

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, APRIL 12, 1890.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should;  
We should love each other better  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives.  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin.  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should judge each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,  
Knew the effort all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim external roughness  
Seem, I wonder, just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder?  
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force;  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source.  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
Oh! we'd love each other better  
If we only understood.

—Woman's Work.

### EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Easter has come to be second only to Christmas, both as holiday and holy day. After the purple and penitence of Lent come the gold and the glory of Easter. To the believer's heart, the joy of Easter surpasses that of Christmas; the risen Redeemer typifies the completion of the work which was begun by His birth, and His triumph over the powers of evil. The Easter music has a fuller, more triumphant tone than the Christmas carols; and instead of the sombre cedar and holly, are the fair white lilies, emblematic of purity and fruition, and the stately palms of victory, which make the churches glorious with beauty and fragrance. The Easter egg has not yet replaced the Christmas tree in childish affections, but the custom of gift-giving at this season is becoming more general each year; "something new for Easter" is expected; the merchants advertise Easter handkerchiefs, Easter parasols, even Easter hosiery, and the new bonnet is, of course, the crowning glory of the Easter outfit. It bloomed this year above sealskin and plush and needed an umbrella as a protector, but it is as much

an avant courier of Spring as are robins and crocus cups.

Down town, the Saturday before Easter, shops, streets and stores were full of people, most of whom were out just because it was a pleasant day, and to see and be seen. The flower stores were full of brilliance and fragrance; the modern florist's art spans the seasons and will give you hyacinths in October and chrysanthemums in May if you demand them. Callas, the virgin empress among lilies, and the purer white of the Bermuda lilies; roses, gold and white, and the glowing fire of the dark-hued beauties, emblematic of passionate affection; tulips and daffodils, hyacinths and golden-throated freesias, and little knots of sweet pale English violets and pansies, were massed in profusion and found many purchasers. Did you ever think of the characteristics of flowers? Take roses for instance; there's the Bon Silene, exquisite as a bud, in its delicate shaded pink petticoat, but in bloom lacking fullness, just a whorl or two of petals and a few straggling leaves neither petals or stamens. Very like some people, full of promise in their youth but so disappointing in maturity, with good qualities dwarfed and deformed like the amorphous rose leaves. Then there's the Niphetos rose—"never open," always a bud. That's like some people, too. You may try to force apart those satiny petals so securely folded around the heart; but they close again at once, like certain shy, shrinking human natures that keep their hearts closed against intruders and are content to be seen, not known. Then there are the glorious flowers, beautiful at every step from bud to bloom, that throw wide their leaves and share their sweetness with the world; generous, for even as they fade they drop a shower of beauty upon the earth; so too there are rare beings—much rarer than perfect roses, who give their best to all comers, whoever covets their bounty, shedding the influence of their individual lives upon all, "loving and giving" and full of generous deeds.

The old Central Market's western aisle bloomed like a flower show. Here were plants in pots, everything you could think of; azalias, miniature trees of bloom, great trusses of incense-bearing hyacinths, the modest mignonette in her becoming livery of greens, and the gorgeous cactus, a whole sunset glory of carmine and crimson. The yellow broom, beloved of the bee, bizarre nasturtiums, pink and white English primroses, and a wealth of pretty pink roses, all appealing to one's desire of pos-

session, all for sale "for a consideration."

Did one think more of dining than of flowers, here were great piles of rose-tinted radishes, and the crisp fresh greenness of lettuce piled mountain high, and contrasting with the stacks of oranges and lemons, bananas, and rusty-coated pineapples with their green crests. New beets and onions, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and a box of disconsolate-looking strawberries were further gastronomic temptations. Busy market women, whose clothes always remind one of the rusty envelopes of an onion, and whose complexions are weather-beaten and as wrinkled as their own russet apples, pressed their wares upon the passer-by who hesitated at their stalls, extolling the skinny chickens and the "fresh sweet butter." I should think they'd get tired of asking "Anything today, lady? Nice fresh lettuce, radishes, lady?" Do they ever get "sold out" so as to start fresh, I wonder? I've been there at nine o'clock of a Saturday night and seen the same ample supply, stale, somewhat, and wilted, but still there; still the same artful dodge of apparently choosing fair fruit for the casual purchaser, but the old trick of putting up for him the wilted specimens that will not keep till Monday.

