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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CHRISTMAS PENSEES.

'Tis Christmas, merry Christmas,
With its holly-berries bright,
With its sweet and joyous carols
Chiming out into the night.

'Tis Christmas, happy Christmas,
With its greetings, when we hear
Pleasant sounds of salutation
And good wishes for the year.

'Tis Christmas, hallowed Christmas,
With its hidden sigh that tells
Of the shadow that hath fallen
Since the ringing of the bells.

'Tis Christmas, blessed Christmas,
With its memories untold,
Bringing joy and pain commingled,
As in Christmas days of old.

—Good Housekeeping.

CHRISTMAS.

Before another HOUSEHOLD will be abroad in the land, we shall have made an end of wishing each other a Merry Christmas for the year of grace 1890. All the mysterious bundles will have been opened, the depths of the Christmas stockings explored, all the Christmas secrets disclosed. Santa Claus will have unstrapped his pack, and the children of the rich will have received their costly presents in gratification of fancied wants; and in humble homes the poor man's blessings will have been overjoyed by receiving simpler gifts, not less weighted with love and affection than their richer neighbor's. At Christmas, if ever, we know that it is more blessed to give than to receive. As in most of the events of life, our pleasure has been in anticipation, in planning our little surprises, in gratifying some cherished wish of those we love.

Christmas is emphatically the family holiday; none other brings all its members into such close and beautiful union. The loving thought each for the other, the mutual sacrifices—for there is no delight in giving what has cost us nothing in self denial—the jollity of the day, all belong to the home and its inmates. Let it be a merry day, full of delight for the children, in whose happiness parents may renew their own old time Christmas Days.

Not a little of the pleasure the recipient of a gift obtains from it comes from the manner of the presentation. Children delight in the mysterious, the unexpected. The wonderful tree with its twinkling tapers and its unwonted fruit is a never ceasing delight. The commonest gift is hallowed if borne upon its magic branches. Or evestocking mysteriously in

the loneliness and darkness of the "night before Christmas" while visions of reindeer and a furry St. Nick are haunting sleepy heads, is a source of delight and marvel quite beyond the gifts produced from the bureau drawer before their eyes. The trouble of dressing the Christmas tree is amply rewarded by the sight of the beaming faces about it; the expense is slight, since strings of popcorn and festoons of tinsel paper cost next to nothing, and the little wax candles are cheap. Or if this be not possible, Santa Claus himself, dressed in his furs, and carrying his pack, may appear and distribute the gifts. Or, cover the big dishpan with white paper, border it with a wreath of evergreen, put it on the table and set the whole family to march around it, singing a Christmas carol. Let the dimpled fist of the youngest of the circle break the paper cover, and then distribute the bundles within, which make it as wonderful as that in which four-and-twenty blackbirds were baked for a nameless king, and as composite a creation as the hotel mince-pie.

And now a word about the gifts. Charles Dudley Warner says the class of wares known as holiday goods seems to be manufactured on purpose that people may perform a duty that is expected of them in the holidays. He evidently has not a high opinion of this kind of gifts, for he adds that at least the giver is blessed in that he has not to live with the gifts. And indeed the general run of goods manufactured for the holiday trade is objectionable in that they pretend to be what they are not. Pasteboard masquerades as leather, painted wood as ivory, gilded iron as bronze. The idea seems to be to offer something showy and cheap, and an immense amount of money is annually wasted in the purchase of articles which are thrown away as rubbish or relegated to the attic in a state of innocuous desuetude before another Christmas. Turn away from all such "nonsense things" and buy sensible things. Don't go too far to the other extreme and give a pair of coarse shoes or a flannel petticoat to the girl who is longing for an embroidered handkerchief or a box of paints. Useful things, which need not be ugly or practical, always make the most acceptable gifts, those longest prized. There's no sense in giving a book of poems to a person who never reads, or a picture to one who doesn't know an etching from a photograph. A Spanish proverb says "Heaven sends almonds to those who have no teeth," and it is true of much of our "periodic

generosity," because we do not give the careful thought which enables us to select things which will be in harmony with the tastes of the recipients.

Do not spend more than you can afford. That is not right or just. Too many in the excitement of their shopping and in the midst of so many pretty things, and too in the generous promptings of their hearts, forget prudence and spend money which should go for household needs, repenting later, when the paroxysm of generosity is over.

