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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE LITTLE WOMAN.

Sweet little woman, two years o'd,  
Cast in the Maker's daintiest mould,  
Brightening my life with her sunny smiles,  
Her coaxing ways and her baby wiles.  
Busy—so busy with childish play,  
But glad to creep to my arms, and lay  
Her little head on my happy breast,  
While I crooned her into a dreamy rest.  
And what are these that my vision blur?—  
Ah! the angels unbarred the gates for her;  
Sweet little woman, two years old,  
Cast in the Maker's daintiest mould.

Sweet little woman, two years old,  
Safe with Christ, on the streets of gold,  
Watching for me by the gates of pearl,  
Dear little golden-haired baby girl;  
Intently listening to hear the fall  
Of my steps, as I answer the Savior's call.  
Ready to spring to my arms once more,  
When I moor my bark on the blessed shore;  
So I patiently wait till the angels kind  
Shall lead me where I am sure I'll find  
The sweet little woman, two years old,  
Safe with Christ on the streets of gold.

### CONTENTMENT.

They say that I am wearing my life away  
Out here in the country so far from town,  
That gentle ways will never be mine,  
Nor fashion's approval, nor wide renown,  
So long as I work and my hands are brown,  
And with homely work fill the book of "Time,"

But they do not know how happy I am  
In filling the place of mother and wife,  
That the waving grain and the birds' sweet call  
And the prattle of children is part of life,  
And better, far better, than fashion's strife,  
Yes, better than riches and farm and all.

### AN UNPLEASANT SUBJECT.

What an appetite some people appear to have for the horrible! It seems to me as if that must be a peculiarly diseased mental organization which can recount with such particularity and apparent relish all the details of a sickness or surgical operation, to the most revolting minutiae. I spent the evening recently with two ladies whose conversation consisted of a recital of the various accidents and illnesses which had happened to the members of their large and especially afflicted family, and immediate circle of friends. It was worse than a medical treatise. I tried to stem the tide and divert the current of talk into more agreeable and edifying channels, but vainly. "All roads lead to Rome," so all excursions were soon headed off and the recital went on of this one's sufferings from catarrh, that one's long lingering in consumption, the other's malignant ulcer, the fourth's encounter with the surgeon's

knife, till when happily I could make my escape and get home, my dreams were haunted by gruesome visions and I woke in a cold perspiration, dreaming Death was about to amputate my arm with a meat axe.

The ills of humanity are indeed many and grievous. We pray in the Litany " \* \* \* from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us!" but after all, since death is inevitable is not he rather to be envied who is called suddenly, without the suffering, the pain and agony of a long and wasting sickness, from which the fainting heart often begs vainly for the merciful release of death? The sudden going away is harder for those left behind than for those who are taken; there are words we would have spoken, farewells to have been uttered, perhaps, alas, forgiveness we would have entreated, but the dead are at peace.

We ought to—we do—sympathize with those who suffer, witness the devotion of relatives, who spare nothing which can help mitigate the pain or aid in restoring the invalid to health. The unselfish interest of friends, the kindly acts of strangers, prove a common animating impulse of pity for the distressed and afflicted. But why must we be called upon to listen to the revolting, blood curdling accounts of how much poor human beings can endure and still hold the breath of life? If our listening would spare them one pang, if our minute knowledge of their condition would alleviate it ever so little, we would gladly endure for their sakes. But we all know we cannot aid them thus, and their friends might spare us the sick room details and symptoms which should be—sometimes in the interests of decency—sacred to the physician and the nurse.

Moreover, there are many refined women and young girls whose delicacy is affronted and outraged by having their sufferings made a matter of gossip among strangers or even their friends. There are those, too, who are perforce obliged to listen to such things, whose sense of delicacy is offended by hearing of matters relating to other people which they know, were they those who must endure them, they would not desire to have indifferently gossiped about. If one hasn't much delicacy, individually, it is well to respect that of those who have.