Upon the Avenue the chicken had taken possession of Hudson's great plate-glass windows, and in a miniature barnyard young, downy ducks and chickens ranged, to the intense admiration of the youngsters, not a few of whom saw here the first specimen they ever beheld, except upon the dinner table, trussed and stuffed, a suppliant for the mercy never granted. Boxes for bonbons represented nests of spun sugar with comfits for eggs, and there were also miniature hampers with a chicken perched protectingly on the cover as guardian of the blue and white and brown-spotted birds' eggs within. I do not really see why the domestic fowl should figure so largely as an Easter emblem. The butterfly is equally symbolical and certainly much more beautiful, affording, in its varied shapes and exquisite colorings, much greater possibilities in decoration.

The Easter card has had its day. The dainty "booklets" in white and silver, besprinkled with purple pansies or lily sprays, and containing some hymn or Scripture selection, are favorites. The Prang prize card this year is a high colored damsel with straight bangs and squirrel-like cheeks, too plump to be pretty, with a sheaf of lilies over her shoulder, outlined against a shadowy golden-rayed



cross. Another, much more to my liking, portrayed a group of little ones, in quaint long dresses and hats, against a background of growing lilies; each child was burdened with the bloom, and their innocent, chubby faces were charming. BEATRIX.

#### A MOVING TALE.

Did you ever move? Oh! dear! I do not mean make a movement, but pack up the goods and chattels belonging to the family, and betake yourselves to another habitation? Well, that's what we have been doing. Pleasant, isn't it? Jolly! Fun, and all the rest of it! This is how it came about: We, Darby and I, got tired of having so much work to do, and as we were as well fixed as some crowned heads that tire of wearing that bauble, (did such a thing ever happen), we abdicated in favor of the heir apparent, and shaking the country dust (this is fancy, it was mud we had to scrape off) from our sandals, we hid us to the pretty village of Birmingham.

We were all "packed up" preparatory to an early flitting next morning, but the elements proved very unpropitious. The clouds were frowning terribly when we rose, and wept so copiously we tarried yet another day. The second dawning was no more encouraging, but toward noon some rays of light appeared, and hoping for smiles instead of tears, our goods were hastily placed on the wagon, and our pilgrimage began. We had thirteen miles of as good a mud road as can readily be found to travel, the frost nearly out (next day it was all gone); and we patiently plodded on, cheered by the fact that the horses did not quite tire out. In fact, by letting them stop often, we made slow progress and were not worried by the fear that we were hurrying at all.

"We got there just the same," about five p. m., half an hour in advance of the loaded teams; found the house yet in possession of the paper-hanger; some rooms were ready for the scrubber, but we scornfully ignored such appearances, and giving a hurried brushing to a floor or two, were quite ready to "take in" the miscellaneous baggage that was hurriedly dumped. Comfort, a fire was burning; a hasty cup of coffee, served up artistically in the midst of desolation, warmed and cheered the men who still had the return journey before them, and they left us just at dark to our own devices, which were quickly executed. We, too, took a cup each of the fragrant beverage with suitable accompaniments, fished out a bedstead and bed from the pile, put them in position, and soon were in a land where such perplexities were forgotten.

Shall I soon forget the sight that greeted my waking, as the sun peeped in over the newspaper curtain at the windows! Confusion worse confounded! It certainly did look a hopeless task. But it was laughable, too, and in this mode we attached the bewildering heap of chaos. The last piece of paper was on the walls by the time I was ready to commence business in

earnest. It was a lark to which a common house-cleaning experience bears no comparison. Darby loyally helped me through all difficulties, becoming "almost a boy again" in the jovial way in which he sought out missing links, such as bedstead castors, and other small things that show an impish faculty of getting out of the way when wanted. Stovepipes whose joints were subject to new arrangements turned sulky all in vain. He met all their ingenious evasions and subtle defiance with a smile as cheerful as the day (I mean a bright day), and a determination more determined than their own; and actually shamed them into submission. Not a frown, not a scowl appeared on his brow; not a fiery threat or sulphurous ejaculation escaped his lips; he did not even blame Joan for the total depravity shown by the senseless things. His fame is firmly established in the HOUSEHOLD as that of a gentleman. No objection was raised to cold or broken victuals, nor was there any disturbance if meals were not on time.

