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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

"GOOD--LIKE YOU."

When I reproved my little girl,
Her clear, gray eyes were grieved and wet;
She owned her fault, for pardon plead,
And spoke some words I can't forget:
"If you were little just like me,
Would ever you be naughty, too?
If I were only all grown up,
I could be always good--like you!"

She meant it! Her sweet innocence,
Which sent so sharp and sure a dart,
Knows nothing of the wicked moods
That sometimes sway her mother's heart.
Wrath, envy, folly, discontent,
The selfish impulse,--not withstood,--
These things accuse me, yet my child
Believes that I am always good.

On Sabbath days the man of God
Reproves me often, unawares;
Ashamed, I hear his earnest voice
My own unworthy deeds declare.
And nobler lives rebuke my own;
But none had ever shaft so true
As she whose loving faith declared
"I could be always good--like you!"

BE CAREFUL.

Last year at one of our Michigan summer resorts a lady lost a valuable diamond ring. As it could not be found, the inference at once was made that it must have been stolen, and suspicion fell upon a woman of excellent reputation. The opportunity had been hers, undoubtedly, and the person who had lost the ring was not slow in voicing her suspicions, with the result that a suit at law followed. Nothing could be proved against the accused party, who however felt very keenly the aspersion thus cast upon her character. Now a paragraph in the local paper explains that a lad recently found the ring under a grating, among the miscellaneous siftings of the building to which it belonged. Thus the unjust charge is refuted, a woman's character cleared. But the thought comes--suppose the ring had never been found! The shadow of suspicion would always have rested upon an innocent individual. For we are so apt to believe evil of a person, rather than good, and apparently many are loth to give the accused even "the benefit of the doubt" which a jury if legally impaneled must take into consideration. A jury of one's casual acquaintances is apt to ignore this. To be accused, in the minds of the virtuously self-righteous, is equivalent to guilt; they forget that thoughtlessness or malice may

accuse anybody of anything, circumstances combine to fasten the accusation, and an innocent person be most unjustly injured in the estimation of his little world of friends and acquaintances.

Some time ago a lady was shopping in a city a few miles from the town where she resided. When leaving the store she inadvertently picked up a half yard of ribbon with her gloves, and not noticing it, walked out. She was accused of stealing the scrap, the accusation given publicity in spite of her protestations of innocence, and the unfortunate affair so preyed upon her mind that it at last drove her to suicide.

The moral of this is: Be careful! Be very careful how you accuse any one of wrong doing. Nothing but absolute certainty excuses a person in making a charge of theft or misappropriation, or any misdemeanor, against another. Many cases arise where it is better to suffer loss than complain; it is *always* better to suffer than to accuse and be mistaken. It is so easy to be mistaken. You are *sure* you left your ring on the washstand and the servant *must* have taken it--and yet you find it on the piano and remember at last that you left it there yourself. If you have hastily charged the girl with taking it, or significantly said the ring could not get away without hands and she has been the only person in the room since you left it, no after acknowledgment of your error, no apology however sincere, can remove the sting of that hasty accusation from the heart, or cure the wounded sensibilities of an honest girl.

I have known mothers who would not hesitate to accuse their children of taking things that were missing, despite their protestations to the contrary. To the insult of suspicion they added the further indignity of incredulity--making them little liars and thieves, quoting the Bible to show them where they will "go to" because of their wickedness. I call that a greater sin on the part of parents than the childish fault. If you have told your little boy he must not touch the raisins in the cupboard drawer, what right have you to call him a thief if he disobeys? Punish him for disobedience by all means, but unless you have explained to him the difference between

what is his and what is yours, don't call him a bad name because he does not understand there are some things--raisins for instance, in which there is not a community of interest. I do not believe in hiding things to keep them away from children. Obedience and self restraint and respect for the rights of others are not thus taught. I should show the raisins, "stand treat" with a stem apiece all round, say they meant mince pies and "cakes with bugs in them," and that they must not be touched, then put them where I wished to keep them. And punishment would overtake the youngster who transgressed the prohibition--not because he *stole*; oh no! but because he was disobedient. Then I might add a lecture on the rights of the individual to the family stores.