The giving of gifts should be free and spontaneous, the only motive affection and regard, a desire to give pleasure to others. Therefore, do not make "duty presents," by which is meant what are often called "return gifts," made because somebody else gave you something and you feel you must return an equivalent, perhaps against your will. That is not gift-giving; it's barter. It robs the season of its chief charm to make its symbolic custom a matter of trade. If affection does not prompt a gift, do not make one; let the matter end right there.

And having made what preparations have seemed fitting, let us not envy those who are able to give more costly offerings, but remember it is the sentiment and the loving remembrance, not the value, which consecrates the gift; let us make our Christmas greetings an earnest of the good will we bear each other, and banish from our hearts all that would cloud a MERRY CHRISTMAS, which the Editor wishes to each and all her HOUSEHOLD friends.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

"If Cora would only love us always as she does now! I can't bear to think of her growing up and caring more for some one else than her parents. We are her whole world now, but it will be different in a few years." So said a fond mother to me, in speaking of her lovable six years old daughter; and I asked myself where the blame rested that sons and daughters do not retain the same affection for their parents as they grow to young man and womanhood. And the question received a ready answer in my own mind that the parents are most at fault. When the children are young they are fondled, caressed and amused, to the neglect of all else if need be. A three years old child with a hurt finger finds ready sympathy and loving kisses for lips and cheeks and aching hand until the pain is, in imagination, kissed away, but the twelve years old,

while none the less a child, with a deeper wound to her sensitive nature, is fretted at, nagged and really driven to some other source for sympathy, if she receives any at all, while the mother only says: "If you never have any worse trouble than that I guess you'll get along," when it is real heart trouble; so much greater than the hurt finger of babyhood as to bear no comparison; and it is no wonder that the growing child turns to mates who can understand her sorrows, and gradually drifts away from those who should be nearest and dearest, until there is a great gulf between.

I shall never forget a little scene witnessed many years ago, where two mothers were in a room with their half grown daughters; when one, in passing, slipped an arm lovingly about the waist of her child, giving her a tender, motherly kiss which the other one noticed with the remark: "Why, I haven't kissed one of my girls in years. Not since they were little, as I know of." Oh! the power of a caress for keeping parents and children united, but how few hold their offspring with these loving ties all along through the days and years of their growing life! The tender, budding love for the opposite sex which the parents may notice even before the child realizes its import, is laughed about and made a subject of jest, when it should be nourished like a delicate plant, for the attachments of early life are often of lasting effect, and many a mother mourns in later years over the reticence of son or daughter regarding their choice of a life companion; and many a daughter's shame or son's disgrace might be traced to the lack of confidential sympathy between parents and children through those trying years from eight to eighteen. A hurt then makes a wound that may never heal, and an act or speech that in later life would be unnoticed, is remembered with a feeling of pain to the last.

Not long since I was turning over some pattern books of more than thirty years ago, and by chance I opened to a little braiding pattern, the sight of it giving me such pain, after all these years, as no slight nowadays could cause. I was only a young girl then, with little material and less skill and experience, but the Christmas time was coming and from my small resources I wanted to make something for a gift—something to put on the Christmas tree that was to be the first for my childish eyes to see. Slyly I worked and after much painstaking the pattern was drawn on paper and carefully basted to the cloth, and following its tortuous windings the braid was stitched on and the pincushion completed. Even now I can see it as plainly as though lying before me, a square of pale blue wool delaine with the bright scarlet braid following the pattern, and a pleating around the edge to hide the seam. Times were different then and colors were not shaded and harmonized as now, but it was the best that I had, and even now I know that it was a presentable article for a child's work. Christmas day brought a terrible storm and the tree was given up and the presents were distributed,

but later the storm cleared and there was lively work at the church as each one carried the presents already received for the privilege of receiving them again in public. The neighbor to whom I had given the work of my hands and the good will that accompanied it said to me: "I didn't think it would pay to carry that little pincushion, and I'm awful glad I didn't, for there's some nice embroidered ones there and that wouldn't look like much." I knew very well that it could not match the work of skilled fingers, but I also knew that among the hundreds of presents and in all that hurry and confusion my poor little gift would not have been noticed. And that unkind speech sank deep into the childish heart and the knowledge that, after its wholly thankless reception, the gift was never thus used, but ripped apart for other purposes, was a hurt that has lasted through all these years.

