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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

"Butterfly, thou daring rover,
With the gold-dust on thy wing,
Which some fairy sifted over
So securely it doth cling,
Tell me, butterfly, the secret
Of this change that thou hast known;
From an earth-worm blindly crawling
Unto beauty thou hast grown."

But the butterfly not heeding
Any word that I might say,
To a rose went quickly speeding,
Bright and beautiful and gay.
And I pondered o'er the mystery
Wisest men cannot unfold;
Tenant of an airy kingdom,
Gauzy wings of red and gold,

Is a child of blind brown earth-worm,
Which the bravest dread to see,
Born within a silken casket,
Built fair and daintily.
Hark! I hear a voice not distant
Speaking with a thrilling dart,
Or 'tis but a work of feeling
Deep within my inner heart.

"Faint not or be not a-weary,
Sad and lonely child of tears,
Tho' all life seems dark and dreary
Lay aside those foolish fears;
May be that thy heavy sorrow
Is a silken fair cocoon,
Whence upon some glad to-morrow,
Robed anew, thou'll grandly come."

FURNISHING A SLEEPING ROOM.

A correspondent asks some information about furnishing sleeping apartments—especially the best room. I could answer her inquiry more satisfactorily had she given me an inkling of the size and shape of the room she wants to furnish, and what kind of a house it is in. For I am a great believer in "the fitness of things." The furnishings which would suit the cottage would be out of place in a fine house, and what would be appropriate for a pretentious modern dwelling be incongruous in an old-fashioned farm house. Furniture should be in keeping with the house.

We will assume the room to be furnished in a modern house, with high ceilings, large windows, and no more doors than are absolutely necessary. You cannot furnish a room prettily which is all doors. A bedroom in the house where I am living has five doors, and really there does not seem to be a place for anything else. The first thing to do is to decide upon the prevailing color. Let us suppose it to be yellow—because I have just seen a lovely apartment furnished in this color.

There is nothing that is glaringly yellow in this room—there should not be in any room, whatever its chosen color—except a few small things; that is, while the prevailing tone is yellow, it is so treated and harmonized that the effect is beautiful and artistic rather than striking. The room is finished in pine, oiled and polished. The wall paper has a cream ground on which is a conventional pattern in a deeper tone, accented by gilt sparingly employed in dots and dashes, rather than lines. There is no dado, but the frieze, separated from the body of the wall by a line of gold moulding, embodies a scroll design in harmony with the wall pattern, on a ground shading to the darkest tone at the top. The frieze is about eighteen inches deep. The carpet is in soft blended shades of yellow, toning up into almost white and shading into faint wood browns. The bedroom set is of birdseye maple. The bedspread is lace over pale yellow china silk, with shams to match; the light down "comfort" of yellow satteen sprinkled with shaded purple pansies. The curtains are white lace, tied with yellow ribbons. The top of the dressing bureau is almost too handsome to cover up, but has a spread of yellow silk, over which is laid a second spread of sheer bolting cloth having a border of large pansies whose outlines are embroidered in yellow silk in long stitches, the edge then being cut out. (The process of making was detailed, in other materials, in the HOUSEHOLD last winter.) The pincushion is of yellow silk, somewhat oblong, so that a big pansy embroidered on bolting cloth serves as a cover. A big perfume bottle with cut glass stopper has a yellow silk petticoat and lace overdress, so intricately fixed up that I refuse the task of describing it. Then there is a handkerchief sashet of white plush lined with yellow silk and tied with yellow ribbons. A lounge upholstered in pale shades of yellow darkening into light brown, strewn with pillows covered with china silk (which everybody knows can be easily laundered) invites to an afternoon siesta; there is a little writing-desk by the window, in light wood—sycamore, I think; a white rocker with a yellow shoulder cushion and seat; and a little table, yet to be furnished with a spread, holds a few books and the yellow-lined basket with thread, scissors, needles, etc., to be found in every well regulated guest room. There is no washstand, as there is a toilet-room adjacent to the roomy closet, which is provided with shelves, drawers and hooks.