A very sympathetic nature is often unpleasantly affected by hearing these "hospital experiences," as I have heard them called. A delicate, sensitive lady, who, a martyr to her politeness, listened for half an hour to the harrowing description of a

death by cancer of the throat, left the parlor after the call and was found, pale as death and almost in a faint, on the bed in her own room. Asked what was the matter, she shuddered, covering her eyes, "Mrs. —'s talk completely unnerved me. She pictured that poor woman's death so vividly I can see her this minute." And it was days before the impressions and depressing influences of that call wore off.

Some people have a morbid relish for the horrible and a ghoulish interest in repeating sick room experiences, and are as willing to hear as to be heard. Each after his kind. But good taste, good sense, delicacy of feeling, and "good form" unite in relegating the details of illness, the symptoms, the remedial agents employed, to those who are in charge of the patient. We may show our sympathy by the kindly inquiries, the flowers, the dainty dishes to tempt a capricious appetite, or if occasion demands, our care and attention; these are sufficient evidences of our affectionate interest, and it seems as if the friends of sick people would do well to follow the example of the physician, whose code of professional ethics enjoins upon him a discreet silence regarding the ailments of his patients. BEATRIX.

### A LETTER TO THEOPOLUS.

Theopolus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, has succeeded in sifting a whole handful of thistles from that much abused subject—housecleaning; and now comes to the HOUSEHOLD under the delusion that the nimble fingered members will fly to his rescue and speedily extricate them. Ah no! Mr. Theopolus, we shall, instead, promptly advise remedies for your own disease. Subject yourself to the treatment of M. Pasteur and see if he can cure this aggravated case of madness. So many Benedicts are suffering from the same malady, it would be a great thing for the feminine portion of humanity could a remedy be found to allay these terrible spring ravings. "Oh the sorrows and trials that housecleaning bring to him!" Of course Mary Jane is, during this temporary reign of Queen Scrubbrush, as happy as an angel, the more weary she becomes the more she enjoys it, and partakes of the herring, pickles and stale bread as though they were the nectar of the gods. She is thankful for the herring and glad she is not compelled to eat indigestible hot rolls in place of the more healthy stale bread. As to sleeping on a chair, well now I see



how that is; he caught that nap while seated in a rocking chair, watching Mary Jane and Polly tacking down carpet. Now Theopolus, let me whisper in your ear; just order Mary Jane to unload that easy chair in yonder cosy corner which they got settled while you were out for your walk. Now light a cigar and watch your Mary Jane through the curling smoke. It will seem less real, and your sensitive heart will be less harrowed because of the weariness which she is enduring. We take it for granted that your reason for disliking housecleaning is that your extreme tenderness for Mary Jane causes you pain when you know she is working so hard. I hope she will be more thoughtful in future and choose her housecleaning time during your summer vacation.

UNION CITY.

DELLA E.

## A REMINISCENCE.

When the air is heavy with the perfume of lilacs, and the planters are busy in the corn fields, an incident comes back to me so plainly that I beg a short space in the **HOUSEHOLD**. As I was industriously transplanting tomato plants, a kind neighbor tossed a letter over the garden fence and I read the following: "Cousin—The season is over here in town, and oh! I am just tired out, I need a good rest. If it will be convenient meet me at your depot day after tomorrow. Lilla Bell."

Now this was Phil's cousin, not mine; I had met her several years before, when husband and I went to Grand Rapids to make purchases, and she had treated me with so much scorn and contempt that I came home with much less importance than I had taken with me. Nevertheless, she was coming, and I had not even time to let her know "if it would be convenient." Of course Phil must finish the corn ground that day, so he could not go to meet her, and it devolved upon me to take three years old Dolly and six months old Dickey and drive to the depot. I arose at three o'clock the eventful morning, for the house must look its best. Everything in order and the children ready, we started at eight a. m. and arrived in the village just as the train came steaming in. But lo and behold! fair Lilla Bell alighted not, and I upbraided myself severely for thinking she could come on so early a train. It being four miles back home, and the next train due at one p. m. I was undecided how to act. Phil's dinner must be ready at noon and oh dear! But as I was holding the babies and gazing helplessly around, good farmer Dean approached and remarked that I "looked as if I was too late for the train." I quickly told him the circumstances, and with a twinkle in his faded gray eye, he said if she wasn't too high-toned maybe she would ride along with him, as he would remain in the village till the next train came. As this seemed the best way out of the difficulty, I described her as accurately as possible, and wrote a few lines for him to hand to her and thus explain matters, telling her I would meet her at Mr. Dean's and take her home with me. I will not mention the