We, Darby and Joan, have made a playday of this fearful undertaking, and now that order has been evolved from chaos, although we may have felt at seasons that it was a long time coming, we are happily enjoying the pleasing change, and only waiting for spring's advent to enter on another crusade, which will result in as satisfactory a change out of doors as we have accomplished within.

Now, HOUSEHOLD friends, do not treat this sober recital of facts as a chimera, and declare "it can't be did." I assure you on the faith of a HOUSEHOLDER, it is of a verity, true. Housecleaning has for years been a pleasant diversion with us, but I confess I looked forward to moving with a fearsome dread. But no more such fears disturb my spirit. I shall be ready to move twice a year if "he" desires to. Perhaps next time I'll tell you something about the village and its people, among whom our lot is cast. A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

#### PROVIDING FOR SICKNESS.

The poor must do as they can, but those who have the means to do as they will, can not employ a portion of them more wisely than in providing a suitable room and every convenience for sickness. It may be slow to come, but it may nevertheless be counted upon as sure; and once with us, there is no chance to build, very little to buy, and we must usually get along with what we have. The professional nurse is seldom known in the country. The family care for their sick until they tire out, then accept the volunteer service of their neighbors; and it may be looked upon as a duty to those neighbors as well as to ourselves, to lighten the task by every convenience within the reach of our means or forethought.

The perfect sick room would, of course have a bath room and water closet attached, but country houses seldom contain these luxuries, and even when we build on paper we must not build too high. So we ask

that the sick-room be large enough to let the bed stand free from the wall and admit a second bed or couch for the attendant to rest upon. It should have a stove either in it, or near it, on which may be heated water, soapstones, etc. In summer an oil stove answers this purpose very well. There should be a commode, an easy chair, and some receptacle for underclothes, bed-linen, and last, but by no means least, a goodly store of old white muslin. It is astonishing what a quantity of this is required for even an ordinary sickness. Bleached cotton is good for nothing—or the next thing to it. Unbleached, the older the better, has a softer, more absorbent surface and seems to touch the pained body more effectively; while for the purpose of sponging the face and hands, to apply as a compress upon the forehead or over the eyes, one seldom finds cloth which seems soft enough, and the careful housekeeper will be ever on the alert for such and very careful of it when found; remembering it is something money can not buy—at least in the country. Another kind needed is thin coarse stuff for facing poultices; scraps of butter-cloth and salt bags answer very well.

Each household naturally adopts its few simple remedies, but whatever these may be they should always be headed by brandy, mustard, camphor and flaxseed meal. Brandy bottles, such as may be picked up around a temperance hotel after a dance, are very useful in sickness. Their flat sides fit snugly to the patient's body, and in case of a chill may be filled with hot water and placed under each armpit, over the stomach, chest, or wherever heat is needed. An old quilt or comfort, old enough to cut into quarters if necessary, is useful in many ways, and one of the prime needs is old flannel, not a stocking leg, nor a baby's short skirt of shaker flannel, with the flannel all worn off it, but good big pieces, no matter how old or soft, which yet bespeak their descent from mutton, and may be folded to some thickness. When the patient is able to bear the change, and is a woman, and wants to look well, a pretty white dressing sacque may be worn during the day, and saves lots of work in both making and doing up trimmed night-dresses.

This seems like quite a list of articles, but it will not take much of a sickness to call for them all—and as many more.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

THE second annual Flower Festival to be held in this city opens Tuesday, April 22nd, and closes Friday, 25th. Those who attended last year's festival were surprised and delighted, and as still more extended and elaborate preparations have been made this year, visitors may anticipate even greater enjoyment. The "jewels" to be worn by the ladies *en costume* who will preside over the various booths, have been on exhibition in a Woodward Avenue window and are barbaric in their magnificence. An elaborate musical programme has been arranged, and an art gallery will add to the attractions. Take advantage of the one fare railroad rates and visit the show.



## FARMERS' BOYS.

[Read at the Clinton County Stock Breeders' Institute at St. Johns, March 5th and 6th, by Mrs. Joseph Blemaier, of Essex.]

