

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 18, 1890.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

By EL SEE

Each life is like a wondrous melody
Or short, or long;
A wailing cry at first and then a dirge
Closes life's song.
Sometimes so long drawn out and sorrowful
We wish no more;
Sometimes one short, sweet, perfect strain
And life is o'er.
When hearts are young and happy, hope will sing
Light on her way,
Entrancing airs carolled in silvery tone
The live-long day.
As wiser, deeper, holier thoughts arise
Grand anthems roll,
Chorus of melody in volume comes
Thrilling the soul.
But discords spoil the harmony ere long,
A grating jar;
Life's toll and trouble murmur through the song,
Its beauties mar.
Then minor chords in mournful cadence fall
A low, sad strain;
In plaintive quavers softly dies away
Life's last refrain.

THE FASHIONS.

There is a tendency to abandon black, which has been the prevalent color of street and church dresses and the almost universal wear of middle-aged and elderly ladies, in favor of other hues, so that the sunny side of the Avenue on a bright afternoon no longer looks like a funeral procession. The very pronounced plaids, the brilliant reds, the browns and greens, seem to reproduce on our streets the autumnal tints of forest and glade. Bonnets and hats are gayer than ever before; and looking over the vast throng that filled the Campus and the avenues leading from it on "German Day," from a balcony of the City Hall, one could not help noting the resemblance to a drift of autumn leaves, brightness and darkness so alternated.

Two most excellent dress materials are Henrietta cloth and serge. Both will wear a long time; both can be put in the wash-tub and by the use of soap bark come out "as good as new." A good quality of the former can be got for 85 cents to a dollar, and of the latter for 75 cents. The serge is 48 inches wide; it is suitable for wear the year round, nice for traveling dresses, is not affected by dampness or rain, and looks well in its last days. Camel's hair is a beautiful goods, more especially for winter wear. It is more expensive and much heavier, but of splendid wearing

qualities; a beautiful grade can be bought for \$1 40, 48 inches wide. The long, somewhat silvery hairs on its surface give it its name; it is reversible, and in the heavier grades is much used for wraps for elderly ladies, particularly those who wear mourning or confine themselves to black. These cloaks are cut as long coats, mantles, or wraps, and lined with silk, with a flannel interlining; and are also made up with fur linings, sometimes with quilted satin for those who care more for comfort than added size.

Velvet is popular trimming for these materials. A handsome Henrietta cloth has a straight, square drapery open on the right side showing the underskirt, which is crossed horizontally by rows of velvet ribbon or braid. The corsage is short on the hips and pointed before and back; the right side is folded over on the left from the shoulder to a point past the centre on the bottom of the waist, where it fastens under a rosette which also fastens a pointed velvet belt. Three folds are laid on this side (the right) which are wide on the shoulder and taper to a point at the waist line. The plain left side is crossed by three sloping bands of velvet, one starting from the shoulder seam, the other two from points on the armhole. Sleeves are close and high, with velvet bands put on in cuff shape, fastened under bows on the inner arm seam. Small crochet buttons are often close together on the inner seam of the sleeve, half way its length from wrist to elbow. Still another velvet-trimmed dress has a broad band of velvet across the foot of the front and side breadths, the remainder of the skirt being laid in full close pleats. The front of the corsage is very elaborate. A vest of pleated surah is set in down the centre, which hooks under velvet fronts set in at the shoulder extending to the armhole, and coming nearly together at a point well below the bust; on the front edge of these pieces is laid a line of passementerie, or any trimming preferred. From the under arm seams come diagonal upward turning folds of the dress material (which must be mounted on a firm lining and stiffened by whalebones) which hook in front under small bows of velvet ribbon. On a slender figure this style is very pleasing, but every detail must be most carefully finished to give the costume any style whatever.

