

MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, JUNE 21, 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CALLING THE ANGELS 'N.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime toil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gaze
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat,
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close—
When the weight that we groan with hinders
less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we will call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we mean to call are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston.

HOT WEATHER PHILOSOPHY.

The coming of warm weather always brings to that great proportion of women whose hands minister in whole or in part to the wants of their families, an increased amount of labor and a diminished amount of vitality. In summer we literally eat "the meat that perisheth." The milk sours, the fruit kept over night for breakfast is found to have fermented, the beef-steak is not quite able to pass muster against delicate olfactories, the butter not "on the ice" must be lowered into the dimness of the old well, or brought from the cellar "the last thing," while there is a demand, sanctioned by reason and appetite, for fresh bread and pies and "snaps" and all the other goodies which round out the bill of fare. There are extra men to feed, the washings double up surprisingly, there are cherries and berries to pick and put up, and perhaps only one pair of tired hands to do everything, one pair of patient feet to take all the steps.

Well, it is a case where "the head must help the heels," as the old saying hath it. Calculation and good management must be employed to simplify as much as possible; and good sense must be exercised to

decide what is necessary and must be done and what can be left undone or slighted. I haven't much sympathy for those painstakingly conscientious women who pique themselves on never slighting their work, but always doing it "just so" after a rule as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians; they subvert the proper relations of things animate to things inanimate. Woman's work should be measured by her strength; too often her own standards are the barriers in the way and she greatly overtakes herself in the endeavor to do all she feels might be expected of her. Many an ambitious little woman, anxious to shine as a "good housekeeper," will suffer, ten years from now, from this summer's toil and overwork, simply because she did not know she was laying the foundation for future invalidism, by doing in two days the work of three, or worse yet, two days' work in one. I speak "as one having authority," having a vivid recollection of the days when I baked and washed, churned and ironed in the same day, as if there was never another coming. Now I'm older and the mischief is done, I can look back and see my mistake, but I cannot recover the vitality and strength so foolishly expended. And I will not regret acknowledging my folly, if only some other woman will take warning by it.

The most of our warm weather lies before us. Prepare for it by simplifying your living as much as possible; and then, husband your strength. Put away the sewing basket, doing only that imperatively demanded, in addition to the weekly mending. If garments must be had and cannot be bought ready made, surely somebody needs and would be glad of the work of making them. Remember our expenses are somebody's income; and don't fear your neighbors' criticisms—it's your business, not theirs. If you have help in the house during the busy season do not defeat its purpose and render the aid inoperative by planning to accomplish extra work. I've known those who always had a quilt ready to put on the frames or some big task to accomplish, so they really worked as hard as if there had been no help procured.

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period. The task of rubbing many pairs of black stockings is easily managed by attacking them at any time when one has leisure. They are faded least by being washed in cold water—with hard soap, of course, and dried in doors. When it comes to ironing, do have courage to fold rough dry every piece an elastic conscience will permit you to put under a weighted board instead of the flat irons. Who will know or care, when you are "dead and gone" whether you ironed your coarse towels on both sides or used them rough but sweet and fresh, and you will not be dead and gone so soon. A kerosene stove is a help ironing day; with it one may retire to a shady porch or a cool room and escape the fiery furnace which is generally indispensable. And how glad you'll be you didn't put an extra ruffle on this little dress or that little petticoat, when it bobs up like a small ghost of its wearer every Tuesday forenoon!

When it comes to the cooking banish cookies and fried cakes from the bill of fare until cool autumnal days. They're not sensible eating in hot weather—too much time to prepare, too warm work to bake and fry them. Make gingerbread, drop cakes, molasses cake, sweet biscuit, and their kin. There's a great difference in cooks about the amount of fire thought necessary. Some can manage with so little that the kitchen is comparatively comfortable, while others keep the fire-box crammed and all steam on. Comfort and economy of material are greatly in favor of the least amount of caloric. It is quite an art to get just enough fire, but it is a study one can make profitable.

If you rise early to get your work out of the way in the cool of the morning, do not forget to pay back to Morpheus what you borrowed of him, with a few extra winks as interest. The long, long day, after the perhaps unrestful slumber of a warm night, needs to be broken by a nap, as long as you can conveniently make it.

