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THE NEW YEAR.

What shall the new year bring thee?
Silver and gold?
Freedom from toil's grim bondage?
Pleasures untold?
Days full of dreamy leisure?
Nights of delicious ease?
Never a breath to ruffle
The calm of life's placid seas?
Ah! would'st thou pray 'twould bear thee
Love's rosy dreams?
Days when thy life with wildest
Ecstasy teems?
Moments when lips will meet thee
Warm with a waiting kiss?
Hours that brightly greet thee
Laden with purest bliss?
What will the new year bring thee?
Crowned desires?
Hope's unfulfillment? Grief's
Ravaging fires?
Riches of love or laurels?
What e'er to thy lot be sent,
God grant the new year'll bring thee
Peace, and a heart content.

JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

Mademoiselle Rhea's play bearing the above title, which I witnessed for the second time last week, gained a fresh interest through the perusal of Saint-Amand's series of books on the French empresses, mentioned in the last HOUSEHOLD. The playwrights and writers of so-called novels usually take astonishing liberties in their dealings with historical facts. Haven, the author of "Josephine," has written a very meritorious play, full of dramatic situations, an epitome of the great drama played in real life during our century, in which kings and queens, emperors and empresses were the actors; and with few historical anachronisms.

The curtain rose for the first act upon a ball-room in the Tuilleries. Men and women in the costumes of the First Empire are promenading in a beautiful salon. The great topic in the minds of all is, Will Napoleon divorce Josephine? The young Prince of Holland, son of Josephine's daughter Hortense and Napoleon's brother Louis, and hence Napoleon's nephew and heir, is very ill. If he dies, the Emperor has no heir, and the question returns, Will he seek a divorce and marry again to ensure a successor to his throne? Prince Talleyrand (and the actor's make up made you feel as if perhaps he might be the wily diplomat in person, so well did the high forehead, the narrow, crafty eyes, the square chin and thin bloodless lips, even the slight limp, carry out the illusion),

favors the separation, and as he offers his snuff-box to one and another of the gentlemen of the court, adroitly sounds them on the matter, delicately flicking an imaginary grain of the scented powder from his lace ruffles, as if to remove it were after all more important than what he is saying. He has not spoken to Fouché, the Minister of Police, in ten years, but feeling the time has come when, as he says, "I can use him," he acknowledges Fouché's apologetic, "take notice" cough by offering the ubiquitous snuff-box—which seems to have played in First Empire diplomacy the pacific role of the cigar in modern politics—and a reconciliation is effected—if that can be called reconciliation where each at heart hates, fears and distrusts the other.

Mme. de Brissac, a pretty widow of whom the Duke of Dantzic is greatly enamored, has just been appointed a member of the Empress's household. Being somewhat deaf, and desiring to appear at her best before the Emperor to whom she will presently be presented, she inquires of the ladies what are the three questions Napoleon invariably propounds on such occasions, and is told they are "Where were you born?" "How old are you?" "How many children have you?" and just as her lesson is learned the Emperor and Empress are announced. Rhea wears a costume of blue and gold brocade, with the long train, the short full waist, belted just below the armpits, and the low square-cut neck and high shoulder puffs for sleeves which distinguished the fashions of the First Empire. The part of Napoleon was taken by Mr. Wm. Harris, who bears a decided resemblance in face and figure to the portraits of Napoleon and heightens the likeness by copying his peculiarities, the hand thrust into the breast of the uniform, the head thrust forward with eyes somewhat downcast, and the rapid pacing back and forth when agitated. He wears Napoleon's favorite uniform, the white breeches and waistcoat and green coat in which he is so familiarly pictured. Mme. de Brissac is presented to him, but alas, for this once he departs from his usual formula, and repeats "de Brissac! de Brissac! What killed your husband?" Madame, who hasn't heard a word, imagines she is replying to the first question of her carefully conned lesson and gives the name of her natal province. "Champaign, your Majesty." The startled ladies and gentlemen look at each other. Then the catechism goes on: "How many children

have you?" "Thirty, your Majesty," and everybody smiles. "How old are you?" "None, your Majesty." Even the Emperor smiles at this, but the pretty face and modest demeanor impress him favorably and he dismisses her graciously, while the courtiers whisper that she will be a favorite at the court. Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's sister, gay, vivacious, malicious, who dislikes Josephine and favors the divorce, boldly approaches him on the subject and is bidden to be more discreet and careful, yet leaves him with an insinuation against Josephine, and with a peal of scornful laughter tells him even an emperor's edict cannot silence gossip. A dispatch from The Hague announcing the death of the Prince of Holland is brought by a courier. Napoleon does not at once disclose the news, and a very graceful quadrille is danced by Josephine and the court, in which the color of her majesty's hose was made no particular mystery. But when the guests have left the Emperor and Empress alone for a moment, Josephine sees the letter, and reads in the Prince's death and her husband's averted face, the misfortune about to befall her.

