich farmer who comes in town every Saturday for his mail, charged the teacher twenty-five cents to bring her to the same town. And they paid her three dollars a week and board around. I think neither school nor table manners will flourish till such men will be subject to improvement by those who can tell them how—and the "how" is the key to all things we wish to learn. The determination to do as they like and not like others is at the root of this matter, nine times out of ten.

ANN ARBOR.

DOMESTIC HELP.

Our Queen B., as A. L. L. has appropriately called her, for she truly is the queen of a humming hive, has invited us all to contribute to our little paper. I have often felt inclined to say a word, and as I was looking over one of the old HOUSEHOLDS I saw an article on help in the household; and in behalf of the girls who do know how to keep house, I wish to say that I think the principal reason why there are so few girls who like to do housework, lies with the mother, not the girl. The first thing a girl is taught to do is to wash dishes, then she is drilled in washing dishes and nothing else until it becomes drudgery. Let the girl try the baking while you do up the breakfast dishes. Give her some good recipes so she will know just what to do and not guess at every thing.

I know from experience that nothing discourages a girl so much as guessing how to do the baking. Don't limit her baking to one thing, but let her try everything that you make. Begin early if you wish to make a good housekeeper of your daughter.

I know a girl under ten who can make "lovely" cake and enjoys doing it too. When she gets tired of baking let her try something else until she has learned to do all kinds of work. If she then enjoys housework let her go to the neighbors where the work is not hard or the mistress "bossy." But I would insist that she should learn how to do the work if she does

not like it, but not force her to work for her support by doing housework.

This is my first attempt but if I am welcome, next time I will give you some of my tried recipes for different things.

CLINTON.

MISS UNDERSTAND.

[Let us have the recipes, by all means.—
ED.]

WE have had a letter from McGinty! Whether he is the original hero of the McGinty adventures, who went to the bottom of the sea and who

"* * * must be very wet
For they haven't found him yet,"

nobody knows, but all the same he is quite level headed, and this is what he says: "I fail to see any good results from the practice of showing up people's eccentricities. We may pick others to pieces and show up the weaknesses in their characters, but it is not safe—we don't know when the same thing may happen to us. Don't place any one as a target at which to aim illogical conclusions, for you certainly cannot indulge in the practice without wounding some one, and though time may heal the wound it will leave an unsightly scar. 'Tis too much like firing arrows in the dark, we know not where they may fall, and often the shaft aimed at another may harm us more than any one else. Don't forget that if you have wealth God gave you what you have, and if you are learned that some one instructed you. And again, don't forget that though your neighbor differ from you she may be just as honest in her convictions as you, and that this is a free country, where freedom of opinion has ever been tolerated. Therefore be tolerant, be rational, and above all be good natured."

WE have seen it noted, somewhere, that birch bark can be pierced with a fine needle without danger of splitting it if the point of the needle is drawn across a bit of beeswax every few stitches.

Mrs. H. B. A. asks how to keep dried beef from mildewing after it is ready to put away. She also says: "To fasten on door-knobs, or lamps in the stands, fill the cavity with boiling alum and they will never come apart."

Useful Recipes.

CELERY AND CREAM.—Wash and scrape two heads of celery and cut into two-inch pieces. Cook in boiling salted water five minutes and then drain. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add half tablespoonful flour and the celery; then pour on slowly half cupful of white stock or hot water and cook twenty minutes. Add half cupful of cream and the beaten yolk of one egg, half teaspoonful salt, and one saltspoonful pepper, and cook long enough for the egg to thicken. Those who are fond of cooked celery will like this.

ROYAL FRUIT CAKE.—Five cups flour; five eggs; one and a half cups brown sugar; one and a half cups butter; two pounds currants; two pounds raisins; half pound citron; one cup molasses; a small teaspoonful soda; half cup sweet milk; one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice; one whole nutmeg. Bake two hours. This cake will keep a year, and if kept properly will be better at the end of that time. Wrap it in a cloth and put it in a stone jar.