If you have anything to fret or worry over, postpone the matter till "a more convenient season." Ten to one when that time arrives, your grievance will have vanished. Don't fret; don't scold. It is good hot weather philosophy to keep cool mentally. It is astonishing how easy it is to raise the individual temperature to a point in sympathy with the weather, just by getting "riled up," as Yankees say; and wonderful indeed is the might of calm endurance. "A quiet heart can make even a dog-day temperate" said Washing-

husband and father. Better keep a good temper and a happy home, if the children's garments have less embroidery and fewer tucks, if the table has fewer fancy dishes, and the small rooms have not quite such elegant appointments as the larger house. This is only an illustration, for this evil is not confined to any station, place or class of persons, but has been the means of ruining countless lives, some for the next world as well as this. Avarice, too, is a fetter, though it may be a golden one, for the bird in his gilded cage is not less a prisoner than the captive in his grated cell. I would not underrate the value of money, of true economy nor the duty of diligence, but the excessive love of gain which crushes out the noble aspirations of the soul, deadens its moral sensibilities, and subjects the love of the beautiful in nature and art to the desire for gold. This bond strengthens imperceptibly, until we almost forget that life has any higher aim than money-getting. Many other things will suggest themselves to your mind, which are repressing the better part of our natures, but lack of time forbids enumeration.

I speak only of the abuse of these habits and traits, for we can rise above them, but if we drift along and make no effort to restrain them, they will bind us closer and closer until we become slaves to the sower of tares who has spread these snares for our feet. There is One who is our rightful master and with His help we can break the chains asunder, and "stand forth in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

WOMEN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"Aunt Bessie," in a private letter, says: "Have you read Edgar S. Wakeman's letters of travel in foreign countries? I have read them with pleasure for some time, and have often thought the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD would be interested in his description of the appearance, dress and manner of life of the women in the countries he visits. Perhaps after reading a few of them we will stop grumbling about pin money, muddy boots and no napkins long enough to breathe one breath of thankfulness that we live in the United States of America, and to appreciate something of the liberties and pleasures we now enjoy. I enclose a clipping descriptive of the Arab women of Algiers, as they are found at the present time.

"I enjoy the HOUSEHOLD very much. Quite often some lady gives my experience or one very like mine, as E. L. Nye does in the issue for April 5th, on napkins. A dainty napkin and soiled gingham apron do not harmonize so many; still it seems to me that the napkin is to wipe the mouth and fingers more than to protect the clothing, and we need it with overalls and aprons."

The clipping to which Aunt Bessie alludes is as follows:

The Arab woman, save in rare and pleasant exceptions, is hardly what the poet and painter have shown us. If she be graceful or beautiful it is extremely

difficult to discover it; and she possesses neither of these attractions after she is 25, for she is a "wife" at from 12 to 14 years of age, whatever that station or condition means among the Arabs. All there is about this being to become ecstatic over is that subtle prompting of the poetic fancy which ever, to the male mind peculiarly, blooms like the rose in any soil of apparent coyness and mystery in the gentler sex. The Arab woman is simply a vacuous, insensate, voiceless and dreamless human animal, sheeted like the dead, in the streets, and dead to the world within the four windowless walls where the majestic being who owns her keeps her penned. The dress of this Arab woman is all concealing upon the street, and all revealing in her home. The outer garment is the haik, white, usually of wool, sometimes of silk, often of cotton. It is frequently 26 feet in length and nearly two yards wide. Beneath this are precisely four articles of apparel, a gauze chemise, an unstiffened corset or bodice, frequently massively embroidered and bejeweled pantaloons reaching to the feet and comprising countless yards of material, and the tantalizing adjar tied tightly around the face and falling about 12 inches below. Most women not satisfied with this retirement, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, most women whose husbands are not satisfied with this obscurity, further hide the face by bringing the haik down over one side of the forehead so that but one eye, a dark eyebrow and a tiny patch of the forehead are visible. Their feet are usually encased in brown or yellow slippers; danglets and banglets of indescribable jewelry tinkle and chime from wrists, ankles and concealed portions of the figure; and in this swathing of ghostly haik, with humped bodies and mincing steps, those who are allowed upon the streets at all, wriggle, glide and scurry along, like a bevy of escaped wraiths from among the as silent graves upon the heights. But this privilege of waddling about like a lot of sheeted spooks is by no means a universal one. The young and fair see the sunlight only through the open court of their dwellings, or from the white terraces for a brief hour toward sunset. Only the aged and safe are ever permitted to visit the mosques, with the exception that on Fridays, in company with servants or elders, little excursions are allowed to the suburban marabouts, or sacred temples, and the khoubas at the cemeteries, as at Belcour, where they are allowed the cheering diversion of filling with water the little cups resting at the heads of tombs; for the little birds drink from these and fly to heaven with greetings from the souls at rest beneath.