Bonnets and toques are small and "close reefed," as sailors say. They are trimmed so as to present a very narrow, perpendicular appearance, which on a side view sug-

gests a broadside view of a double-humped camel. A bird stands on its head at the front or back, and wings and long loops of ribbon are made to stand perfectly upright. Black and gold is a favorite combination. There are gilt braids and gold laces and passementeries which make up beautifully with black or brown velvet. In trimming toques, the sides are often covered with folds of velvet, which is then puffed up full and high, in front and back, supporting the tips or wings which form the ornament. The shapes of some of these head coverings would make a parrot laugh. But we shall wear them and call them "sweet," and it is a comfort to know they look better on the head than off. Hats are immense. The "cocked hats" of our ancestors are nowhere, these have far more angles than the most daring of Continental beaux would venture upon. The trimmings are almost entirely of ostrich tips and half length plumes, a great number being used. Some are plain felt, others beaver or long-napped felt, others again have fine Astrachan borders. The toque, however, is the universal headgear, as it can be worn almost anywhere. One rather pretty hat seen at a fashionable shop was of felt, somewhat like a Salvation Army bonnet in shape; velvet bound, and with Prince of Wales feathers at the back erect like a sail, while all the crown was overlaid with longer plumes falling toward the front.

WOMAN'S WORK IN PUBLIC.

I was interested, as I always am, in the discussion of the expediency of women's voting, by the Columbia Club's lady members. I am seeking for light on that subject. I am always looking for something that I never get. I can not yet see where the country would be benefitted by giving the suffrage to women; not that I think them any more incapable than men. There are many noble, sensible women who are interested in politics, who read and are informed as much as the newspapers can inform them, whose vote would be for good no doubt; but there are a larger proportion who do not read the political questions of the day, enough to offset all the valuable ones several times over. I think I may safely say that more than one half of the women would vote just as father, brother or husband voted. I know the Prohibitionists feel sure of almost every woman's vote. I am very much afraid they would be disappointed; I know many

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ask for the money she knows her husband knows is necessary to meet the expenses of their common home. Why must she ask for it and have it "given" when it is to be spent to meet the obligations her husband voluntarily assumed when he married her? Why the eternal injunction to economy when her "extravagance" for a month do not equal her husband's cigar bill for a week? and when he will freely acknowledge she is the more economical of the two?

The anguish which visits the wife's soul when she first admits to herself her belief that her husband no longer loves her is perhaps the keenest she ever experiences in her married life. In the knowledge are profound depths of humiliation and despair. How did she lose his love, how can she regain it, are questions she puts to herself in an agony of wounded affection. Perhaps, like Honor, she resents the loss, feeling herself more worthy of love than ever before; perhaps the knowledge hardens her and makes her resolve to no longer give what is not valued. And by her side may stand her husband, totally unconscious in his obtuseness of the conflict in her heart and her passionate longing for the old words of love and tenderness so freely bestowed before marriage. She is his; he loves her; she "ought to know it," he will say, but he has no conception of the glow of affection ready to kindle and flame in her heart, which would lighten her tasks and release her burdens, would he but put into words the sentiment he cherishes in his heart. Women, men tell us, are emotional creatures, yet they forget that emotional natures must be fed with the wine of encouragement.

It is dreadfully matter of fact, but there is a homely moral in the old story of a wife who reproached her husband with a lapse of his affection, reminding him of all the tender phrases and endearments of courtship, the pains taken to secure her society, his jealousy of rival aspirants for her favor, now all merged into the usual marital indifference. Quote this prosaic man: "My dear, did you ever see a man trying to catch a street car? He runs after it puffing and panting, and makes great exertions until he has caught it. Then he takes a seat and reads his newspaper, perfectly satisfied and contented. When I was courting you I was running after the car; as soon as we were married—" Here the wife burst into tears and exclaiming "Oh you brute!!" rushed from the room, leaving the husband to solace himself with the reflection that "there's never any knowing what will please a woman, anyhow."

BEATRIX.

UP THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

When we left the *Queen* at Tacoma, we went to the Missasoit house, and getting the same room we had occupied before going to Alaska, we felt quite at home. Early the next morning we left by rail for Portland, and crossing the Columbia river at Kelama, arrived at Portland about four p. m. Portland is a beautiful city, more resembling our

cities than any we had seen on the Pacific slope. Grateful to our sight were the shade trees that line its streets, and the yards of beautiful flowers. It is a paradise of fruits and flowers. Think of roses in profusion, growing out doors from May to January! The air was filled with perfume. Were I obliged to select a residence on this coast this city would be my choice, as far ahead of any other we have seen. We went by cable cars up on the "Heights," where elegant residences and beautiful grounds speak of wealth and cultured taste. Electric cars take you out to Fulton park, through rural scenes wild and picturesque; then we took a motor car far out in the suburbs, where fruit farms are now laid out in building lots. Making a cornucopia of a newspaper, I picked enough blackberries, that added to some cakes made a fine supper to which I invited my spouse in our room. Portland is situated on the Willamette river near its confluence with the Columbia. Its population with its suburbs is now about 80,000. It is settled principally by eastern people, and its social, religious and educational advantages are on a higher and more settled plane than many other cities, whose "boom" growth has thrown together the most heterogeneous elements.

