

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"I AM A WOMAN."

I am a woman--therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Pray him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit
quiet;

Still as a stone is,
Harder and colder.
If my heart riot--
Crush and defy it!
Should I grow bolder--
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him--
What to atone is
Enough for my sinning?
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning--
That he were lost to me!

Not as a lover at last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me--
Hurt beyond cure--
Calm and demure
Then my behavior;
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him,
What he has been to me.
Pity me--lean to me
Christ--O my Saviour!

"Where's my baby? Where's my baby?
But a little while ago,
In my arms I held one fondly,
And a robe of lengthened flow
Covered little knees so dimpled,
And each pink and chubby toe.

"Where's my baby? I remember
Now about the shoes so red,
Peeping from the shortened dresses,
And the bright curls on his head;
Of the little teeth so pearly,
And the first sweet words he said.

"Where's my baby? Ask that urchin,
Let me hear what he will say;
'Where's your baby, ma?' he questioned,
With a roguish look and way,
'Guess he's grown to be a boy now,
Big enough to work and play.'"

CLEANLINESS.

If girls only knew how much beauty depends on absolute cleanliness, they would be more careful than they are in that respect. I remember hearing two or three girls at school discuss the appearance of a new pupil. "Yes," said one, "she would be downright pretty if she only looked clean." It was an odd thing to say of a young lady sixteen or seventeen years old; so at the next opportunity I took a good look at her. The criticism was true. The hair, thick and wavy though it was, had the dead appearance which comes so quickly when it is not properly cared for; and the fine eyes could not redeem the

thick, muddy complexion. As if conscious of deficiency in the latter the girl had made matters worse by a liberal application of powder, which served only to intensify the dividing line between her face and neck; or as the girls called it, high-water mark. Her hands, loaded with rings, were positively grimy.

No doubt this is an extreme case, but the fact remains that many people would be more beautiful for a thorough external application of soap and water. Both are cheap. There are girls who never use soap on the face, having the mistaken impression that it will hurt the complexion. They rinse off the face in the morning, go all day with it exposed to the dust, which is always in the atmosphere; at night, if they are not too tired, give it another hasty bath; and then they wonder why their complexions are not fresh and pretty. Let them try washing the face with warm water, soap and a soft cloth two or three times a day and see if there is not soon a decided improvement. I do not mean that all bad complexions can be remedied in this way, but certainly some can be.

Many housekeepers who would consider it a disgrace to be caught with their houses untidy, do not take the time to keep their persons scrupulously clean. And yet, after all, dust does not injure tables and chairs half so much as it does the skin with all its millions of little doors which should stand open to allow impurities to pass out of the body, but which are too often closed.

It seems quite reasonable that flowers should wither more quickly with some people than with others. Not because of the greater love which some bear for them; for it would take too great a stretch of imagination to believe that; but because they are undoubtedly sensitive to the purity of the person.

Cleanliness and neatness should not be confounded. The latter may be carried to excess with the person as well as with housekeeping, and become positively painful. The woman who objected to pine trees in the front yard because they made such a "litter," and the one who combs her hair straight back, when that fashion is unbecoming to her, because a fringe around the face is untidy, are on a par. But no one can be too clean.

A sponge bath every night before going to bed is not only a wonderful beautifier, but is also very conducive to quiet, refreshing sleep.

E. C.

PORT HURON.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

I want to endorse Beatrix's article on "The Secrets of the Toilette." I know by experience that her words are true. We cannot have good complexions without strict attention to diet. Care must be paid to the quantity as well as the quality of our food. I think our Editor right when she said "Avoid much butter." A small amount of pure butter is healthful, and so might we say, a small amount of many of our richer foods. Know you not, kind reader, that after butter has passed into the stomach it becomes pure oil, one of the most indigestible things we may eat. Edith, age eighteen, always eats her dessert first. Why? "Because," says she, "after I have eaten what plain food I want, pudding or pie is superfluous." Her face testifies to her carefulness in not overworking her digestive powers. Remember the old adage, "We never repent of having eaten too little."