But to return. Whatever is missing, be careful how you jump at conclusions. Make no hasty charges; they are often hard to sustain, both in law and before the bar of your own conscience. Wherever the reputation of another is concerned--that good name which is more greatly to be desired than great riches--it is impossible to be too cautious. BEATRIX.

CRISP AND CRITICAL.

The Editress has asked for some spicy letters and I have been waiting for just that call. I am as spicy as a bottle of chow-chow, being principally on the order of mustard and vinegar. I spent six weeks in the country this summer, visiting old friends in Ohio and Indiana, most of them living on farms. The air was delicious, the weather charming, the cooking fairly good, and the way the women had to work outrageous. I visited thrifty people mostly--people who owned large farms, fine barns built on the most approved modern plan, with pumps and troughs convenient for watering stock, etc., so arranged that never a single bucketful need a man ever lift or carry for any purpose; but at the house the well and cistern were situated distances varying from a block to three blocks from the house, and the invariable step or three to reach the kitchen, and in nearly every family the wife and daughters were lugging water to cook and wash and scrub. I wonder if anybody ever thought that a tidy house-

keeper will use in a single day, during threshing time for instance, as much water as ten cows or horses will drink during twenty-four hours! Think of one person—and that one a woman—tugging that water into the house by the pailful, beside doing loads of other work! That is one of the things that kept me half angry all the time I was away. I met Jake Brady on a village street with his trousers in his boots and tobacco juice round his mouth, and he said: "Why Lib, I'll be durned if you don't look as young as ever! Why Nance is about your age and she looks twice as old! Come and get into the wagon and go out with me and stay all night." On the way "out" I asked something about what Nance had been doing for twenty-five years. I learned that she had five children and never kept any help; that she never went anywhere; that they owned four hundred acres of land and \$3,000 in bank; that the boys hated farming and were not much account and the one girl was always sick. I insisted the next day that Nancy accompany me to the city, but she said she had nothing fit to wear. Her best dress was a black alpaca made about three years ago, and her best bonnet an old broad-rimmed black straw hardly fit to wear to work in the garden. There was not a single horse on the place, out of a number, that we could take for a drive without going on the dirt roads because they were not shod. Nance never had a minute to see the sunset, and she said when I called her attention to the beauty of the sky one evening that she had not seen a sunset for two years. That was her time to take care of her milk. I helped with the work every minute I was there, and I said some spicy things too during that time to both Jake and Nance. I dressed Nance up in my clothes (nothing particularly stylish either) and sent her down the road to meet Jake, and he didn't recognize her, but thought it was some right good looking woman coming along.

I fairly ached to get up an insurrection among the women. I had a mind to hire a hall or a modern barn, and speak on some of these things, because this was not a solitary instance of farm life as lived by women. A woman is like a beast; she may be kept down because she does not know her strength. Let her find the halter off some day and get a taste of liberty and learn what her services are worth, and she will never be the same docile animal again—never will she work the same in harness. Jake said, well, he knewed Nancy had worked hard but he had too, and then I said: "Well, you are both silly. What do you look like now? Why like two old worn out horses; and your children are making fun of you, and you are ashamed to go anywhere because you have no idea how other people act and dress. What is the good of all your land and money? You haven't even got a common bow-

and pitcher in a guest's room! I shall never come to see you again if I think I shall have to go out to the pump to wash my face in the morning along with the hired hands." No woman minds working hard to get the things that money will buy; but there is no use in this age of people living like they had to seventy-five years ago. I could write about other things I saw but this is enough today. I hope no one's feelings are hurt.

St. Louis.

DAFFODILLY.

A LAZY HOLIDAY.

A prophet is proverbially without honor in his own country, and so is a summer resort. Because Huronia Beach is only a few miles from Port Huron, people of the latter place as a rule speak disparagingly of the Beach, and wonder how people can go up there and live in the sand, with nothing to be seen but the water. Then these same people pack their trunks and go to Bay View or Petoskey, or Old Mission, and live in the sand and look at the water.