mischievous those babies got into after reaching home, but finally I left them asleep and went to farmer Dean's. Lilla Bell's greeting began "Deary me! how absurd of you to think I could come on such a terribly early train!" As we walked up the lane leading to our cozy home her exclamations were all to this effect: "Deary me! how horribly lonely it looks! I wonder you live!" I set out a dainty lunch for her, at which she looked askance, and conducted her to our cheeriest room and told her to rest. For a long weary month she remained with us, forever on the alert to criticize and find fault. The babies annoyed her, they "injured her sensitive nerves." She would never be "bothered with little nuisances." If I worked in the garden she thought me very much degraded, and because I was not acquainted with the characters in the popular novels she thought me very heathenish. She proposed teaching Phil some table etiquette, and lectured the poor frightened hired boy for daring to enter her presence with his coat off. But at last she declared herself rested and went her way, and happiness once more abounded in our little home.

Last winter as I was going to a distant county to visit friends, I learned by accident she was living on the route, and decided to repay, in a measure, her visit. I found her beside her washtub, with one foot rocking a cradle, for she was now Mrs. Lilla, and from time to time the cradle's occupant uttered heartrending shrieks which must have penetrated her sensitive nerves. As her husband was away, she was obliged to go out in the cold and open a pit of potatoes, which, thought I to myself, is fully as degrading as working in a garden. She was so mortified that after dinner (?) I did not accept her invitation to remain over night, and as I journeyed toward my destination I mused that we little know what the future holds in store for us.

MATBEE.

## BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

The *New England Farmer*, published at Boston, the headquarters of the "three B's," describes the process of preparing this peculiarly Bostonese dish. Here is how it is done:

A quart of beans should be picked over carefully, then washed in luke-warm water. Afterwards put them in five or six quarts of cold water and let them soak over night. In the morning drain this water off and put the beans into fresh cold water, heat slowly and cook until the skins can be broken easily. A few minutes before this point is reached add one-half teaspoonful of soda.

If the beans are cooked until soft they will become mushy, and neither look nor taste as well as if kept whole throughout the process of cooking. Experience taught me how they looked when ready to take from the fire. Miss Parloa thinks they need to simmer fifteen minutes, and Mrs. Lincoln says "until soft enough to pierce with a pin." Turn into a colander and drain, then put them in a brown earthen bean-pot, for which there is no good sub-

stitute. Have about half a pound of the best pork, pour a little hot water over it, scrape the rind thoroughly, and then cut it criss-cross just through the rind with a sharp knife.

Put the pork in the beans leaving only the rind exposed. Now mix together a tablespoonful of salt, a scant teaspoonful of mustard and a tablespoonful of molasses in a cup of hot water and pour over the pork and beans. Add as much more water as is needed to cover them; put the cover on the pot and set in a moderate oven for six hours at least. As the water cooks away add more boiling water. The last hour remove the cover and let the pork cook brown and crisp.

Some cooks bury a small onion in the beans when they are put into the oven, but it is not best to add this unless you are certain the flavor will be liked. The soda added takes out the acid in the skin of the bean and softens it; the mustard should never be omitted as it is a great improvement. The amount of pork added is a matter of taste, but too large a piece makes the beans greasy and indigestible. Some people do not eat pork and substitute a piece of butter and add more salt; others add a small piece of corned beef and this is an excellent way for a change.

## CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Martha Jane asks directions for making a Charlotte Russe, and I will try to tell her a satisfactory way. Make a sponge cake by this rule: Three eggs, yolks beaten to a cream and whites to a stiff froth; a heaped cup of sugar—granulated is best—; a scant cup of flour, into which is sifted a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a pinch of salt. Stir the whites into the yolks until blended, add the sugar slowly, lastly the flour, then spread the batter thinly in a dripper or a large shallow baking dish. It will bake in ten minutes. If you have not a Charlotte Russe mould, a square or oblong dish will do. Cut a piece of the sponge cake to fit the bottom of the mold or dish, and fit the rest of the cake around the sides, then fill with whipped cream made as follows: Take a pint of rich cream, stir into it a cup of sugar, the beaten whites of three eggs, and a wineglass full of sherry wine; mix and set on the ice an hour, then whip the cream, skimming off the froth or "whip" as it rises and lay on a hair sieve to drain, returning the cream which drips off to be whipped again. Fill up your mould and set on the ice. Flavor with vanilla if you like. The beaten whites of three eggs is an improvement. Or you can use this rule if you have conscientious scruples over the sherry: Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a teacupful of water; putting on the stove to heat thoroughly. When dissolved, pour it into three beaten eggs, and let it just come to a boil over the fire, then remove and stir in a teacupful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Have ready a quart of rich whipped cream. Stir the gelatine mixture till cold, then stir into it the whips of the cream and pour into the



cake-lined mould. By keeping it on the ice it can be set so it can be turned out of the mold upon a dish.

Martha Jane can use her present recipe for the Charlotte part with the above sponge cake recipe, if she prefers it. I can never make quite enough by either of these rules to satisfy *all* the demands for "more Charlotte, mamma!" MARY ANN.

#### POWER OF INFLUENCE.

[Paper read at the May meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club, by Miss Minnie West.]

Influence is a power hidden, but efficacious, which controls or moves things in a gentle way. A power, hidden and gentle, but a power which nevertheless controls. A power which none escape, more effective than the sternest command or most stringent law, and efficacious in a great degree, I believe, because hidden; one which we do not resist because many times we are not aware of its presence.

How are we to measure the power of influence? How can we be made to realize the importance of exerting the right kind of influence over those with whom we associate? I have known no better way than to pause a moment and observe the effect of the influence which others exert over us. I have heard it said that we are influenced by everyone whom we meet or see. I know not whether it be true or not, but it is certain that I remember with great distinctness certain people whom I have met, but whom I never knew. At the same time, however, I know I have forgotten some with whom I had a slight acquaintance, or so nearly forgotten that I never think of them unless I hear their names mentioned.

We all know how even the expression of the face or tone of the voice of one with whom we are conversing will check or encourage the expression of our thought, and how almost unconsciously we watch these things and are governed by them. We have all observed the enlivening influence of a bright, cheerful tone upon a group of people, and the depressing effects of a gloomy face or solemn voice.

How often our decisions are altered or made firmer by the knowledge that they will be displeasing to some one else! In fact, I think many of us are too easily influenced or swayed by the opinions of others. We are influenced most by those whom we esteem most, and the good opinions of whom we wish to win and retain; by those with whom we associate most, and I think few of us realize to what extent this power is exerted upon us. The influence of a really pure and holy life is beyond estimation; when we associate with pure-minded and refined people we are, unconsciously it may be, lifted up and made better by the contact. The silent influence of a true, pure life will go much farther toward evangelizing the world than all the finest precepts and most beautiful logic in the world, particularly if given by one who does not practice what he preaches. There is nothing so far reaching or powerful to control as influence; and the influence of a holy life is never lost, it lives after the death of its author. Then too, I think the influence

exerted by a really bad, evil-minded, vicious person is not so bad if it be detestably low and vile, ungilded in every way; it is less pernicious because of its very vileness than that which is exerted in a more refined manner. Such an influence is revolting to us, detested and shunned on account of its lowness, and therefore, bad as it is, it is less contaminating to us than it might be, because we shun such people and shudder at the thought of becoming like them.

The type of influence which I consider most pernicious is that exerted by a class of people, bad at heart, with no real love for God or humanity, but who clothe their sins in the garb of refinement and therefore make them attractive. People are led astray by them because their vices are made attractive; the first step downward is invariably taken in this way.