Sulphur is to be recommended as a "spring medicine." It can be taken too early, as there is always danger of taking cold after its use. During girlhood I lived in the Quaker City, and often went to a "bake-house" kept by an old German woman. The kind frau had two daughters of about the same age, and one summer I observed that one of them had a handkerchief or cloth tied around her face the greater part of the time. The mother enlightened me one day as to the reason. "This one," she said, touching her fair-faced girl, "would have sulphur this spring; but that one (with disgust) would have none. I told her--I told her--!" but the sentence did not need to be finished; one glance at the exposed part of the face of the daughter who knew more than mother did, told the story.

Have you ever tried the hot water method for the complexion? It has been recommended to me so many times, also tested by use, that I do not hesitate to advocate it here. It is so simple too: Hot soft water, as hot as the hands can bear it, and a flannel cloth. Bathe face and neck as well with the flannel for three or four minutes, then dry by pressing the towel softly to the flesh. A friend, whose face has a predilection for pimples, does not dry at all with a towel, but as soon as through bathing quickly throws a cloth over face and thus has the water dry in. She avers that did she continue the treatment regularly, she would never have a pimple.

How many of you, mothers, are caring

for your children's teeth? Do you begin with their first teeth, watching to see if they decay before they should, having the back teeth filled when necessary, thus keeping them until the eighth or ninth year, when they should be removed to give room for the second set. In one family where there are three daughters now grown up, each has one crooked front tooth, caused by the new set being crowded, whereas the removal of a tooth in time would have remedied all that. Then again, have your little ones use their brush night and morning and watch them, to have it done regularly and thoroughly, making it a habit. Then after each meal, remove all food from between teeth with a toothpick, but not at the table; or if perforce, it must be at the table, let it be behind a napkin. And mothers, please remove your fancy glass boat or hat containing the "pricks" from your dining table. Have them, but let their use be in private.

DUNDEE.

DOT.

THE COUNTRY "PIECE" MAKER.

"That's Mrs. Blank, the woman that writes pieces for the papers." "Is that so?" Then, after a prolonged stare, "Well, I don't see as she looks any better than other folks." "No, but I suppose she thinks she is," comes as a final remark and they pass on. The humble author of "pieces" has overheard enough of their conversation to guess the rest; has felt the critical cold eye taking in everything, from the draping of her skirt to the shape of her nose, and realized that she was perfectly powerless to control whatever might be amiss in either. She wonders what those women would think could they for one moment comprehend the false and trying positions those very "pieces" often place her in; and how often she wishes that Nature had endow her with some other vent for her surplus thought and feeling. If one has a voice, she may sing solos; if she has an artist's soul, she may put her dreams upon canvas, and never, for one moment, be accused of anything but gladness over her gift. But let a woman say she likes to write and indulge in a bit of talk about her attempts and plans in that direction, she becomes a nuisance at once, and accepts the fact according to her amount of conceit or sensitiveness. She either accuses her friends of inability to appreciate her ideas and continues to inflict them with samples at certain times; or she lives the literary part of her life in utter isolation, becoming more morbidly sensitive of repulse, and unable to mention the work she loves so to do, to even her nearest and dearest friends. How hungry for sympathy and companionship such a woman feels at times, only that woman herself can realize.

Her neighbor across the way shows her rugs, her rag carpets, her crazy quilts, her crochets; another boasts of her culinary skill and gives recipes and methods; or likes to teach; or makes us wondrous dresses. All talk of their work, receive sympathy and praise, but the poor "piece" maker must keep silent about the work she

loves best; and often when, far from home, she meets some one more familiar with what she has done than those in her family circle, she involuntarily paraphrases the old proverb, "A poet is not without honor save in his own land." Feeling the smallness of her talent, the lack of education, of time, of everything, the poor creature often resolves that she will never write again. But somehow the time is sure to come when she must either write or be wretched. The pent-up thoughts must find utterance, no matter how lame the rhythmic feet, or how badly jumbled the prose. A busy woman, she steals the time from the daily routine and hides, like a thief, the results from those about her. She carries them in her pocket and mind until every line is so familiar that she feels blind to its defects, yet knows they are there; and often the lonely creature moans to herself, "Oh, if I only had some one to read it to! Some one who loved me well enough to criticize it, and too well to feel bored." I suppose the literary woman is not over lovable; at least such a friend as this is apt to be denied her. But the "nabors!" They know very little of the scope of her work, whether she contributes to the *North American Review*, or only obituaries to the county paper; but of one thing they are sure, she writes for the papers and therefore feels herself "ever so much smarter than other folks."