The appointments of this room are very handsome, and its furniture and carpets cost probably not less than \$500 at a low estimate. Few farmers could afford or would care to expend so much in fitting up one room and that a bedroom. I have described it because a room could be furnished in cheaper materials, and be made very pretty. If the bedroom suite is on hand, let that give the tone to the room. If it is of light wood, oak, pine, or maple, yellow, pale blue or the daintiest of pink or heliotrope could be chosen in which to carry out the rest of the furnishings. If the suite be walnut, or a dark wood, red, old rose, green, or a deeper yellow, shading into brown, could be chosen, and any one be handled to make a lovely room. Most people who furnish red rooms, blue rooms, etc., sin against beauty by making the color too pronounced or having too much of it. Suppose we want to furnish a red room; we choose paper of a warm grey, or a pale ecru, with just the least bit of red in an indistinct pattern running through it. We paint the woodwork to harmonize. We choose a small-flowered carpet, its predominant tone that of the paper, but having a little red in its design which matches or tones with the red of the wall paper. Nothing will spoil the room so quickly as two or three tones of different reds, such as a scarlet with any shade of crimson, or the like. The bureau spread may be satteen or silesia, or plain calico or cambric if we can find the right color, the bolting cloth over-spread having single popples worked in red for its border. Or, if this is too much work, choose a grey or ecru felt and pink the edges of your scarf, making it just the size of the top of the bureau; on this arrange the pincushion, toilet bottles and sachet, which are dressed in red or red combined with the color chosen for the scarf. For the windows, curtains of "coin spot muslin" that having thick spots the size of a silver half dollar, are to be preferred to cheap lace; they are simply hemmed, or may have a four inch ruffle scantily fulled on. For a room which will be used often, cover the washstand top with white oilcloth, nailed on with tiny tacks; on this put a spread which can be washed without damage, and on this again mats crocheted of cotton yarn with a border of red scallops, for bowl, pitcher, etc. The "splasher" will be etched in red; the scrap basket have a scarf of red china silk, or a big bow of red ribbon, to match its red lining. When you have it all done, don't spoil it by pinning up half a peck of

advertising cards, cheap fans, tissue paper "throws," and kindred trash, but leave it in its dainty plainness, a pretty symphony in color, which will contrast favorably with the over decorated apartments of your friends.

If you prefer matting for your floor, you can find that woven in red checks or lines, or in blue or green, to suit your room. Under your muslin curtains you will have the Holland shades, which should correspond with the others in the house, and you will take pains to so place the bed that light from the windows will not fall in the face of the sleeper. In a red room I think the bed looks best in plain white counterpane and shams. The rocker, treated to a couple of coats of white paint finished off by a layer of white enamel, will have a red plush cushion and shoulder pillow.

Pillows are not as large as formerly and are oblong instead of square. Twenty by twenty-six is a good medium size. The most stylish pillow-slips have four inch hems, which are hemstitched, and are made of linen. Others are finished with embroidery three inches wide set without fullness into a hem nearly as wide; lace is similarly used sometimes. Insertions and tuakings are no longer popular, but some beautiful drawn work is occasionally seen.

The lighter the bedding the better for both health and comfort. One wakes up tired under heavy comforts which weigh down the chest and limbs. Chinese cloth comforts have lost none of their popularity. When one has become soiled, it is easily ripped apart, washed, and remade. Satteen and the cheaper grades of china silk are made up into light and pretty comforts, but are more expensive; while the acme of luxury is the down comforter (which a little four year old lassie of my acquaintance calls "the dump cover") filled with the softest and lightest of down at \$1.97 per pound. Sometimes a woman who has little to do and can't sleep makes her own down, patiently cutting out the hard parts of hens' feathers and saving the down till she has enough for a comfort, a pillow or a cushion. I have not seen a patchwork quilt (except a couple I own myself) in a long time, but I infer they "still live," for in the papers I occasionally read of women who have patiently killed time and sewed together five thousand, six thousand, even eight thousand pieces of cloth. I call it a bad instance of misdirected energy, but am willing other people should patch if they will not require me to follow their example. Nice wool blankets are cheap enough, in spite of that much abused McKinley Bill, so that the fleeces of a couple of sheep will buy a pair, and with them and the light cotton comforts, we can have healthful bed coverings if we will try. And as at least a third of our time is spent in bed, we ought to try.

