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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

I'm going to tell of a female dunce,
Who came to us on a visit once,
And brought what she ought to have left behind,
A child she had never taught to mind.
Pity us! Pity us, reader, do!
Be thankful she did not go to you,
For what can be worse, or a greater curse,
Than such a guest to house and nurse?
And then you see, whenever she
Had been as bad as a child could be,
The mother would say in her foolish way,
'How good the darling has been to-day!'

She littered the parlors and strewed the halls,
Tore the paper from off the walls,
Emptied tables, and shelves and stands,
(Nothing escaped her untrained hands)
Spilled the carpets and soiled the bed,
"Painted the house," the servant said,
Handled the silver and pulled the cloth,
Till the mistress scowled and the maid was
wroth.

And oh! you know, she annoyed us so,
Yet the mother would say in her silly way,
'How good the darling has been to-day!'

With frowning faces and angry looks,
We hid our treasures and stored our books;
Hung the pictures beyond her reach,
Only to see her with bound and screech,
Mount the piano with perfect ease,
Muss the music and maul the keys.
When weary and worn with the trials borne,
Our patience tried and our tempers torn,
And bosoms full of unuttered scorn,
We wished her a thousand miles away;
The mother would say as mild as May,
'How good the darling has been to-day!'

Always ready to drink and eat,
Fond of sour and fond of sweet;
First at the table and last to go
(Shame to bring up a daughter so),
Teasing for lunches of pie and cake,
Whimpering then with the stomach ache;
And day and night it was scream and fight,
Discord and din were her delight;
And when, because of nature's laws,
For a little space she was forced to pause,
The mother would say in her feeble way,
'How good the darling has been to-day!'

She broke the dishes and marred the chairs,
Explored the cellar, and climbed the stairs;
Dived into drawers and scattered things,
Seized upon bracelets, brooches, rings,
Gloves and parasol, purse and hat;
Pounded the dog, pursued the cat;
And when, worn out, we moved about
As glum as greybeards sick with gout,
And fairly swore we'd shut the door
On visitors forevermore!—
The mother would say in her helpless way,
'How good the darling has been to-day!'

Now, unwise mothers, do not miss
The lesson to be found in this:
Never to praise the hateful ways
Of ill-bred offspring you may raise;
And, when you visit, leave behind
The child you have not taught to mind.

Mary F. Tucker.

EMMA ABBOTT.

Brave Emma Abbott, whose singing has delighted so many thousands, and whose invincible determination and perseverance won her fame and a great fortune, died of pneumonia in a hotel at Salt Lake City, on the 5th. She was perhaps the best known prima donna of the day. Patti, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, Parepa Rosa, were foreigners, and came among us simply for the sake of American gold, but Abbott was American by birth and ancestry, tracing her genealogy back to the New England Abbotts of 1640; and she won her success through our national characteristics, energy, determination and courage.

She was born in Chicago in 1850, but while she was still an infant her father removed to Peoria, Ill. The family were very poor. Her father was a musician, but there was little call for his services as instructor and his principal revenue was derived from the concerts and parlor entertainments which he gave, and he thought himself in luck if he received five dollars from one of these performances, while ten dollars was a bonanza. When but eight years of age, Emma began to assist her father at these concerts, and the first time she did so the pair walked nearly ten miles, carrying violin and guitar, to the country schoolhouse where the entertainment was to be given. Sometimes she sang in the streets and "passed the hat" for the contribution of small change which was her recompense. Once the family fortunes were at such a low ebb that she cut off her hair and sold it. When Parepa Rosa was singing in the United States the future prima donna longed so much to hear her that she actually sang her way to the nearest city at which the songstress was to appear.

