

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### DEAL GENTLY WITH THE CHILDREN.

Deal gently with the children,  
But a few short years your own;  
The home nest soon is empty,  
And the little birds have flown;  
And when no more returning,  
They leave that home behind,  
The thought will cheer your loneliness,  
That you to them were kind.

Deal gently with the children  
Who gather round your knee;  
Check not in sudden anger  
Their merriment and glee;  
The play that is so noisy,  
So wearisome to-day,  
Will seem like sweetest music  
When they have gone away.

Deal gently with the children,  
Fast changing every hour;  
Still strive to make them happy,  
While yet within your power.  
Each smile, each word of kindness,  
Each joy to childhood given,  
Is like a step upon a stair  
That lifts us up to heaven.

Deal gently with the children  
You too were once a child;  
Remember you were happy,  
When those about you smiled;  
And, oh, remember always  
Whatever else you do,  
To live as you would have them live  
For they will be like you. —I. E. Dickenga.

### WOMEN IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

(Concluded.)

Queen Hatasu, who lived in the eighteenth dynasty of the Pharaohs, ruled in Egypt before the time of Rameses the Great and before the Hebrews went down into Egypt. She was a descendent of the ancient Theban queens, and the woman Pharaoh of Middle Egypt. To her belongs the distinguished honor of fitting out and dispatching the first naval expedition of which we have record. While yet a child she was married to her brother, as was the custom in royal families at that time; at his death, instead of marrying her younger brother, as the usage of the country demanded, she preferred to reign alone. Miss Edwards' lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views, and portraits of Queen Hatasu were thrown upon the screen. These were obtained from sculptured busts and reliefs found in the ruins of ancient temples, and were accompanied by inscriptions setting forth her name and titles. This Egyptian queen, dead centuries ago, forgotten till a nineteenth century archaeologist resurrected her story from the dust of the tombs and ruins of ages, had a fine, intelligent, refined face; in

one of the sculptures the expression is piquant and archly bewitching. She wears the double helmet with the basilisk in the front—symbol of royal authority. In some cases the artist, presumably with the desire to administer a delicate bit of flattery, has depicted her with a false beard tied on with strings.

The most memorable event of Queen Hatasu's reign was evidently the expedition referred to above. In the ruins of a temple at Thebes, which she built, there is a great central chamber with picture writing running entirely around its walls as a frieze, illustrating the departure and return of the expedition. This, as explained by the archaeologist, is a complete chronicle of the event. A part of the wall has broken and crumbled away by time, but the major part remains. A copy of this frieze was thrown on the screen, and shows the five galleys or vessels, with the captain and crew in their places and sails set, ready to depart from Thebes, which was also the point to which the expedition returned. The objective point was the Land of Punt (pronounced Poont), on the east coast of Africa—what is now called Somaui Land; the object to obtain resins, odorous gums and woods, ivory, and specimens of the productions of the country. Now Thebes is on the Nile, and M. De Lesseps had not then projected the Suez canal. Naturally, the query presents itself, What route did the expedition take? To reach the Land of Punt by sea from Thebes, implied the circumnavigation of the entire African peninsula, an undertaking fraught with such danger that it would not be deemed practicable for a moment. But Miss Edwards thinks the genius of the woman who planned the trip equal to the construction of a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, through which ships might pass. Ruins of a canal—"the canal of the Pharaohs"—extending along the Wadi Tumilat from a point below the delta of the Nile to the Red Sea, were discovered when M. De Lesseps built his fresh water canal; and there is little doubt that an arm of the sea was canalized and made available for the passage of the ships by order of the queen.

The picture-writing shows the presents prepared for the Prince of Punt, bracelets, necklets, rings and strings of beads; the prince, his wife, two sons and daughter receiving them—and oh what a figure the old lady is!—the trees, the cattle (which were evidently Shorthorns of an early and unimproved type), the

houses of the country—which were huts built upon piles and accessible by ladders, like the Swiss lacustrine dwellings; and men digging up trees, presumably those yielding the odorous resins they sought, which are placed in receptacles prepared for the roots and earth, slung to poles, and carried on the shoulders of men after the manner of the grapes of Eschol. This is the earliest record we have of the transplanting of trees, and makes horticulture of venerable antiquity. The return gifts to Queen Hatasu are also depicted—piles of resins, cattle, baboons, and ornaments of silver and gold. Then we see the triumphal procession in honor of the return, in which the cattle, the baboons, the transplanted trees reappear; Queen Hatasu's guard, the crews of the galleys, the dwellers in the temples, and Queen Hatasu herself, in the royal robes of a Pharaoh, a kilted skirt with an apron-shaped front of embroidery. These pictures were all drawn in outline, no attempt at shading. The Nile is represented by a series of wavy lines, painted blue to indicate fresh water, and the fishes native to its waters are drawn at regular intervals. Ancient Egyptians were ignorant of perspective; the river is a straight band, which I thought was a border on which the ships rested.