We went on board the ocean vessel *Coloma*. I had never been on an ocean sailing vessel, and was much interested in its working details. This vessel trades to China and Japan, making three trips a year. Left Portland on the steamer *Lurline* at six p. m. August 1st, and for some distance found a monotonous view, sand banks, sage brush or marsh. But this changed as we ascended the river; bold banks became hills, and then mountains. The Multnomah river, a small stream, came dashing down the mountain ravine, with a sheer fall of 800 feet, dashed into foam and spray in its rocky descent. Saw the famed "Booster" and "Castle" rocks; isolated columns of curious form. At the "Cascades" we took a narrow gauge train for the portage of six miles, the train running nearly all the way on the brink of the roaring, seething waters. A lock will ere long be completed, so that the portage will not be necessary. Taking the steamer *D. S. Baker*, we pursued our way amid scenes of wild grandeur. We stopped at Reed's Landing where there is an extensive salmon cannery, and took on an immense number of cases of this toothsome product. The season closes August 1st, so the establishment was shut down. At four p. m. we passed the mouth of Hood river, and got a fine view of Mt. Hood, lifting his snow-crowned head high over the other mountain peaks. We arrived at The Dallas, a pretty tree-shaded town of 4,000 inhabitants. Just before getting here, we saw at a bend in the river ahead, what seemed to be smoke or fog, but which on nearing proved to be clouds of fine sand blowing about; and the hills and rifts that we saw then and farther on, made one of the most desolate sights met with on the whole journey.

At the "Cascades," as the name indicates, the river passes through the moun-

tains of that name, and the scenery is magnificently sublime. Taking the train at The Dallas, the road follows the course of the river, and a short distance above we reach the point that gives the name to the town. The channel of the river contracts into a deep narrow chasm, filled with rocks where the water seems literally turned up on edge, so small is the aperture through which the huge flood is forced. The road follows the valley of the Columbia all the way to Pasco. We changed cars at Umatilla, and again at Wallula junction, and at Pasco were again on the main line of the Northern Pacific. The route from The Dallas to Pasco is all the way through the alkali plains, except where irrigation has been employed; and it is amazing to see what can be done in these sterile, arid wastes. Trees spring up rapidly, crops flourish with a luxuriance not excelled in more favored lands. But just step beyond the reach of the artificial watering and the white sand whirls and circles; your eyes smart, lips crack, and the exposed face and hands are soon chapped and seamed.

To see such towns as Pasco set down on such an arid, verdureless plain sets one to wondering over the problem of the differences of individual humans. The people wear a contented, cheerful look; the children delve in the sand with bare feet or dusty shoes, with dirty faces and hands, (to keep clean is impossible) and seem as healthy and happy as children anywhere. We recrossed the mountains and arrived at Livingston at 9 p. m., Sunday, Aug. 3rd.

M. PLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

Now that the harvest and the threshing, the corn cutting and the seeding are over, the extra hands in the fields been paid off and discharged, and the pickling and preserving nearly finished, we hope to have more letters for the *HOUSEHOLD*. The little paper is intended as a help to housekeepers and to give them an opportunity to exchange opinions on topics connected with the home and family. We are glad to hear from any and all; none need fear their letters will not be welcome. If you have anything to say, you are sure of an audience in the *HOUSEHOLD*.

Contributed Recipes.

FRENCH CURRANT CAKE—Sugar, one cup; butter, half cup; sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls; three eggs; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; half cup currants; two cups flour.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part: One and a half cups white sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; whites of four eggs; two and a half cups flour. Dark part: Brown sugar, one cup; half cup molasses; half cup butter; half cup sour milk; half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful cream tartar; two and a half cups flour; cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, half teaspoonful of each, and yolks of four eggs. When all is mixed, drop a spoonful of dark and then one of light in the cake tin.