If we heed the teaching of the "Book of Books" we shall be safe.

We are influenced not alone by people, but by circumstances. The influences exerted by prosperity and adversity have been discussed at a former club meeting, with a decided leaning toward the side of adversity as being the best character-builder. We believe the tendency of adversity is to make us truer men and women and lead us to consider the needs of our fellow man.

If we are so powerfully influenced by others, is it not true that others are to a greater or less extent influenced by us, and is it not our duty to God and man to see to it that we, individually, exert the best influence possible over our friends? Influence them in some way we must and do; and if it is toward the downward path, shall we be able at the last great day to render up a joyful account of our stewardship here on earth? Shall we not dread the opening of the Book of Life if we know that some one has entered eternity much worse by our influence? If we live so that the world will be better for our having lived in it, we shall not have lived in vain, and our influence will receive the benediction of Him whose influence none can question.

#### "M' HUSBAND."

"I've just had a telegram from m' husband, and he'll be home tomorrow morning," said the young wife of a "commercial traveler," as I met her the other day, all smiles and dimples. "Then I suppose you'll forego your usual extra 'forty winks' on Sunday morning and go to the station to meet him," said I, after she had stated he had been away three weeks instead of ten days, as he had expected at leaving. "Well, I thought I would at first," returned she, "but indeed I think I'll stay home and have a nice hot breakfast all ready for him when he comes. That'll be just as good a proof of my affection, don't you think so?" "Indeed, my little woman, you have a 'level head'" thought I, as she hurried round the corner on her way to market. "A nice beefsteak and a steaming coffee-pot, with a bright face glowing with happiness behind it, is

the best possible 'welcome home' to a hungry man after an all-night ride in a sleeper." And so when I saw "m' husband," gripsack in hand, whisk round the corner alone at a two-ten' gait, I could guess at the tableau behind those demure lace draperies at the window.

That's the secret of it. If you love your husband, and want to keep his love, make him comfortable. Count no sacrifice of your own inclinations—and indolence—too great to secure his comfort. Make home so happy and so comfortable he doesn't want to leave it—and you—for any other society.

It amuses me to watch this little woman, a wife of nearly six years' standing, and her ways of managing "m' husband." He was "one of the boys," once, and nothing short of an all night session at poker or a champagne supper was "life" for him. But he is as perfectly content and happy in his home with his cigar and his newspaper as he ever was in his fast life. How did she do it? As I told you above, simply by making home so comfortable and cosy that he has no disposition to leave it for any other place. When business keeps him in the city, she is always at home when he comes from work, and supper is ready; she slips into a wrapper and her slippers and down stairs in the early dawn to prepare breakfast, and packs his lunch basket with the daintiest care while he discusses a broiled beefsteak and a cup of coffee. No lunch off the pantry shelf to go to work on, no supperless, fireless home for him. What "m' husband" prefers, regulates the bill of fare; even if it is a dish she does not eat herself, it is not too much trouble to prepare it if it suits him. She is never too tired to mend a glove or too busy to sew on a button or do whatever else he wants done; and he can always find ways and means to gratify her little wishes and enter into and help carry out her plans.

Man is something of a sybarite by nature. Hence, at night, after the slippers are donned and the supper discussed is it any wonder that with a contented sigh he draws his easy chair out of her way as she clears the table, fills up "Radamanthus" (his pipe) and "blows a cloud" over the evening paper? It is the "pipe of peace," too; there's no growling or grumbling about smell or smoke. The food is put away, the dishes piled in the sink and the dishpan turned over them, and she is ready to talk, to play a game of cards, to read to him, whatever "m' husband" pleases. If he seems engrossed in his newspaper, perhaps she slips out of the room for a few minutes, and presently he will follow her; if he does not at once find her, it's "Josie, where are you? Why don't you come back?" And once I heard her say, "Why, you were reading, and I wanted to finish this." He only said, dropping his voice a little, "I like to have you with me, dear, if I am reading." There was a sense of companionship in her presence, it was pleasant to him to know she was near.