My associates at home were my brothers, and among my playmates and pupils at school were farmers' boys. I am proud of my brothers, and have respect and admiration for upright, manly boys; they are worthy friends. While studying their character in the school-room—and there is no better place—I like to imagine what will be the future of each one. There is a grave, earnest lad, always deeply interested in some kind of work; next is a good natured fellow, aptly described by that inimitable poet of ours in his alumni address, fifty years after graduation. "You think he's all fun! The angels laugh too at the good he has done." Then comes one who is never interested in anything not freighted with fun; and here is one who has not ambition enough to make a game interesting, but would rather sit by, resting while the others play. No matter how many we canvas we find no two possessing the same qualities of disposition. According to nature's law, these are the ones whose power is soon to be felt in the social, moral, intellectual, political and financial circles of our land. The annals of history prove that a great percentage of the most noted men of the world were once farmers' boys. On them will rest the care and responsibility of uplifting and purifying the social element, both home and foreign. The smoke and dust of the intemperance of our lives, in habits of living, in extravagance at home and abroad, in our work, and in our pleasure, grows thicker each day and year. The Americans are a fast people, always in a hurry. They must learn to stop and reason, or the failures of life will be greater than now. Suicide, crime, social and business scandals are the results of thoughtless and debased minds, not considering or caring for the outcome of their acts.

In educating and training our boys let us not forget that on their virtue and purity depends not only the bettering of their own lives, but of associates as well. I agree with Josiah Allen's wife, who claims it the duty of parents to keep their boys' minds and bodies pure as well as their girls'.

Our churches and schools must be maintained. On their excellence depends the rise or fall of our free nation. A boy's love and respect for church and school will be best inculcated by a constant attendance and a live interest shown in them on the part of parents. Berkeley, that old tyrannical governor of Virginia, said: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing presses in Virginia; and I hope there will not be for a hundred years to come." It is a political maxim that a free government is the very best for a highly civilized people. Did those men at Washington think of this during their pandemonium a few weeks since? They certainly failed to sense their responsibility to their fellow men for a few days. The business world holds out great inducements to the think-

ing man. In these times of competition and rivalry, he who would succeed must learn to reason. Diligence brings her reward, and the boys will find a settled condition of affairs and fewer booms than in the past.

On our precepts and example depend the fitness of the boys to undertake and successfully accomplish these arduous tasks. We should teach them to think and act for themselves from right motives. A sense of their responsibility toward their fellow men, their influence on all around them, and the proper use and training of those gifts of mind, soul and body which their God had given them, should be the basis from which every act is committed. Excellence in the little duties of life leads to success in the performance of the graver ones.

A boy is generally looked on as a nuisance unless a pail of water or some wood is needed. He is the most intricate compound in existence. Yet this strange mixture of goodwill, accommodation, mischief, stubbornness, kindness, etc., is susceptible of being trained and educated to attain the best and highest of ideals. His propensity for mischief is unlimited. He contrives to torment the cat, tease his sister, and still find time and opportunity to take a hand in and invent many kinds of sport. That parent or teacher is very fortunate who can keep him busy and interested. The adage that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," originated with some philosopher who had the care of boys. No matter how good he may be, his mind is in danger if he is not interested. It requires much diligence on our part to provide him wholesome food only for the mind. If we deny or neglect to furnish necessary occupation to that active agent which is constantly demanding more, it will become imbedded in and partake of mischief in some form. It may be by reading impure literature. All literature is impure which does not tend to elevate and ennoble. Mind can not remain at a standstill; it must progress or retrograde. If a certain kind of reading does not improve it must harm. It may improve some branch of the mind and still vitiate another. If it can harm in any manner let it be discarded; there is plenty which is good. Again, the boy is influenced by his associates for good or evil; this is still more difficult to overcome. It is necessary for the development of mind and body that boys have associates. These are not always such as we would desire. I know of but one way to counterbalance their influence, namely, by cultivating freedom of confidence with parents and teachers. The little child always confides his hopes and troubles in some one. The value of the continuation of this confidence, as he grows older, can not be overestimated. If we take the time and patience to listen to the details of play and associations we will have an opportunity to correct false ideas in the child's mind and help to establish and infuse noble and unselfish thoughts and acts. But few can understand a boy's ambition. This is one of the grandest

passions ever implanted in a farmer's boy. Its power and influence for good are almost unlimited. It is the motor-power which guides his life-work, making it noble and grand, or selfish and debased, according as it has been trained and is used. Every boy should have a worthy object in life, remembering that

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal,  
Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

His ambition will be to attain this end. No matter what the aim, if the motive be pure and wise, honest means be used to attain it. This can only be done by those possessing a true conception of life, and living in obedience to God's will. We can not teach the boys to live, act and think as they should unless we know how to do this ourselves. I repeat that in a great measure their fitness for life depends on our example. In the strife for the attainment of the life object let us not forget the words of the prophet: "What is a man profited if he shall gain the world and lose his own soul."