SAND BEACH

EDA.

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good Christian women who feel just as their husbands feel toward that party. If women are all prohibitionists why are there not more in the W. C. T. U. ranks?

My idea on this question is that it would be of far greater benefit if suffrage were limited to those who could read and write, and requiring all foreigners to be residents some years instead of months and be owners of real estate; then we could feel sure they had a fraternal interest in the welfare of our country, and their country also by adoption.

And another thing about women's voting: Just as soon as they have the ballot there is a class of them who would not be able to "rest well" unless they could have some office. We all know the woman who wishes to manage all her neighbors' affairs and whose judgment she thinks indispensable to the success of any undertaking in the church or community.

As long as women remain single I would deny them no place or position which they would and could fill creditably, but when a woman marries and little immortal souls are given into her care, she having chosen her work with her eyes open, should keep to that work until it is finished. No woman can do very much public work and do her home work well at the same time. And will not God require an account of how mothers have performed the tasks he gave them to train and educate the little ones for their good and His glory? Can a woman leave the care and training of these little souls to another person and so rid herself of her responsibility? I think not.

To illustrate my meaning clearly I will tell you of a woman in a town where I once lived, who was one of the most earnest workers in the temperance movement following the crusade. Her children were all boys. She talked and prayed for the abolishment of the saloons and the destruction of alcohol in every form; she was always present at the meetings, afternoon and evening; she was so interested and anxious to do all in her power to further the good cause. Where were the children? She took the smallest one with her and many times the older one, but he would slip out when the people were coming in pretty fast; the little one would stay as long as he could, then he would slip out into the street; the mother's place was on the platform, so she could not keep the children in their seats. The little one would run up and down the street amusing himself as best he could until too tired and sleepy, then he would climb upon a dry goods box near the door where the meeting was held, and when the meeting was out he would be found there fast asleep. The boy a few years older was spending his evening in a saloon where there was music, games, and lots of fun, and it was said that extra pains were taken to make the evenings pleasant to the twelve year old boy. Was the platform the place for that mother? She with others rescued several old toppers and they stayed rescued from three to six months, and some a year. I cannot remember one who did not go back to his cups. But that mother's boys are profitable

patrons of the saloons and have been for many years.

If a woman chooses to marry, her duty is to her home and family first. Can a woman who has a family of children perform all the duties of her home and public work at the same time and do both well?

I am yet to be convinced that a woman's influence is not far greater and very much farther reaching if she teaches and leads her children up to a noble man and womanhood, than the casting of a single ballot on election day. But you say she can do both; yes, if she limits her public work to voting; but there are many women who like office so much they would be willing to sit on jury over a dog fight rather than nothing. Perhaps you think I am very severe on my own sex. I do not mean to be; but I do dread to have women brought to the front to make themselves objects of pity or contempt. And for a while one woman's mistakes would be a reproach to them all in the minds of those who oppose suffrage to woman. If it is for the country's good we can easily bear even that reproach; but is it? I confess I do not know.

I do know one thing, and that is that I strongly object to universal suffrage; and I think it high time the attention of those in authority was given to remedying glaring defects. I will close by asking one question. Where is there a nobler work given to a human being than the rearing of a good noble man or woman, one whose aim in life is to do some worthy work, to do good, instead of looking to the getting of good, and to leave the world better because they have lived in it? Is this not every mother's privilege yea, her duty?

ALBION.

M. E. H.

"WHIP ME IF YOU DARE!"

That's what a large girl, some thirteen or fourteen years old, said to me in school one day over fifty years ago, when I prepared to punish her for some misdemeanor. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman who sent five children to my school, obliging me to travel two miles every morning and evening for fifteen days, boarding out my time there.

The schoolhouse was built in the edge of the woods, and just back of it was a large tamarack swamp, where the children used to get gum, which they got in the habit of chewing in school to such an extent that I was compelled to forbid its use under severe penalties. One day after the children had been in the swamp and secured a large quantity of gum, I observed this girl, who was seated with her back towards me, chewing gum as I thought, and calling her by name asked her if she was chewing gum. "No sir," said she, at the same time spitting something into her hand. Another girl sitting near her assured me she had been chewing gum, so I called the offender out and asked her what she had in her hand. "Nothing," said she, "Then open it and let me see," said I. "Shan't do it," was the reply. "Then I shall whip you," was my remark.