UNGRACIOUS.

"UNDER WHICH FLAG?"

I saw not long since, in a journal supposed to be authority in such matters, in answer to inquiries, the following: "It is considered vulgar for a married woman to retain her maiden name; her husband's name should be good enough for her." I want to know if this is verily the case. When Miss Fanny M. Stone is married to Seth Preston, what may she with propriety write her name? Is she Mrs. Fanny M. Preston, Mrs. Seth Preston, Mrs. Fanny M. S. Preston, Mrs. Fanny Stone Preston or Mrs. Fannie M. Stone-Preston? And under what circumstances is she to drop the Mrs? In reading last evening of the great American prima donna, recently deceased, at the close of a description of the funeral, the statement occurred that "Miss Emma Abbott's remains would be removed from Salt Lake City to the East and laid by the side of the husband of the illustrious woman." Now I consider myself rather cool-headed on the woman's rights question. Don't really know whether we have all the rights we ought to have or not; seldom see reason for complaint save when I find it in the *Woman's Tribune* or some periodical of that order. About these rights of course I'm not positive, but I do know women have a great many privileges; and Beatrix's sentiments in the *HOUSEHOLD* of January 17th just expressed my way of looking at the matter when she says: "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."

Still I do not see any reason for believing blue is green simply because we are told so. Is it conceded that marriage, suitable, reasonable and becoming as it is, has the effect to transform the blood in a woman's veins, so she no longer belongs to the race of her father, or can claim the name he has bequeathed her—that her name is to be ignored, buried beyond resurrection, least she retain a remnant of family pride?

A few years since I, in company with a friend, met a newly married pair; all were acquainted save this friend and the bride, whom I introduced. Knowing my friend would the better understand to whom she was speaking, I added in explanation the maiden name of the lady, when the husband followed with the correction, "That was." Was he correct? If she ever was a Mason, was she not one yet? By their marriage has a change of individuality been wrought? Has she no personality that she has become as Will Carleton, our Michigan poet, has it in "The Three Lovers?"

"As for Liakim's wife, in four words may be told:
Her whole standing in life;
She was Liakim's wife."

Most certainly a husband's name should be good enough for his wife, or she will find, to her sorrow, that she has a poor husband; and if that is the case, she must acknowledge to herself, at least, that she was better off when she possessed simply the ancestral name with Miss as a prefix. The woman who marries a man whose name she is ashamed of, is equaled only by a man who marries a woman who is ashamed of her name, or is at least willing her own should be changed instead of added to. That makes me think that just here I want to ask which it is, the husband or the wife that is married? I remember once on a time speaking of a lady who had married a certain gentleman, whereupon a listener made this correction, to the effect that it was the gentleman who had married; had he not been older than myself I should have been tempted to express my hope that she would never find out that she was not as much married as he was, lest she might become possessed of a desire to flirt. But seriously, I've no use for a hyphen preceding my last name, it was added with deliberation and respect, so let it remain. Twenty-five years have not been sufficient to prove its annexation a mistake, and I trust it has received no tarnish from the close proximity of the name preceding it.

E. B.

OCOLA.

THE *HOUSEHOLD* Editor is delighted with the ready response to her appeal for "more copy," and begs her readers not to weary in well doing. The more contributors we have the brighter and better the *HOUSEHOLD*; it's a family that cannot have too many members. Don't feel you have done your duty if you write once, then stop; but keep a good point on your pencil all the time.

GIVE THE KIND WORDS NOW.

Why do people fill their houses with mottoes telling us to "Love one another," and stand up in church and profess a religion whose keynote is "Love thy brother," but live day after day with a snarl and a scowl for those around them? Not because they do not care for those wives and children, but because matters go wrong and they feel cross, or cold, or hungry, or wet, or sick. We are human, very much so sometimes; and the best Christian finds it impossible to keep from scolding some one. The fences blow down and the cows get out, a man will slam the doors and say unkind things to a wife whom he cares more for than he can put into words, but instead of showing as he goes along by a smile or a caress that he is sorry, he lets it go because it's silly, or makes up by buying a dress she never has time to wear except for a shroud.

Perhaps a mother is worn out with being up all night with a sick baby; everything goes wrong and she spansks the children and scolds the older ones till every one feels ugly generally. By and by, when she is rested, perhaps when she listens to the sobbing of a little child in its sleep, she is sorry and tears come at the thought of unkind and unloving words that she did not mean; but instead of stopping by the way to show her love she lets it go by because it's silly to be always kissing.