To be sure the Beach is not a very good place to improve one's mind. A young lady who has been spending a few weeks there has an uncle who firmly believes that "Satan finds some mischief still," etc. He remonstrated with her about the wrong of wasting one's time, and suggested that she make collections of stones and classify them. "But I never studied geology," was the answer. "Well, then study botany and analyze all the wild flowers you can find." "But I don't know anything about botany, and this is fall, when everything has gone to seed. By the time I had learned about the first germs it would be time for me to go back to town," she protested. "Then read improving books," he said as a last resort. "Improving books" foosooth! Fancy reading "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" in a hammock! Perish the thought!

So for the people who must always be living with an object in immediate view I would not recommend Huronia; but I am not one of those praiseworthy persons, and was delighted when Mademoiselle walked in one hot morning last week and announced that "the family" were all down town and that I was to go up and spend the day and night with her, and that we would have the cottage all to ourselves. Of course I agreed, and we started for the car. There was not one in sight, so we went into the nearest place for ice cream soda. We had just dipped in our spoons when we saw the car coming; one taste of the soda decided us; we would take our comfort and catch the next car. A daring resolution in Port Huron, where the cars run according to their own sweet will and not for the accommodation of the public. As the season has closed at the Beach only the motor car runs

up from Fort Gratiot, and conversation is necessarily abandoned as soon as the car starts, but we bore this infliction with good grace, knowing that we had all day before us.

We reached the cottage just in time to remove the dust from our faces before going to dinner. The large dining hall looked a little deserted with only one family besides ourselves there, but the meals were as good and attendance as irreproachable as in the height of the season. After dinner we returned to the cottage and took our books out on the piazza, where mademoiselle made herself comfortable in the hammock with plenty of cushions, and I found perfect bliss in a hammock chair. By the way, I would like to recommend the book I read that afternoon to all who care for a bright, amusing story. "An American Girl in London" is excellent company for a holiday. I was so absorbed in it that not until my friend said, "There is going to be a thunder shower," did I look around at the black clouds which had gathered in the north and hung low over the lake. To the south all was clear, and the sun shone on the water as dazzlingly as before; while to the north the lake had turned dark, and the boats with sails flying looked ghost-like in the peculiar light. Then the rain came, gently at first, but soon with sufficient force to make us glad to take refuge in the house, especially when it began to hail. I never saw such hailstones. We picked up some quite as large as hickory nuts, and in a few minutes the ground was as white with them as if there had been a snow storm. The lake looked very beautiful during the storm; but it was soon over and the sun shone as brightly as before. Only the big waves and wet, glistening sand showed that there had been any disturbance of the atmosphere. We put on rubbers and short skirts, and went down to watch the waves. There is something about the water which makes the most grown up of us behave like children. As we watched we grew quite excited, and our remarks were very much like this: "See, there comes a big one!" "Oh, it broke too soon!" "That one was in such a hurry that it tumbled over itself." "See that wave chase the one ahead of it!" "Ah! that was a beauty! how far up it came!" It is odd how the waves for all their similarity are so different from each other when you come to watch them. I would not like to say positively that we did not dig holes in the sand for the water to fill, and draw pictures with sticks; perhaps it is just as well not to say anything more about that part of it. The supper bell reminded us that the pure air, which had the quality that only the word *washed* can describe, had made us extremely hungry, and we hastened to make ourselves respectable and betake ourselves to the hall. After supper we again took possession of the hammocks,

and watched the moon rise over the water. It was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw. At the right of the cottages the trees showed dense and black; far to the southwest we could see lights on the Canadian shore; but most lovely of all was the lake itself. Large boats passed up or down, leaving trails of light behind them. As the moon rose higher, there seemed to be a silver path over the water, tracing below her course in the heavens. I wish the English language had more adjectives, or that those we have were not so overworked. It is so hard to be enthusiastic without being conventional. I remarked that the effect of the moonlight on the water was divine, and it sounded so hackneyed that I immediately added, "There are no flies on that moon," at which Mademoiselle was shocked. But we enjoyed it immensely, even if words of the proper kind did fail us.