In-doors the dress of these women is ethereal enough for the most fervid artist's fancy. They never see in their own homes any male but their husbands and children. The climate, like that of Cuba in winter, and excessively hot from May until October, has also much to do with this. There are really but two garments for every-day home wear. One is a gauze chemise through which the olive-hued form is wholly revealed in outline and detail. The other is the wide, ample trousers, terminating just below the knees, and almost as fleecy and gauzy in effect. The lowlier women are barelegged, barefooted and bareheaded, at home. Wives of the wealthier Arabs will don pink, yellow or blue gauze silk hose and dainty, yellow babouches, or slippers. Their hair will be coiled in a simple Grecian knot and fastened with some huge jeweled ornament, and perhaps a tiny skull cap, richly embroidered, will rest coquettishly on one side of the head. But all are bedecked with jewelry. The poorer are fond of burnished copper bands about the arms, wrists and ankles, or brilliant quartz and glass cubes and crystals, strung on pack thread, encircle their necks. The rich are ablaze with jewels, principally pearls, emeralds and

sapphires, badly set, but always genuine and of great value. There is a legend in Algiers that the hidden riches of the wealthier Arabs, principally comprising jewels, exceed the sum total in value of all coin, plate and jewels otherwise possessed by all nationalities in the "white city."

A CORRESPONDENT who enquires where rubber gloves can be purchased, and their price, is informed they may be obtained of the Goodyear Rubber House, 204 Woodward Avenue, this city. Price, \$1 and \$1 25; sizes, six to nine.

WHAT has become of all our HOUSEHOLD correspondents? The HOUSEHOLD compartment of the Editor's desk has been a yawning chasm of emptiness for the past two weeks; her dreams haunted by visions of imps calling for copy and finally sending the little paper to press with all its pages blank. Surely somebody has finished cleaning house, boiling soap, making garden, and has a breathing-spell in these rare June days. Somebody please take up several pens and write quickly, before the Editor forgets what a letter looks like.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

JEWELRY can be nicely and easily cleaned by washing in soap suds in which a few drops of ammonia are stirred, and then laying, without wiping in a box of dry sawdust.

THE use of alum, ammonia, vinegar, pepper, etc., to brighten the colors of wash goods is hardly to be commended. Their effect is but temporary at best, and the garment soon grows dingy under repeated use. The best thing to use for dresses of delicate colors is bran. The way to use it is to pour half a gallon of boiling water upon half a pound of bran, let it stand for some hours, then strain it, and use it lukewarm without soap, remembering to turn the dress inside out before washing, and to dab it up and down and squeeze it to get out the dirt, and to avoid rubbing. Wash goods should never be put into water or suds in which lye, soda, pearlash or anything of the kind has been put, as it ruins the color. Nor should they lie wet in the basket, but be washed as quickly as possible, turned wrong side out and hung up at once.

Contributed Recipes.

AUNT EMMA'S COOKIES.—Two eggs; one cup sugar; half cup butter; two teaspoonfuls sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix soft and flavor with vanilla.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar; one cup buttermilk; spice to suit taste; one cup chopped seeded raisins (other fruit may be added if desired); four tablespoonfuls butter; one teaspoonful soda; flour to make it quite stiff. Dried apples chopped fine and stewed in molasses until done, adds to any fruit cake and helps to keep it moist.

CHEAP CAKE.—One egg; one cup buttermilk; one cup sugar; one teaspoonful soda; five tablespoonfuls butter; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; two cups flour.

OAKWOOD.

BON AMI.

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ton Irving, and there is much of truth in his words. Now don't think it's because I have no temper of my own that I advocate putting on the brakes; I've a full-sized, well-grown one, and it is because of that fact I am able to speak of the many benefits arising from its control.

My final, closing recommendation is, don't have spasms about the flies. I knew a woman once who spent one long bright June afternoon chasing one lonesome fly that had invaded her sitting-room. She killed him and thought her warfare was accomplished, but next morning she found two of him there. That's the way with flies. Reasonable care, by all means, for the suppression of these black coated scavengers, but do not make the house more uncomfortable than would the flies, by fretting about them.

BEATRIX.

THOSE HUSBANDS OF OURS.

Ella R. Wood in the last *HOUSEHOLD* rather takes Beatrix to task for the sentiments expressed in the article entitled "M' Husband" in the issue of June 7th, and wonders if they "were sarcasm or really and truly her views." Well now, "honor bright," in "Josie's" place I should do exactly as "Josie" does. Because Josie's husband is not a tyrant; he is as willing to please her as she is anxious to please him. If he accepted all her sacrifices and made no acknowledgement, if he was never willing to deny himself anything to gratify her, if he was at all overbearing or gave her cross words and crosser looks, it would be quite different. But it is a mutual, not a one-sided affection. And is there a woman living who does not understand that the measure of love is what we are willing to endure for another, that the pleasure of love is in self-sacrifice? Now Josie doesn't count it an act of self-abnegation to prepare for her husband the dishes he likes best; there are but the two of them and he eats the "bigger half," if such a fraction is possible, and she feels herself perfectly rewarded by the words of praise he does not withhold.

Josie's husband is away "on the road" a good deal of the time, which is a great grievance to her. When he is home, both wish to be together as much as possible. So she arranges her work to that end. And I don't think it is selfishness, but a feeling far deeper and more noble, that sends him off on a search for her if she absents herself when he is at home. Had you never a friend whose company you loved, though perhaps there were long intervals when you sat silent, just happy and content in being together?

