

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, OCT. 31, 1891.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### CHANGES.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed.  
Time rules us all. And life indeed, is not  
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.  
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear;  
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.  
God help us all who need, indeed, his care:  
And yet I know the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now  
Upon my knees his earliest infant prayer.  
He has his father's eager eyes, I know;  
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,  
And I can feel his light breath come and go,  
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me—  
Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago,  
Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!  
We all are changed. God judges for the best.  
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,  
And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear  
Too cold at times and some too gay and light.  
Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to  
bear.

Who knows the past? and who can judge us  
right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been  
And not by what we are, too apt to fall!  
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between  
These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall  
know all.

—Owen Meredith.

I have a little sister  
Just twelve and a few days,  
She not ashamed to tell her age.  
"I'm in my teens" she says,  
And proud as any peacock  
Is this little maid, I ween.  
For O! she longs to see the day  
When she'll be seventeen.

This girlie has a grandma  
Of eighty-five or so,  
Who tries to pose as ninety.  
You'd not believe her, though,  
She, too, is proud, as it appears,  
Of adding to her sum of years.

This grandma has ten daughters,  
And sons a couple more,  
The eldest just turned thirty,  
The youngest twenty-four.  
Don't say "There must be some mistake,"  
I've tried my best not one to make.

### FOR GIRLS IN BUSINESS OFFICES.

I want to talk this time with the girls  
who are fitting themselves for the  
world's work and looking forward to  
the time when they will be able to be  
"independent" and support themselves.  
Girls who study with a definite pur-  
pose in view while they are learning  
the work they mean to do are apt to be  
in earnest and generally succeed; those  
who take up a business simply because

others do so, to get away from home  
and hence have more freedom, or to  
earn a little money for finery "don't  
count," except, unfortunately, as they  
serve to keep down the wages of the  
competent and belittle the efficiency of  
the capable ones by their incompe-  
tence. It is not always one can find  
the work she wants to do, or is es-  
pecially fitted for by education or  
natural talent, at first. Even when one  
is competent, and knows she can do  
better than those who get the situa-  
tions she covets, sometimes the oppor-  
tunities seem to go by her with winged  
feet. Then is the time for patience and  
hope. And instead of getting discourag-  
ed and out of humor with a world too  
blind to recognize your superior merit,  
just take a little stronger grip and  
while you wait and look for the opening,  
perfect yourself in what you mean to do.  
Study, and improve.

Do not begin until you are competent  
to perform the work you undertake.  
Your employer did not agree to teach  
you your business, nor pay you while  
you learn it. If you wish to earn his  
respect and make your situation per-  
manent, you must be capable. A great  
many girls get a smattering of steno-  
graphy and learn how to make mistakes  
on a typewriter, and think themselves  
competent for office work. I once heard  
a young business man telling his ex-  
perience with that class of help. True,  
his was "an infant industry" as yet  
and he did not require the services of  
an expert; he could pay \$5 per week  
for five hours' daily labor and expected  
his stenographer to be able to take let-  
ters from dictation and copy them out  
on the typewriter. His experiences  
with the girls who could not spell, or  
formulate an ordinary one-page busi-  
ness letter correctly were amusing.  
"Cinsinnatta," "mashenry," "Febu-  
rary" were a few of the errors which  
he found in the first letter handed in  
for signature by one girl, whose term of  
service in his employ began and ended  
in one day. Generally, the trouble  
was that the girls could not spell and  
write grammatically correct letters.  
Now these are fatal failings in this  
branch of woman's work. No firm  
wishes to send its correspondents badly  
spelled and ungrammatical letters, be-  
cause such invariably create prejudice;  
whereas a well arranged, business-like

letter, clearly and concisely written,  
makes a good impression.

When you get the coveted situation  
strive to fill it worthily. No matter if  
the salary is small, you'll never get a  
rise unless you prove you're worth it.  
So do your best. Be punctual. Don't  
come dawdling in ten or fifteen minutes  
after office hours. Then remember  
your employer has engaged your time  
and thought for his business, and  
banish your own affairs from your mind  
as completely as possible. Don't let  
him feel your interest in his work is  
centred on your envelope Saturday  
night, but be ready to do everything he  
requires cheerfully and promptly.  
Never let him see you yawn, look at  
the clock or consult your watch. Even  
if you are longing to get away, don't  
let him know it.

