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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

IF I WERE FAIR.

("Then she looked into her mirror.")

If I were fair!

If I had little hands and slender feet;
If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word and faded at a frown;
If I had clinging curls of burnish'd brown;
If I had dreamy eyes aglow with smiles,
And graceful limbs and pretty girlish wiles—
If I were fair, Love would not turn aside;
Life's paths, so narrow, would be broad and wide,
If I were fair!

If I were fair,

Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold.
Love waits on Beauty, though sweet Love alone,
It seems to me for aught might well atone.
But Beauty's charm is strong and Love obeys
The mystic witchery of her shy ways.
If I were fair, my years would seem so few,
Life would unfold sweet pictures to my view,
If I were fair!

If I were fair,

Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck would throw away its toy,
And hide its dimples in my shining hair,
Bewildered by the maze of glory there!
But now—oh! shadow of a young girl's face;
Uncolor'd lips that Pain's cold fingers trace,
You will not blame the child whose wee hands
close,
Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose
So rich and fair.

If I were fair,

Oh! just a little fair, with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no one shunn'd my presence or my kiss,
My heart would almost break beneath its bliss.
'Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal,
And perfect light shall flood each blinded soul,
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars
I shall be fair!

BUYING CHRISTMAS THINGS.

It doesn't seem a bit like Christmas, so everybody says. Too much mud and mist; not enough frost and snow. But the merchants, who are anxious to draw our dollars from our pockets to theirs, do not let us forget that Christmas is close at hand, and display their wares so temptingly that one needs the stoicism of St. Anthony to enable her to resist their mute appeal, "Come, buy me!" Fortunate the woman who deliberately plans her Christmas gifts week in advance, and is level-headed enough not to get "rattled" by an attack of "purchasing fever," holding herself firmly to her original plans and spending only the money she has decided she is able to afford, and buying her things before the rush begins. Only those who have put off their Christmas shopping till

"the last day in the afternoon" know how tiresome and exasperating a task it is, with saleswomen too busy to show you the goods you want to see until you are quite out of patience; with somebody whisking the article you had just decided to take—but hadn't said so—right from under your very nose, and like as not sending it off to be done up before you can protest; with the wearisome waits for change and the pushing, jostling crowd fairly pulling your clothes off you, and all making you vote Christmas a nuisance and wish it only came once in ten years.

A good way is to make a tour of the stores, see what they have for sale and learn prices, go home and think it all over and decide what to buy for each for whom you design a present. And in deciding this, aim to gratify some desire of the recipients. You might as well give a telescope to a blind man as a book to a person who doesn't read more than one a year, a feather fan to a girl who never goes to a party, or bracelets to one who doesn't care for jewelry. It isn't the cost of a gift, nor always the affection that prompts it, which renders it acceptable—there is a good deal in its suitability, its being "just what you had wanted so long." And where it is possible it is a good idea for each member of a family to make out a list of what he or she would like for Christmas—a list which may contain articles both cheap and costly and home-made, and these lists, circulated among the members, give each a chance to select what suits the ability to give, while the surprise is as great to the receiver, and the pleasure doubled by the gratification of a wish. Such a list made out by a young girl of my acquaintance ranged from a mink cape and muff and an opal pin, down to a box of candy and a button-hook, and she would as soon expect lightning to strike her as expect to receive the first two; she put them in "because she wanted them."

In the stores this year, there is a bewildering array of silver articles. Silver set hand-mirrors, silver backed brushes and combs, silver shaving mugs and silver manicure sets. These are expensive—ten and twelve dollars and upward. Then we drop to the cheaper things, the tiny coffee spoons with either polished or dull gold bowls and filagree, twisted wire, enamel or oxydized

silver handles; sometimes the bowls are fluted like shells; these sell at from a dollar for the plainest to three dollars for the enameled. Bon-bon spoons are shovels, scoops, or are shaped like dust-pans, and all have short handles, some of them are marvels of enameling. I saw one lovely little sugar spoon, gold plate on sterling silver, with a fleur-de-lis handle, for \$2.90. Lettuce forks have long handles and three prongs, and are supposed to enable us to serve the lettuce much more stylishly than an ordinary table fork; they are \$2.75. Something new is a spoon with a long handle and long narrow gold-lined bowl with a decided scoop at the end, and designed as a horse-radish spoon. It costs \$2.75; and when I saw a man get red in the face the other day trying to help himself to that pungent relish from a deep, small-necked bottle with the handle of a teaspoon, I concluded it would really, as the salesman assured me, "fill a long-felt want." Souvenir teaspoons you may buy from \$1.75 up. Instead of choosing a spoon with the name of a city upon it, or these "witch" or "Santa Claus" spoons, get a solid silver spoon and have the recipient's initial engraved in the bowl and your own in the place left on the back of the spoon for marking.