Queen Hatasu built a grand temple at Thebes, the approach to which was by a grand staircase between two rows of sphinxes, not one of which remains. Only parts of the walls are left; the staircase is an inclined plane of rubbish, but the arched gateway to the temple, with its hieroglyphic inscription commemorating her reign, still stands. Her throne chair and sceptre are now in the British museum; the former is of a wood not indigenous to Egypt, but undoubtedly a trophy of this voyage.

The following evening, Miss Edwards lectured on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt." Lower Egypt, she said, contains the oldest and most perfect remains of early ages, and it is not possible to predicate how far back its civilization and history extends. We can trace its story for 5,970 years, and have records of its dynasties from almost prehistoric times to the days when Cleopatra's galley fled before the forces that defeated Mark Anthony, and Egypt became a vassal of Rome. The oldest named portrait yet found is that of she whose second husband was Cheops I., who built the great pyramid of Giza.

The first explorer sent out by the society formed for the purpose of exploring buried



cities and rescuing some at least of their valuable relics from the lime kilns of the Arabs and the vandalism of the tourist, selected as the site for his operations a mound near the Wadi Tumilat which students of Egyptology had decided to be Rameses, one of the twin "treasure cities" built by the Hebrews during the great oppression under Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Bible, and mentioned in Exodus i., 11. The excavations showed it not to be Rameses, as was supposed, but the other or twin city, Pithom. The treasure cities of the Pharaohs were walled fortifications or magazines, designed as storehouses for grain; this was surrounded by a wall twenty-four feet high. Within were chambers designed for the reception of grain, built without doors, access being by ladders from the top, and separated by brick walls. All were evidently designed and begun at the same time. There are three distinct kinds or qualities of brick used in their construction. The lower third—the foundations of all the apartments—are laid up with brick made of Nile mud or alluvium, the binding material being chopped straw. The bricks of that period were made as the fellaheen of the Nile makes them to this day—of clay pressed in wooden moulds and dried in the sun; and were usually laid up without mortar. But these storehouse walls were laid in mortar; this was simply the Nile mud which, drying quickly, united the bricks firmly. The second third of the walls was laid with bricks made with rushes, the "stubble" of the Scripture narrative, of a species which then grew, and still grows, in surrounding waters. The last or top section of the walls is of clay bricks without either straw or rushes. Here is the corroboration of the Scripture story of the brickmakers under Pharaoh's cruel taskmasters, who when the straw gave out scoured the country for rushes, and then with bare and bleeding hands delivered up the tale of bricks without the aid of either straw or stubble. Thus, thousands of years afterward, the Bible narrative is confirmed by the evidence of these walls and storehouses, truly a "sermon in stones."

The ruins of these ancient temples are of astonishing magnitude and proportions. The remains of the temple at Tanis show colossal stones, heaped upon each other, remnants of columns with obelisks and architraves, many with inscriptions, and weighing from ten to thirty tons. They are of red sandstone and the granite of Assuan, and represent uncalculable amounts of human energy and toil.

Excavations on the site of a cemetery contemporaneous with Jewish history of a more recent date though of venerable antiquity reveal curious burial customs. The receptacle for the dead was a terra cotta case, wide at the shoulders and narrowing to the feet, with a removable front piece or opening through which the mummy was slipped, the lid replaced, and entombment followed. At a later period, when the races had become mixed and Greek and Roman and Nubian mingled with the native Egyptians, paintings were inserted

in the front of the mummy-cases. These were portraits of the dead, on wooden panels, some of them exquisitely drawn. The material was wax, into which pigments were mixed, for the Egyptians possessed the art of mixing colors at this time. Complexion, hair and eyes were colored as in life, and the ornaments gilded with gold leaf. Some are carefully executed, others show marks of haste and poor workmanship. The pictures taken from these panels and reproduced by the stereopticon show faces purely Greek, or Roman, or Egyptian, easily recognizable by the likeness to the types of the present day; and others show a mingling of races. Some are fine-looking and intelligent, others brutal and forbidding. The manner in which the hair of some of these portraits was dressed was startlingly modern.