The lowest point in her fortunes was reached at Toledo, Ohio, when she was seventeen or eighteen. Out of money, in debt, friendless and alone, she became so despondent that she was on the point of throwing herself into the river, but was prevented by a gentleman who, learning her needs, found a place for her, interested others in her behalf, and as she was ragged from bonnet to shoes, got up a little reception for her, which brought in sufficient funds to dress her decently. The new friends presented her to Clara Louise Kellogg, who, after hearing her sing, secured a place for her in the choir of Dr. E. H. Chapin's church in New York City. Here her musical abilities and her ambition to suc-

ceed soon enlisted the sympathies of the wealthy congregation, who raised a fund of \$10,000 for the purpose of sending her to Europe to study. Eugene Wetherell, whom she afterward married, was made trustee of the fund. To Paris she went, and studied under the best masters of the day. One day she decided to call upon Patti. "Miss Abbott," quite unknown to anybody, was refused admission to the diva's presence. She persisted, and Patti ungraciously said at last, "Let her in!" The caller produced a twenty-five cent fan and requested the favor of an autograph. Patti scowled, then laughed, and finally wrote her name on one of the sticks of the fan, which ever after was one of its owner's chief treasures. "I can sing!" volunteered the young American. "Then sing," quoth Patti. And Abbott sang. Even the exacting Italian was pleased, and when the songs were ended unclasped the jewels from her ears and gave them to her; and, still better evidence of appreciation, gave her letters to Gye and Mapleson, the leading theatrical managers.

While studying under Marchesi she lost her voice. Her money was nearly exhausted, for foreign masters and life in Paris are expensive, and her career seemed closed. In this emergency she telegraphed to Wetherell, then, remembering the benevolent reputation of the Baroness Rothschild, called upon her ladyship, told her story and asked aid. The Baroness befriended her and gave her a thousand dollars, which enabled her to secure proper medical treatment so that she recovered her voice. Wetherell took the first outward-going steamer on receipt of her cablegram, and shortly after his arrival at Paris, he and Miss Abbott were married, the union being kept secret for some time. When it was finally acknowledged (in consequence of Abbott's refusal to sing the role of Violetta in *La Traviata*, the musical version of Dumas' "Lady of the Camellias," on the ground that the opera was immoral, a decision in which she was sustained by Wetherell, who had to disclose his right to interfere), the congregation of Dr. Chapin's church was divided between admiration of her position in regard to the opera and indignation at her secret marriage, which, as they considered her a ward of the church, they called a breach of faith.

When she returned to this country, after singing in England, Ireland, France and Italy, she sang first in concert, then gave herself entirely to opera. Her success was

always greatest in what are called light operas, for though she essayed the tragic roles of *Marguerite*, *Leonora* and *Norma*, she was not equal to them; although she studied hard to become a dramatic singer she could not merge herself in these exacting parts. Her voice, through its excellent training, was wonderfully flexible, and her "vocal gymnastics" astonishing, as showing what culture can do for the human voice. She delighted in florid music, and the trills and roulades with which she embellished Tom Moore's well known ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer," associated the song as closely with her as "Home, Sweet Home" is identified with Patti. Just before the holidays the Abbott company was playing an engagement at San Francisco. At the hotel where the prima donna was staying was a young man, a resident of Detroit, who was in the last stages of consumption. He had hoped to hear the opera *Martha*, in which Abbott sings "The Last Rose of Summer," but was not able to leave his room. Abbott, learning of his great wish, went to his room and sang the ballad at his bedside; then, laying a great bunch of roses on his pillow, went from the presence of Death to the brilliant opera house and the comedy of mimic life. Many kind deeds are recorded of the impulsive, warm-hearted little singer, whose unconventional ways often caused remark, but whose fair fame slander never sullied. In her prosperity she never forgot those who befriended her in her days of poverty; and her business integrity, her faithful fulfillment of her promises, her untiring, conscientious efforts to please, and the knowledge that she always did her best, won for her the soubriquet of "Honest Emma."