The next act portrays the signing of the divorce, which takes place in the presence of Josephine's children, Eugene and Hortense Beaubarnais, Talleyrand, Prince Cambaceres, the Archchancellor of the Empire, the King of Naples, and the Emperor's private secretary, de Bourienne, who reads the decree. Josephine comes, her magnificent court train of crimson velvet lined with ermine borne by two ladies-in-waiting, and upon her head the Empress's diadem. The decree is read. Eugene and Hortense beseech her not to sign it, but she is resolved upon the sacrifice, which she makes "for France's sake." The cold-blooded Talleyrand interrupts the pathetic interlude between Josephine and her children, which he probably fears may weaken Napoleon's resolution, by announcing that the papers are prepared for signing. Napoleon affixes his signature hastily and throws the pen from him with a gesture which says "If 'twere well done 'twere well 'twere done quickly." Josephine writes hers with calm deliberation. But Murat, the fiery King of Naples, can bear no more. Drawing his sword, he flings it at the feet of Napoleon, renouncing the service of France; he cannot see so foul a wrong done to his beloved Empress. Even when she bids him resume it he replies "I will not," and not until she has reminded him that she has made the renun-

clation of her own free will, for the sake of France, that if she is satisfied none other need complain, and herself hands him the sword, will he receive it again. Then, with incomparable dignity, pathos and resignation, Josephine turns to Napoleon, who has remained apparently unmoved by the events transpiring about him, and kneeling at his side, removes the imperial diadem from her head and holds it toward him. At last the "man of destiny" is stirred. He takes the diamond tiara, but only to replace it upon her head saying "Rise, Josephine, Empress of the French," words which startle the assembly and even shake old Talleyrand's equanimity. But he does not repudiate the sacrifice just consummated, only softens it by a few of those phrases which from the lips of the man she loves are so precious to a woman's heart and mitigate his selfishness in her eyes.

Perhaps the most touching act of the play is the third, where Josephine bids adieu to Napoleon. The latter has left the salons of the palace, filled with gay revelers who sing and dance despite the dethronement of their Empress, has summoned Talleyrand and despatched him to the Austrian court to make proposals for the hand of Marie Louise on the Emperor's behalf. This is not historical, but fits the play. Napoleon suggests Talleyrand might be married to Marie Louise by proxy, but to this the Prince demurs. "It would take too many years to explain the matter satisfactorily to my wife," he says; and indeed, Mme. Talleyrand was less noted for quickness of apprehension than for jealousy of her husband. Perhaps she knew him too well. Then Rustan, the Mameluke whose life Napoleon saved at the battle of the Pyramids, and who henceforth became his faithful slave, who sleeps like a watchdog at his threshold and knows no law but his master's will, is summoned. The open window, the clear moonlight, the calm shining of the stars, awaken in Napoleon a desire to read the future in the heavens. "Was not your master a wise man?" he asks Rustan. "He was the wisest man in all Egypt." "And taught you his wisdom?" "He did." "Tell me, then, how will this day's work end! Shall I have a son, Rustan?" The stalwart slave in his caftan and cloak strides to the window and studies the heavens. "You shall have a son, oh master." "You are sure, Rustan? I shall have a son, and he shall rule after me?" "You shall have a son, my master, but he will not rule after you." Then Napoleon is angry, flings Rustan from the window with violence, saying "You lie, and the stars lie, too! Your master was a fool!" "My master was the wisest man in Egypt, and the stars cannot lie," says the determined Rustan. Napoleon composes himself to rest, while the Mameluke stretches himself before the door. Josephine enters by a secret door, sad-faced wraith in her trailing white robes, and the Emperor, who awakens as she reaches his side, springs up, thinking the assassins he ever fears are in his

presence. But it is only his whilom wife, come for a last farewell beyond the curious, praying eyes which watched her every action in public. As they talk the notes of a rollicking chansonette sung in the salon below are heard. "It is Pauline; she triumphs in my downfall!" exclaims the dethroned Empress, the discarded wife, and Napoleon peremptorily orders the music stopped. It does stop, in the midst of a word, when Rustan delivers the imperial mandate. Napoleon tells her he has decided to ask for the hand of Marie Louise, and Josephine pleads, "Not the Austrian, oh Napoleon, not the Austrian!" But in a few moments more the roll of a departing carriage and noise of an attending suite is heard in the courtyard. Josephine's suspicions are aroused, and she forces the truth from the reluctant Emperor. "It is Talleyrand, on the way to Vienna." She knows all, then, but her only reproach is "You might have waited until to-morrow!"