I believe there is more religion in a mother's and father's kisses, and more power to keep their children's feet from straying than in family prayers or going to church. If we all would only "Learn as if we were to live forever and live as if we were to die tomorrow," there would be less heartache and bitter regret for some household darling that is gone. I am writing this with a mighty purpose, and if some man or woman reads it who has a warm heart, but feels awkward and is naturally undemonstrative about showing their feelings, let them straightway cultivate a habit of smoothing out the wrinkles and wrongs of daytime by showing their love for their babies by good night kisses. Do it now while young, for when you're old, habits of a lifetime bind like iron bands. Try to smile when you speak to those you care for; greet brothers and sisters with a sound in your voice as if you were glad to meet them, and many, many burdens will be lightened and many wrongs righted.

We are all of us entertaining angels unaware; blessed are those whose angels wear mortal garments. Kiss them often and tell your love for them, for to-day, tomorrow, or another day they may be angels in heaven, and the love we felt and was ashamed of in life we pour out to ears that are deaf and eyes that are unseeing, for with God we shall be satisfied. All the kisses and tender words we give our dear ones after they are in their coffins are wasted; they neither feel the lack of human love or gentle words when the last sleep of this life presses their eyelids down.

Dear little boys and girls come into our

homes so often at the expense of a mother's life, or so near it we that hold our breath and heartbeats in awful dread. It is not strange young men and women are careless before they have had a little child to call them by the blessed names of father or mother and nestle down into their arms, never knowing there was any world outside of that shelter.

It may be silly to show our feelings, but I know it is wicked not to do so, and the time it takes is no more wasted than the time a man uses pouring a drop of oil on his machines at the beginning of a day's work; for "Love is life's reward, rewarded in rewarding;" and the kisses of little children lead us into a purer and better way of thinking and doing, for "o" such is the kingdom of heaven." BETH.

HOWELL.

A FARMERS' CLUB.

The HOUSEHOLD has been especially helpful of late. I'd rather hear from others than to write. There are many things I would like to notice at the time of reading, but generally forget it. However, in obedience to the command of our good Editress, I grab pencil and paper, and with a howdydo to each, proceed to do all the talking. I want to shake hands with Bruno's Sister. She is a woman after "me own heart," but good gracious, how long it takes Bruno to get married! I don't blame any woman for not living with relations if she can help it. When a couple are married they ought to live alone, for the first two or three years at least; but it does rather pull at the heart-strings sometimes to have our brothers and sons so much more careful of the comfort of another woman, than of those who have watched over their welfare for years. But it's the way of the world, and we can console ourselves with the hope that some good man will do the same by us. And as for the property there is no question about that in this day and age of "woman's rights." I shouldn't mind what the neighbors say, if I only got what belonged to me. I like to be independent.

I like all that has been said in the HOUSEHOLD about books. I made a firm resolve when a little child, that if ever I had a home of my own I'd have books if I didn't have enough to eat, consequently have nearly one thousand volumes. A caller was one day looking over my book cases and she said, "Well! a body will have what her heart is set on, won't she? I thought I loved books, but I never could manage to get as many together as you have." Oh! but I love stormy days, they are my especial delight. To sit in the easy chair by a bright fire when the elements are warring without, with a good book to read, is my ideal of happiness.

I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD readers something about our Cambridge Farmers' Club. It meets the first Saturday of every month at the home of the member who extends an invitation. Every lady carries a cake, or pie, perhaps both, if her family is large, and a knife, fork, teaspoon and napkin for each member who attends.

The hostess furnishes bread and butter, tea, coffee, meat, pickles, etc., as she sees fit. The Club has a few dozen plates and cups; some lapboards neatly covered with white and passed around serve as tables when placed on the lap, where five or six can gather around each one and eat dinner in comfort. It is less work than setting tables. We have been organized about a year, and already our number is so great that it is quite a task to entertain, but it brings people together from all parts of the town, and many pleasant acquaintances are formed. And we have the additional advantage of availing ourselves of the knowledge of others, as we have essays, papers, recitations, selections, singing, etc. at various times. Of course we have a chaplain, so that each meeting is opened with prayer. We always endeavor to have some interesting question for discussion at each meeting, and here comes in "woman's rights," as all are entitled to speak on any subject, and are listened to with equal attention. I wanted to say some more things but have taken so much room fear I may be thrown out entirely; however, I don't come very often.