It's some effort to Josie to retain the love and companionship of her husband. But could she make a better directed effort? Bless the man, do you know he hasn't the faintest idea he's in leading-strings! That's the fun of it. She is apparently perfectly willing he should go out with the boys if he wants to—but she fixes it somehow so he doesn't want to. It's just the perfection of tact and management. She'll say, with the demurest face in the world, that

she "despises the man who lets his wife rule him," while all the time the little minx knows perfectly well that she manages her husband—as "Mrs. Caudle" never could. There's a good deal of knowledge of human nature in these lines from Pope:

"She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting ways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys."

That's Josie's way. Her way makes them both happy. How many times during a day the thought of her comes to him as a safeguard against temptation it is not my right to even guess. Each human being's heart life is sacred to himself. Yet something has made "m' husband" a different man. That something is his wife's influence. He loves her; she makes him perfectly happy and contented at home, and honestly, that's all I can see that she does. She never points out the evils of intemperance or the dangers of jack-pots; she doesn't fret or grumble, and when he goes off on a business trip her tears fall after he is gone.

Theoretically, it is as much the husband's business to try to keep his wife's love and make home happy as it is the wife's. Practically, we see the woman and wife doing the most of it. She must do it. It has been so since the beginning; it will be so to the end. Men have so many diversions, love and marriage are to so many of them merely incidents in their lives—interruptions to the more serious business of money-getting, that the woman who means to rule in her husband's heart cannot afford to disdain any means which may help establish her empire. And why shouldn't she try all her womanly arts of pleasing upon her husband? Why not hold by love and tenderness what she would inevitably lose by indifference and neglect? Remember "Honey catches more flies than vinegar."

I do not agree with Ella R. Wood in thinking the course Josie pursues and which I recommended would make husbands tyrannical and overbearing—not unless they have natural tendencies in that direction. Perhaps Ella will agree with the following quotation from a story in a *N. Y. Tribune* of late date, yet despite her protest, I hardly think so: "If you bring up men folks right they'll be more decent. They're jus' like puppies; j's' show 'em you ain't a underling. They'll have you a underling if they can, 'n then how they'll trample onto you! But they'll know 'bout's quick's puppies if you put your foot down."

In a private letter received from a lady, recently, the writer says: "Don't lisp it to mortal soul, but I do nearly the very things Josie does, for the same purpose. Yet it does not seem fair that it should be necessary. Woman ought not to be compelled to take all the care of home making upon herself, for the sake of making home so attractive her husband will not want to wander." Well, I don't know. Is there, after all, any better, nobler, dearer work for woman than the establishing and maintaining a happy home for her hus-

band and children? It is by no means a purely selfish work, either; since the better a man becomes the better his influence on the world at large. I admit all husbands are not as amenable to such influences as is "m' husband," but although in these days of woman's advancement it sounds like heresy and schism to say it, I sometimes think the world would be really and truly better off if there were fewer learned, witty, "progressive" wives and more loving ones—like Josie. BEATRIX.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

As all home topics are acceptable in the *HOUSEHOLD*, I must tell you of a children's party that I attended recently. Little seven years old Clara had long talked of a party for the infant class of the Sunday school, but her home was three miles out in the country, so it was not practicable at all times. But this beautiful blossoming summer time seemed a fitting season, so the twenty-five invitations were given, the bus engaged for their transit, and the necessary preparations made. It was a beautiful day and the ride was no small part of the pleasure. There is a strip of woodland between her home and the village, where the willows are close up to the wheel track, and the phenomenal growth of ferns and tangle of grasses dip their fronded tips in the small streams that run lazily on either side, while the branches of the tall oaks meet overhead, making a canopied border for the smoothly graveled roadbed and a pleasant, romantic drive, so near to the town and quite an unusual sight for many of the children.

When their destination was reached there was no standing on ceremony, but with one glad bound they were in the hammock and swing and rustic seats; or playing romping games because they were in the country and could make all the noise they wanted to. Red apples were devoured by the basketful, and the willow whistles provided for their amusement were in every little mouth, so the music (?) was inspiring.

Not long since I manufactured a rag doll for a little niece, who was more delighted with her "nidder doll with a weely blat face" than with all her flaxen haired beauties, and I was strongly reminded of my work of art on this happy occasion, for there were four little colored girls among the company, and how cunning they seemed to me who had never before spoken to one, but their "weely blat" faces were not so funny as their little black hands when they reached out for anything. After two hours of faithful work on our part to keep them entertained, as I sat with one of them in my lap explaining a chromo picture book she rolled her bright eyes up at me and naively said: "We comed to a party, be you goin' to have it pretty soon?" and then we realized that "the child is father to the man" and like many children of larger growth the "supper" was the crowning glory of the party. So the tables were speedily prepared, and although well laden the supply

was none too large. There were fancy designs and arrangements, but the cookies cut in the form of a large "rooster," frosted white, with red bill and comb and a round red candy eye made a great amount of fun for all the children. Just at sunset the happy, tired load started homeward, the shrill music of the whistles being wafted back upon the evening air, and next day we learned that they made a triumphal entry into Romeo.