Josephine, at Malmaison, is anxiously awaiting news from the Tuilleries. Her house is decked with flags and the tricolor of France. Instead of the expected courier comes Pauline Bonaparte, full of stories of the Emperor's devotion to his wife, his anxiety, his great hopes, which she tells with gusto, narrowly watching Josephine to see if she can discover evidence of jealousy or envy. But no, Josephine's face only indicates interest and sympathy. In the midst, the cannon from the Invalides announce the birth of the Emperor's child. The signal was to be five guns if a girl (in reality the number was twenty-one) one hundred and one if a boy. In attitudes of intense expectation all counted the number, Pauline still closely watching Josephine; at five there was a pause long enough for all to say with a falling inflection, "A girl!" But another gun followed, and the curtain goes down on the joyous chorus, "A boy!"

A period of nearly three years elapses before the next act. Napoleon has suffered disastrous defeats, and is a prisoner about to depart for Elba. Marie Louise has deserted him and seeks her father's protection. Josephine, heartbroken at the fall of her idol, sits disconsolate among her ladies when shelter is solicited for a lady whose carriage has broken down near Malmaison. The favor is most courteously granted, but the visitor is Marie Louise, en route for Vienna. It is a tragic moment. The rival empresses stand face to face for the first time. Each scans the other curiously. History relates that the second Empress in the midst of her splendors and in the height of her glory was jealous of the fascinating creole who was Napoleon's wife for nearly fourteen years, and to whom he wrote those passionate love-letters which convince us that once, before ambition entirely ruled him, he possessed a heart. Josephine gently reminds Marie Louise of a wife's duty, tells her it is her privilege to be near her husband and solace his exile, but the Austrian haughtily replies that she married an Emperor, not a prisoner in exile. Stronger words crowd

to Josephine's lips, till at last, irritated beyond measure by the coldness and heartlessness of her visitor, she curses her—in good round English with a French accent, and is regal in her impassioned denunciation.

And in the last act sorrow reigns at Malmaison. Josephine is ill, Napoleon in exile, France distracted, the air thick with plot and counter-plot. Talleyrand visits the ex-Empress, and attempts to have Fouché, whom he finds at Malmaison and suspects of plotting the return of Napoleon, arrested in the Empress's presence. Ill as she is, she is quite enough for the crafty diplomat who had made the Allied Powers confirm his title of Prince of Benevento in his own right. She reminds him no one can be arrested in her presence, and between sarcasm and invective gives the Prince a "bad quarter of an hour." But the interview with its exciting incidents hastens the end; and surrounded by her children and her faithful attendants, she seems dying. News is brought of Napoleon's return from Elba. She, at least, will welcome him, if the faithless Empress will not. She calls for her crown, the circle of brilliants which Napoleon replaced upon her head the day of the divorce, and with weak fingers sets it again on her head. But it is too heavy; too late; and she puts it back on the velvet cushion (a little by-play borrowed from Irving's Louis XI.). At this moment the Marseillaise is heard, and the shouts of the people welcoming the returning Emperor. A painted scene is disclosed at the back of the stage, representing Napoleon's return, and she sinks dying in the arms of her attendants.

And so the great curtain falls on the tragic drama, so real that you feel as if Time had turned a page backward in your behalf, and you come back with a little shiver and a sigh, to wonder where your rubbers have strayed to, and who the pretty girl in the box may be, and if you'll be lucky enough to catch the first car; and Josephine's sad face haunts all your dreams for a week after, while you fall to reading Saint-Amand with a sudden access of industry.

BEATRIX.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

I was glad to see the article with the above title in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Dec. 20. I am glad women are thinking on these lines, asking themselves questions, even if they do not always reach logical conclusions.

In the question of "right" to vote, M. E. H. has struck the key-note of just government. Our forefathers were broad enough to voice the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," but the idea of suffrage as the basis of government was so new, and the idea of woman's subjection so old, that they still deprived one-half of the governed of the power to exercise consent—the ballot—though the right, being inherent, God-given, could not be taken away.