Not the least interesting was the picture of the set of miniature models of Masonic ceremonial vessels, tools, and materials, found under the gateway of a ruined temple, and which, now explorers know where to look for them, are found with but few exceptions under the foundation of the gates of the edifices, thus proving the great antiquity of the Masonic order.

BEATRIX.

#### THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

The Christmas rose—*Heloborus niger*—is a native of Europe, and somewhat rare in gardens in our Northern States, as its time of blooming is in winter about Christmas. I know of specimens blooming freely through the snow in the State of New York, the plants living and thriving for years in the flower garden. The plant dies down to the ground through the heat of summer, but springs up again each autumn in a manner similar to the pansy. The flowers are produced each individual one on its own stem. Buds begin to form in October and November, and the plant blooms all winter. It has not a bulbous roots, but I think fibrous. It is evident from its habit that spring is the proper season to plant it, and in fact I know of its being offered by a New York firm at that season, also the seed. The name *niger* (black) is in reference to the color of the roots. I think E. C. would enjoy the plant and flowers, and I trust will be so "happy" in its possession and cultivation that she will report it to her friends in the HOUSEHOLD. I would mulch the plant lightly with well rotted manure and wood mould, and plant in partial shade from noonday sun.

Perhaps I might well explain that *Heloborus niger* is not the American plant called by that name, which is in reality *Veratrum viride*, also called Indian Poke; and it grows in many parts of the United States, in low swampy places usually. I replied to much to some questions asked by E. C. in regard to the Christmas rose in my floral department in a magazine published in another State about three years ago, and I received a number of notes of correction, some of which reminded me that the rose was white, others it was surely *Veratrum* that I had mistaken the Christmas rose for when I called it *H*

*niger*; but they found publisher and all were the mistaken ones. To prevent another overhauling I have made this explanation. Plants are given many names, descriptive or fanciful, that tend to mislead usually like the aliases of an outlaw; many give their favorite pet names, and so they are christened and re-christened by each new admirer, until if one wished to order of a florist it would be impossible to send a name that he would recognize. Several years ago a lady in Ohio sent me a plant she called Christmas tree, as it bore beautiful yellow blossoms at that time, and was a great favorite with her and became one of my own as well, but it was *Linum Trigonum*, or yellow flax, a native of India, differing from the other *Linums* with slender swaying stalks and simple leaves, in being of shrubby habit with large elliptical leaves. "A rose by another name may smell as sweet," but when ordered would not be acknowledged by the flattering pet names often given flowers.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

#### A PROTEST.

Like Mrs. E. W. C., I am moved to speak, but whether the spirit moves me or not, I can not say. I hate to bring up a tabooed subject, but I would like to know why the question of social etiquette and manners is of so much more importance than the question of the proper observance of the Sabbath?

I think I never read anywhere in the Bible, "Thou shalt always eat with the fork," "Remember to lift the hat to the ladies," "Thou shalt have napkins for thyself, for thy husband, and for all thy neighbors and threshers." I would much rather my lover, my husband or my son (and I have naythursure) would "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," than to have all the polish and elegance of manners of a Lord Chesterfield. Now I would not have you understand that I think good manners are of no consequence, but think all should be courteous and refined everywhere, and adapt themselves to the circumstances surrounding them; but the Sabbath question was ruled out long ago, and I am sure this "etiquette question" has run twice as long, and I have not heard one cry "quit" yet. I think if the one had grown threadbare, this certainly is getting ragged at the knees. If the rising generation cannot improve on the amount of advice already given, their case is hopeless in that direction and we would better try them on some other point.

I quite agree with Country that farmers are much to blame for permitting such epithets as she quotes, and many others, being applied to them, for to be respected one must respect themselves; and if you honor your calling, your calling will honor you.

BIDDEE.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Mrs. H. S. BOUTON, of Mt. Pleasant, wishes to ask Bess, of Plainwell, where Cushing's Perfection Dyes can be obtained. None are to be found at the local drug stores.



## DOES IT PAY?

[Paper read at the Clinton County Stock Breeder's Institute at St. Johns, March 5th and 6th, by Mrs. W. A. Bird, of Duplain.]