Do not fancy there are no differences of opinion, no conflict of wishes or purposes. But each has the good sense not to force a



point to an absolute issue where "I will" or "I will not," sharp and peremptory, puts a quietus on further discussion. Each knows what will be disagreeable to the other, and if the plan is not willingly acquiesced in, after a little discussion it is dropped by mutual consent. And one gives up about as much as the other, and both are happy in it.

She does not try to "make him over" by her standards, but accepts him as he is. And best of all, she does not "nag" him. No faultfinding, no complaining, no grumbling, that trio of rocks that wreck so many married lives. And so, as time goes on, they fit together like parts of one perfect whole. And he grows more strong and steadfast and faithful instead of chafing under the "matrimonial yoke;" and she—well, I believed her when she said, with a new earnestness in her voice, "I think a great deal more of my husband now than I did when I married him," and then with a quick relapse into her usual levity, "and just think, we'll have been married six years in May! Real old married folks! All the romance gone! Good bye!"

BEATRIX.

#### HINTS FOR THE INTERESTED.

For wear at summer resorts, where rowing, climbing, walking, and other outdoor pursuits are the order of the day, there is nothing more satisfactory than the blue flannel sailor suit, with the accompanying trim straw sailor hat. The full round skirt, simply hemmed, is sewed to a cotton waist on which is placed a plastron of white or cardinal if the collar of the blouse is rolling. Loose shirt sleeves with square cuffs are comfortable. The only trimming needed is a little white or gold braid. White flannel makes more dressy suits, and if trimmed with gold braid and worn with a white sailor with band of gold lace, is what is descriptively termed "a nobby suit."

Pretty sashes are of gay plaid surah. It is best, if you can afford it, to buy the required length and double the silk lengthwise, running the edges together; this gives more body to the sash. Or the material may be cut in two, hemmed on the sides and the ends fringed. Sew it in the under arm seams of the dress, cross in front and tie in a knot on one side about an eighth of a yard below the waist line.

Pretty and simple dresses for the little girls have full skirts, full sleeves, waists with pleats both back and front, turning to meet a row of insertion down the front, and turn-over cuffs and collar of embroidery.

If you are making dresses for a little miss who expects to grow between now and next summer, sew the dress skirt directly on the waist without a belt. Next year you can lengthen both skirt and waist by putting in a bias belt of the dress material, or one of insertion. This is better than letting down hems or tucks. When you cut the sleeves, make them too large for the armhole and lay the fullness in a forward turning pleat at the seam. Next year rip the sleeve, cut out the armhole, let out the fullness and sew in the sleeve again. Sleeves cut full this year can be

lengthened by a deep cuff next season, and if the dress "binds" round the neck it can be cut out under a yoke of embroidery, or pieced up under a rolling collar.

A very pretty dress for a girl from one to three years old has a skirt of embroidered flouncing, two yards being required, about thirteen inches long. This is gathered to a waist of plain nainsook, made of alternate rows of insertion and tucking. The armholes are corded, and embroidered edging is gathered to form little sleeves. The neck is finished with a turned down frill of the embroidery, with a narrow standing edge as a heading. The bottom of the waist is faced, the top of the skirt is turned down and gathered and sewed to the waist, a three inch wide ribbon sash is folded around the waist and tied at the back.

A very serviceable material for summer traveling dresses is light weight serge. It does not "cockle" under moisture, hence bears salt sea air and mountain dews with indifference; does not wrinkle or pull, and is strong and durable. For dust cloaks, nothing is better than mohair alpaca, or brilliantine as it is now called. It is light weight, hence not cumbersome, sheds dust as a duck's back does water, and can be made up to look stylish.