"Whip me if you dare" was the retort. I dared, of course, and gave her a trifling switch with a small birch whip, when she fell to the floor like a log. Her older brother sprang to his feet and said "— has fainted away, she always faints when pap licks her." "Well" said I, "the hair of a dog will cure the bite of a dog," and so I sailed in and gave her a right smart switching, as she lay on the floor. This revived her suddenly, and springing to her feet like an enraged tiger, she thrust the hand in which she held the soft balsam right into my face, covering it all over with the sticky stuff, making me a laughing stock for the whole school, but I "didn't laugh worth a cent" but then punished her in earnest, as I had previously merely given her "love taps." I gave her such a punishment that she begged for mercy, and promised to be a good girl in future, and after that a more obedient pupil there was not in school.

In after life, when she became a woman, she wrote me that whipping was the best thing that ever happened to her.

Now let me ask those sisters of the HOUSEHOLD who decry corporal punishment, and claim that love and moral suasion are all powerful to subdue most rebellious natures, what effect would mild means have had in this case? Might just as well use love and moral suasion on a pine stump.

GRANDPA.

MUSKIEGON.

OUR "CORNERS."

At a teachers' institute, years ago, I remember one of the instructors told us that when anything kept repeating itself over and over in our minds it was for a purpose and we should heed the lesson that it was trying to teach. Many times I have thought of it when some senseless little couplet has made life, for a day, almost a burden, coming to me perhaps with my first waking thought and crowding out everything with its little rhythmical jingle until I have doubted Prof. Sill's statement as to the lesson embodied therein.

Today a bit of a song has been singing itself over and over in my brain;

"We may shine,
You in your little corner
And I in mine."

Only a fragment from the Kindergarten school at Bay View where the 50 or 60 little ones went through all the manual so perfectly that the eyes of many of the adult spectators were filled with tears while their faces were wreathed with smiles because it was all so "cute." And now I am thinking how much truth there is in that refrain, and how wisely it is ordered that we do not all occupy the same "corner" and that we are not all made after the same pattern, mentally or physically.

"Not by one gauge of fitness or unfitness
Ought we to judge of mankind, more than
God
Asks of each plant the self-same bloom as
witness
Of equal sunshine poured upon its sod."

We can also be thankful that, if by reason of talent or perseverance we can fill all the angle, it will expand according to our needs until a broad space is all our

own. When we are envying some bright, talented person it is a comfort to feel that, after all, they are only occupying their individual niche; and ours, be it ever so humble, is all our own and we must shine in our own way and by our own light.

Because I cannot sing like a Patti or lecture like Miss Willard, let me not give up in despair but comfort myself with my own small round of duties and pleasures, remembering that in my little corner I may shine although mine in the comparison be only a feeble rush light to the grand electric effulgence.

Then how monotonous everything would be if we could all shine alike. Between the large fruit in the basket there is room for much that is smaller as "chinking," and who would not rather be a peach than a pumpkin, although the latter occupies the larger space and is noticeable from greater distance.

Then, too, the Good Father who heeds even the sparrow's fall will as surely recognize our efforts and help us according to our needs as though instead of a still small voice there was a flourish of trumpets. So let us be content to shine

"You in your little corner
And I in mine."

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

A LITTLE COOKING TALK.

Each week as I have read the HOUSEHOLD I have thought "I want to say something on that subject," but the time would fly by and nothing would be written.

The cold weather inspires me to say something concerning breakfast. We all crave something warm as the chilly mornings come, and so I wish to say a word about this important meal of the day, for it is necessary that the first meal should be one that puts the body in shape for the day's work. Personally I like fruit, and no farmer need be without that, as it is not half the luxury, or at least should not be, to you, that is to many a city dweller who has it every morning. I want after the fruit a dish of graham mush or corn, as I do not like oatmeal, and a roll or muffin suits me better than pancakes. I like this varied occasionally by a bit of steak, a chop or a bit of salt pork fried to a turn; if you are fortunate enough to have cream to pour over it you have a dish fit for a king; a perfectly boiled or baked potato is the proper accompaniment. Such a breakfast is not difficult to get nor is it elaborate, and yet how many of the women of your acquaintance would serve it cooked as it should be.