Do what he requires as he tells you  
to do it. Even though you think your  
way much the best, he pays your  
salary for doing his work his way.  
Don't argue or discuss; simply obey.  
Be discreet about asking questions; al-  
ways think twice and make sure it is  
absolutely necessary to ask; but never  
fail to ask if you are in doubt on any  
important point. Mind your own busi-  
ness and never ask a question not con-  
nected with your work. A great  
many girls fail here; they think they  
show interest when they ask questions  
that do not concern them. Interest is  
best manifested by doing what you  
have to do in your most capable man-  
ner. Never speak of your employer's  
affairs, or what you see or hear or learn  
in his office, to outsiders; it is disloyal.  
Silence is a point of honor. And don't  
talk of your personal or family matters;  
your private affairs are nothing what-  
ever to your employer, any more than  
his to you. In short, the sooner you  
realize that as an individual you are  
absolutely of no account to your em-  
ployer and that he regards you simply  
as an employe, hired to do so much  
work for so many dollars, the sooner  
your relations as employe will be based  
on a sure, safe, and permanent founda-  
tion.

Be pleasant and courteous but never  
familiar with all whom you meet in the  
office. Hedge yourself about with a  
quiet reserve; it will command respect.  
Never chatter in business hours; don't  
encourage calls from your friends or



carry on conversations by telephone with them. And never allow yourself to be even the least little bit in the world "flirtatious." There are too many risks, in several senses of the term. Don't criticise your employer's appearance, dress, manners or conversation, or discuss him in any way, with others, either in or out of office; he'll hear of it, sure, and it will harm you. Dress quietly and neatly, and try to be as inconspicuous as possible.

Tears are out of place in an office. Die, but don't cry. Most men can stand anything but a crying woman. You may gain your point at the moment, but it is at the expense of a certain quality in your employer's regard. Nor is it well to ape mannish ways or phrases, or indulge in "chaff." A certain newspaper woman makes herself disliked among her co-workers because she is so evidently anxious to be one of them, and expresses opinions freely and sometimes coarsely on all subjects. Modest womanhood is as admirable in business as anywhere, and is not incompatible with the best work.

Don't set out to reform the office. The western motto, "Treat every one well and keep your mouth shut" is a good one to follow. You will probably encounter a good many things you are not accustomed to. You must not expect drawing-room manners in a business office. Men will talk to you with their hats on and their hands in their pockets; they will speak peremptorily, perhaps find fault; you will hear some emphatic language, though most business men will refrain from profanity in a lady's presence, and though you don't like it, it is wisest to be apparently deaf. I know many women who think it a duty to express their opinions on men's vices at all times, in season and out, will not agree with me in this but I believe my advice is best. An over-zealous woman was once so grieved because her employer, under great excitement, allowed an oath to escape in her presence that next day she laid one of those little leaflets published by some concern or other, entitled "On the Sin of Swearing," on his desk. It caught his eye at once. "Who put this thing here?" he inquired angrily. She answered meekly, "I did, sir! I ——" Turning to the cashier he ordered: "Mr. B—, make out Miss C—'s check to Saturday night. Madam, I can dispense with your services; you may leave at once. Now!" He added, as she hesitated. She had gained nothing and lost all; and to a person who came to inquire respecting Miss C—'s ability he said gruffly she was "a good 'nough worker, but a —— crank," and that recommendation failed to secure the new situation.

I would not sneeze or strangle over cigar smoke, or remark incidentally that no gentleman will smoke in the presence of ladies, etc., because most men have an affection for cigars which

overbalances their deference for the prejudices of an employee. If a man will not stop smoking for his wife's or sweetheart's asking (and he will not) he certainly will not because his office girl elevates her nose.

My advice to a girl going into business would be to claim absolutely nothing because of being a woman. There is not one man in fifty who will not treat her with more deference and courtesy than his male employees because she is a woman, and it is best to be satisfied with that. Ask and expect no favors or concessions and you'll get more than if you claimed them. Tact will help you see where and how you can strengthen yourself in your employer's confidence, and help you over the awkward positions that come in every business woman's life; and faithful and efficient service will make you necessary and your position sure. Your personal conduct and character will gauge the esteem of your associates.