For a spread for a little table, on which you propose to place writing materials for your guest's convenience, and a few books to help her pass away idle moments, you can use a medium quality of linen, hemstitched, and having an outline design worked in silk of the color in which you have furnished your room. No pattern?

Take a prettily shaped oak or maple leaf, and trace its outline and principal veins on your linen, arranging a border by repeating the pattern. Ecru Bolton sheeting is also a good material.

Harmonies, not contrasts, is the rule of modern decorators; if contrasting colors are employed they are studied and combined with the utmost care as to effect. Remember this in your furnishings and I am sure the result will be pleasing.

BEATRIY.

A CHATTY LETTER.

I have been reading Mrs. Dewey's article on "Man or Woman," for the second or third time, and while I think it all good and true I must own I really thought Mr. Baker only joking. It was too absurd for anything but a burlesque. I thought perhaps the Club had run short of a subject for discussion, and he was like the boy who shot at a man at quite a distance (placing several shot in the back of his neck) thinking to stir him up a little. But that \$8 000,000 expended for cosmetics seems to be quite a poser. The opposite sex seem to forget the larger amount they spend annually and then only paint their noses.

Dear Mrs. Editor, how did you know just what we were thinking about—that flower bed? But I am afraid you would plant your flower seed much too thick. Please define the word kismet. [The idea is to have the flower bed a close mass of foliage and bloom. The seedlings must of course be thinned out. For such a bed it is best to transplant from cold frame or plants grown in the house. The soil must be rich, and an occasional dose of liquid fertilizer given. It is on this plan the beautiful flower beds of Belle Isle are made. "Kismet" means fate.—Ed.]

Mac, try putting water in your soap. I used to think no matter how strong the lye if there was sufficient grease it would be all right, but I have found by experience that it can be too strong, and will separate as she describes.

In reading letters from the regular correspondents I always imagine how they look and picture their surroundings in my mind; but Daffodilly's last letter was a puzzle. Do tell us in what relation Vashti and Chips stand to the household, and what sort of a stable did Chips build.

I have heard of voting and getting married by proxy, but never before of setting up stoves and putting down carpets; will A. L. L. tell us how the thing was done. [Hired a substitute. See?—Ed.]

One asks a cure for corns. A plaster just large enough to cover the corn nicely, made of tamarack pitch, is good. Leave it on as long as it will stay, then renew. It takes the soreness out wonderfully.

What is the best known remedy for people who have lived on a farm a term of years, and are tired and sick of work and are looking forward to the coming season's work with dread; who see the duties as summed up by Mrs. Dewey, and then wonder if they will "continue faithful to the end." [The best medicine is a vaca-

tion, in which dull care is left behind. Take a two weeks' or a month's trip to Petoskey, Mackinac or Charlevoix, and "loaf and invite your soul."—Ed.]

In an interesting article by Old Genesee in the FARMER of April 18th, what is the meaning of this sentence: "A Columbian blowout at the great city on the mouth of the Skunk river in 1892?"—[The World's Fair at Chicago.—Ed.]

As I am no friend to baking powder I make a baking powder of my own by sifting thoroughly one teaspoonful of soda, one of flour and two of cream of tartar, making enough at once to fill a small box. If the cream of tartar is good and new it will answer all purposes and lacks the bitter taste of the average baking powder.

That cake should have been called "Fanny's cake" instead of "Farmers' cake;" however there is nothing in a name; thanks to all for kind words.