It sorely tries my patience to see good materials spoiled in the cooking. Too often it is the articles of food that are most frequently prepared that are the worst. It is not lack of knowledge many times I believe, or need not be that, but is lack of thought and a desire to hurry through the work that must be done. This is not strange when we remember that the tired woman must prepare the meals three times each day, sometimes however it could be avoided by putting into the hands of a daughter; possibly she might let something burn or scorch the meat and the potatoes

might be undone, but then perhaps you did the same when you began and she will be sorry for all mistakes, so have patience and keep her at it even though it be some days or weeks before she can bake an ovenful of bread without burning two or three loaves because she forgot it. If cooking is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and if mother is careless daughter is quite likely to be also; she may it is true show her carelessness in a different way and about different things, but it will come out.

A gentleman of my acquaintance insists that if you once have a dish perfect you can always have that dish perfect. I know that most women protest that this is not so and I too believe that it could not be in every case, but it might more often prove the rule if more care was taken. You can know, if you wish, just how much of each ingredient was used, and by purchasing the same brand of flour and other materials be reasonably certain of getting the same grade; you can have the same temperature if you are exacting enough, and this one item has much to do with the cooking of most foods.

You may say, "I don't believe you know much about cooking," and that is very true, but I do know that a young and inexperienced girl who chooses simple recipes, with definite directions, can by following them exactly produce fairly good food; if this is possible a woman with experience should with tried recipes be able to do better. It is the old lesson of doing each thing exactly as it should be done that so many of our housewives need; and if all things cannot be done, and I know it often seems impossible to do them all properly, then do only those things that are absolutely necessary and do them perfectly. Teach your girls in this way. I have grown to it after many lessons and precept upon precept, until if I lay anything down as finished when not completed as it should be, I go and pick it up and finish it with the words on my lips, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

JEANNE ALLISON.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Monday morning, August 4th, we took the train for Cinnabar. Our route was through mountain defiles, constantly rising. A few mountain hamlets are passed on the way; nearing Cinnabar, a double wall or rock up the mountain side is pointed out, the soil between having been washed out. This is named the "Devil's Slide," and is the foretaste of many euphonious titles expressive of fire and brimstone with a location and governor. The ride from Cinnabar to Mammoth Hot Springs hotel is in comfortable coaches, drawn by four or six horses; distance seven miles, during which an ascent of 2,000 feet is made. The road first winds along the Gardiner river, a rapid, brawling mountain stream, but leaves it two miles before you reach the hotel. In this distance you rise 800 feet. The hotel is situated on a plain in a depression in the mountains, is 400 feet long; three to four stories high and accommodates 350 to 400 guests. Hot water from the

Springs supplies the baths, and a mountain spring supplies cold water and fire protection. The Mammoth Hot Springs are situated near the hotel, and rise in a series of uneven terraces from the plain, in a ravine of the mountains; rising 800 feet and extending back two miles. They are two miles from Gardiner river, but evidence of their deposit or formation shows all along the way. These terraces are all made up of the deposit of these springs, and consist of a hard crust, layer on layer, generally white, but on the borders, sides and bottoms of many of the springs streaked and shaded with the most brilliant colors; yellow from sulphur to cream, red from scarlet to rose; with various sapphire and violet tints. The water is perfectly transparent, in some springs about right in heat for a Chinaman's "washce washee," to away above boiling heat in others, and the springs vary in size from a minute jet to one 40 or 50 feet in diameter. Some of the terraces are five or six feet high, others forty or fifty. Some extend back in a wide plateau, others are only a few feet wide, and the same terrace will be broken in height and width. Some of the springs simmer in pulsations like breathing, others boil furiously with a great and constant overflow. The water finds an escape underground, only showing for about 200 rods, where it empties into Gardiner river under the name of Boiling river. Enough water in heat and quantity empties to raise the temperature of Gardiner river. On the plain near the foot of the terrace is an extinct cone, formed of overlapping layers of deposit, evidently built by overflowing waters which have at last closed up the orifice. It is 52 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter, and known as Liberty Cap. Another like this, but smaller, leans against the first terrace, and is called the Devil's Thumb. The form of the terraces is constantly changing by the deposit. Any article of wood or iron placed in the overflow is in a few days covered with a beautiful white incrustation.