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

New Year's day 1891! Outside a cold gray sky, a sodden earth and the steady drip, drip, drip, of winter rain through leafless, shivering branches. Inside, bright fires, tidy rooms and a good dinner have done their best to dispel the prevailing gloom; for when Mother Nature presents her face in dark and sullen mood, or seems to weep in melancholy tears, it always has a most depressing effect on my spirits. I think most people will own to the same feeling. Clear skies, pure air and bright sunshine are as exhilarating as wine to the average healthy mortal. There may be a few exceptional individuals who delight in the fierce, wild warrings of the elements; but dark skies and drizzling rains do not give pleasure, although they may serve to enhance our own fireside comforts. I suppose it is because—as I somewhere read—"we being children of the earth, earthly, must therefore partake largely of Nature and her moods."

New Year's day seems to be the one special day of the year set apart for retrospection, the day of swears-off and new beginnings. We can almost hear, in the silence of our thoughts, the rustling of the many "new leaves" that are turned over to-day and forgotten to-morrow; for those

who wait for a more favorable time to break the bad habit, or form the better one, usually find the interval of waiting has nailed the objectionable habit fast.

Christmas our family circle was widened to admit through the portals of marriage a lovely new sister. There was no note of discord in those happy wedding festivities, but one thought, like a sorrowful minor strain, kept ever repeating itself in my mind, "There is no union here of hearts, that finds not here an end." Nearly the same group witnessed the marriage vows of another fair young bride only a few short years ago, the dearest, best beloved of all. To-day the winter rain falls on her lonely grave. Ah! "There is no union here of hearts that finds not here an end."

Are there any among our HOUSEHOLD circle who are in the habit of keeping a diary or journal of the principal events of their lives? If so, allow me to ask: What are you going to do with it? I have such a record of several years of my girlhood days, which I sometimes read now with mingled feelings of amusement, pleasure and sorrow. I left off keeping the record quite a while ago, when it degenerated into the prosaic details of domestic life, something like the following for instance: Baked five loaves of bread, two pies and a pan of fried-cakes. Baby has cut his first tooth. Or this: Set the white hen on thirteen eggs, May 5th. Though it is just such prosy little events as these that go to make up the grand sum of human happiness, they look extremely dull in print, while the real inner life, the workings of the heart, are too sacred to entrust to even the keeping of a private journal, which may sometimes become a prey to the curious or unsympathetic. Yes; I mean sometimes to destroy those records of my early foolishness, but it will seem like sacrilege to do it.

What has become of "Simon's Wife" and "Bruno's Sister?"

Will not some one who knows give a few hints on landscape painting in the HOUSEHOLD.

EAGLE

CONSTANCE.

A CHAT WITH THE CRITICS.

Huldah Perkins wants to know why the women who do not want to vote are so anxious to keep the privilege from those who do. Bless you, Huldah, it is the women who want to vote who are "anxious;" who get up "suffrage clubs" and hold conventions and circulate petitions and make life miserable to our unhappy legislators. The women who have all the rights they want are simply attending to those unimportant duties which make happy homes and united families. Their inertia is a dreadfully heavy drag upon their progressive sisters, who say what is undoubtedly true, that were the whole sex "aroused to a full sense of their oppressed and down-trodden condition at the hands of their tyrant, Man" (I quote from a suffragist's speech), the ballot would soon be given to women. But the majority are not sufficiently aroused as yet, and are just letting the agitators talk, on

the principle of the husband whose wife was beating him, and who said "It doesn't hurt me and it amuses her."

As for men never wishing they had been born women, that's because they have no conception of what a beautiful thing it is to be a really true, noble, broad-minded, Christian woman, who is, by dint of finer perceptions, keener moral sense and more native refinement, a creature a trifle better than a really true, noble, liberal Christian man. Yet I do not wonder that fifty years ago women wished they had been born men and men thanked God they were not women. That was before woman came into her kingdom. The old idea that one sex was intended by Providence to have dominion over the other has been greatly broken down and done away. Custom and public opinion now accord woman the right to shape her life according to her inclination and talents and aid her in her efforts. Once, to be a woman meant to be always and necessarily dependent upon some man, as husband, father or brother. Now, she may still lean upon a stronger arm, or may elect to tread the world's highways with her brothers, and the path is no harder for one than the other, except, as I have often said in these columns, as her sisters make it hard for her. I could find it in my heart to wish that woman might be content with the rights she has already won, and pause while men are inclined to treat her with a consideration and respect they do not pay to each other, and before they put her upon the level plane of perfect equality, with all that it implies.