ALOE.

[Indeed you don't, Aloe, not half as often as we would like to see you.—Ed.]

BEREAVEMENT.

Again is the hand of affliction resting heavily upon me. "I never loved a plant or flower but 'twas the first to fade away." I do not know if that quotation is correct, but I do know that one by one those whom I love and depend upon are taken from me, each one leaving me more alone. This time it was a sister, the last of my own people save one and that one so far away. When death had taken every one of my kin from the old home I came here to be near this one, and now I am alone again. It has all been so sudden. Only a few hours' knowledge that she had an internal cancer before the Detroit surgeons came to her home and the critical operation resulted disastrously. There were days of suspense before the end came, days and nights when we worked and prayed without ceasing. We could see no one, and then I realized how much friends can do by way of encouragement by writing. They did not wait with their messages of sympathy till all was over, but sent them all the time, that we could know every hour their anxiety, their hopes and fears; and as the loved sister would cling firmly to my hands even so those letters were reaching out loving, helpful hands to us during those trying scenes. One of the letters expressed sympathy because we had a trained nurse. "O, I know all about it! I know what it is to lie at death's door with a stranger to care for me. To pay so many dollars for so many days' work with no love in it. It is terrible, terrible!" But if all the nurses sent out by the Harper hospital are as unwearying in the discharge of their duties, as skillful and as kind to the patient and to all assistants they may well feel proud of their standing. The faithful four who never left

her supplied all the love and tenderness, but in such critical cases affection cannot do all; life often depends on skillful nursing and all that part was well done, but it availed nothing. It was better that we did not know. The family Christmas tree was a very pleasant gathering, enjoyable to all and to none more so than to the one who never realized the coming of the new year. Then our Chautauqua Christmas gathering! I meant to tell the HOUSEHOLD all about that, it was so unique and so pleasant for all the circle and their friends, but it seems so long ago. I have lived and suffered so much since that evening; yet it is only one month and that was but a brief time in the old happy days. A few lines from my own offering that evening come to me with force now:

The time has been short to the gay happy throng
For the hours have been filled, as they hurried
along,
With laughter and music and merriest song.
But long it has been to those who have lain
Day and night with the pallid angel of pain,
Or have waited and watched for their loved in
vain.

And farther on in the poem:

This lesson it teaches; that we so fear,
So deal by those who are with us here,
That, when another Christmas time
Fends abroad through the land its merry chime,
There's no galling load of vain regret
That we loved them not while with us yet.

My only aunt, the last of the maternal relatives, lies at the point of death in a neighboring town, and I start at every sound, knowing that the telephone may call me to that home at any hour; and while sitting by my sister's bedside a message was given me that the only old uncle, the nearest of the paternal kin, had a paralytic stroke just as the New Year's greetings were sent ringing through the rooms of his Vermont home, so my little all will soon be still less and I can only wait; but the New Year has not dawned auspiciously for

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

NOVELS.

Ofttimes have I wished to raise my voice in advocacy of my pet theories, some of which have frequently appeared in our HOUSEHOLD, but, being a beginner, having recently embarked on the old ship Matrimony, have silently thought my endorsement or disapproval as the case might be, and given the platform to the seniors. Besides, something kept repeating, altogether too loud for my sensitive temperament, "It will be quickly devoured by that monster of cannibalism more commonly known as the waste-basket, which has such a prodigious capacity for inferior scribblings."

We had been married but two weeks when the "head" sent for the FARMER, (suggestive of a good discrimination,) and it is a weekly visitor to our new abode, one of which we never tire. Undoubtedly I would exhaust the seven thousand adjectives were I to give the praise it deserves, however, its arrival is eagerly watched for in this section of the rural "destricts." I heartily support "Max's" theory or practice, in regard to books. It is hoped that all the young HOUSEHOLDERS (more is expected of the older ones) will guard against cultivating low and unnatural literary

tastes. Our lives are too short to devote one minute's time to the perusal of evil literature. I hold that a novel devotee is as much a slave as the opium-eater or the inebriate. One of them says, "It does me no harm." But I say it *does* do harm. When the book is read, does it tend to give you a finer outlook, a clearer vision, a stimulated desire for that which is better, higher? If not, cast it from you as you would a venomous reptile. Do not allow your intellect to be thus contaminated. Would that we could discountenance *all* who persist in that vicious habit and establish in them a love for pure, wholesome reading. One writer has said, "A good book is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up."