Different parts of the formation are called by different names, as Jupiter and Minerva terraces; Pulpit or Narrow Gauge, etc. A number of deep holes or basins are located in the plain, evidently the site of extinct springs. It is noticed that the deposit takes place inside well as outside, thus in time filling the orifice, when action must cease at that place. In passing over this formation the hollow echoes under your feet suggest unpleasant possibilities, but one thinks little of this at the time, so absorbing are the wonders around.

Tuesday morning, August 5th, the coaches were ordered, to commence the tour of the park. Parties of five or seven desirous of traveling together were assigned to coaches accommodating such numbers, but as we were only two, we were assigned to a comfortable double carriage drawn by a fine pair of horses; a Mr. Sharpe, also of Michigan, occupying the front seat with the driver. This arrangement continued through the tour; and as we had an exceptionally intelligent and obliging driver we had many excellent opportunities for extra sight-seeing. Our coachman would

often drive out of the road to points of interest, which we would otherwise have lost. Mr. Sharp left us at the end of the first day, hurrying forward on horseback to gain one stage, as his time was limited.

Four miles south of the Hot Springs, in a rugged pass between Bunsen's Peak and Terrace mountain, we pass through the "Golden Gate." It is a roadway blasted out of the solid wall in part, and partly built on trestle work. A square column carved from the rock left on the river side, suggests the name of "gate," and the bright yellow moss growing over the rocks makes the name "Golden" appropriate. A mountain stream called Rustic Falls comes dashing over the rocks at the end, falling some sixty feet. This mile of road is said to have cost \$14,000. The drive further on, through Swan Lake basin, is like a western prairie hemmed in by mountains 10,000 to 11,000 feet in height at various points. Twelve miles south of the Springs we come to "Obsidian Cliffs," or the great volcanic glass mountain. The roadway passes along its base for 1,000 feet, the glistening columns 250 feet high rising above the road, while on the other side lies Beaver Lake. Blasting powder could not be used on glass, so it was shivered by building great fires against the blocks and then dashing water on them. It is the only piece of glass road in the world. Several dams, made by beavers in the lake, give the name to this sheet of water. Further on we come to "Roaring Mountain," so called from the roar of escaping gas from the many fissures on its rocky sides; it also throws out steam and hot water continually. Passing over the divide we reach the "Norris Geyser Basin," 22 miles from the Hot Springs, where dinner is served. Passengers usually walk on in advance of the coaches to get a first view of the geysers, a mile further on. This basin covers an area of six square miles, and of course the tourist sees but a small portion of the whole, but the points of greatest interest are accessible.

I will here state the points of difference in designating these hot springs. Those that simply pulsate or simmer are called "pools;" those that boil and overflow are "springs;" while those that elevate their water in jets of a greater or less force are "geysers." As you approach the plain and hear the rumblings, the hiss of escaping steam, and see the vapor rising you might think a great manufacturing town was there, but the odor is not such as is usual to such places. In many places great care should be taken; in others the paths are safe. The "Steam Vent" is a wonder of this place, the hissing and roaring being continuous, and a great volume of steam issuing with furious force. There are here the "Monarch," "Black Growler," "Constant" and many other geysers that play at intervals of hours or days, and throw volumes of water from 25 to 150 feet high. The crater of the Monarch is twenty feet long and three feet wide. Eruptions occur about once in twelve hours; are of such force and amount as to flood the level all around. Some miles further on the