A. H. J. thinks the amenities of life will come easily and naturally to children as they grow up, if we only teach them to be true, thoughtful of others, to love the lovely and hate the evil. Well, I don't know about that: in fact I have grave doubts. If it comes to a choice between training in good morals and good manners, of course I vote for the morals. But why not good morals and good manners? which after all only repeats El. Sec.'s inquiry, "Why not attend to all?" at which A. H. J. cavils. It seems to me a harmonious development demands it. We do not teach a child all he is to know of arithmetic before we begin with geography. Nor should we inculcate the inner graces of the spirit without cultivating the external expression of these graces in the manners. I would not counsel training children to be miniature Turveydrops in deportment; it makes them self-conscious little prigs. I deprecate the constant "nagging" which is some women's only way of instruction—the succession of "Don'ts" which is so wearing on the mother and so exasperating to the child. Nor do I admire the "subdued thoughtfulness of genteel children," but like best the merry little romps, child-like in their ways, who may be well-mannered as well as full of vitality and health. Nasty children are not necessarily ill-mannered. But there are some habits which, like correct language; never become fixed unless inculcated in childhood, and this is not a theory, but an established truth. These habits are obedience and the practices we call manners, and they will

never come without training except at the price of blushes and mortification as the children grow into young man and womanhood.

I always mean to accord to others the right to their individual opinions which I reserve for myself. Hence I thought I would let Belle M. Perry have the last word on the dress reform question. But I want to say a little more, because I really cannot feel myself in the wrong in saying any woman can dress as healthfully, conveniently and sensibly without the Jenness-Miller patterns as with them. A copy of *Dress* (Mrs. Miller's magazine) lies before me as I write; a copy of *Harper's Bazar* also. I have carefully examined the plates in both; and for simplicity and sense and service I'll take the styles of the *Bazar*. The princess dress, says Mrs. Perry, need not serve as the model of the reform dress. But if it does not, what becomes of the Jenness-Miller idea? For the last ten years, before Mrs. Miller began talking dress reform, my dressmaker has sewed two loops to the middle back forms of my dress waists, to be slipped over buttons on the skirt band. This support is to all intents and purposes the "gown form" of the Miller system. I will match my petticoat of black mohair alpaca, quilted half a yard up and lined to the shir-strings with flannel, sewed to a yoke and fitting as smooth about the body as a glove, with sufficient fulness at the back to support the dress-skirt, against anybody's "leglets" for comfort, warmth, convenience, light weight and cost. If you take an accordion pleated set of "leglets," I'll give points and win the game. But it seems as if my prophetic eye discerns in the "leglets" the emancipation of women from the tyranny of skirts. You've all seen the series of pictures by which the human figure is evolved, through broadening, narrowing and elongating the outlines, from a mushroom, a tadpole, a mosquito, etc. Well, given the leglets in their present form, fashion gradually deducts from the fulness till they fit the limbs, shortens the yoke into the waist band of the modern trousers, and first you know there you have 'em, just plain masculine trousers, and woman assumes a new responsibility and care, that of keeping her trousers from getting "kneed."

When you go up stairs with both hands full, it's not your petticoat that's in your way, it's your dress skirt. As Mrs. Miller says editorially that the great beauty of her system is that externally its wearers are not to be distinguished from those who dress in conventional style, and as the costumes illustrated in her magazines are all the length of the ordinary walking dress—except demi train dresses for the house, I fall to see where we are to be helped in the matter of going up stairs by the Miller system. Isn't it after all a mere question of making our work dresses short enough to impede our movements as little as possible; and when we go from home wearing those of conventional length? In other words, why not adapt our dress to personal exigencies, which is what Mrs. Perry says must be done with the Jenness-Miller

system? Why even that favored animal, man, has his business suit and his "office coat," and no one ever heard of his going to his work wearing an old dress suit. Yet lots of women drag worn out finery through their kitchens instead of providing themselves with suitable every day dresses.