In this intensely busy, practical, pushing age of ours, the trend of every question of a business character is, "Does it pay?" The statesman in the whirl of political excitement, the merchant at his desk, the mechanic in the shop, the farmer at his plow, and busy housewife at her task, all ask the same question. I admit that the question is broad in its meaning, and may apply to many subjects, from the affairs of a nation to that of the individual. Does it pay the nation to open wide its doors and admit the great clamoring crowd of various nationalities that are ever knocking there? True, many of them are opening up and developing the newer parts of our country, and proving themselves possessed of all the principles that go to make up honest citizenship; but is there not also an element coming with them, which if fostered and encouraged will sap the foundation of our national government? Does it pay the State to dally with the great questions of the day, especially those pertaining to education and reform? Does it pay the mechanic to become familiar only with the general outlines of his business, and not with the details; would he be successful if he did not thoroughly master all the details of any piece of work he might be called upon to perform? Does it pay the merchant not to become so well versed in all the lines of his trade that he can discourse eloquently on the merits of all goods, from needles and pins to silks and laces? Does it pay the farmer then to be any the less thorough in all matters pertaining to his business than the merchant or mechanic, or indeed those of any other occupation? Does not farming pay as well as any other occupation when carried on as thoroughly and systematically as many other kinds of business are? It is said the farmers or laboring class are the bone and sinew of the land; if such then is the case, are they not the peer of any in the land? Does it pay them not to fit themselves to take such a position? The means of improvement are about us on every hand; there are many men of great natural talent among us, who have only to improve the opportunities, to gracefully perform any duty in their line of life, only I warn you do not be content with a narrow view of life and the world at large.

But as this is a farmers' organization, I wish to speak more particularly of the many things of farm life which we are apt to ignore as not paying. Does it pay a good farmer to allow weeds to accumulate in the fence corners, old rubbish around the barn and outbuildings, until the place acquires a generally forsaken and forlorn air; to buy good tools and let them stand exposed to wind and weather; to limit the farmer's wife to bread, meat and potatoes as the rations for three meals a day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year? I admit that there is a change for the better in this direction, but there are many farmers even in Clinton County who

do not think it pays to spend much time in the cultivation of garden or fruit, when no one ought to have a more generous supply of such articles. Then there are papers and periodicals of all kinds with which the farmer's home should be supplied; not only that we may converse intelligently with those with whom we come in contact, but that we may be better company for ourselves. Our lives are largely made up of routine, and we need these whiffs of air from the outside to keep our pulses moving, and enable us to take broader views of life and its duties. Does it pay for the farmer to ignore the conventionalities of society, both in dress and manners? It is not necessary to remind people always that we are from Wayback, but to conform somewhat to the prevailing mode should be the duty of all. Does it pay to be always thrusting our sharp corners in people's way because we wish to seem independent? Finally, does it pay not to make the most of ourselves that we can, mentally, morally and physically, to give our children liberal educations, believing that thereby they are made better citizens, and more capable of enjoying their surroundings?

## TWO KINDS OF SCHOOLS.

Well, just like a woman, here I come. I must have my say on those two important subjects given us for discussion, viz., the cause of unhappiness in the marriage relation and what can farmers' wives do to make our district schools more efficient. These are subjects which touch the dearest interests of our homes and hearts, our obligations to each other as husband and wife, and to the children whom God hath given us. It seems to me that the world is filled with false ideas of the marriage relation; instead of its being a compact for life, it is too often regarded as a light matter, something which may easily be set aside, when tired of the novelty. Many young people rush into matrimony before they are old enough to know their own minds, seemingly filled with the idea that the chief end of life is to get married. Older friends, sometimes the mother, are often to blame. How many times we hear the term "old maid," applied with a tone of contempt to an unmarried lady a few years out of her teens by thoughtless mothers, who are thus giving their young girls the impression that it is a disgrace to remain single! Young girls and boys are rushed into society, spend much time in parties, flirtation, and in seeking to captivate the opposite sex, which might be far better spent in school or at home in sleep. I have known instances where mother talked with their little girls of nine or ten on the desirability of a match between them and a certain young gentleman of about the same age, giving as a reason therefor the advantage of his being an only son, the wealth of the father, the beautiful home, etc.; of mothers who told their little boys of still more tender years, that Nellie or Susie was to be their little sweetheart. Oh! keep your children little boys and girls as long as possible.