There is a decided tendency to increase the length of dress skirts for house wear. I have emphasized that qualifying clause, because I occasionally see ladies who appear to be wearing their house dresses on the street. Even street dresses are made longer, but not to touch the walk. I do not believe it possible we shall ever return to the old, abominable fashion of long dresses for the street—dresses which wiped up its indescribable filth and were worn and ragged with twice wearing. Women have become too independent, too sensible, too conscious of the fitness of things, and above all, too dainty—too daintily cleanly, to adopt such an unclean style. Therefore, make your house gowns as long as you choose, but a dress you intend to wear upon the street must still be walking length, unless you expect those who walk behind you and see the dust and dirt and the frayed edges to indulge in unpleasant suppositions relative to the condition of your underclothing.

Hosiery is unusually handsome this year. From the fairly fine fast black wear at 25c, we rise by gradations to the exquisitely fine open work silk goods at \$5 per pair. Black is still the leading color, though many fancy colors and stripings are shown. Black hse thread hose are very desirable, and begin at 50c, up to \$2; many have toes and heels in fancy colors. Open work designs for wear with slippers are very dainty and delicate. The new models are to have set-in soles of different design and color to the principal design.

The close fitting Jersey undervest has entirely superceded the bulky gauze wear. Beautiful goods can be bought for 50c, while the long-sleeved, high-necked vests are from 85c upward. Many ladies will wear these vests, in silk and hse thread, in lieu of corset covers during the summer, and will find them cool and comfortable.

By some unwritten law of Fashion's

high priestesses, one may wear a hat with a dress cut low in the throat, but must not wear a bonnet with it. It is well to remember this; also to bear in mind that low-throated dresses are not suitable for street wear. Collars of walking dresses are as high as ever.

I met "the mannish girl" the other day. She had on a trim black skirt with a habit back—that is, the fullness all pleated into a narrow space in the centre of the back; a low cut vest; a habit—or Vassar—shirt, which, so far as is visible to the observer, exactly resembles a man's shirt front, and with which is worn a black silk tie of four-in-hand effect, and a standing collar. A jacket built on the same lines as a man's coat surmounts the whole, and Missy puts the crowning touch to her outfit when she dons the jaunty sailor hat, set a little back, and with no trimming save a band of ribbon. Thus arrayed, she strikes a swift gait and semi-military carriage, and you can safely wager a big red apple that she attracts more attention than a dog-fight.

For those who wear mourning, Henrietta cloth is the popular fabric, both in summer and winter. For lighter dresses, tamise and wool batiste, and wool crepon are chosen, and instead of net, the silk grenadines. India silks also are popular. These are not trimmed with crape, even for the deepest mourning—for which it may be stated Henrietta cloth alone is considered suitable. The trimmings used on other goods are folds of the material or of dull silk, with gimp of dull silk cords. Widows alone wear the long crape veil; those bereaved of parents, children, or brothers or sisters, wear black dresses trimmed with the same and veils of silk warp nuns' veiling. The widow's bonnet has no trimming, being entirely covered with the veil, which is pinned on the sides of the bonnet by black pins. Undressed black kid gloves are worn, and a plain black surah parasol, with a crape border. For other mourners, there are toques of lace straw trimmed with twists of crape de chine or dull silk; chip bonnets are also worn.

THE editor of the Ladies Department of the *Toledo Journal*, Miss Louise Markschaffel, says we may enjoy the flavor of asparagus in winter without the trouble of canning it or the expense of buying it, simply by drying it in the sun, putting away in a box till winter, when it is to be soaked over night and cooked with the addition of a little salt at the water. As this is the asparagus season, now is the time to try this plan, which promises a delicious addition to a winter day's dinner.

THE HOUSEHOLD Editor wishes to return thanks to Miss Ella Cole, of Watrousville, and Mrs. H. Webb, address not given, for boxes of the beautiful and deliciously fragrant bloom of the wild crab apple tree; and to Mrs. A. H. Johnson, of Thomas, for a box of sweetbriar, lilacs, and a lovely cluster of pelargonium and *Hoya carnosa*, which were found awaiting her return from Manchester on Monday, 2nd inst. Her pleasure in the beauty and perfume of the flowers was greatly enhanced by the remembrance of the kindly esteem and affection which she knows accompanied them.