It is customary for the boarders to buy milk and take the cream over to the dining hall for coffee, as that furnished by the establishment is rather thin. Late in the evening we decided to make chocolate, use the cream which had risen, and trust the Lord to make some more rise before morning. So we lighted the alcohol lamp and soon had the kettle boiling. After our impromptu lunch, Mademoiselle said that she had reserved the chief delight of the evening for a climax, and took me up on top of the cottage, on which was built what she called a "lookatory." As we sat up there with no one else awake anywhere around us and looked about, we had no desire to make irreverent remarks on the scenery. It was so still and beautiful that it might well silence the most determined Philistine.

At last we went to bed, and I fell asleep to the noise of waves breaking on the shore. Thus ended a rarely perfect day.

E. C.

PORT HURON.

"WHATEVER IS—IS BEST."

"I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer light
That under each rank wrong somewhere,
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun begets morning,
Whatever is—is best."

I often think that as steel is put into the hot fire in order to temper it, perhaps we mortals need sorrow and trouble to discipline us. While life might be a little bit more pleasant if it rolled smoothly along, the "flowery bed of ease" more comfortable than the one stuck full of thorns, I doubt if it would be worth the living. Sorrows come into our homes uninvited, trouble and adversity almost crush us. Not always are we responsible for it; it is the harder to bear knowing it is brought upon us by our dearest on earth. As the cruel knife in the hands of a skillful surgeon proves the best benefactor, so the person we look upon at the time as our deadliest enemy

proves our dearest friend, in that he shows us our weak points, holds up the mirror wherein we see our faults most faithfully portrayed.

There is always a grain of comfort to the one writhing and smarting under poverty, adversity or wrong, that there is some one worse off than he. If a person has good health he is highly blessed, even though he may not possess one farthing but that earned each day. The world has added beauties to the eyes that give light to a healthy body. But the poor peevish invalid sees every thing through blue glasses, unless the soul has been tempered in the crucible. If we could each one take this truth, "Whatever is—is best," into our hearts and believe it sincerely we should be so much happier. It is a great deal to cultivate a habit of cheerfulness. Cultivate it until it becomes a habit; it will brighten up our homes, its influence will be felt by every one entering the door; a contented cheerful spirit—"wealth cannot give it, the deepest poverty cannot take it away."

We want faith in our fellow beings; hope in a blessed hereafter and charity not alone for ourselves, but every one with whom we associate. "As we wish to be judged let us judge others." Instead of waiting to heap our offerings on coffins and graves, let us pick up the stones that lie thick along the pathway and strew flowers. Oh! it takes such a little to make some one glad! The nature filled with sunshine will diffuse itself; its rays will light up some dark corner, warm some poor freezing soul, throw smiles where there are frowns, helpful words where there are curses, always showing the sunny side of our nature, making our lives bright no matter how dark the surroundings.

We often think sometimes we will do so and so when we have time—when the babies grow up, when the farm is paid for—oh! dear friend the skies will never be any bluer than they are today, the sunshine never be any brighter, the birds sing sweeter or the grass be greener, or our opportunity larger. The shadows are lengthening as we near the sunset, each in his small way, tilling one acre or ten acres, or it may be only a fence corner; let it be planted to the flowers that never die, of bright colors and sweet fragrance, of little charities, of gentle courtesies, leading the blind, guiding uncertain footsteps into the right path, doing in our imperfect way what seems right. We cannot always study our own comfort, self must be forgotten, even though it means self denial and disappointment. "To grow means often to suffer." Life is made harder by a chafing, discontented spirit. To be able to say "Even though I suffer I will be strong; there will come a rift in the clouds, it is always darkest just before the dawning, it will usher in a glad tomorrow." Let us do as well as we can; taking up the

thread, weaving the curious web in life's loom, here a sombre shade, there bright spot, dropping a stitch, here a bright stripe, there a black one, imperfect all the way through, smiles and tears, joys and sorrows, humming, murmuring ever the glad refrain, "Whatever is—is best."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