I would not have you think I utterly

condemn youthful marriages, for I know of many which have resulted happily. Whatever our age, we should consider the marriage tie a sacred, solemn thing, not to be lightly broken, and only deep and abiding love should ever be the motive which unites two lives until death shall part. True, as Ella R. Wood has said, "Cases are very rare in which our tastes are entirely alike," but love can so qualify and unite existing differences of opinions that there will be no serious outbreak. We all need to take into our family circle those two creatures whose names are "Bear and Forbear." Now I presume some of you will say, "Well, she's a cross old maid," but bless you, I've been married a long, long time, and know whereof I speak.

The chief thing for us to do to help our district schools is to become interested in them; to feel that as wives and mothers they are our schools; to feel that upon us, in part, rests the responsibility of their success or failure. Let us become interested in our children's studies; teach them obedience at home, then it will be easier for them to obey the rules of school. Visit the school and thus show our interest. Let us give the teacher our earnest sympathy and help. When Bertha or Johnny comes home with a grievous tale of the severity or crossness of the teacher, the long lessons she gives or the favoritism shown some other boy or girl, don't let us fly off on a tangent and sharply criticise the teacher before our children, for we can thoughtlessly bring to naught the earnest work of a faithful teacher by this very means. Mrs. Swift says whatever else we may neglect, "do not fail to be at the annual school meeting." Good advice; would that every mother in Michigan would heed it, but it's rather hard advice to follow when only two or three women in the district are interested enough in the matter to care to attend and brave the cool reception given them. I have actually known men to utterly ignore the presence of ladies at a school meeting, not even extending the common salutation of good evening. The ladies voted, but yet I have never known them to attend since, but may good come of this discussion in our HOUSEHOLD.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

## FOR THE SICK AND THE SAD.

How often we hear these words quoted: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." As I listened to the elucidation of these words by the Rev. Dr. Fisk (of Albion College) at a funeral not long since, their import seemed to strike me more understandingly and more forcibly than ever before. There is so much severe sickness and so many deaths all around us, that one's heart is saddened even if no near kindred have been called to pass over the river; many are friends and acquaintances.

I have been thinking how many homes this little paper enters to cheer and bless, and how many of these homes have been enveloped in sadness. I hope none. But is it possible or at all probable that the angel of death has passed by all these



homes? I have been thinking of those homes where the mother perhaps is the one who with folded hands and quiet feet has gone to her last rest—perhaps the first rest for years, leaving husband and children to miss her ministrations, and the presence of the one on whom all depended to make home the most comfortable place on earth for those of her own household. In another home it is the husband and father who has been borne over the threshold never to return, leaving the wife desolate and unprotected from rude contact with the world, and to stand as father and mother both, as far as possible, to the children. In another home it is a loved child that has finished the race of life early. In all these homes the bereaved sit by their firesides sad and solitary, their hearts aching with bitter grief, and eyes swollen with excessive weeping, and a feeling that nothing matters now, their sun has gone down forever—they can see nothing in the future but a weary struggle to get to the end. There is a wrenching of the heart-strings every time they look at the empty chair where the loved one usually sat, and at the vacant seat at table—at the garments they used to wear—the book they loved to read, or the little toy of the child. I am not writing this letter to harrow up the sensibilities, but to show you there is one, and no doubt many, who has not forgotten you in your sorrow, and who sympathizes with the stricken ones, even if our little paper has heretofore received only the cheerful letters. That is its mission—to cheer and encourage the weary members of the many households where it enters.

I feel sure a word of sympathy for the sick ones, as well as the bereaved ones, showing them they are not forgotten, will help them to bear their burdens as patiently as may be. Who in all the world can dispense with sympathy or with kind, encouraging words?

With my love and earnest sympathy going out to the sick and the bereaved ones I dedicate this letter to them.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

## CHAT.

I wish to give thanks to "One of the Mothers" for her article in the issue of Feb. 8th. Would that every word of it might be impressed upon the heart of every mother in our land. If we all thus understood our duty and fulfilled our obligations, the happiness and prosperity of our nation would soon be secured.

I cannot imagine why Huldah Perkins should have an impression that I do not know when a thing is funny, can not enjoy a joke, or think anything comical necessarily displeasing to God. Why, you are mistaken. If that hole in the fence was between our door yards, I imagine we should present a comical appearance; at least I'd be neighborly if you would. Perhaps on closer acquaintance you would know me better. But I cannot think that God looks with approval upon some of the strange antics of His children to win money for His cause. If so He is a different being from what I have always thought Him.

FIDUS ACHATUS.