## SCRAP JARS.

I have just made a bunch of paper poppies and taken them to old Mrs. D—. 'Twas a simple, inexpensive gift, but they are so bright and cheery that she was delighted with them, as I knew she would be, having no relatives to give her things to brighten her rooms as other people have. I save a supply of seed heads from the garden in the fall, and with those for centers the poppies have a wonderfully natural appearance.

All honor to the time honored scrap bag. I would have some such catch-all in every room in the house; but for the living room or where the sewing is done, I have found something far superior and that is a scrap jar, because it can stand beside the sewing chair and take all the threads and clippings without carrying them to a distant corner and dropping some along the way; besides it will not tip over like a tall basket. Last fall I was staying with a friend and noticing her cookie jar in the pantry, I told her what a convenience it might be and it was forthwith promoted to a place in the sitting room. It was a bright chocolate color, so a bunch of roses and buds (from a catalogue) was carefully trimmed and pasted thereon, the rim was gilded, a blue satin ribbon tied around the narrow neck, hanging in long loops, and it was pronounced ornamental as well as useful. The children soon learned what it was for and took pride in depositing all their bits therein instead of throwing them on the carpet, and the lady writes me that it is just wonderful the difference it has made in sweeping up after the four. There is a pretty picture in memory's gallery of little three-years old Alta with her sweet baby face and long, almost snowy curls, bringing in her daily allowance of peanuts from "papa's store," and demurely seating herself on the floor by the side of the "frap jar," into which every tiny bit of shell was tossed as she mulched her favorite



goodies. One day where we were invited out, the lady of the house was clipping some fancy work and letting the bits fall unheeded, but the reproachful way that little Alta looked at the litter and then in the lady's face and said: "We's dot a frap jar to we's house," caused a laugh all around.

When we remodeled the old farm house there were every sort of walls and ceilings to be papered. Some that had been white-washed with lime for forty years or more, some that had been hard finished, some that been papered over and over, some that were very smoky and some that had been anti-kalsomined and alabastined, with much that was scarcely dry from the mason's trowel. We had professional paper hangers, but I made all of the paste, according to their instructions. It was simply laundry starch made as for clear starching, and to every common milkpanful, put a very heaping tablespoonful of light brown sugar. It was cooked well and used while warm, making a fresh supply for each day. All that was five years ago, but the paper is as firm as ever, even in the kitchen where the steam had loosened it heretofore.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

#### HOME UNHAPPINESS.

Having carefully read Daffodilly's remarks on Marital Misery, I have not come to a satisfactory conclusion as to her relationship but, from gathered remarks, I infer she is a daughter-in-law with the grim specter peering in at her household somewhere; but whether it dwells in reality or in the mind, 'tis of this I wish to speak. This grim visage so often seen in gloomy moods will be found to instantly vanish when the cloud has passed, and the sunshine of good-will again beams upon a household.

"The skeleton in the closet" so often referred to, is but a drop of moisture on the mirror of life, but if allowed to collect will obscure the most beautiful pictures that it would otherwise have reflected to us. Oh! why do we let the vapors of discontent and jealousy collect on our mirrors when so little effort on our part could efface them; then we would have before us a reflection that the world ever delights to look upon—a happy home. So let the phantom of the closet come out of its hiding place and sit by the fireside in the sunshine of love and good-will and soon it will become warmed and in this way disappear. Thus rays radiated from such a home would foil any attempt of his or her folks to "throw the wet blanket of discontent" over it. And if failures be referred to occasionally it may be that they are kindly meant and, though they are stinging little darts, often piercing to the very heart, they will prove advantageous, that you fall not again by the same way. For "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

And if perchance "the first wife's sister" should in the course of her visit, carry on a conversation with the husband not quite intelligible to the wife, though it may be

very annoying, it need give no fear that she will supplant the wife, for perfect love will cast out all such jealousy.

I quite agree with Daffodilly that these skeletons would cause any amount of discord if they were allowed to remain. Then how shall we dispose of them? Why, they have already disposed of themselves, by venturing too far on our domain, and in the light and warmth of love and good will, have thereby shrunk to nothingness!

WATERFORD.

DORA.