Favoritism is a constant source of trouble, and very few families are found where the children receive equal interest and attention. Many parents claim that it is impossible, with the different dispositions, to feel the same affection for each child; but alas for all the heartache and the longing for love and sympathy that are endured by these slighted children, while their tempers are daily soured and hardened by the treatment received. Since they cannot find congeniality at home what wonder that they turn to other sources, going up or down in the social scale, often by no choice of their own, but from their surroundings, the tide landing them safe in some exalted position, or leaving them wallowing in the slough of despondency.

The school-teacher who puts the bunch of glaring dandelions, selected with loving thoughtfulness by one pupil, beside the choice bouquet of another, may not give an object lesson in the artistic blending of colors, but the love and adoration of that happy child will follow her in later years, and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

FROM "SISTER GRACIOUS."

Most of us have heard the city clocks strike off the hours until long past midnight, and resorted to different ways to coax or induce that greatest of all blessings, sleep. To say the alphabet or multiplication table backwards, or a rhyme from Mother Goose, or to say over and over a hymn, is familiar to all. One old gentleman could not sleep until after his game of chess with a favorite daughter. Another would take a short walk just before bedtime, even if it was raining in torrents. One queer genius gave me his remedy for sleeplessness: "After a certain time," said he, "and I am still wakeful, I get out of bed and take off all the bed clothes one after another and lay over a chair; I even shake up the mattress and feather bed, and then put the sheets and blankets back one after another, smoothly. After my bed is made I jump in, and generally doze off, though I have had nights when the opera-

tion had to be repeated three times." Some keep a flesh brush handy and give the body a vigorous rubbing, while others count sheep jumping through a fence one at a time. Another counting way is to say slowly one—two—and a pause, and again one—two. The point is, not to excite the mind, and produce more wakefulness by thinking "what comes next," as is apt to be the case if one thinks out intricate sums. One lady cannot get to sleep unless her favorite cat is curled up at the foot of her bed, and many are unable to doze off unless there is a light in the room. It's a blessing when one can drop off into a sweet sleep regardless of time, place or circumstances.

Don is a dog with considerable character, and tells us his likes and dislikes in the plainest manner. He sleeps by the kitchen stove, and in winter we throw over him a large shawl. But one bitterly cold night, with the thermometer marking below zero, I hastily crawled into bed, and didn't go down to replenish the kitchen fire, or cover up the dog. Don would not be passed over in this manner. I was just getting warm and comfortable when I felt a cold nose in my hand, and afterwards heard the most doleful, piteous whine that ever came from a distressed dog. Thinking his stomach must be out of order, and that to go out doors would revive him, I jumped out of bed, bundled up in a shawl, ran down to the front door and opened it. Then I looked around for Don, but he was nowhere to be seen. I ran up stairs again, and there cuddled down under the bed-clothes, in the warm place I had just left, was that rogue of a dog. His eyes were closed, he was apparently so sound asleep I could almost hear him snore. It was a clever trick, but didn't quite succeed. I took that dog by the collar and yanked him out, and he gave such a hollow doleful howl my heart relented, and I actually went down stairs, made up the kitchen fire, and rolled him up in his blanket.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

A HORTICULTURAL MEETING.

I wonder if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD noticed that Beatrix was entirely crowded out of the issue of Nov. 29th. Well, I did, and at once thought that she would not complain, for only a few weeks ago she had to make "copy" for nearly the whole of the little sheet, and Nov. 22, only three articles were contributed. Now this should not be, for if the HOUSEHOLD is as helpful and suggestive as so many have publicly declared it to be, it ought not to go begging for "copy," and so I will endeavor to add my mite by giving an account of the meeting of our Horticultural Society which was held Nov. 12th at the residence of E. P. Allis, father of the president, Mr. Elliott Allis, two and a half miles west of the city of Adrian. Though the condition of the roads was not good at that time, and a small attendance was anticipated, the people gathered in such numbers that a very interesting session was held in the forenoon, the subject being the winter protection of fruit-

trees and shrubs. Adjourned at twelve for dinner, when two long tables were filled with provisions brought by the members. Thirty-two persons could be seated at one time. Eighteen more were served at the second table, making 50 in all who partook of as good a dinner as one could desire. It is the custom of this society for the hostess to furnish only tea, coffee, cream and sugar, and the others take just what they choose, also their own dishes, napkins, etc. But at this meeting they were treated to warm chicken pie and mashed potatoes in addition to their own eatables, and there were certainly several baskets left after all had been served. The afternoon meeting was devoted to a paper and discussion on plum and pear culture, followed by singing, recitations and two papers which have been already published in the HOUSEHOLD. About twenty guests came after dinner, and all thought it was a very profitable and interesting meeting.