As variety is the spice of life, I will send directions for making a doll for the baby: Take one ball of coarse white knitting cotton, and two yards of blue ribbon No. 1. Wind the cotton over a book that is eight or ten inches long, according to the thickness of the book. Tie one end tightly with the ribbon; make a loop long enough to dangle it by, place a small bow where it is tied, to answer for front hair. Cut the threads at the other end of the book, these form the bottom of the dress. Tie another ribbon a short distance from the top to form the head. Take from the back thirty-six strands of the cotton, separate and braid in two strands (I should divide the hair before tying on the neck ribbon) cut off just below where the waist would come and tie the ends with little bows. Take thirty-two strands from each side, twist lightly once and cut the desired length for arms, tie little bows tightly on the wrist, the short ends forming hands. Tie the ribbon about the waist with the bow in front, and even the ends off at the end of the dress. Eyes, nose and mouth are worked on the face with sewing silk twist. I have seen a doll made like this, only less was used for arms and hair, and small beads were sewed on for eyes.

BESS.

PLAINWELL.

QUEER FINDS.

Not long before Christmas, a woman went out to feed her chickens. In her pocket, loose, was a five dollar gold piece. It had been paid her for butter and other farm products, and it was the only money she could command to buy presents for the children. She pulled out her handkerchief and did not see the shiner as it fell to the ground. On going in she thought to put it in her purse, but the most eager searching failed to find it, either in her pocket or out in the chicken yard, though she went over every square inch of it. With a burst of tears she decided it was gone, and the children joined in the wailing chorus. A day or two before Christmas, old Tom, a fat gobbler, had his neck wrung, and was brought in to be prepared for their dinner. On cutting

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open his gizzard something glittered, and she joyfully pulled out the gold piece, so the children had their presents after all.

A young girl had a gold ring with a diamond in it; her engagement ring in fact, on her finger. It was large and dropped off while she was in the garden. She could not find it, though a vigorous search was made. It was lost in the spring and fell in a bed where some *mignonette* was planted. A seed sprouted inside the ring, grew and blossomed. The girl one day picked one of the sprigs, and there was her long lost ring, fastened to the end of the sprig, and safely kept for her all these months.

One summer's night a lady before retiring determined to go down stairs and assure herself that a certain window was shut and fastened. As she passed through the front hall she saw a small object in constant motion, trying to perch on a match box fastened to the wall. It was a bat that had flown into the house through the open door. Trying to get a foothold on the box, he kept beating the matches with his body, and this had ignited them; there was smoke, and a small blue flame just beginning. She dashed the bat to the floor and put out the fire. Now if she had not gone down just at that time the flame might have communicated to the paper and a curtain that hung in the stairway and much damage might have followed. Many of these mysterious fires laid to tramps or careless servants are started in just such strange ways.

A lady had a glass globe on a table by the window. A sunbeam struck the glass and was directed to some loose papers on the table. She fortunately came into the room in time to save a fire, but the papers were smoking. A rag saturated with oil, in a kitchen drawer, has caught fire and almost been the means of destroying the whole house.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

BRUE AND BRUNO AGAIN.

So many have expressed themselves as interested in the fortunes of the B— family that I feel it will not be regarded as an intrusion if I come again to give another chapter in our uneventful lives. I suppose our lives must be uneventful, there's nothing in them yet, thank heaven, which goes to make the "thrilling interest" of a cheap novel—no murder, abduction, robbery or divorce.

One lady said, quite a while ago, that it seemed to take Bruno a long time to get married. Perhaps so. Perhaps too, if he had been her only brother and his marriage meant the breaking up of the ties of a lifetime, she would have felt, as I did, that for all I knew it so long before, it was yet "awfully sudden" at the climax. But he was safely married last January, and the happy pair have settled down as if they had been married four years instead of four months.