Silver is within half a cent an ounce of the lowest price ever reached, so I saw in a paper the other day. I should think so. You can buy sterling silver hat pins for twenty-five cents each, and dainty pins, in sterling silver too, four-leaved clovers, daisies, leaves, bow knots, crescents, etc., for fifty cents each. Toilet and perfume bottles are in silver plated filagree, very pretty and showy, and range in price from thirty cents for small sizes up to sixty cents for larger. Little filagree match stands are twenty-five cents, sterling silver match safes for your smoking friend cost from \$1.25 up, and every time he lights a cigar he should bless the thoughtful girl who gave it him—and had his initials engraved on it. Trinket boxes—silvered boxes labeled "A woman's friend" and intended for hairpins, others for safety pins and matches, are thirty-five cents; silvered cases containing each a pack of cards are twenty-five and thirty cents; little silvered boots—a trifle down at the heel—for matches, twenty cents; photograph frames, silvered filagree, twenty-five

cents and upward, or little ovals set with rhinestones, and costing \$2 50.

In the book-stores holiday trade seems to be dull. The cheap book counters have sadly injured the legitimate trade, for cheapness is more of a consideration with many people than quality—a book is a book. I can appreciate the taste of a friend who has all his magazines bound in half calf, at a cost exceeding the subscription price, and whose selection of a book is influenced as much by the style of binding and quality of type and paper as by its literary value, but not all of us can afford so costly a fad. When you can buy Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and "House of the Seven Gables" in pretty red and white binding, fairly good paper and type that will not quite blind you, at twenty-four cents a volume, only those whose tastes make them prefer a little that is good to much that is common will pay \$2 50 for a handsome edition in calf. Among the new books that are specially attractive and good are Mary E. Wilkins' "Jane Field," and "A New England Nun"; "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie; "The West from a Car Window" by Richard Harding Davis, and though not new, "Gallagher," the best newspaper story I ever read, and "Van Bibber and Others," by the same author; "F. Marion Crawford's new book," "Don Orsino;" Giovanni and the Other," Mrs. Burnett's latest for the children; T. W. Higginson's essays, published in the *Bazar* and now sent forth on their own account in dainty white and gray; and Whittier and Field and Aldrich, and the benevolent Autocrat, their literary merits enhanced by the attractiveness of their array. And following these, the innumerable illustrated poems, "Snowbound," "The Bells," "Curfew," in imitation vellum and parchment, their whiteness broken by Dresden designs in palest blue and pink, lined with gilt.

And when you get beyond these small things, and lose yourself in the great jewelry, furniture, dry-goods and department stores, a woman can hardly help wishing herself heir to a few of the Gould millions, there are so many things she is sure would give pleasure and help to those she loves and would delight to enrich were she able. And then she may think of the old philosopher who, after his rich friend had shown him over his elegantly appointed mansion, thanked him for showing him how many things there were in the world that he could do without. And coming down to a later day, we somehow sympathize with the girl who despairingly exclaimed: "Oh to be a child again, when a stick of candy and a saucer pie filled the bill, and nothing was expected of me!"

BEATRIX.

SILVER may be kept from turning black by keeping that not in daily use in cotton flannel bags, with tiny bits of camphor gum put in with it.

AN IDEAL MOTHER.

Deprived of a mother at an early age still I have always had my ideal of one. She is small, rather undersized, has a sweet face; her hair always waved. I once heard a mother remark that she wore her hair crimped every day to avoid any unnecessary questions of the children as to whether she was going out and where she was going.