tourist leaves the carriage to visit the "Gibbon Paint Pots." These are great openings in the formation, where instead of water boiling, there is a pasty, thick matter, which boils with the "plop" of slaking lime, but at each opening discloses rings of the most brilliant hues of red, yellow and violet. On we go, through Gibbon Canyon, crossing and recrossing the river of that name, now fording it, again crossing on a bridge, all along seeing the escaping vapor of the springs, until we come to Gibbon Falls, where the water tumbles in a series of steep cascades, divided by a rocky ledge, from a height of eighty feet. Then for several miles the road passes over a rolling country, thinly wooded with fir and pine, then by a gentle descent into the valley of the Firehole river, whose two forks, with the Gibbon, form the Madison, one of the sources of the Missouri. Here is located the hotel of the Lower Geyser Basin, and rest is especially grateful after a ride of 42 miles, to say nothing of the amount of walking done in exploring the Norris and Middle Geyser basins. Twelve miles further south you reach Upper Geyser Basin. Here are a great variety of geysers, paint pots, and pools. The general elevation is about 7,500 feet above sea level. In this valley of 30 to 40 square miles are about 700 hot springs and geysers. In the Middle Geyser basin is located the "Excelsior Geyser," the largest in the park. Its crater is 330 by 200 feet in size, the water of a deep blue tint, a cloud of steam constantly rising from its agitated surface. The water is 25 or 30 feet below the surface, and can only be seen when the wind blows the steam aside. This was very active for some years, then was quiet again, but for two years has been intensely active; often playing once in two hours. The first motion lifts the water in the basin bodily upward, flooding the whole place, then jets of water, steam and sometimes rocks are thrown up with tremendous force. Its crater is enlarging owing to its terrific eruptions. It is thought it will undermine Turquoise Spring, a beautiful pool of water a little distance away. Prismatic Lake, a sheet of water of sapphire hue, with formations of rainbow tints, which lies 500 feet away, is also threatened by this giant geyser. The rush and roar, the hissing and clouds of steam, with the sulphurous smell arising from this basin, have given it the expressive name of "Hell's Half-acre." At each eruption the Firehole river is raised several inches, and its temperature perceptibly increased.

A. L. L.

(To be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN a stove is cracked, a cement may be made of wood-ashes and salt, in equal proportions, mixed to a paste with cold water. Fill the cracks with this when the stove is cool, and it will soon harden.

SOME people are afraid to eat fruit in summer, fearing it will produce diarrhoea and other disorders of the kind. But it is a mistake. The trouble charged to the

fruit is really produced by meat. In hot weather meat putrefies rapidly and during this process poisonous alkaloids are formed, which cause the diarrhoea. Ripe fruit is a healthful diet, but it must be ripe and fresh.

THE housekeeper who knows how vexatious it is not to have knives, spoons and forks enough "to go round" and who envies those who never have to worry about such small but exasperating shortcomings, may be relieved to know that the butler of the White House has but four dozen of solid silver knives, forks and spoons in his pantry; and that when the President of the United States gives a dinner party two of the fifty guests are supplied with plated ware. The "gold spoons" which cost Martin Van Buren his re-election were found to be only plated with gold, and the coat of precious metal began to wear off in President Arthur's time, so that he had them re-plated.

IN reconstructing an old house for a new wife, a labor-saving convenience was introduced into the dining-room which saved the housekeeper a good many trips up and down cellar. There was a closed cupboard at one end of the dining room. A carpenter removed a part of the flooring and fitted a set of five shelves, which were attached to the cupboard by a rope running over a pulley, thus allowing the shelves to be lowered into the cellar and drawn up at pleasure. The rope is secured to a hook. When the table is to be cleared, anything which should go into the cellar is easily put there simply by lowering the shelves. When the cook goes down cellar for meat, vegetables, etc., it is no trouble to put the butter, milk, pickles, or anything needed in the dining-room upon this miniature dumb waiter, to be drawn up at the proper time. And on these hanging shelves anything is safe from mice or cats.

Contributed Recipes.

CHOPPED PICKLE.—Half peck green tomatoes; one dozen large cucumbers, green; two large onions; two heads of cabbage; three large red peppers; one coffee-cup of grated horseradish; ten cents worth each of white and black mustard seed; two ounces celery seed; half pint salt. Put salt, tomatoes and cabbage together; let stand three hours. Drain cry through colander. Add two pounds of sugar and vinegar enough to cover (cold). Pour over mixture and seal; or it can be kept in jars.

TOMATO PRESERVE.—Take good ripe tomatoes. Peel, take out the hard core, and boil till thick. Add sugar, pound for pound, and two lemons. Boil very thick, stirring them to prevent scorching. Hard to be beat when properly made. MARY.

SALINE.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice two gallons of green tomatoes; put in layers in a jar with salt between each layer. Let stand twenty-four hours; then pour off the brine. Put with them six red peppers, chopped; one cup grated horseradish; two ounces whole mustard seed, and cover with cider vinegar. Add onions if desired. Fit for use in two weeks.

DETROIT.

MRS. W.