BEATRIX.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Dear HOUSEHOLD folks, my courage just gave clean out this afternoon. I have felt pretty well and kept up bravely all summer. Every morning I faced a big day's work, but I kept saying "When the cherries are canned," "when the harvest is done," "when this visiting is over," "when vacation is past and the children are at school again," "when the peaches and pears are put up" there surely will come a day without washing, ironing or baking, when I can mend, perhaps make a new garment, write leisurely the letters I owe, and tell the HOUSEHOLD some of my experiences. I have thought over many columns in my mind, but never found the proper time to put them on paper. But the unexpected continually happens and this Saturday afternoon it all came over me how very like a horse upon a tread-wheel my summer's life had been—always approaching the top, never there; always nearing the day for quiet sewing, rest, reading and writing, but never reaching it. So when I found that another week was closing very like all the rest, the mending basket piled up like a haystack, the house far from being as tidy as I like, the bread that I had stayed from a social meeting to bake, sulkily refusing to rise, I just gave up and went on to the bed for a good cry, but even that pleasure (?) was denied me, for a neighbor came in with the mail and there was no one but me to receive it and say "Thank you." In the big bundle was a letter saying that a guest was on the way and might even then be at the door, but I must look at the HOUSEHOLD. Somebody's spicy letter about how hard women work had my hearty approval, but what can be done where the acres are few and there is no bank account;

when help cannot be found and there is little money to pay if it could?

A hasty glance over Evangeline's "Whatever is, is Right," did me a world of good. I suppose I have believed it all before, but in this hour "when life's shadows fell all darkly," on my way I needed to have some one hold up the light. I found new courage and went about supper quite hopefully; even the bread lifted itself in the pan, and ran over in the oven enough to show that it was not so sour as it seemed. (It was salt-rising and scalded too much in the sponge.)

I must make haste to ask my question before the clock strikes eleven. My nine year old daughter wants to know all about that strange picture of a man in the first part of Jayne's and many other almanacs. "Now, ma, tell me just what it all means; that lion there, now; what is that for? And those fishes! Say, ma; I believe they mean something about the different parts of the man's body—and say, now ma, over in the calendar they use the same things, there are five fishes all in a row. It's a dirty picture anyway, but now tell us just what it means?" And so the child teased on while I put her off with the excuse that the explanation was too long. Now will Evangeline, A. H. J., or Beatrix tell how to explain this matter to a nine year old child? She is sure to ask me again and what can I tell her?

AUNT ELIZABETH.

#### TROUBLE FOR EL. SEE.

I had always liked El. See till she gave that parting shot at Northern Michigan after leaving Bay View. I have lived for nearly twenty years within fourteen miles of Bay View and have not starved yet. I should get "real mad" at her if I didn't know so well that I have the best of the argument; but when I look out and see the broad acres of grass and crops, and know the cellar is full of good things to eat for this winter, I only laugh comfortably when I think of her mistake. It is true we have had one of the worst seasons we have ever known here, but we have still enough to eat and some to spare. Now El. See, I know you must be convinced, so will let you go.

I must say I agree with Beatrix when she says "The end does not always justify the means." I think it comes far from it in a great many cases.

I think Mae "hit the nail" when she said it depends more on the individual than the occupation whether one is happy or not. I say a farmer's life can be just as happy as any other if we only make it so.

BOYNE. A NORTHERN FARMERINE.

DILL A. TORY wishes some one to tell how to make milkweed pompons.



## THE END AND THE MEANS.

Will you allow Grandpa a little space in your department to defend himself against the implied charge in the *HOUSEHOLD* of the 17th that he advocates measures that would have a tendency to corrupt morals? I am aware of the hazards one runs in entering into a controversy with an editor, especially with one of an opposite sex, but, relying on the liberal spirit accorded to all contributors to the *HOUSEHOLD* on such a variety of topics as have appeared from time to time, I again step into the arena, and contend, as in my former article, the end does justify the means, where the end is a laudable one, and the means of Divine origin and appointment; which, begging pardon, I think should have been in justice alluded to in the criticism. In proof of my position, I cited a number of instances in the Bible where patriarchs, apostles, and I might have added prophets resorted to untruths to save their lives; the end sought being of so much consequence as to justify the means, all recorded in the sacred word of God; and this with no wish or desire to bring ridicule or contempt on Holy Writ, for which no one has more reverence or respect than myself.