This ideal mother of mine is becomingly attired; has the gentlest voice; is never loud, always refined and ladylike; is ever ready to listen to the troubles and trials of childhood and I believe these childish woes are as bad as any deeper troubles we have in after years. I know that some of my childhood troubles are as vivid in my memory as any I have encountered in after life. She has eyes that can see the faults of her children, but yet has such a way of pointing them out and advising them that it causes no rebellious feeling.

She is as polite to her children as she would be to the President, ever ready to join in their sports with as much zeal as the youngest, when they lack a playfellow; and when the grown-up son is in need of a partner for the social or entertainment, he is proud to take his mother. She is never so happy as when her children are gathered around her; never gets nervous at their noise or questions, very benevolent of her caresses, and the grown-up son or daughter never get too old to kiss mother. Is my ideal realized in this world, or is this personage an illusion.

It is all a mistake about the father being the head of the family; it is the mother and the mother's influence that make a home.

Talking about tramps, if there is anything that makes me wilt down like a cabbage leaf on a hot day it's a tramp, and I am a bony masculine-looking woman too; with a sharp tongue, I am so sorry to say, and quite apt to stick up for my rights. But just let me see a tramp coming up the walk and my heart gives one bound and lodges in my throat, and I begin to tremble as if I had an ague chill. I always drag myself to the door, after opening one in an opposite direction so I can make a hasty exit if necessary. I live in a house with nine outside doors so there is one almost always opposite. The last tramp that came as soon as I opened the door says "You sick, missus?" I politely told him I was not very well, though I think I was suffering more mentally than any physical pain; after he went away I looked in the glass to see why he asked the question and I was astonished, my face was so pale and my eyes had such a wild scared look. I looked a fit subject for the insane asylum. Feed them! I should think I did. I give them the best the house affords, and would give them my husband's Sunday trousers if they should happen to suggest it. RUTH.

USELESS FUSSINESS.

One would need more lives than a cat to carry out all the directions given to housekeepers through the papers that make housekeeping a specialty. Then the kindly household writer who wants to lessen your labors can only recommend skipping the ironing. Now ironing is not unpleasant work, and if the clothes without gathers are folded as they are taken from the line, placed on the ironing table, the other clothes ironed on top of them, it is not a great task. If we could only skip washing the dishes! I suspect the wiping of them might be omitted if they are left to drain after having boiling water poured over them. But it seems better to wipe and put them away than to have them around while they are drying themselves. The only real saving of work I can see would be to have two meals a day instead of three.

Breakfast at nine. Most people are not hungry at the usual breakfast hour any way. Dinner at three or four. If we crowd three meals into these short winter days we get little done besides cooking them, and washing the dishes afterwards.

It must be careless editing that allows some of the precious directions for canning fruit to see the light of day. One earlier in this year that I saw in several papers said that in canning strawberries they would settle and leave an empty place at the top of the can. They should opened next morning and the empty spot filled up. Of course any one used to canning would not follow such a direction, but inexperienced housekeepers might have lost their fruit by it. Another writer says the covers and rubber rings must be kept in a small kettle of boiling water as it is absolutely necessary they should be very hot when put on. I have never gone into any such foolishness; I fill a hundred cans a year and do not lose any—except in the usual way. My temper is a trifle uncertain and it is sometimes lost altogether in reading the useless fussiness in all kinds of directions for doing housework from people whom I know have no practical knowledge of it.

Having thus worked off the crossness engendered by six straight weeks of depressing weather on this HOUSEHOLD, I am prepared to present a smiling face to my own. HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

THOSE housekeepers who have windows with unsightly outlook and are tired of washing muslin sash curtains, may adopt the following cheap substitute for frosted glass: In a quart of stale beer dissolve half a pound of Glauber salts. Apply to the glass with a paint or copying brush. The salts are deposited on the glass in a coating of fine crystals, which produce a very pretty effect, not easily distinguished from frosted glass.

MORE ABOUT THE KEELEY CURE.

Sister Gracious seems to be quite sarcastic and somewhat doubtful in regard to the Keeley cure. As to the price, it would truly seem that it might be made lower and still be ample compensation to Dr. Keeley.