I will just add that I too, was one of the disappointed ones at the Detroit Exposition in not seeing our Editor, as I went several time during my two days' stay, to the little Swiss chalet, but she was never "at home." Would it not be a good plan, if there is another fair next fall, to have a certain hour stated for each day, when she could receive visitors, as so many of us are anxious to become acquainted with her and know just how she looks?

Mrs. B. I. L.

LENAWEE JUNCTION.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

I think I will tell you of a little conversation which occurred soon after election between a lady friend and myself. She is a strong "woman suffragist," one of those who ask: "Don't I know as much as a negro, or a low, uneducated foreigner?" and says "I think I am just as capable of voting as any one." After a little talk I said I was sorry my friend, naming a gentleman, was not elected. She said: "I am not; he has no business in politics. When a man of so much talent and so much influence for good has been called to preach the gospel he has no business to go into politics—for you know no one can dabble in politics without their reputation becoming soiled and befouled."

I said to myself, if a good man's character or reputation is so much in danger, what a risk would women also run by mixing in the same business! Had we not better make haste slowly in this matter, and consider this aspect of the case before we demand an opportunity to mount a pedestal as a target for the mud-slingers to defile?

At a meeting of the W. C. T. U. not long since in a discussion of this subject, one woman said "If I should be left alone and had to pay taxes, I want to vote. I think I ought to have a chance to help make the laws by which I am governed and which I pay taxes to support."

Then my mind went wool-gathering to discover if possible how much the voters in general have to do with making the laws. The most of them know but very

little, in fact nothing but what the party leaders and newspapers tell them; and they are pledged to stand by their candidate just as firmly as the members of a brotherhood are pledged to stand by each other in all the ins and outs of life. The voters know very little of the man the majority of voters sends to the Legislature or to Congress; they agree to stand by the platform of their party, but how many of them are impervious to a bribe for their vote or their absence? If women sat in their seats, would they be less susceptible if the bribe came in the shape of a diamond ring or a silk dress? Would not almost every woman vote for any measure that "the most delightful man she ever met," urged her to; and vice versa?

It looks to me as if the very few leaders of the party in power are they who do all the lawmaking and the governing of the people. I think the moral sentiment of a community has more to do with the government of that community than any single power of man. And isn't this the right work for women instead of the ballot? I beg the readers of the HOUSEHOLD not to think for one moment I will be opposed to women's voting as soon as I can see where they themselves or any one else will be benefited thereby. Perhaps I have said enough or more than enough on this subject for once.

There is another argument which has been presented to me, and I think I had better present it here than leave it for another letter; it is "Women should have the privilege of voting if they wish, because it is their right."

I am not prepared with an answer for this last argument; it has not got thoroughly simmered into my mind; if any one can explain the deep mystery (to me) I should like to have them. I am sorry to be obliged to admit that I am not so keen witted as many; but doubtless you have discovered it long ago.

I wish some one who is familiar with the leading magazines of the day to tell me the best or peculiar feature of each; the *Arena*, *Forum*, *Century*, *Atlantic*, *Scribner's* and *Harper's*.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

WORK AND ITS NOBILITY.

[Paper read before the Jackson County Farmers' Club at the semi-annual meeting at Jackson, Nov. 12th, by Mrs. L. B. Ray, of Concord.]

The subject, "Work and its Nobility," is one which it must be a benefit for us as workers to consider. For while we from choice or necessity (and I would have all workers from choice, whether there is a necessity or not) are laborers in some line of business, it is well to consider the nobleness it may add to the mind and character of each of us if we will but let our thoughts dwell upon that side of the subject, instead of bemoaning our fate, and looking upon our work as degrading, and ourselves of less account than those whom circumstances and a false education have placed in a position, where through their inactive lives no human being is benefitted, and they themselves never know the possibilities there are in a life of usefulness en-

shrouded in their minds and bodies, which are given them, not to remain idle, but to enlarge and enlighten by the exercise of all their mental and bodily powers.