It was a rather pretty home wedding—at Clara's of course. Their house is quite large, so they could invite a company of about sixty persons, the nearest relatives on both sides, and the most intimate

friends of bride and groom. But did you ever know a wedding where somebody did not get mad because she was not invited or was not treated just right or something? I never did; and I am happy to say this was not an exception. If everybody had been suited, I should have been certain there was a great mistake somewhere. Clara's mother's second cousin's daughter was so angry at getting announcement cards instead of an invitation to the wedding that she jerked past Clara at church the first Sunday, and wouldn't speak or look at her or any of the family. Why can't people have some sense and realize there are limits to one's ability to entertain, if there are none to the inclination! The line had to be drawn somewhere and it was drawn at third cousins. I was glad "the relations" rallied most strongly on Clara's side; they could not say there was such a number of Bruno's folks that no one else could be invited.

Clara had everything about the wedding just as she wanted it. She said she'd got to promise to obey and she meant to have her own way up to the last minute. As for Bruno, he'd been glad enough to have escaped it all by talking Clara in his buggy to the minister's and getting the knot tied in presence of only the requisite number of witnesses. But Clara wouldn't have it that way. They were married in the evening, and took the late train for a little trip, just a short one—a farmer's "chores" can't be postponed even for so important a step as matrimony; nothing but the quit claim deed issued by Death will release him from their demands.

Clara's dress was gray, a color which is very becoming to her, as she always has a pretty rose tint in her cheek; she had a gray velvet toque with silver ornaments, and silver pins in her bonny brown hair. She looked very sweet and kissable, as sweet as the bunch of *La France* roses she carried and which came from a Detroit florist. Poor Bruno rebelled alike at a dress suit and *decollete* vest, and a Prince Albert, and had a black suit made "cut away," I think they call it, and a plain lawn tie. I don't know whether it was "correct" or not, but he looked very nice, I thought. But I don't see what makes a man get his hair cut on the eve of every important occasion. The barber gave Bruno a "fighting cut," whereas if he'd had it done a week before, he would have looked much better. When it was time, one of Clara's friends sat down at the organ and played the wedding march—or as much of it as the keyboard would permit. Bruno and his special chum, who had the honor of being "best man," came from their dressing room up-stairs into the parlor; then there was an awful pause, during which Bruno got a celestial pink, waiting for the rest. Clara's two bridesmaids came first from the down stairs bedroom where they had dressed, then Clara on her father's arm. The old gentleman rebelled at having to take this part, and said he "wasn't in it," but Clara managed him and he walked out, looking very red and uncomfortable, and out of step with the music. Everybody

rose as the bridal party came in, except three or four of those sticks who may be safely calculated upon to do the wrong thing every time, and in a few minutes the mutual pledges were exchanged and I had a new sister. I gave a thankful sigh when the ring was safe on Clara's finger, for I expected Bruno would lose it or forget which one of his numerous pockets he put it in and have to hunt them all through, but it was produced at the proper instant. Then, of course, kisses and congratulations.

They served a "sit down supper"—coffee, biscuits, chicken salad, cold tongue, scalloped oysters, ice cream, cake, etc. Too much and too many kinds, according to my notions, which would be for delicacy and daintiness, rather than a great variety and profusion. People do not go to a wedding to eat, though I must confess there were several who seemed to have fasted for a day or so in advance in order to do full justice to "Aunt Kate's" cookery. And here of course was also the disgruntled individual who was assigned a seat at the second table and thought the ties of consanguinity entitled her to a place at the first. I wonder why it is always women who are the snubbed and slighted ones at such times? I don't remember ever hearing of a man who felt affronted because he was asked to the second table—if he had all he wanted to eat.

Supper was hardly over before the just married pair had to hurry off to the station. Just as they were going out the door Clara thrust her bouquet into my hands and whispered "You next, dear!" They left in a shower of rice, with a few old shoes for luck; and that rice was a dead give away all through their tour. There was rice in Bruno's overcoat pockets, rice in his clean pocket handkerchief, rice rolled up in his umbrella, even rice in his pocketbook when he opened it to buy his tickets; in fact he said that they could be traced all through Ohio by the rice they left behind them.