Of course he is not the only one interested. There are a number of salaries to be paid and other expenses incidental to the conducting of so large a business. Still, to those who have had a dear one cured by that means, a hundred, or an hundred and fifty dollars even, seems slight in comparison to the good wrought in the home life. Take it home to yourself, Sister Gracious. Suppose some one in your own family were afflicted with the disease—I think we may so call it—would not you be willing to give ten times the sum named to have him cured? Dr. Keeley may as well reap the benefit pecuniarily as the saloon-keepers.

Sister Gracious says it is only for the rich. Can not the rich man's wife or mother's heart ache as well as her poorer sister. She may not lack for the comforts of life, but the sorrow and shame are there just the same; and if every one cannot be helped surely we should not begrudge it to those who can afford it. Even now I think there are few worthy men who may not have the means placed within their reach to go the Cure, for as I said in my previous letter, clubs of the "graduates" or cured men are being formed in many of our cities, one of the objects being to raise a fund to pay the expenses of those who are not able to pay for themselves. Many of the men who have been cured were sent by friends interested in their welfare who advanced the money.

I think before long steps will be taken by the States—and one of the Southern States, I see, has already done so—to pass laws relative to the license law, to set aside a share of the liquor tax revenue for the purpose of giving treatment to persons who are willing to be cured, but have not the means to pay.

I think we will yet see this thing under government control; and the victims whom the saloon-keepers have heretofore held in an iron grasp will be free from the curse, whether they are rich or poor. Not that I expect the millenium is coming just yet—but I do expect that before five years have rolled away no man in this broad land need willingly be the slave of liquor.

The italicised words "if it is a cure," show that Sister Gracious has very little faith in it. I do not think she is the only one who is or has been skeptical, and perhaps nothing that I can say will strengthen her faith. In our city and surrounding country there are quite a number who have been cured by the Keeley treatment. Many of them are personally known to me, and this is how I come to have such confidence

in it. When men who have drank to excess for years, who acknowledge that they wanted something to drink every day of their lives, whether they gave up to it or resisted—when these men (and I can show you a dozen of them) say that they have no more desire for a drink of liquor than for a drink of rain water, or any other distasteful thing, when men, as some of them do, work in drug stores and other places where liquor is kept and never have the least desire to taste it, it does not take long to convince me that there is something in it.

I can not explain it nor can they—but as one of them said: "One thing I know—like the blind man of old—'That whereas I was blind, now I see,' only," he added, "my disease was a good deal worse than blindness."

The question is often asked "Will they stay cured? Will the appetite never come back?"

If a person has once been cured of any disease it may possibly attack them again. So with this. The man is placed exactly in the position of one who has never drank. It is possible he may drink, but it will be because he acquires the habit over again.

But suppose a man in ordinary circumstances was obliged to be treated once a year. The cost would still be less than his whiskey bill would have been for the same length of time, to say nothing of the happiness of his family during that period which if it were you or I whose happiness were at stake, I think it would not and could not be measured by dollars and cents.

Let me give one word to doubting ones in closing: If you have a loved one who is in a condition to need the Keeley Cure, don't hesitate a single moment about having him go to Ypsilanti, or Alma, or Benton Harbor (for our State has three Keeley Institutes instead of two as I stated before), and if in four weeks you don't say it was the best investment he ever made, your experience will be different from any I know of who have given the Keeley Cure a fair trial.

FLINT.

ELLA ROCKWOOD.

CHAT.

"BASHFUL JOE," of Matteson, gives some of her views on HOUSEHOLD topics, saying:

"I made up a Thanksgiving dinner for my chickens although it is two weeks late; better late than never, I think. I took the potato parings and other refuse and boiled them until tender, then poured over them a pan of ground feed, put in a sprinkle of cayenne pepper, and I presume I shall have to take the half bushel basket tonight to gather the eggs in and won't it be fun to sell them! I could not help smiling out loud when I read Little Nan's experience at frying pork, but she is not the only one who has had all these things to learn. I think it quite a knack to cook meat properly. And now a word for the mother-in-law. I have one, and I can truly say

of her, she is one of the best Christian ladies in this part of the country; I only wish there were more just like her; she has always been a mother to me and more so since I buried my own mother, one year ago. I have lots of sympathy for the tired, overworked mothers, and hope the husbands may be as good and thoughtful of them as mine is. I have had to keep help the most of the time for the past ten years. I think a week's vacation and visit to some friend a great help to any one. I would like to tell my experience of a visit I made this fall and how much benefit it was to me, but am afraid I have tarried too long already, when I get started I hardly know where to stop."