## SALT FOR BUTTER.

The difficulty that M. E. H. finds will occur with any salt in sacks. Our test of salt is its freedom from foreign substances and from lumps. Put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and it will determine the first two, and time will soon decide about the lumps. We use the Higgins, to which many object on the account of price, but the sacks of every size are of good material and useful, and all in all we think that salt the best. The Genesee we pronounced good after several months' trial, but I should not like to recommend any other we have tried. We have not used the Ashton.

I saw the plea for help to finish the Mary Washington monument. The building of monuments in memory of the dead is no doubt as old as history, but in these days, when there is so much to be done for the elevation of mankind or for the alleviation of suffering, why not raise the sum and with it endow a chair in some college to teach young women what they need to know to become intelligent mothers; or strengthen some institution for aged women? Why pile up the cold, massive marble to please an occasional visitor, when her noble example could be impressed upon the hearts of many, the contact being made possible by the gifts of those who honor and cherish the memory of Mary Washington?

If you please, leave the napkins on the table and continue to say, "if you please," "thank you," and "please excuse me;" but if there is no one but mother to take steps, try to enjoy your pie on the plate from which you ate the rest of your dinner. Thanks to Beatrix for her helpful suggestions.

J. M. W.

FAIRFIELD.

## AN EXPLANATION.

I do not wish to be understood as not advocating good manners, free use of the fork, napkins, etc., oh dear no! I think good manners sit just as gracefully on the farmer and his family as any class of people living. But the sentences about having come from Wayback (wherever that may be) and in regard to eating entirely with the fork—a relic of barbarism—with the sweeping assertion that the napkin had become as essential as the plate or spoon, appeared to me to cover all conditions and circumstances. But perhaps the article in question was slightly tinged with symptoms of la grippe that were hovering over my head at the time. However, that letter created quite a commotion in the HOUSEHOLD, and no doubt placed several extra sticks on the editorial table, and if some of these did hit Bess pretty hard never mind. The HOUSEHOLD has just told us there is nothing like good temper to help us over the rough places.

I have asked several persons the question, Who is McGinty? and they were like me, did not know. Will some one tell us who McGinty is and oblige

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

[The Editor "rises to explain." "McGinty" is the hero of a popular comic

song which "made a hit," and by one of those queer freaks of our nature set every one to quoting and alluding to McGinty and his adventures. It's all over now. McGinty is a "chestnut."]

## DETROIT'S FLOWER FESTIVAL.

Those who attended the floral festival given in this city last April and managed by the *Detroit Journal*, will be pleased to hear that the festival is to be repeated in a yet larger and more imposing fashion, in April of the current year. A musical programme is to be an additional attraction. The festival is for the benefit of twenty-three Detroit charities, for which there will be twenty-three booths, built in the architecture of twenty-three different countries, each having its chosen floral emblem. Ten special premiums are offered for orchids, which will bring out a grand exhibition of these rare and beautiful plants. The festival opens at noon on Tuesday, April 22nd, and continues day and evening until midnight of Friday, April 25th. Half-fare round trip tickets will be sold by all the railroads centering in Detroit. Last year's festival was a splendid success; and as this season's *fete* is under the same energetic and efficient management, it is safe to predict an equal if not greater triumph.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you use coal to cook by, remember that a shallow, lively fire is needed to give the best results with hard coal. There should not be so deep a bed of coals that the air cannot circulate through the fire. A light bed of lively burning coal kept free of ashes underneath, by an occasional poking between the grate bars (shaking the grate packs the coal too closely), with the occasional addition of a thin layer, scarcely more than a sprinkling of coal on top of the fire, will give the housekeeper an ideal cooking or baking heat.

To decide whether the cheese which you have bought is perfectly safe, press against the freshly cut side a strip of blue litmus paper, which can be obtained at any drug store for a cent or two. If the paper is reddened instantly and intensely, the cheese is not to be regarded as above suspicion. The paper will be reddened a little, and slowly, by any green cheese, but the rapidity indicates the presence of an unusual quantity of acid, in which may have been developed the poisonous principle, tyrotoxin.

## Contributed Recipes.

**MARBLE CAKE**—Dark part: One cup brown sugar; half cup molasses; half cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; three and a half cups flour; one cup chopped seeded raisins; and yolks of five eggs. Light part: The whites of five eggs; two cups white sugar; one cup butter; half cup sweet milk; three and half cups flour; three teaspoonfuls baking powder. This makes two large loaves.

**CREAM SPONGE CAKE**—Two eggs; half cup sweet cream, not too thick; one cup sugar; one and a half cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor to taste.

OAKWOOD.

BON AML.