I have assumed that the right of suffrage is inherent. Let us see. The Declaration

of Independence voices the axiom that all are endowed by the Creator with the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These rights imply another—that of self-protection. In a condition of barbarism, the chief means of self-protection is the "right arm." In an organized government like our own, the chief means of self-protection is the ballot. How? The majority of votes determines who shall govern and what shall be the policy of government, hence, self-protection being a natural right the ballot is a natural right, because it is the instrument of self-protection. It belongs to the people who are governed. Women are people, women are governed. Hence women have the right of suffrage. The power is unjustly withheld from them by men, and by what authority? Rev. Minot J. Savage says: "What business has any man in America to decide for any woman, or any body of women, as to whether she has as much liberty as is good for her? That is her business. When we concede that women have the right, as women, to decide whether we, as men, have all the liberty that is good for us, why then we can perhaps ask that question; but we cannot ask it with very good grace as long as we have all the freedom that we choose to take, and they have only what we choose to give. That is really the attitude of things here in America to-day. From the beginning of the world until now, women have had what men have chosen to give, no more, no less."

A government of one-half the people, by one-half the people, for one-half the people, has inevitably resulted in a very one-sided government. Women will be subject to unjust laws as long as they have no voice in government. In thirty-six of the States the married mother is not the legal owner of her child. It is the illegitimate mother alone who can legally hold her child.

There is no law on our statute books to defend a reformed woman. If previous unchaste character can be proven, a man is exonerated by man-made law for the vilest crime. Wendell Phillips used to tell of a man of his acquaintance who married an heiress worth fifty thousand dollars. The law gave the property to her husband, who could will it to whomsoever he pleased. He died a year afterward and, magnanimous man, willed it to his wife on condition that she should never marry again. That law, through the persistent efforts of such men as Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner and Rev. D. P. Livermore, and Col. T. W. Higginson, and such women as Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone and Zerelda G. Wallace, is happily changed, and lesser unjust laws have taken its place; but without doubt a large proportion of women then, as now, felt they had all the rights they wanted.

I will close with the following opinions of eminent men on this all-important subject:

"To have a voice in choosing those laws by whom one is governed, is a means of

self-protection due to every one. Under whatever conditions, and within whatever limits men are admitted to the suffrage, there is not a shadow of justification for not admitting women under the same."—*John Stuart Mill.*

"Justice is on the side of woman suffrage."—*William H. Seward.*

"I go for all sharing the privilege of government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"In the progress of civilization woman suffrage is sure to come."—*Charles Sumner.*

"Woman must be enfranchised. It is a mere question of time. She must be a slave or an equal, there is no middle ground."—*Col. T. W. Higginson.*

"There is not a thoughtful opponent of woman suffrage to be found who is not obliged to deny the doctrine which is affirmed in our Declaration of Independence."—*George F. Hoar.*

"I am, and always have been in favor of female suffrage. The government of the United States ought either to free women from paying taxes, or else give them the ballot."—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

BELLE M. PERRY.

PASTIMES, AMUSEMENTS AND RECREATION.

[Paper read by Mrs. D. H. Speer, before the Liberty Farmers' Club.]

The popular pastimes, amusements and recreations of our day are numerous. I shall speak of only a few that have come under my observation during the last half century.

I think it a good thing to have the question of amusements discussed, for we, as farmers, take too little time from money getting, hard work, and anxious care. All lawful enjoyment is useful as well as delightful. "Recreation is a holy necessity of human nature." Every person, for health of body and mind, requires some pastimes in the form of amusement and diversion from the daily routine of toil, whether it be moral, mental or physical. All young people are fond of pleasure. "Nature itself teaches us that youth is a season for mirth and glee;" and it is beautiful to see hoary heads joined with silken locks in the same innocent amusements. The young require diversity of amusements to satisfy their great activity, and to learn what fun they can get out of life. It is an undisputed fact that youth requires more recreation, fun, play and sport to develop a healthy organism than a grown person needs to keep one that is already developed.

I wish to call your attention to the difference between mere amusement, and recreation. If we engage in the former to kill time, to lull the faculties, banish reflection, gratify or divert ourselves, we exert a debasing influence upon young and undeveloped minds, and degrade our own lives, while all the nobler things of life are re-created by the free and joyful action of our higher faculties.