"DALE'S WIFE" says she enjoys reading the HOUSEHOLD so much that she has often thought she would like to join the coterie of writers. She adds:

"I think the exchange of ideas through this little paper does us much good, enlarges our views and we are made the better thereby. How often some of the letters describe our home life and surroundings, and solve some problem for us that helps us a great deal in this busy life. How many days are made happy by a pleasant smile or a kind word! Let us sow them broadcast, as they cost us so little yet mean so much to others. I think "Diana's" cure for discontent very good and "Busy Bee's" views on the pocket-book question also. Those questions have been well discussed so I will not revive them. As I have been married only a little over a year I haven't much experience with two pocket-books and don't anticipate much trouble in that direction."

PHOEBE, of Clarendon, is a new comer who inquires:

"Please may I come in and become one of the members of the HOUSEHOLD? I have been standing on the threshold for a long time wondering if I had better 'knock at the door, peek in, lift up the latch and walk in,' and conscience said try it, and perhaps if you are received once, they will let you call again. I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD for nearly three years, and the little paper comes like a sunbeam into our home. The better half takes two papers, the MICHIGAN FARMER, the Voice of New York, while I have the Union Signal, Goodform and the HOUSEHOLD, which is read through before the others are taken up, or read. I just wanted to tell a little of my experience with flat irons to the young housekeeper. If she wishes them to retain their heating qualities do not leave them on the back of the range (or dry oven) after using, where they will be warm all the time; but hang them up in a dry place and she will always find them bright and clean ready for use any time."

WHAT'S the matter with Anti-Over that he so pathetically pictures the woes of "Benedict the married man?" He inquires:

"Are married men's duties and obligations rightly appreciated by their wives? About the first thing 'he' must provide a house and home furnishings, board and clothing for two. It has generally cost him some of his time and much hard work and some money; and if a young farmer, he gets up in the morning, builds fire, puts on the kettle, goes out in the wet, cold, snow or blow, to do the chores, and does not always

find things just as he left them over night. Well, breakfast; then to his stock and team, plowing, dragging, cultivating over the rough hills. Tired and weary at supper time, there are forty chores to do and the wood to bring in. Then he takes care of the baby and is always expected to be good natured and keep both pocket-books well filled. I ask has a decent man no thoughts or cares, but just his own comfort. In your disconsolate moments just think of 'the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin' for

ANTI-OVER.

[You shouldn't be curious, Anti-Over, for that is popularly (but erroneously) suppose to be a woman's failing; but you are "away off" and the hundred miles exist in fact, not fancy.—ED]

M. A. of Orion, pays a tribute to an oft underestimated individual, saying:

"Why shouldn't my mother-in-law care how I mend my husband's stockings? Hasn't she mended them carefully and smoothly ever since the little feet first began to wear them? And don't we know what painful corns or bunions are sometimes caused by a thick, rough place in a stocking that has been mended in a bungling manner? And why should I feel badly because my husband loves his mother? Should not I rather feel badly if he did not, for if a man would cease to love his mother how long before he would neglect his wife? Dear heart, the grass of many summers has been green above her grave. May God forgive me if I ever caused her pain, and help me to care for her boy as tenderly as did she when he was not mine at all, but only hers."

MUSIC.

There is probably no art or science, at the present day which has so universally obtained the voice of all mankind as the art and science of music. It is the most healthful of all arts, for it satisfies and enlightens the mind, and awakens exquisite emotions of happiness in the soul.

"Truly there is power in music." It sweetens the cup of bitterness, softens the hand of poverty, lightens the burdens of life and encourages the soul in despair.

There is no medicine so beneficial or more pleasant to take, for a bad humor, than music; it is healthful. What a softening power is contained in music, especially the music of the human voice; who can be angry when the voice speaks in song! Sing to the wicked man, sing to the disconsolate, sing to the old and sing to the young; it inspires them all.

The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument ever made, for it had the most skillful Maker.

The first account of a chorus of voices we have was at the laying of the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Every song uplifts, many a prayer is breathed through a song; a simple ballad may be full of music, it may be the

means of uplifting some down-trodden soul to a higher and better life.