If the end be a good and laudable one, then the answer to this question can only be in the affirmative, however wrong and unjustifiable the means may seem to us. The Bible furnishes a number of instances in proof of this, where the means were such as would hardly be justified now, or even be tolerated. Take for instance the case where Abraham and Isaac got their wives to lie (which is worse than lying one's self); where David got Jonathan to lie to his father; where Peter not only lied but cursed and swore, all to save his life—and what will not any one do to save his life? Still, a lie is an evil and sin to be avoided, though made to accomplish such laudable ends. Then take the case of the Lord's hardening Pharaoh's heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go, causing those ten terrible plagues to be inflicted on the Egyptians, the last of which was the destruction of so many innocent children; of the slaughtering the men, women and children (in what now would be considered a barbarous manner) of the land where the Israelites were going; of the casting into the den of lions, to be devoured before they touched the bottom, not only those who caused Daniel to be cast in but also their innocent wives and children; Christ's advice to his disciples to "make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness" etc., in St. Luke 16-9; and many other instances in the Bible which prove the end justifies the means, especially when of divine origin.

But to relate one or two modern occurrences of human origin: A certain person went into a new section of the country and built a mill, where all the farmers had their grain ground. In the course of time the community desired to build a church, but failed to agree upon a site, or to raise the funds with which to build it. But the miller went to work and built a fine church which he donated to the public. A large concourse of grateful citizens assembled at the time of its dedication and passed resolutions thanking the donor for his Christian liberality. What was their amazement when he told them he had built the church out of the extra toll he had taken out of their wheat; in other words he had stolen enough of their wheat to build the sacred edifice presented to them!

Another instance came under the writer's notice. A certain church society wanted to raise money to make

some repairs on their church, and appointed committees of ladies to solicit aid. One of them went into a saloon where the proprietor was gambling and solicited a donation. She was asked to wait till the game he was playing was finished, when whatever he won he would give her. He won and gave her \$15, which was put with the general fund and used to make repairs; but when found out a great hue and cry was raised by some, and threats made to tear out the repairs made with "the devil's money," as it was called.

Now, was not this church built with stolen wheat which no one had missed, and these repairs helped to be made with money won at the gaming table, just as good as though effected with money obtained otherwise?

If I have in my purse of gold coins a bogus one, are the gold ones depreciated any in value, or the bogus one enhanced for being associated as they are? Nevertheless a lie is a lie; stealing is a sin to whatever good purpose it may subserve, and these cases only prove that there are exceptions to all rules, and that the end does justify whatever means are used, when the end is a laudable one.

MUSKOGON.

GRANDPA.

MAN'S DUTY TO HIS FAMILY.

We read of "man's inhumanity to man," and that a man's first duty is to his family. We are a people of many minds and there are no two women who will think just alike as to what a man's duties are. From the ancient Chinese down to our modern Christian days, man has treated woman and his family in a great diversity of ways, and I am thinking we are very far from being the "model man" yet. Now I would not stir up strife among the HOUSEHOLDERS by calling out opinions that "my man" is better than all other men, or that he is a brute; but what shall a man do to be just right in doing his duty to his family? It is a broad and long question for women to write about; and I for one think our pride and being led by the nose in following the fashions leads us into many errors and troubles as to what our duties are. For remembering the theory that we are all born "free and equal," we poor men have not all the same chance of being very good to our wives and families as others have. Although poverty-stricken a man can be a man "for a' that, and a' that." Perhaps Bruno's Sister may have a good idea by this time what a man's duties are. I'd like to know.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

THE LITTLE LADY.