I will not attempt to answer the question which amusements are right or which

are wrong, for that would require a volume rather than an essay; but we must consider all pastimes in relation to others whether they are harmful inasmuch as they lead others into unsafe places and harm. Different kinds of games have their devotees; some like Authors, and for others it is a dull game, and old; but it has one interesting feature, which is to acquaint us with the writers of the books we read. Dominoes, checkers and other home games are not forbidden by law, and are innocent in themselves unless we neglect business or study for their indulgence.

The question was asked Mary T. Lathrop (at convention) which kind of games should we give our children for amusement; she replied "Any kind only games of chance; draw the line right there." It left me quite as ignorant as I was before, I knew so little about games. But I have never heard of any evil that ever came to a community, city, or family on account of these simple games. I wish to speak of one game not quite as old or popular as some; it is called word making and word taking; and with a dictionary, four, five or six persons can make a lively and useful evening for those who have labored through the day. It is a useful, restful pastime as well as instructive in teaching the pronunciation and definition of words.

A physical laborer should be entertained with something to awaken the understanding, to divert and occupy the mind in a pleasant manner, that will recuperate constitutional wear and build up the wasted powers. But for the student, teacher, book-keeper, or any person whose brain work is in excess of the physical, these quiet, restful games should be changed for the gymnasium or ball games. Lawn tennis, parlor or lawn croquet, or a private dance would be more restful and profitable recreation. Rev. A. G. Morris says he cannot see any impropriety in the trained and graceful movements of the limbs in their scientific and artistic exercise, or any moral evil in persons indulging at proper times in the dance. But it may make a difference what kind of a dance it is. When a young gentleman and lady, with his arm around her waist, and her head reclining lovingly upon his shoulder (hugging to music) go bounding and whirling about the room, I think it extremely disgraceful. If a married couple should embrace each other in the same manner, without the music, and march around the room in the presence of other company, they would be condemned by all decent people. Then why should boys and girls in their teens enjoy such privileges more than we of mature years? I think I hear some of you saying that is not the way they were taught by their dancing masters, but that is the way I see them waltz at public places of resort, and at fairs as well as at private receptions.

Another very popular amusement of our day is card playing, over which many families are as much divided as this Farmers' Club, and yet they do not break up; if each goes half way the contention is very short, and those who wish to indulge

in the game can do so unmolested, while the other side can find something to their liking. I do not think there is any harm in those oblong pieces of pasteboard, or in the pictures of the kings and queens or spots upon them, but in the use that is made of them. I am told that all the best society play cards. While I admit that to be true, you must also admit that all the very lowest, drinkers and gamblers, play the same games.

Again I am told that dominoes are just as bad; we can play domino euchre, domino rounce and domino poker for the drinks and cigars. I admit that may be true; you can also play block game, draw game, muggins, bergen game, binga, matados, and tiddledywinks with dominoes.

Now I ask those who are familiar with both which is the most enticing and alluring, cards or dominoes. Which can you shuffle the easiest and cheat the most with, without being detected in a game? I will show you the history of the two.

The origin of cards is like dancing, very ancient and eastern. The first account we have in history is a pack of Hindostanee cards in possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, presented to Captain Cromwell Smith in 1815 by a high caste Brahmin, and declared by the donor to be 1,000 years old. In China, before any dates were given, cards were devised to divert the numerous wives of their kings. When they were first introduced into France, they were gilt and high colored and used to amuse the king, who had lost his reason. In 1420, gambling by means of cards had grown to such a pitch as to provoke St. Bernardo to preach against it at Belanga; and so eloquently as to cause his hearers to make a fire in a public place and throw all the cards in their possession into it. In the reign of Edward IV. in England they were played by all the worshipful or notable people, the gentry, and importation was prohibited and the home trade protected.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to put down card playing by law at different times. And not a few enthusiastic players have died with cards in their hands and their game unfinished.

In the United States many varieties of cards are used, some of home manufacture, though there is a large importation also. In Grand Rapids a stock company is erecting a building for the manufacture of cards, which will cost twelve thousand dollars. What a grand institution! Will we be proud of it in our great State? It is a great mystery to me how persons who have entered the higher life of practical piety can amuse themselves for hours over a game in which so many lives have been lost, so many fortunes squandered, so many innocent women and children turned homeless into the streets.