True, the Lord declared on Mount Sinai "Thou shalt not steal." He also declares in Luke, 16th chapter, verse 9th.

"Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations." And in 1st Kings 22d, 23d, it is declared, the Lord had put a lying spirit into the mouths of four hundred prophets for a good purpose.

I trust no harm nor ill feeling will arise from this little controversy, but some good in setting the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* to thinking, which we all have much need to do, and of "searching the Scriptures," which are "profitable unto all," is the sincere wish of

MUSEEGON.

GRANDPA.

I wish to say to Grandpa that I sincerely hope I am "too much of an editor" to take offense or feel pique or ill-will toward any person who differs from my views. I emphatically object to being regarded as the autocrat of the *HOUSEHOLD*, or to having its readers infer that there must be no dissent from my opinions because I exercise a supervisory right over the little paper. An editor often finds it necessary to refuse articles which are outside the field or beyond the scope of his paper; the editorial adaptability lies in power to discern and courage to live up to this principle. But to refuse publication simply because an article does not agree with the editor's views on the subject would be deserved death to any newspaper. I can say truly that I have never refused an article which came

within the field of the *HOUSEHOLD* because of a personal feeling or opinion; I hope I never shall. And articles criticising my opinions have *always* been given space—in the interest of fair play if for no other reason.

A controversy on a question of abstract rights has really no place in a paper like ours. Hence, to Grandpa's rejoinder, which is simply an iteration of his former position, I have only this to say: Who shall decide "when the end is laudable and the means of Divine origin and appointment?" Did you ever know a man who had argued himself into believing any doctrine very strongly who was not positively certain that he possessed, in large measure, the Divine favor? All the bitter religious persecutions the world has ever known have been prosecuted in the belief that it was pleasing to the Almighty to have those who refused to believe in Him, according to the interpretation of the persecutors, put to death. If every man is to be his own judge as to how far what he wishes to do will justify him in using those means which appear commendable to him to attain it, I fear we should have a curious condition of public and private morals. Moreover, I do not believe that the lessons of Old Testament Scriptures, which are largely historical records, are intended for our emulation. Not a few of them conflict with, in fact directly oppose, the commandments which were given for our guidance; and even the most devout Bible student would be far from advising all Old Testament teachings to be practiced in nineteenth century times.

BEATRIX.

## BUTTONS WANTED.

I have read that there is, or is to be, a pearl button factory started in Detroit. Now Beatrix, please resolve yourself into a committee of the whole and if you can find the ear of that manufacturer, pour into it the story of our need. Beg of him to make the one button every mother now lacks. A cheap, plain, strong, flat pearl button, the size of a pants button, with four holes in it, to sew on children's underwaists and our own underclothing. Need I say why? The porcelain button is thick, clumsy and breaks often in the wringer. A button with two holes takes hold of too little cloth and tears off easily. A brass pants button does admirably, but no mother wants them on her little girl's waists. One fastidious mother uses black pants buttons on her little boy's white waists because no other will do the business, but even the boy don't like the looks of it. There is a white bone pant's button, but it breaks easily.

AUNT BESSIE.

There is a pearl button factory in this city, which has been enlarged since the McKinley bill cut off importations of buttons made by Austrian convict labor.

We will reach the manufacturer's ear if we have to borrow a trumpet to do so, and "we'll see" if that long felt want cannot be filled. There are a number of uses for such buttons; they would be as desirable on women's underwear as on children's.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Mittens that are nice to wear under woolen mittens when driving in cold weather may be made of chamois. Cut a pattern of the right size; lay it on chamois skin and cut out with sharp scissors. Sew the parts together with waxed linen thread, making a seam like a glove. Pink the wrists. They are not very expensive, and the pieces can be utilized in making penwipers, spectacle and stamp cases.

The young girls who want to make presents and have not much money to spend or much skill in workmanship may undertake a bath towel. Get four balls of No. 8 white knitting cotton and two wooden knitting needles about as large as a slate-pencil. Cast on eighty-five stitches and knit garter stitch till the towel is seven-eighths of a yard long. To make the fringe, wind some of the cotton round a book, cut it off and draw two of the pieces into each stitch, knotting them in place. Knitted wash clothes are made in the same way, about a foot square; then a border of scallops crocheted around the edge.