About corsets, Mrs. Miller says, in *Dress*: "There is a point to which the waist will certainly spread if the corsets are left off, that will be neither graceful, beautiful, nor necessarily healthful." She further says: "It is not necessary that the waist should be permitted and encouraged to spread all it will, but only that there should be sufficient freedom for the natural and correct movement of the floating ribs and diaphragm in breathing;" and all this leads up to a puff for the Model Bodice; which, as furnished from Mrs. Miller's designs, is a corset-shaped waist with yoke and shoulder-straps, buttoned in front and laced in the back, and well whaleboned. If I'm going to wear a whale's bones at all, I'd as soon have them in a \$2 corset as in a \$2 Model Bodice. A \$2 corset is as pliable as the bodice. The truth is, it is not the corset, *per se*, which is so unhealthy, such an instrument of torture, etc.; it is that silly women will persist in putting a 26-inch waist in a 20-inch corset and then cry "Oh how I suffer!" A cheap corset is almost invariably an ill-fitting one, with stiff bones and stiffer steels, and a shape that punches up the shoulders and fits illy across the bust; whereas if you pay for a corset what you would pay for a "model bodice," you get a well-shaped, well fitting one, perfectly comfortable if your vanity does not induce you to get it too small. A corset, to fit properly, should lace together within one inch; if it will not do this, it is too small. It is also too small if when thus laced you cannot take a deep, full breath, with comfort. We ought not to blame a corset or a model bodice for our own want of common sense and physiological knowledge.

I want to say further that the short skirt which swings clear of the ground is still the recognized model for street dresses, both in fashion journals and in fact. No fashionable walking dress is long enough to act as a street-sweeper. They are cut longer, that is true, but still escape the walk. House dresses are cut to lie several inches upon the floor. Therefore, when we see a lady upon the street whose dress drags several inches behind her, sweeping up the nameless filth of the sidewalk, we can only conclude that some sudden emergency has compelled her to go out in her house dress, or that she has no costume suitable for out door wear.

BEATRIX.

A HOME LIBRARY.

I have often felt that I would like a voice in the *HOUSEHOLD* when I have read articles which found a response in my own heart, or the discussions on subjects which should interest every mother or true woman, but I have never before attempted to appear in its columns. Beatrix's "Among the Books" is most too much

for me; I cannot withstand the temptation any longer. Our own little library consists of one hundred and fifty volumes. Most of the books we have purchased within the past twenty years. Instead of buying candy and peanuts for our children every time we went to town, we have taught them to use their pennies to feed their minds, or to help some one in need of help. Our books are mostly historical works and books of travel, with some of the poets and standard works of fiction and miscellaneous volumes. We intend to add Thackeray's, Sir Walter Scott's and Holland's works during the year.

With Beatrix's permission I would like to add to her list, "Joseph and his Court," and "Marie Antoinette," historical novels by Louise Mulbach. I found them both entertaining and instructive. It was my privilege to have for one of my guests Christmas day a lady who spent at one time eighteen months in Paris and London. She was in London at the time of Stanley's marriage, and saw him and his bride as they came out of the church after the ceremony was performed. She says if she could visit but one of the cities give her Paris, there is so much more to be seen of interest than in London. To be able to converse intelligently with such people we must be conversant with history, and not have our heads filled with trashy novels which give false ideas of real life, and often bring ruin to the home.

VERNON.

MAX.

BRUE AND BRUNO AGAIN.