The little girl has this dinned into her ears from morning till night: "Don't soil your dress!" "Don't be a tomboy!" "Be a little lady!" Later the corsets are put on. The sleeves are tightened to show the delicate

arms. The skirts are multiplied, with perhaps a long train, and then come "nerves" and the doctor. One of our popular physicians told me his practice was almost exclusively among women. Now suppose instead of being told so often to be "a little lady," the girl had been given a light hoe and spade, a space in the garden, and her father had offered a prize of a half dollar for the first vegetables she raised, and placed on the table for the family to eat! If this course was more generally pursued the doctors' purses wouldn't swell to fatness taking care of nervous women. It is money in the father's pocket to encourage gardening among the girls. Fifty dollars spent in putting on a small glass addition, or taking out one side of the room and adding large windows with shelves and brackets, and buying a few plants to begin the small conservatory would be a good investment, and work wonders with the feeble wife and children, besides enlarging the mind and providing a way to surely escape insanity or the thousand and one ills that attack us women. Better hoe corn or saw wood, with the light tools now made, and be healthy, merry and wise, than be a society queen in the doctor's hands, as many girls are.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

RECEIVED

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* for October is pleasant reading. Among the interesting and varied contents is an article on keeping boarders, which it would be missionary work to place in the hands of all the "boarding-house missuses" in the land, in the interest of their "victims." It is worth the *Journal's* price for a year to any woman who contemplates taking boarders.

GOOD *Housekeeping* keeps our housekeepers up to the mark in their work; and the October number is as helpful as any number yet issued.

THE *Home-Maker*, edited by Mrs. Croly, has a quaint literary flavor; and one is not surprised at finding reminiscences of old Colonial times and events, and directions for compounding dishes whose names sound queerly in our Northern ears. Yet it is pleasant reading.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

PEARS to be canned must have reached a certain definite degree of ripeness. If still hard and green when canned, it will not be satisfactory; if overripe, it will be almost flavorless. The right time to use it is just before it is perfect to eat out of hand, when it is yellow, and quite mellow, but not yet quite at the "melting" point. The shape will be kept best by cooking the fruit in the cans, but it may be cooked in kettles in rich syrup, if care be used.

The pears are peeled, halved and cored if desired, and dropped at once into cold water. When enough for one can are ready, they are placed in the hot syrup, cooked until they change from opaque white to a semi-transparent appearance, and can be pierced by a straw. Then with a silver fork, or a spoon, remove them one by one to the can.—*Rural New Yorker*.

FOR a homemade mattress twelve yards of ticking are required; the piece which is left in at ends and sides must be six inches wide. Stuff it smoothly with hay and tie with cotton twine. A long needle made expressly for this purpose is required, and can be obtained at any upholstering establishment. It is best to stuff a little more thickly in the centre than at the edges, and have ready bits of strong, heavy cloth to fasten on both sides where the twine comes through. The manufacturers generally use small disks of leather, but these, unless previously punched, are hard to penetrate with the needle, and the bits of cloth will answer the purpose.

A CORRESPONDENT requests the republication of a recipe for chow-chow given last season. Reference to our files shows the recipe for chopped pickle, furnished by Mary, of Saline, to be the only formula of that character published last season. It is given, hoping it may prove the one wanted.

Useful Recipes.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Pare and quarter the peaches, removing the stones. To each pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a cup of water. Boil slowly two hours, stirring and mashing it fine. Small and imperfect fruit is economically used this way. Crabapples should be boiled till tender, then put through a colander, and the same proportions as above will make good marmalade.

CHOPPED PICKLE.—Half-peck green tomatoes; one dozen large green cucumbers; two large onions; two heads of cabbage; three large red peppers; coffee-cup of grated horseradish; ten cents' worth of white and black mustard seed (each); two ounces of celery seed; half pint of salt. Put salt, tomatoes and cabbage together, after chopping; let stand three hours, drain dry. Add two pounds of sugar and vinegar enough to cover (cold).

CHOW-CHOW.—One large red cabbage; one large cauliflower; two quarts each of small string beans, green tomatoes, cucumbers and silver-skin onions. Shave the cabbage fine, removing the hard core, and break up the cauliflower. Mix all together with one pint of fine salt. Let stand over night and drain thoroughly. In the morning rinse with cold water and drain thoroughly. Add one ounce each of white mustard seed and celery seed, and a small box of ground mustard. Cover with vinegar and boil twenty minutes. Mix a tablespoonful of tumeric with half a pound of sugar and stir into the pickle while cooling. Seal in jars.