*Harper's Bazar* gives directions for a gift that will be appreciated by a housekeeper: "A set of doilies containing allusions to the months, both in text and flowers, will be a charming remembrance for an artistic friend when the gift season comes, as come it will, long before we are ready for it, if we long ago began our preparations. The little linen doilies with hem-stitched edges can be bought so cheaply that it is not worth while to make them. Draw upon each one of the set a flower appropriate to a certain month, and write a motto to be worked in outline stitch with black silk. A pretty sentiment for one, 'September waves her golden rod.' On one side of the doily is a beautifully worked spray of golden rod done with yellow silk in French knots. On another one the flowers are roses, the motto, 'Sweetest roses welcome June.' Some other sentiments which may be accompanied by suggestive flowers are: 'The violet hides from March's rough caress.' 'Our vine-wreathed king, October.' 'Poppies bloom in the field in fair July.' 'Hips and haws in bleak November.' 'September's child, the meadow-bell.' 'The stately foxglove, August's love.' 'The satin holly of December.' 'The gracious pine not even January's blast can strip.' 'The lichen soft is February's wintry smile.' 'Fruition's promise comes in May.' 'November's frost lays bare the nuts.' 'Anemone, sweet April's lady.' In working the quotations emphasis is given to the name of the month by working it in a color, while the remainder of the lettering is done with black."



## TRY TO BE THOUGHTFUL.

We all have pets of some kind; are we as thoughtful for their comfort as possible? There is the canary bird. Yesterday his cage was hung where there was a cold wind, and not long ago he was in the full glare of the hot sun, and his drinking water has gone unchanged for two days. And the dog! His wrongs would fill pages. Cold, hunger, kicks, and sometimes even his tail cut off. One dog I know, his tail being cut off, was so grieved and ashamed that he hid away in the dark corner of the cellar for three days. And horses too! Can you stand unmoved and see them lashed because the heavy load is stuck in the mud, and their utmost efforts cannot stir it? Yesterday I saw a whole family out for a pleasuring, and there were eight grown people in the wagon and three children, with one poor horse to draw that load. Kindness to animals must be taught to children, for naturally they are cruel or thoughtless. One small boy I know could not be made to feel that his dog could suffer. His good mother gave him one lesson that started his feelings in the right direction. She heard a distressed yelping and found that Frankie had dug a deep hole and put the dog in, covering him almost entirely with dirt, just his nose sticking out. She didn't stop to scold, but made the boy take the dog out and dig a deeper hole, and then she dropped the now crying young one in, standing him upright; then she shoveled in the dirt until it reached his chin, patting it down hard all around his neck, and she kept that boy in that hole for an hour, and then he was very ready to promise to be more kind to Fido in future.

DETROIT, SISTER GRACIOUS.

## ABOUT BAGS.

Dill. A. Tory asks for a chapter on bags, of all kinds, in time for holiday presents. The Editor draws upon her own limited stock of information for the following and hopes our correspondents will respond to the call for "more light."

Bags for use upon the street are almost invariably of black silk or satin. They are smaller than they were at first and not so obtrusive, being more for use than ornament. Seven or eight inches is considered an ample width and they are twelve or fourteen inches deep, a couple of inches being turned over at the top to meet the lining. Drawing strings are put in, of course, and the lining should be firmly fastened to the bottom of the bag, to facilitate reaching its contents. The ornamentation is now usually a drop fringe or row of passementerie pendants. Few painted, embroidered or decorated bags are carried on the street, bags for business being perfectly plain except for the trimming across the bottom. A neat bag carried by a lady in mourning

was of lustreless black silk, its only ornament a row of little acorn-like pendants across the bottom. It was serviceable, and suitable. Another I have seen had an A-shaped piece on each side, the bottom of the A's being sewed together to make the bottom of the bag. These pieces were composed of brass rings which had been covered with silk crochet work and sewed together. Crocheted silk wheels are sometimes used in the same way and a silk fringe tied in across the bottom. This crochet is done in black silk.