Good books introduce us into the best society and bring us in contact with the greatest minds that have ever lived. It is a common complaint, and 'tis true, the works of our best American writers are expensive, still we would despise to see them in cheap editions. So like Max, let us practice self-denial (and may it be hereditary) in regard to sweetmeats and the like, which are so conducive to dyspepsia, rather than suffer mental attacks of the disease, caused by reading frivolous, obscene, trashy books and papers.

Among my wedding gifts were Tennyson's and Whittier's poems. What could be more acceptable? Here is a favorite quotation from Wordsworth:

"Books, we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good,
'Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood
Our pasimes and our happiness can grow."
EAGLE. ADA.

SUGGESTIONS WANTED.

I would like to ask readers of the HOUSEHOLD for some suggestions about fixing our house. What is the best way to have the buttery arranged, with shelves or all cupboards?

Is it desirable to have a cupboard that can be lowered into the cellar? If so how is it to be fixed?

Should the wood work in the kitchen be oiled or painted?

Which is better for washing dishes, a table or sink?

I wish to have the south end of an east piazza arranged for my plants, but do not know how it should be made so the plants will not freeze; there will be a door from a bed-room that would go into the plant room. Would the door be best, or only a curtain? And could it be fixed with sash that could be taken down in the summer if we wished? There are many other things

I would like to know about, so if each one who has something about her house that she thinks just right would tell us about it, the knowledge may be of use to others beside myself.

HADLEY.

ELIZABETH.

In reply to the inquiry for a recipe for dyeing a permanent red on cotton, Mrs. E. B. D., of Oshtemo, says: "I know from experience that Cushing's Perfection Dyes are good. They are manufactured at Fox-roft, Me.; price ten cents a package."

SURE CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

Take one pint of strong vinegar, a lump of alum as big as a butternut, and a teaspoonful of saltpetre, set it upon the stove until it is all dissolved and hot; then take off the stove, hold the feet over the bowl and bath with a sponge until the wash is cool enough to put the feet in. Bathe them two or three times in the course of the afternoon and evening, using the same wash, and always having it as hot as can be borne. When you go to bed bathe the feet for fifteen minutes, then rub them as long with the hands, and in the morning you will be all right. This is for the benefit of Azalia, who asks for a cure for chilblains. This recipe has been tested several times to my knowledge, and found good every time.

MRS. G. N. HEDDEN.

CLYDE.

[Another remedy, an "old Scotch cure," is to take the fine, tissue-like skin which covers mutton tallow (before it has been tried out) and cover the affected spots with it. This cures, and also prevents recurrence of attacks.]

ANSWERS TO AZALIA.

To remove ink spots, dip the "afflicted" parts in pure melted tallow, then wash out and the ink spots will come too.

To remove stains from table-cloths, spread the cloth over the tub, and pour boiling water through it before beginning to wash.

I use arnica for chilblains. It is also excellent for the feet in hot weather, if these useful members are given to swelling and aching from heat or too much exercise of them. Just bathe the feet with the arnica in the morning and at night,—also during the day, if you have time. It surely pays to take the time, as I have learned by experience.

NANNIE.

JACKSON.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

For ingrowing toe-nails the *Scientific American* recommends the following treatment: First thoroughly clean the parts, and then pack in front of the nail cotton or lint as hard as may be borne. This will remain with comfort for three or four days, then remove and in front of the pellet will be found a hardened mass of flesh; scrape this away and repack, continuing the operation until the corner of the nail has grown out and is beyond the soft tissues of the toe. Of course easy-fitting shoes or boots should be worn during the treatment and ever after.

ONE of the standard remedies for bed-bugs is quicksilver. To use it to the best advantage, beat an ounce of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs together for a little while, then with the feather on a goosequill till it is a froth of a grayish cast and there is no more quicksilver to be seen on the bottom of the bowl—which should be earthen. Apply with the feather to every corner that can serve as a hiding place, and you will soon have exterminated your bugs.