One pert little Miss was overheard to remark: "I don't think it's nice to invite colored children with white ones," but on the following children's Sunday, when the smallest of these—a wee ebony mite—with a tiny flaxen-haired blonde sang a duet so very sweetly, we realized that they were all God's little ones in spite of the difference in their complexions.

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ROMEO.

WHAT IS LIFE.

[Paper read at the meeting of Farmers' Clubs held at "Fairview," May 31st, by Miss Annette English, of Manchester.]

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George Kennan said, while relating his Siberian adventures, that he had always desired a full life, one as crowded with different experiences as it is possible for life to be; missing anything of that would be, to him, a source of great unhappiness. But his aspirations naturally may not be those of every person. No two natures are so formed or constituted that they can enjoy the same things to a like degree. Diversity of taste and opinion goes far toward giving life its spice and zest, though it may not contribute anything toward maintaining its equability. Some will ever find the ideal life, or the one they would choose, to be the calm, even, commonplace one, while others seek and are only satisfied to tread in the turmoil of severest existence.

To most of us our lives glide along as smoothly as we can wish, only here and there a ripple appears to disturb the usual monotony. It may be the past holds in its sublime security some vivid occurrence, at the remembrance of which our hearts

beat with an accelerated motion. Or it may be the future, holding so much in reserve, may suddenly transform some one of us into the hero or the heroine of the hour. While such may not be an impossibility, it is a rare case indeed where startling events or marvelous deeds constitute a part of an individual life. Few in the past could record the hair-breadth escapes that Paul, that grand tragedian in real life, could. Such are but the exceptions that ancient history's mellowed page presents to our view.

Life, to most people, is just simply and faithfully performing each day's duties, satisfied if the waning sun finds our work nearing its completion. It is watching the return of spring, visible in the fresh upspringing grass; the bursting bud; the gradual, wonderful unfolding of another season's great panorama. We listen to the rhythm of the patter of the rain upon the window pane, and while we listen, scenes and friends of childhood and youth are thronging upon the vision; the music of the raindrops seems the echo of voices we once heard, but their tones have been silenced forever in the mysterious hush of death.

Life, then, is dear because of the hallowed scenes memory will recall when we unconsciously are brought within her magic spell. Instinctively almost we interest ourselves in our friends and neighbors, finding each possessing some personal characteristic endearing their society to us, and thus we form one in a circle of acquaintance which widens or diminishes as we repel or attract friends from about us.

We eagerly scan the fresh news of the day, read the books time and usefulness have placed so much value upon, impatiently await the arrival of the new ones, and this daily pleasure forms another and a strong link binding us to life and the world.

We center our affections around the members of our home circle, and everything concerning the dear ones is of importance to us. It is one of life's choicest blessings that we are especially endowed with capabilities to love our friends. Were it not for that quality, existence here would be a very dreary subject to contemplate—much more so to endure. Nature might charm with even more endearing beauties; wealth surround us with her richest treasures; literature, too, spread an attractive feast; but without affection we should recoil from life.

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In our thinking we often forget these thrilling Gospel words: "For ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."

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Life, too, is made up of many sacrifices. No life was ever yet complete for the Master's call that had not borne its crosses.

Each day gives another opportunity to add to the accumulated knowledge and the experience we have already gained. We shall miss the better part of existence if each is not made a stepping stone toward higher attainments. So we estimate life by its daily pleasures, trials and its masteries, but when summed into one sentence, we know it to be a preparation by which our physical, mental and moral natures are harmonized and educated to their fullest capacity for enjoying everything that is beautiful, pure and ennobling in this life, and at the same time, what is of far greater moment, our heaven-born nature is being prepared for the boundless future.

HOME COMFORTS.

Most cheerfully do I respond to the Editor's call, for our housecleaning is all done, the boiled soap is anchored safely in the cellar, and though these beautiful June days are full of work and business, we always find time to welcome the HOUSEHOLD, and a few spare moments we could devote to our friends.

And so Bruno is to be married! Accept our best wishes; perhaps this new sister will bring sunshine to the old home and the brother will better appreciate what his sister has done for him, and she will find a companion and friend in this one who is a stranger to her now; give her a kind welcome and feel that you have one more to love, and Bruno's blessing may be Bruno's Sister's also.