When they returned, I had the house decorated with evergreens ready for the reception I had planned as a surprise. It was a "Young Folks' Party," and it was gay. Everybody seemed to have a real good time. Our house is not large or fine, but it is "homey," which is I think the reason it is so easy to entertain in it. There's no fine furniture to damage or rich carpets to soil, so we just go in and have a good time. I notice that's what most folks seem to like. For refreshments, I had the daintiest ham and wiches, and ice cream and two kinds of cake. Young people can take liberties with their digestions; though when I come to think of it, I don't believe ice cream and Delicate cake are any worse for the stomach, at 11 p. m., than coffee, cold tongue and pickles, which I've known older folks to eat freely though they "dassent touch" ice cream. Clara looked as pretty as a peach in her heliotrope cashmere with its cream silk vest. She was real sensible about her outfit—trousseau, I suppose I should say—she had two new dresses and a pretty tea gown, and did not sew herself

into strings making underwear in "sets" to lie by and get yellow. Instead, she bought table linen, bedding, and furniture for her own room, a lovely oak suite, and a carpet in brown and yellow which goes beautifully with it.

She had a good many quite pretty presents; a set of after dinner coffee spoons from a city cousin, who I guess forgot it isn't the custom to dawdle over the cups at a farmer's table, and that the "new-fangled notion" of coffee served at the end of a meal doesn't please the man accustomed to take three cups during his dinner; cake basket; berry dish; cream pitcher, sugar bowl and spoon-holder in silver; there were five odd teaspoons from different cities, sent by friends; a lovely tablecloth and napkins to match from a dear old lady, and lots of little things. It was such a comfort that everything was nice of its kind, except indeed, a great sprawling fruit stand that said "plate" all over it and had a mock cut glass bowl, sent by Clara's uncle who lives in great style in a big city (they say his wife would faint if she saw butter on the dinner table), and is worth half a million. I suppose they thought it would "impress" the country folks by its size and showiness, but I notice Clara had draped its aggressiveness with a China silk scarf one of her mates gave her. Some people have good taste, if they haven't money.

So Bruno is "Benedict the married man!" Well, they say matrimony in a family is as "catching" as mumps or measles. I shouldn't be surprised if it proved so in this instance.

BRUNO'S SISTER.

CATCHING COLD.

To "catch a cold" while changing the clothing from the heavy wear and wraps of winter to the lighter garments called for by the warmth of the advancing spring weather, is the common lot of us all. Young people, who have not learned the danger which lurks in colds, are proverbially careless in this respect, and their imprudence often results in life-long injury to health. They rush in, in a perspiration, declaring they "can't stand it another minute," and off goes the flannel skirt, the woolen shirt, or the heavy coat, perhaps replaced by one much lighter in weight, oftener by none at all. And next day they have snuffles and need three pocket handkerchiefs, and the cold becomes catarrh, and that leads to other troubles, perhaps to the doctor and the undertaker, when a little good sense might have prevented the cold and its attendant train of disasters.

When you are overheated and perspiring is just the very time when you should NOT make any change in your clothing—unless indeed it be to put on more if you are going into a colder atmosphere, which is always to be avoided if possible. Do not be in too great haste to get into thinner garments. Our climate is too uncertain to make such changes because of a week of pleasant weather and mild tem-

perature. It is a first rate plan to have three sets of garments for underwear, or even four. First, you put on your heavy woolen underwear, new, the last of November, or first of December, when winter is fairly upon us. When these grow too warm in the spring, you change to those of the previous year, which have grown thin by wear and washing. When these in turn become uncomfortable, you will find in the stores long-sleeved vests and drawers to match of a heavy cotton weave, and these are worn till the torrid days of July make welcome the thin silk and lisle sleeveless vests. From these you go, as it grows chilly in autumn, to the long-sleeved, the partly worn and the new again, and manage to be comfortably clad at all seasons. Nor is this more expensive, once the routine is established, than having just two grades, for hot and cold weather. There's only 52 weeks in the year for either. And the transitions are so graded there is little danger, with half care, of catching a cold.