Perhaps the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* will remember me, though it has been some time since I told them the story of my perplexities and received so much of praise and blame. Since I wrote, time, the useful agent that adjusts all things, has arranged easily and naturally some of the doubtful points. Bruno's wedding day is not far away; already the old house is being repaired and the new wife will enjoy the fresh paper and paint, the new cook-stove and the cistern pump which the sister vainly asked for. But that's all right; I'd hate to step into so inconvenient a house as ours, were I a bride, and should think I was not received with due respect if no preparations were made for my coming.

And the matter of property was settled at last, the farm valued, and my interest secured to me by mortgage upon the fair broad acres never before encumbered with a plaster of that kind. It was after this had been done and the neighbors—kind souls—had had time to find it out and pass the news along, that Uncle Joe came round to spend a day at the farm. He's a character, is Uncle Joe, and sometimes I like him and sometimes I don't. I am not one of those who think because a person is "relation" you are in duty bound to like him. If my relatives are nice and lovable and possessed of qualities I admire, I like them; if they are not, I have no use for them, and that's all there is of it. Well, Uncle Joe begun at me at once. "I hear Bruno's been a mortgaging the farm 'cause

you won't live with him 'n Clary." "That's about the size of it, Uncle Joe." "I dunno what yer pa'd a said, having a mortgage on the farm. He'd oughter left it to Bruno clear, anyhow. Women always make a mess of things." That made me mad and I flashed up in a minute. "Ought to have left the farm to Bruno, indeed! Pray why haven't I as good a right to share in my father's and mother's property as Bruno? Perhaps you'll kindly give a reason?" "Yer mother didn't have no property. She was allus a pore, sickly critter," returned my uncle. Then I was mad. "Didn't have any property! Well I notice her brains and her hands helped earn what father had. If I'm not mistaken they begun about even—with nothing apiece. If men, especially farmers, are so mighty independent about amassing property what's the reason they all get married soon as they get a piece of land of their own?" Uncle Joe shifted uneasily in his chair. "Well, there aint no sense in your acting so just because Bruno's a goin' to get married."

There it is! One is hopelessly misunderstood unless they do exactly as other people think they ought. I don't suppose anything I could say would convince Uncle Joe I am not ugly and hateful in refusing to give up everything and go on living at home, working as hard as ever, sacrificing everything for my brother's interests in return for a home. "A home!" Under these circumstances it means a roof to cover me and food to eat; work hard and buy my own clothes. Well, I can do better than that, for I can get as much as that in any stranger's house, with wages thrown in.

I'm glad that public sentiment and law are both recognizing girls' rights in the world. I've known a good many fathers, though, who left all their property to their sons, expecting them to take care of their sisters till they married. And the girls didn't marry, and lived on at home, dependent upon brothers who felt their support a burden, with sisters-in-law who wished they were out of the way, and were never satisfied no matter how much they did. Others married to escape such a life and found they had exchanged an uncomfortable place in the frying-pan for an equally uncomfortable one in the fire. I don't blame them for wanting to escape, but don't approve the means. They say there was never a house built that was large enough for two families. I believe it. Men often comment sarcastically upon women's inability to live peaceably together, but they could not do it themselves if shut within the close confines of a house, where every little occurrence is subject to notice and criticism. The only reason why business men are able to maintain partnerships is because each one has his own particular province or department which he manages exclusively. But you cannot do that in housework.

If a man has good sense and means to be happy and make his wife happy he will not marry until he can establish a home of his own. I can tell him one thing to begin with, if his wife is not happy he will not

be happy. And there's a good deal to be said in behalf of both sisters and sisters-in-law, and mothers and daughters-in-law. Not all the blame goes to one side. And I think—to make a personal matter of it—that it is rather hard to have Uncle Joe and the neighbors, whom he in a measure represents, blame me for a desire to step out and give my brother, whom I love very dearly, a chance to be just as happy as he possibly can be. And I can see no reason why, because Bruno is to marry, I should give up my right to our common inheritance that he may be more prosperous. Do you suppose he'd sign off his right if I were the one to be married, or stay on the farm with my husband to come in and run it, as Clara will manage our joint house hereafter? Not much! So the mortgage goes on and I go off; and I'm sure Bruno and Clara and I will be better friends than if I stayed, and I know I shall be happier. What am I going to do? I'll tell you some day.