This is our second year in the country, and though I have met with many obstacles and have at times felt almost discouraged, I thoroughly enjoy the country, it is so beautiful at this time of the year. The air we breathe is so sweet and pure; we can here live so near to nature's heart; every flower and blade of grass is a poem from this great book telling us the goodness of God. We spend as much time as we can in the open air. We have a fine croquet ground and have improvised rustic seats and hammocks. For the latter, we knocked an old barrel to pieces, bored holes in each end of the staves, strung a wire rope

ton Irving, and there is much of truth in his words. Now don't think it's because I have no temper of my own that I advocate putting on the brakes; I've a full-sized, well-grown one, and it is because of that fact I am able to speak of the many benefits arising from its control.

My final, closing recommendation is, don't have spasms about the flies. I knew a woman once who spent one long bright June afternoon chasing one lonesome fly that had invaded her sitting-room. She killed him and thought her warfare was accomplished, but next morning she found two of him there. That's the way with flies. Reasonable care, by all means, for the suppression of these black coated scavengers, but do not make the house more uncomfortable than would the flies, by fretting about them.

BEATRIX.

THOSE HUSBANDS OF OURS.

Ella R. Wood in the last *HOUSEHOLD* rather takes Beatrix to task for the sentiments expressed in the article entitled "M' Husband" in the issue of June 7th, and wonders if they "were sarcasm or really and truly her views." Well now, "honor bright," in "Josie's" place I should do exactly as "Josie" does. Because Josie's husband is not a tyrant; he is as willing to please her as she is anxious to please him. If he accepted all her sacrifices and made no acknowledgement, if he was never willing to deny himself anything to gratify her, if he was at all overbearing or gave her cross words and crosser looks, it would be quite different. But it is a mutual, not a one-sided affection. And is there a woman living who does not understand that the measure of love is what we are willing to endure for another, that the pleasure of love is in self-sacrifice? Now Josie doesn't count it an act of self-abnegation to prepare for her husband the dishes he likes best; there are but the two of them and he eats the "bigger half," if such a fraction is possible, and she feels herself perfectly rewarded by the words of praise he does not withhold.

Josie's husband is away "on the road" a good deal of the time, which is a great grievance to her. When he is home, both wish to be together as much as possible. So she arranges her work to that end. And I don't think it is selfishness, but a feeling far deeper and more noble, that sends him off on a search for her if she absents herself when he is at home. Had you never a friend whose company you loved, though perhaps there were long intervals when you sat silent, just happy and content in being together?

It's some effort to Josie to retain the love and companionship of her husband. But could she make a better directed effort? Bless the man, do you know he hasn't the faintest idea he's in leading-strings! That's the fun of it. She is apparently perfectly willing he should go out with the boys if he wants to—but she fixes it somehow so he doesn't want to. It's just the perfection of tact and management. She'll say, with the demurest face in the world, that

she "despises the man who lets his wife rule him," while all the time the little minx knows perfectly well that she manages her husband—as "Mrs. Caudle" never could. There's a good deal of knowledge of human nature in these lines from Pope:

"She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shows she rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys."

That's Josie's way. Her way makes them both happy. How many times during a day the thought of her comes to him as a safeguard against temptation it is not my right to even guess. Each human being's heart life is sacred to himself. Yet something has made "m' husband" a different man. That something is his wife's influence. He loves her; she makes him perfectly happy and contented at home, and honestly, that's all I can see that she does. She never points out the evils of intemperance or the dangers of jack-pots; she doesn't fret or grumble, and when he goes off on a business trip her tears fall after he is gone.

Theoretically, it is as much the husband's business to try to keep his wife's love and make home happy as it is the wife's. Practically, we see the woman and wife doing the most of it. She must do it. It has been so since the beginning; it will be so to the end. Men have so many diversions, love and marriage are to so many of them merely incidents in their lives—interruptions to the more serious business of money-getting, that the woman who means to rule in her husband's heart cannot afford to disdain any means which may help establish her empire. And why shouldn't she try all her womanly arts of pleasing upon her husband? Why not hold by love and tenderness what she would inevitably lose by indifference and neglect? Remember "Honey catches more flies than vinegar."

I do not agree with Ella R. Wood in thinking the course Josie pursues and which I recommended would make husbands tyrannical and overbearing—not unless they have natural tendencies in that direction. Perhaps Ella will agree with the following quotation from a story in a *N. Y. Tribune* of late date, yet despite her protest, I hardly think so: "If you bring up men folks right they'll be more decent. They're jus' like puppies; j s' show 'em you ain't a underling. They'll have you a underling if they can, 'n then how they'll trample onto you! But they'll know 'bout's quick's puppies if you put your foot down."