#### THE DUTY AND RESPECT DUE FROM CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

This was the topic treated by T. DeWitt Talmage in a recent sermon. He said: "All parents want their children to turn out well; however poorly father or mother may have done themselves, they want their children to turn out splendidly. The best earthly staff a father can lean on is a good son. The strongest arm a mother has to help her down the steps of years is that of a grateful child. But it is not a rare thing to find children unfilial, and often the parents are themselves to blame."

Because people are old they have no right to be ungentlemanly or uncouth. Our young people go out from the home, find a grace and refinement, feel the charm of it, and realize that something is lacking at home.

I am a firm believer in napkins, silver forks, and all dainty table arrangements as far as consistent with our circumstances, not sparing labor; plain food perhaps, but always served with care.

I believe the influences of the dining-room are enduring and far reaching. We should seek to dignify the daily walks of life. Live in close sympathy with our children, then we can trust the future for the rest.

CONSTANT READER.

#### SEVERAL THINGS.

I have once only sought admittance to the HOUSEHOLD, but the welcome given me was so cordial that I am emboldened to come again; another reason for coming is that at a recent farmers' institute I had the pleasure of an introduction and of some conversation with the Editress of the HOUSEHOLD, and so feel somewhat "at home."

I have just been reading the HOUSEHOLD of March 29th, and among its good things I find "Woman's Influence," and the sentiments therein expressed seem to me to be correct. We have lately discussed somewhat, in our Farmers' Club, the potency of maternal influences which surround the child in its early years; the sentiment expressed, while it laid great stress on "mother's example and teachings," yet held the father to a strict and weighty responsibility in the matter. The fact is that while the tendency of humanity is to go to the bad, the united, persistent and wise effort of both father and mother is required to give a right and lasting incline to the character of the child.

In "A Pleasant Letter" Edna says: "I always enjoy anything that shows me that woman is equal in intellectual endowments

toman." A-hem—Miss Edwards is certainly a gifted woman, but Edna, don't you believe her success is largely due to the fact that she has not been hampered with a husband? And then she's probably not had to "struggle along with an egg-beater, not as good as the Dover." These negative advantages, together with some positive aids, have enabled Miss Edwards to become an excellent Egyptologist, but if all women should follow her example—well, I just shudder to think what would be the result; it would certainly just use up our next "centennial," and indeed would turn the world out to grass generally.

El. See. asks if any one has had experience in "cooking for one." Yes ma'am! When my wife goes to visit at "the old home" for a few days, I keep house and—well, I can't tell on paper just how I do, it needs to "be seen to be appreciated;" but I will tell (confidentially) that I wash dishes but once a day or so. I was bothered and troubled at first by the perverse nature of the dishcloth, it would "wad" in spite of my best efforts, but practice, perseverance and the natural superiority of man (over a dish-rag) enabled me to overcome and come off a proud conqueror. My wife is particular (notional) about the housekeeping, but I find it's nice to keep things just handy where you can find 'em.

The length or nature of this will quite likely send it to the waste-basket, but I must say regarding a "relic of barbarism" that I've tried to become right-handed with the fork, but it's no use; mother's early training, (and many years of steady practice) are potent factors, which like Hamlet's ghost, "will not down" though the provisions will. Kindly, sincerely and humbly,

THEOPILUS.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

It is so long since I have addressed the HOUSEHOLD I have nearly forgotten how, but I come this morning with a request. Will Mrs. Fuller, or some one else, tell me how to propagate the *Wigelia rosea*. We have but one root and we want more of it. I find a good many helpful hints in the HOUSEHOLD and of course a good deal I do not quite agree with, but I will not quarrel with it for that, for comparing ideas is what helps us all and gives zest to life.

MARIE.

If you have one of those pestilent little tumors on the eyelid which we call stys, remember that a poultice of tea-leaves is the very best application that can be made to it.

#### Contributed Recipes.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING—Cook a quart of pared and quartered apples; when soft stir in to them any flavor desired; beat into them two tablespoonfuls butter, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three teaspoonfuls bread crumbs. Whip two eggs and add just as the batter is to be turned into a buttered dish. Bake at least three quarters of an hour. Serve with sauce.

CLEANING CASTOR BOTTLES.—If you have no convenient shot-pouch to run to, broken carpet tacks may be substituted to clean castor and other bottles on the inside; use with strong soap suds.

DILL A. TORY.