BRUNO'S SISTER.

A KITCHEN TABLE.

The *Country Gentleman* recently described a very convenient kitchen table which any man at all handy with hammer and saw can make without the assistance of a carpenter; and the presiding goddess of the kitchen would have reason to mark with a white stone the rainy day devoted to its construction. There are four plain legs, connected by cross-pieces about six inches from the floor. A portion of the top lifts up, disclosing a place for flat-irons, towels, or whatever it is most convenient to keep there. A leaf is attached at the back so that the table can be enlarged on ironing or baking days. Three drawers are built into one side, from the top to the cross pieces below, and will be useful for "lots of things" for which the cook must usually make a pilgrimage to the pantry. Strong iron brackets support a shelf for water-pails on the side. The unoccupied space under the table could be conveniently utilized by shelving. Then by all means put castors on the table, that the housekeeper may not break her back trying to move it.

It is worth while to study economy of time and steps in doing housework, and every woman—especially she whose house is inconveniently arranged—knows it takes almost as much time and even more steps to get things together, ready to do her baking, as it does to do the work after the preparations are made. A good many kitchens are models of inconvenience; and few men of a business turn of mind would endure similar unhandiness in barns or feeding-stables; they ought therefore to be very willing to help adapt matters to the easy performance of work by providing all the labor-saving contrivances their wives ask for.

PLEASE, everybody, wake up, sharpen your pencils, put on your thinking caps and give us some copy "right away quick." Let's make the HOUSEHOLD "a hummer" this year.

THERE is something new in entertainments for revenue this winter. It is the "map social." Given a company of young and old people; each lady pins the name of a State upon her shoulder. The names of the capital cities of these States are in a pool held by the treasurer, and the man who wants to eat supper with the State of Maine has to summon his geographical knowledge and buy a slip on which is printed "Augusta." Sometimes when his early education was neglected or due process of time has evaporated it, he buys the wrong slip and gets the laugh instead of the lady. And some of the boys are unprincipled enough to study up beforehand, when they can get a tip as to the precise feature of geography which will be brought on. For the name of a city is sometimes substituted for that of the State, and the man in search of a partner must name the State in which it is situated.

MAX's way of saving money for books instead of spending it for candy and peanuts, which she mentions in her letter this week, is one we can most cordially endorse. Quite too much money, for either health or economy, is spent for candy and nuts by the children. A certain amount of sugar is needed by every child, but most all of them get too much, especially of the cloying French creams. The money thus unwisely spent for what is deleterious to health would buy many a good book which should aid to develop that taste for good reading which is a safeguard to young people, especially boys. You don't know, until you begin to save it, how much is spent in this way. It is a great art to cut off the non-essentials for the sake of those things which are really beneficial.

WHEN mattresses are stained, take starch wet into a paste with cold water. Spread this on the stains, first putting the mattress in the sun. In an hour or two rub this off, and if not clean, repeat the process.

IF you use gelatine, never allow it to boil, as that gives it a fishy taste. One box weighs two ounces and should be soaked in one cup of cold water, half a box in half a cup, etc.

Contributed Recipes.

JELLY ROLL.—Two-thirds of a teacup of granulated sugar; three eggs beaten light with egg-beater; one teacupful sifted flour; one tea-spoonful of Royal baking powder; six drops of lemon extract; pinch of salt. Bake in a thin sheet; then turn out on a cloth thickly spread with powdered sugar; spread the cake with jelly and roll up rather tight.

ANGELS' FOOD.—Moisten one and a half tumblers of granulated sugar with four table-spoonfuls water; boil until it will throw a hair. Add the whites of eleven eggs beaten stiff; stir until cool; then add half a pint sifted flour, one table-spoonful cornstarch, one table-spoonful cream tartar and a pinch of salt. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Bake forty minutes in a slow oven. Frost thickly. Delicious.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.