For party bags, more elaborate styles are in vogue. A party bag, to hold slippers, fan, powder puff, etc., is sometimes made of the dress material if it be suitable, and in two divisions. A piece a little shorter than the length of the bag is securely sewed in the side seams and fastened across the bottom, forming the interior of the bag into two pockets, one for the slippers, the other for the fan, etc. Larger bags are sometimes made to hold the wraps, and the owner's initials embroidered on the outside. The objection is that wraps are usually stuffed in them so hurriedly that they come out looking as if they had been in the "beggar's press."

Matinee bags are very handsome affairs in black and gold open work: they are finished with a tassel at the bottom and with cord instead of ribbon drawing-strings. They are much smaller, only designed to hold the handkerchief, bonbonniere and coin purse. Fan bags are made of a yard of handsome ribbon four inches wide folded to make a bag half a yard long. Sew the sides together very neatly. Any kind of ornamentation can be employed. Turn down the top  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and run a casing for the drawstrings, for which you need a yard of silk cord or narrow ribbon. Moire ribbon makes very handsome fan bags.

## THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A. L. L., who has reached the Ultima Thule of her journey in the west, writes the *Birmingham Eccentric* the following account of the wonderful valley of the Yosemite: The extent of the valley is eight miles long, by a varying width from one-half mile to one and one-half. The walls are nearly vertical, rising to an average height of 4,000 feet, sculptured by time and the elements into a multitudinous variety of form and color. It is all granite, even the soil of the floor is disintegrated stone. "El Capitan," the most prominent form, stands frowning on the left as you descend, and "Cathedral Rocks" guard the right. I will give you a few of the prominent names of the rocks as suggested by their forms: North and South Domes, the Three Brothers, the Three Graces, Cathedral Spires, Sentinel Rock and Dome, Glacier Point, Clouds' Rest, Royal Arches and others. The effect of these masses rising in irregular

lines from the floor of the valley is that of variegated marble, white, black and shadings of grey, with a dash here and there of color; the veining being in blotches, lines and broken circles; the whole effect being wondrously beautiful and sublime. The floor of the valley is nearly level, heavily wooded in spots, with reaches of open plains. Great rocks are scattered here and there, hurled from the heights above ages ago. A little sheet of water called Mirror Lake reflects the beauties of the scene around. Bridal Vail Falls comes in cascades of spray over the rocks, and Yosemite Falls in three leaps comes down from a height of 2,600 feet. Other falls are the Nevada, the Vernal, the Cascade, but all are shorn of their grandeur at this dry season. Owing to many points of interest being only accessible by horse trails, we did not see them and our visit was accordingly shortened.

The outward trip exceeded the entry in excitement and interest, as so much of it was down hill. The road which had been climbed with such wearied effort was all changed. Put on the brakes, crack the whip, away we go, swaying, jolting, winding in and swinging out, around those sharp curves. The mountains dance upward to your dizzy gaze. Hold hard; you bound from side to side, you dash forward, are jerked backward, bound upward, sit down with energy, and repeat; but oh! the exhilaration, excitement, the inspiration of the mad race!

On reaching Wawona on the downward trip, we go on a side issue to visit the "Big Trees" of the Mariposa grove. It is a drive of eighteen miles in the round-trip. It is no use to describe these giants, and figures give no definite idea. Some measure 100 feet in circumference and are 300 feet high. We saw specimens of bark three feet thick. The foliage shows a species of cedar: the color of the wood is red. We drove the coach and four horses through the trunk of a living tree, it having been burned to a hollow, a little cutting made a large enough aperture. A hollow trunk 180 feet high is called the Telescope. Thirty people can read the stars at once. We saw about 200 trees. It is said there are 4,000 scattered through the grove. A fallen tree without bark took a fifteen foot ladder to mount its butt. It was a day to be remembered, but staging through this mountain region is very fatiguing, and it was with a feeling of relief we found it at an end.

## Contributed Recipes.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; whites of four eggs; three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk; two cups of flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Filling: One cup of sugar, boiled until it throws a hair; stir into the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, stir until smooth; one pound of hickory-nut meats or English walnuts, or one-half pound of blanched and chopped almonds. Lay the whole meats on the top and sides of the cake; flavor with almonds.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.