In a private letter received from a lady, recently, the writer says: "Don't lisp it to mortal soul, but I do nearly the very things Josie does, for the same purpose. Yet it does not seem fair that it should be necessary. Woman ought not to be compelled to take all the care of home making upon herself, for the sake of making home so attractive her husband will not want to wander." Well, I don't know. Is there, after all, any better, nobler, dearer work for woman than the establishing and maintaining a happy home for her hus-

band and children? It is by no means a purely selfish work, either; since the better a man becomes the better his influence on the world at large. I admit all husbands are not as amenable to such influences as is "m' husband," but although in these days of woman's advancement it sounds like heresy and schism to say it, I sometimes think the world would be really and truly better off if there were fewer learned, witty, "progressive" wives and more loving ones—like Josie.

BEATRIX.

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

As all home topics are acceptable in the *HOUSEHOLD*, I must tell you of a children's party that I attended recently. Little seven years old Clara had long talked of a party for the infant class of the Sunday school, but her home was three miles out in the country, so it was not practicable at all times. But this beautiful blossoming summer time seemed a fitting season, so the twenty-five invitations were given, the bus engaged for their transit, and the necessary preparations made. It was a beautiful day and the ride was no small part of the pleasure. There is a strip of woodland between her home and the village, where the willows are close up to the wheel track, and the phenomenal growth of ferns and tangle of grasses dip their fronded tips in the small streams that run lazily on either side, while the branches of the tall oaks meet overhead, making a canopied border for the smoothly graveled roadbed and a pleasant, romantic drive, so near to the town and quite an unusual sight for many of the children.

When their destination was reached there was no standing on ceremony, but with one glad bound they were in the hammock and swing and rustic seats; or playing romping games because they were in the country and could make all the noise they wanted to. Red apples were devoured by the basketful, and the willow whistles provided for their amusement were in every little mouth, so the music (?) was inspiring.

Not long since I manufactured a rag-doll for a little niece, who was more delighted with her "nigger doll with a weely blat face" than with all her flaxen haired beauties, and I was strongly reminded of my work of art on this happy occasion, for there were four little colored girls among the company, and how cunning they seemed to me who had never before spoken to one, but their "weely blat" faces were not so funny as their little black hands when they reached out for anything. After two hours of faithful work on our part to keep them entertained, as I sat with one of them in my lap explaining a chromo picture book she rolled her bright eyes up at me and naively said: "We comed to a party, be you goin' to have it pretty soon?" and then we realized that "the child is father to the man" and like many children of larger growth the "supper" was the crowning glory of the party. So the tables were speedily prepared, and although well laden the supply

was none too large. There were fancy designs and arrangements, but the cookies cut in the form of a large "rooster," frosted white, with red bill and comb and a round red candy eye made a great amount of fun for all the children. Just at sunset the happy, tired load started homeward, the shrill music of the whistles being wafted back upon the evening air, and next day we learned that they made a triumphal entry into Romeo.

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through the whole for two yards, with stringers at the ends and an old iron ring. I painted the staves a bright red and the hammocks are very pretty and ornamental as well as comfortable; they cost but a trifle and the boys say that when the nights are hot and oppressive they intend to sleep in them, and with a good comfortable and pillow they will be just the thing.

Oh, my sisters, make your homes bright and attractive and the boys and girls will not care to go away from home to seek for amusement. Sow seeds of cheerfulness and contentment; there is no life so dark and dreary but that God will send some ray of light if we will put our trust in him.

BELDING.

AMERICA.

BACK AGAIN.

It is Sunday afternoon; the air is filled with the fragrance of Flora's treasures. The bright yellow canary from his cage in the front window (filled with blossoming house plants) pours forth his song of thanksgiving and delight, until all around seems bright and gay. How many beautiful things our kind Father has given us!

The little paper, one of my choicest treasures, is again our weekly visitor. Owing to sickness and building, finances became so low we were without its presence in our home (since its first copy was issued, and the FARMER itself has been a welcome visitor since our marriage) until Jan. 1, 1890, but now we have it again and I look eagerly for the names of my old friends, El. See among the others. Her letters are so sad my heart goes out in sympathy to her, but let us remember it is the Lord's will; let Him do what seemeth Him good. Our dear ones are not lost. Oh no, they are only gone on before. Life hath sorrow in store for each one of us, but remember Jesus was a man of sorrows; we should learn of him to be kind, patient and loving. Strive to do all we can to encourage and elevate others, and when we feel that He has forgotten us let us ask him to renew our hearts.

Crown of sorrow meekly take,
Patient wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will,
Ever still.
To his own the Savior giveth,
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length.
Therefore whatsoever betideth
Night or day,
Knows his love, for he provideth
Good alway.

I enjoyed reading the articles on district schools very much, also the communication by Mrs. L. H. Kenyon entitled "Power of Habit." I thought how beautiful, how true, and longed for power to clothe my thought with words so appropriate, so interesting and good.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

UNPROFITABLE ADVICE.