This is an age in which work, and workmen and women workers are constantly being called for. Never was there a time when an idle, indolent man or woman was at such a discount. There seems really no place for them, not even as office-holders. Workers in every line of business are called for, and honest, intelligent workmen are valued according to their merits. We seldom hear in these days the remark accompanied by a sneer, "He is only a workingman," or "She has to work for her living." It is an honor to be self-supporting, able and willing to earn all the comforts and as many of the luxuries of this life as hard, earnest work of mind and body can bring to us. And how we enjoy comforts and luxuries thus brought to us through our own efforts! How we enjoy rest brought to us after weeks or months of labor, I will say not incessant labor, for it is a false idea that we as farmers or farmers' wives must work every hour of the daylight or far into the night. There is many a rest we may take if we will, that will go far to lighten the labor when resumed. Work must be done as work, and the worker must not be ashamed to have it understood that it is work. No one can earn an honest living on false pretenses. Unless one's heart and mind are in his work it is not apt to be successfully performed, nor will he grow strong and prosperous in doing it. The man who believes in hard work and is willing to be known as one who earns his living, if he is intelligent, honest, and economical, is the man who is almost sure to earn it, and to get on in the world, so that after a time he can rest from his labor, and enjoy the fruits of his industry. There are many examples of what honest industry has accomplished.

If you have a duty to perform (and you always have), do it. Do not work hastily or beyond strength of mind or body. Many a valuable project has failed of completion thereby. Many a needed reform has fallen into ruins, never reached a point of usefulness through the haste of its originators. Young people should early learn the lesson of spending well, as well as saving well. It is quite as important to learn to make a wise investment of money as to learn to save it.

The social life of the great middle class of Americans is sadly deficient. Why should girls be raised in idleness, and work and service be deemed a disgrace to them and an honor to their brothers? Why the home be filled with ignorant and half trained servants to waste and annoy, when there are two or three daughters in the household who would be healthier in mind and body if each took her share of the work, giving order and comfort to those who too often are devoting themselves to hard, earnest labor, that the wife and daughters may sit in comparative idleness at home? This false home training of our girls is a great evil. Teach them that their lives will be better, nobler, for good honest work for themselves and others.

Let them be trained from the beginning to regard all household work as good and honorable; and to be skilled in every department of home economy is as much a woman's duty as it is a man's duty to be skilled in the trade or calling by which he is to become the bread winner of his family. Let duty and work be set before them as the highest end in life, and idleness and self-indulgence as the lowest. It is this false sentiment which is working disaster in so many homes, homes built upon the sands of pride and self-indulgence instead of the solid foundation of prudence, industry, economy and a loving self-sacrifice.

The man who has nothing to do is the most miserable of beings. No matter how much wealth a man has he can be neither contented or happy without occupation. We were born to labor, and we can find a field of usefulness almost anywhere. In occupation we forget our cares, our worldly trials and sorrows. It keeps us from worrying over what is inevitable.

The man or woman who are above labor and despise the laborer, show a want of common sense, and forget that every article that is used is the product of more or less labor, and that the air they breathe and that the circulation of the blood in their veins is the result of the labor of the God of Nature.

We talk of the necessity of intelligent, skilled labor; how are we to obtain it if we are not willing to take those unskilled and teach them; and then when we have taught them our way (which may or may not be the best way) and after faithful service for us, they go to some other employer whose mode of doing the same work is entirely different, is it their fault if they have to be taught over again, if they give entire satisfaction? Sister housewives, think of this when after six months' labor in the employ of some neighbor whose method of performing her work you know is entirely different from yours, you hire a girl. Do not expect to leave her entirely to manage your household affairs, thinking they will move along just as smoothly and quickly, and in your way as though you had given her months of your training. Let us as housekeepers be more patient, less fault-finding with those we employ, and remember the disadvantages there are on the side of the employed, whose service extends only through a few weeks with one, or a few months with another, having to learn new methods of doing work, having different conveniences to perform their labor with, finding some of us very imperfect in our temper or way of controlling it, the wonder is there are any girls capable of giving entire satisfaction in service on the farm. The same is true but in a less degree with workmen employed on the farm, for there is less diversity of work in the field, and nearly all farms are supplied with all the most improved tools, while many housewives are still setting milk in shallow pans and churning with the old dash churn, roasting their meats in the oven in the old way, which required constant attention to baste and keep the oven at the proper temperature. To be sure

those meats were delicious and very toothsome when served, cooked just right, but oh, the anxiety and labor which it required, which can now be lightened by using improved roasting pans and steam cookers, which we as housewives should endeavor to obtain as fast as improved machinery comes to lighten the outdoor life of the farmer.