When you want to change, say from the thick merino wear of winter to the half-worn garments of the previous year, take a bath the night before, and give the entire body a good brisk rubbing with a coarse towel. You will sleep like a top, and in the morning you need not be afraid to put on the lighter clothing. You'll be "all right." Once made, it is not often advisable to change back, as must often be done where the difference in warmth is too great. Never take off a garment when you feel it to be too warm, during the day. Wait. Therein lies safety. The simple precaution I have intimated here will save you a perhaps dangerous cold.

Never sit in a draft. If you feel a current of cold air, get out of it. Stay not on the order of your going if it strikes you on the back of the neck or between the shoulders, especially. Do not ride with your back to the wind if you can avoid it; and if you must, put on extra wraps. The lungs, anatomists tell us, are nearer the back than the front of our bodies, and hence, really, we ought to wear our lung protectors on our backs. Some of the worst cases of pneumonia have resulted from being chilled by a cold wind blowing on the back.

Health is such a priceless gift that it always saddens me to see the young people so imprudent and careless. You see I have learned one's account on the bank of Health can very easily be overdrawn. There is no gift so greatly to be prized as health. Wealth, education, intellect, are gifts of Tantalus without the health which enables us to enjoy them to the full. "De mornin' glories aint lubly to a man wid de back-ache," said the old colored preacher.

Many a farmer is an old man at fifty, because he was reckless in his youth and thought his health and strength would endure forever. We don't prize a thing, really, till we learn its value by losing it. Many a woman is old, and worn out at forty, looking as if she were sixty, because as a girl she went with wet feet, and

committed other imprudences which left their mark on her physique. To take care of one's self is a duty the wife and mother, the husband and father, owe to their families, and the young folks to themselves and those who shall come after them.

BEATRIX.

KETURAH RISES TO EXPLAIN.

"What has become of Keturah?" asks Mae, of Flint. Now what made her ask that, I wonder! It surely was not because Keturah was a frequent contributor or one who wrote in a spicy manner. Well, as Mae said, "A bad penny will return," and so here I am again. In answer to her question I will say I've gone and done it, I've got me a husband. I haven't a doubt but that some of you, in fact the most of you, have gone through the same ceremony, "for better or for worse," etc., and I fancy I can hear Brue say "My, how dreadfully shocking! How could she? I wouldn't."

I have been waiting all these months for an account of Bruno's wedding, and have at last come to the conclusion that it has been postponed indefinitely.

Since my first appearance in the HOUSEHOLD circle, I have had the pleasure of meeting Beatrix Evangeline, M. E. H. and Euphenia. I will not try to tell you how glad I was to meet them face to face and know them.

Of the HOUSEHOLD what can I say, except that it improves with age and each number seems better than the last—probably because it is fresher, and the last. As soon as the FARMER comes I seize the HOUSEHOLD and read it through without stopping once.

Several times I have had my mind made up to write and inquire after Grandpa's health and also Aunt Huldah Perkins' and others, and once or twice I have commenced a letter and then in fancy I beheld the huge waste basket at "ye editor's" right hand, and being fearful of the final resting place of my letter, I forthwith destroyed it.

The band has stopped playing and all the people are at rest, and with them I will say good night and pleasant dreams to you all.

KETURAH.

CASS CO.

"A Reader" at Parshallville writes us: "In the HOUSEHOLD of May 9th we saw an item about ants. A little tartar emetic in sweetened water, set in places they frequent will exterminate all kinds of ants. This I never knew to fail.

AN English medical journal says a physician treated cancerous tumors with great success during a practice extending over a period of twenty years, by the administration of carbonate of lime obtained from calcined oyster shells. The shells were subjected to heat in the oven, and the calcined white lining of the shell, reduced to powder, taken once a day, the dose being as much as will lie on a silver quarter. At least this remedy can do no harm, if it does no good.