What do you think of the visitor who is always giving you advice? She may be much younger than the one upon whom her advice is bestowed, consequently lacking in experience, but you perform a single household duty during her stay and she immediately has a superior way to recommend. She came to see me yesterday, and

as I was cutting out some garments, her advice had a grand opportunity to air itself. I became so nervous that I found when she had gone I had made several serious blunders.

I have found a valuable assistant in the form of a metal band from an old Queen fruit can. It is the best thing I ever tried for scraping the breadboard, breadpan, kettles, fryingpans, or any smooth surface. A strong biscuit-cutter is almost as good but not so strong. Try it.

DELLA E.

FRIED TURNOVERS.

I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD as long as there has been one, and I have enjoyed what our Editor has written from time to time. And Evangeline, where is she? I glance over the paper to find her name; how I have enjoyed what she has written also, and all the other writers. I have often thought I would answer some of the inquiries, but had not the courage until Martha Jane, of West Bay City, wanted some one to tell her how to make fried turnovers such as her grandmother made. This is the way my grandmother and mother used to make them, and as I have made them for over fifty years myself:

I take a pint bowl, go to my cream jar and put in three tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, then fill up the bowl with good buttermilk, put in salt and soda the same as for biscuit; cut off a piece of the dough and roll so it is about twice as thick as pie crust. Have your dried apples cooked very soft and not have much juice left in them; then put some on the crust while hot and pinch the edges together good or the juice will run out and that spoils them. Put them in the lard as fast as you make them, turn them over as soon as they rise or they will check up and let the lard in the pie. If you want them just like grandmother's you will have to season the sauce with allspice. Hope you will like them, but your friends must remember that the same cooking doesn't taste as it did when ma and grandma cooked in this land of plenty.

KALAMAZOO.

M. A. M.

HOW TO MAKE A FRINGE.

It is often desirable to make a fringe as a finish to some article of fancy work when the material does not adapt itself to the purpose. The *Country Gentleman* tells how this may be done very easily and expeditiously. The fringe may be made directly on the article to be ornamented by it, or a heavy braid of suitable material may be used as a foundation. Unless there is a selvedge edge, a narrow hem should first be made.

A piece of stiff pasteboard five inches long and one wide, a zephyr needle and split zephyr, supposing a wool fringe is to be made, will be needed. Thread the needle with the zephyr, and taking the cardboard guide, sew over and over it, slipping it along as it fills up until the entire length to be trimmed is filled with loops. Wind and cut into strands of the desired length a quantity of the wool.

Through eight of the loops put eight of the cut strands. A large crochet needle will enable one to do this easily. Prepare eight or ten tassels in this way. Then with a threaded zephyr needle wind a strand of the worsted a number of times around the long threads. Take the needle up through the centre and cut the worsted off close, and you will have a firm, thoroughly secured and nicely shaped tassel. Repeat until all the loops are used.

Sideboard covers and dressing-case scarfs of Russia crash look particularly well trimmed with a fringe made in this manner. Linen thread No. 60 should be used. On a tablecover of felt, use Germantown yarn for making the fringe. The same may be used for rep or cretonne lambrequins. For drapes of China silk, procure packages of waste embroidery silk, which can be bought very cheaply of any silk manufacturers, to make the fringe. Use a variety of colors to correspond with those in the drape. The result will be a very handsome fringe at a much less cost than any that could have been purchased at the stores.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE "very nicest" way to boil eggs is to put them into boiling water and at once set the dish containing them on top of the reservoir or in the warmer, leaving them eight or ten minutes. The white will be jellied, instead of hardened, and be much more digestible.

A WOMAN in Americus, Ga., is using a lamp chimney that she has used daily for the past eight years, and she expects to use it for many years yet. She says that she boiled it in salt and water when it was bought, in 1882, and no matter how large a flame runs through it, it won't break.

MARION HARLAND advises those using canned goods to always open the cans some hours before cooking the contents and empty into an open bowl, set in a cool place. This removes the close, airless, smoky taste. Drain the liquor from peas and beans, cover with fresh cold water, and let them soak for two hours. It freshens them wonderfully.

Contributed Recipes.

SPICED-ELDERBERRIES--Where fruit is scarce (but it ought not to be scarce anywhere in Michigan) this recipe makes a very good relish. One pint of good cider vinegar, two and a half pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls ground cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, and when the vinegar (to which the ingredients have been added) boils, stir in five pounds of elderberries and boil two hours.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE--One egg; one tablespoonful each of sugar and butter; three tablespoonfuls milk; one teaspoonful baking powder; flour to roll. Roll half an inch thick and bake in a deep cake tin. When done fill with fresh, well sweetened strawberries. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, sweeten with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, spread over the top of the berries and set in the oven a minute.

BELLE.