Farm life is varied, and the variety makes it pleasing. Each season of the year brings its work. Compare it with other business. Think of the sameness in the routine of the business man, called upon day after day the year through to perform the same monotonous duties, no change, save in the short vacation he is permitted to take, the same with many employes in manufacturing. True there is a nobility which enlarges mind and thought in their labor if it is done intelligently and conscientiously, but is there the same chance for continued growth, continued enlargement in mind that there is in agricultural pursuits?

Are we not a favored class, we tillers of the soil? Is there not a wider, nobler sphere open to us than is given to any other occupation? Is there anything we cannot have, any position we may not hold, if we labor, plan, and properly fit ourselves for it? But there are many places we cannot fill wisely until we work patiently and long to fit ourselves, and when we are fitted for leaders, leaders to execute the grand laws of our government, the world at large will find us out, and we shall slip easily and naturally into our proper positions. But workers are always in demand. The supply is never too great, they are needed everywhere. There is no demand for sluggards. Idle men and women have no place in this busy, active world of ours. All need not work as we work, but some kind of work, well done, is demanded of each of us.

Small organizations like our Jackson County Farmers' Club will perish without earnest, hard workers. If each member will work as he or she is called upon, we may in the future see and receive great and lasting benefits to us as agriculturists and also benefit the world at large by our growth in intelligence and ability to lead and govern, where now we are only beginning to learn where we stand.

A DISCOVERY.

We are very fond of pumpkin pies at our house, and the way the eggs disappear in the manufacture of that toothsome product of the pastry cook's art, is, to use a popular expression, "a caution."

In casting about for a substitute for the hen fruit my eye fell upon a quantity of cracker dust that had been sifted from the remains of the last barrel of crackers. It seemed as likely as anything to supply the deficiency so it was given a trial. I used a cupful of pumpkin stewed and mashed, and nearly half as much of the cracker dust to each pie, with the other usual ingredients, except eggs, and the result is perfectly satisfactory. I use part molasses to sweeten with, as it gives a darker color than all sugar, and is no detriment to the taste of the pie.

ELLA R. WOOD.
FLINT.

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES.

The D. Lothrop Publishing Co., of Boston, have a series of publications designed for the young people which seems to furnish something for every age and taste. There is the well known and popular *Wide-Awake*, suitable for lads and lassies who have experienced a baker's dozen of birthdays, and who will be interested in the tales of travel and adventure and athletic sports, which makes twelve welcome calls in a year for \$2 40. The make-up of the magazine is fine, its letterpress admirable, its illustrations calculated to instill correct ideas of art and educate the eye to what is good. Then comes *The Pansy*, with its wreath of golden pansies on the cover, filled with pleasant reading and pictures for boys and girls of nine or ten years, published monthly at \$1. Mrs. Alden, the "Pansy" whose books are so universally known, is the editor. *Our Little Men and Women* is next, for the lads in knickerbockers and the girls in pinafores, who will admire its "cute" illustrations and pore over its clearly printed pages with satisfaction. This is only a dollar a year, also. Then *Babyland* at 50 cents, for the very small inmates of the nursery, affords pretty pictures and simple stories, the coarse print of the latter being an encouragement to "reading without tears." It is of the utmost importance, in these days when the country is flooded with cheap trash which if not actually pernicious, is neither elevating in tone or instructive in purpose, that our children should be furnished the best and purest reading, that correct literary standards be formed; they must know and appreciate the best if we expect to guard them against the inroads of the bad. No money is wasted which is spent in good books, magazines or papers; it is better invested than if it were paying dividends of fifty per cent per annum. Consider this when you are tempted to cut down your expenses in this line, and a little thought will convince the conscientious parent that it is best to economize somewhere else. No money spent for the comfort or mental improvement of the family is wasted.

Contributed Recipes.

POOR MAN'S COOKIES.—Two cups sugar; one cup butter or drippings; one cup cold water; one small teaspoonful soda; flavor to taste. Mix soft, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

DOUGHNUTS WITHOUT EGGS.—Cup and a half of sugar; one cup sour milk; butter the size of a walnut, or quarter (not more) of a small cup; spice to taste; one teaspoonful of soda. These when rightly made take the cake every time.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES WITHOUT MILK.—Take three pints cold water, one teaspoonful salt, mix the batter and let stand until it begins to ferment; then put in a teaspoonful of soda, and bake your cakes, keeping out one cup of batter to raise the next. Use the same amount every time. After you get started you can have nice light cakes as long as you wish by following these directions. I have used this simple recipe for twenty years without failing.

WILLIAMSTON.

IGNORAMUS.