In all ages and countries where the worshipful and notable people have amused themselves with card playing, gambling with cards has greatly increased, so that to-day the golden dragon is secure behind your lawful licensed saloons, and

I am satisfied receives no check from the metropolitan police; and I have obtained reliable information that the amusement is so popular in one of our large cities that a church member, a dressmaker who works for two dollars a day from house to house, carries with her a prayer book bound in oxidized silver and plush, that when opened the leaves are a euchre deck and the covers a counter.

A lady told me a few years ago when her children went to a neighbor's where they were playing cards (just for amusement) with a pitcher of cider on the table, a spittoon on the floor at either side, some smoking, some chewing tobacco, it was an easy matter to make them believe that they did not want to learn that game, for it was what people gambled with in saloons; that they had better ride their hobby horses, use their bracket saw, play authors, marbles or dominoes. "I tell you," she said, "I had no farther trouble about that then, but when their Sunday school classmates came home from college with their euchre (minus the tobacco and cider), and later many good people held their progressive euchre parties, and the children could not go to many places without being invited to play, it was quite another thing. They thought mother was notional and prejudiced." But she finally persuaded them to wait and see what came of it. Then trouble came, for she wished them to mingle with their schoolmates, but did not know how to manage or how to control them until they were old enough to know what was best for themselves. She never forbade their learning to play, but only asked them to promise her that they would never play on the sly, and I say "Don't tell mother." If they could not keep in good society without playing cards with the rest, they could come home and play and bring their company, and all would play with them. Meanwhile she often painted the picture of the useless hours the good people were spending at the card table; those who had pleasant homes and friends to play with, were trying to learn to be good players at the progressive euchre parties; while those boys who did not have homes of their own and fathers and mothers, spent all their spare time and money at the country hotel amusing themselves with cards for pop, peanuts, candy, cigars, chickens, sausage, or anything for a prize for the best players. The one who lost the game must pay for the prize.

The years rolled on, while the boys made brackets to adorn their home, played their simple games and flew their kites. Her girls made tidles and bedquills, and kites for the boys, and fed the chickens, and she kept them all so busy with their amusements and fun and work they never had time to learn to play cards. And the last time I saw her, her boys and girls had grown to manhood and womanhood, and she said when the boys come home she can always kiss lips free from tobacco and alcohol.

The game of dominoes was introduced about the beginning of the eighteenth century, from Italy into France, where it soon

became popular in the larger towns. From Paris it spread to Germany, where as in France it is now played in every coffee house. And if any of you can show where the game of dominoes has ever been used for gambling to any extent, or has injured any person, or class of persons in any country, you can have the floor, for I have failed to find it.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To make good mincemeat, prepare it a week before it is wanted. Chop three pounds of choice lean beef and chop it fine. Use half a pound of chopped suet, two pounds of seeded raisins; chop about three-fourths of them, leave the rest whole. Use Greening apples, in proportion of about half and half with the meat. The chief trouble with most mince is too much fruit. A teaspoonful of ground cinnamon—more if you like it—ditto black pepper; a quart of boiled cider and a pound of sugar, a cup of New Orleans molasses and canned huckleberries enough to make sufficiently moist. The juice of a lemon and half a pound of finely cut citron improve it. Add more spice if you like. A generous teaspoonful of salt should be stirred into the chopped meat.

MRS. M. A. FULLER, in a note received too late for publication last week, says: "I decidedly endorse the veto on the kerosene lamp among plants. I know by sad experience."

WE can supply a few back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD to those who desire them to complete their files for 1890. Apply at once.

AN article on the care of the complexion, hair, etc., is asked for by one who "would be glad to have a little attention paid to the ugly girls, to help them become beautiful." We will have our stock of information on this point put into type as soon as possible, to help our correspondent begin her good work.

Contributed Recipes.

CRANBERRY PUDDING.—One and a half cups milk; three quarters cup molasses; one teaspoonful salt; one teaspoonful cinnamon; three cups sifted flour; one teaspoonful soda; two cups cranberries. Steam one and a quarter hours. Serve with a rich boiled sauce.

PEACH DUMPLING.—Make a light baking powder biscuit dough and roll moderately thin. Take pieces about six inches square and fill them with peaches cut in halves; pinch the dough together and steam half an hour. If canned peaches are used the juice is eaten on the dumplings. Some like cream and sugar; or a boiled sauce is excellent.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Half cup tapioca, soaked and cooked until transparent in one and a half pints of water. Add one cup of sugar, salt and the yolks of six eggs. Bake half an hour. Cover the top with strawberry preserves, peaches or other fruit; heap the beaten whites over; brown slightly. Serve with cream.

EVANGELINE.