There is music in every thing, it is all around us. The rain drops sing as they fall; the air is filled with whispering melodies; the autumnal winds have a mournful sound as they rush past us, and the little brook ripples as it flows on and on. Tell us where music is not.

Instead of the monotone of the spinning wheel, and the click of the shuttle, the only instrumental performances of by-gone days, we have the piano.

No family can afford to be without music, it is a luxury and an economy. Make home attractive, it will keep out angry feelings; it should be in the farmer's home, as well as in the home of the merchant or the professional man. How heart-warming it is to hear the whole family joining in a hymn or song, or hear some poetic reverie executed!

How many of us would have loved to listen to some of the old masters, as they executed their own compositions, their very souls entering into the very depths of their work, and each chord a prayer! I have been reading of late the biographies of some of the old masters, and under what discouragements and disadvantages they sometimes worked, but at the end came out victorious.

When girls enter upon their duties as house-wives what a sad mistake they oft-times make in carelessly laying aside their music, in some cases entirely forgetting it.

I beg of you to keep up your practice! Keep your piano in tune; don't become too stingy to invest a few dollars for the good of an instrument that cost you hundreds of dollars. If you expect your clock to indicate correct time, you have it cleaned and wound up regularly, so if you wish your piano to play correct music, have it kept in order.

I know of a great many house-wives who do not touch their pianos from one week's end to another; and when they do, they can scarcely play a simple piece in the natural key. They will see the day they will regret such carelessness, if they have not already. Our husbands love to hear us play (at least mine does), and I should certainly think married life a failure if household cares interfered with that talent given me, and in which so much domestic pleasure centers.

Remember, music is to the ear and intellect what strawberries, peaches and other luscious fruit are to the taste.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

ABOUT THE HAIR.

Hilda G., of Stromsburg, Neb., writes: "I take much pleasure in the HOUSEHOLD, and have come to regard it an encyclopædia of knowledge. I have a valuable collection of recipes taken from its columns, but come asking for one that I have not yet found, viz.: something to render the hair soft without making it damp and sticky. Does

clipping the hair at the new of the moon strengthen it, or is it only a saying?"

Dr. Leonard, in his valuable treatise on the hair, recommends cocoanut oil as the best dressing for dry, harsh hair, and names Burnett's Cocoaine as a good preparation. But unless the hair is unusually dry, it may be made soft and glossy by the persistent use of the hair brush. Few have patience to give the hundred strokes of the brush every day, necessary to stimulate the natural oiliness of the hair and produce a natural gloss and softness. Use but little of the pomade; nothing is more disgusting than hair reeking with oil. It is best applied after the hair has been cleaned with the yolk of an egg well rubbed in, and rinsed and properly dried.

The moon has nothing whatever to do with the growth of the hair. Frequent trimming of the hair is conducive to its rapid growth. It is well to trim the ends of the hair once a month or so, to keep the ends even, and it will grow exactly as fast if the clipping is regularly done on the first or any other day of the month as if done in the "new of the moon." Split hairs should be cut off above the cleft, as the hair will not grow afterwards, and the tendency is for the split to extend upward on the shaft. If the hair is quite uneven, considerable should be cut off, or the result may be that it will come out badly.

In making up the list of papers and magazines for next year's reading it would be well not to forget *Good House-keeping*, an excellent low-price domestic monthly. Its household miscellany is of an excellent order. \$2 per annum. C. W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

THE gum-chewing public may be pleased to learn that but little of the stuff which it industriously masticates is really a gum, or in any way related to that vegetable product. The basis of the daintily-wrapped, nicely-flavored and flowery-named compounds which are "rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue" (and carefully stuck on the bed-post or under the table when not in active use) is a residuum left in the refining of coal oil. Only about 2,500 pounds of genuine spruce gum obtained from the trees are secured each year, the rest of the supply is the petroleum product, which comes cheaper and is more readily obtained. The gatherers of spruce gum, who used to make from \$1 to \$5 per day, now do not average over 20 or 30 cents a pound, the little round clear bits being worth \$1 per pound, the remainder ranging down to ten cents. When the supply is large, the price sometimes falls to three or four cents, at other times a scarcity makes it worth 50 or 60 cents. The gum can only be secured in winter, and is not valuable until it is several years old.