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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SPRING.

THE SONG OF A WOMAN WHO DOES HER OWN WORK.

Spring!

To be sure—so it is—and I'm going to sing,
Not the tunes that the regular poets rehearse
In ridiculous verse.
I've nothing of winds aromatic to say.
Nor pansies, nor tulips, nor hyacinths gay,
I live in the city,
And discover no pretty
Green leaflet or bud
Sticking out of the mud;
Nor do I hear warble of black bird or blue,
Yet I know it is spring just as well as you do.
Aye, I know it too well, for it's all spring for me,
From long before breakfast till long after tea.
I spring with the mats and the rugs out-of-doors;
I spring to the carpets, drag them from the floors;
I spring up step ladders and wash down the walls,
I spring to the windows, I spring to the halls;
I spring to each corner, each closet, each nook;
I spring to each dust-laden picture and book;
I spring to the garret, where cobwebs abound;
I spring (if I may be allowed the expression) to
the cellar, half way underground;
I spring—but, good gracious, to tell everything
I spring at would take me the whole of the spring.
And when spring is over I feel, I declare,
As though my springs were broken beyond all
repair.

Spring!

To be sure—so it is—but let nobody bring
Any poems to me about beautiful flowers,
Or life-giving showers,
Or vine-covered bowers,
Or sunshiny hours;
For really such things seem extremely unmeaning
To one on whom spring springs a lot of spring
cleaning.

WOMAN'S NEW DUTY.

The Legislature of 1893, which adjourned *sine die* May 29th, among its closing enactments passed a bill extending municipal franchise to women. The bill, introduced by Representative Newkirk, of Lake County, came up early in the session and failed to pass; it was rescued from oblivion by a vote to reconsider which gave it another chance; was amended by striking out the property qualification and inserting an educational one, and as amended came up for another trial. The second venture was more successful; the bill passed the House by a vote of 57 to 25; in the Senate the vote was 18 to six, some of the Senators "dodging the issue."

Governor Rich has affixed his official autograph to it, while an association of women interested in its passage obtained the pen with which the gubernatorial signature was written, and embellished with the customary ribbon bow it is to be preserved as a precious memento of the fact that "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

The measure makes all women over twenty-one who can read a clause of the State constitution qualified to vote on all local questions arising under town, village and city elections, and also school elections; it does not, however, make women eligible to town, village and city offices, as has been asserted. Another act must confer that right. State and general elections only are barred, but it is expected that having so strong an entering wedge in the political door the next move will pry it wide open, and the franchise rights of man and woman be made equal.

The educational qualification, which on its face savors of class legislation and which it therefore was at first claimed might class the bill as unconstitutional should a test case come before the Supreme Court, is apparently a perfectly legitimate provision, as the constitution vests in the Legislature certain discretionary powers in deciding to whom suffrage shall extend; though one of the most able constitutional lawyers in this city, Mr. F. A. Baker, is reported as believing it unconstitutional.

If it were thought necessary to limit the exercise of the right in any way, it would really seem as of the property qualification were the right one, for the plea that women who pay taxes should have equal rights with male taxpayers is an old one and appeals to our sense of justice. For my own part, in order to have the sensible element among women represented by ballot,—I would have included a proviso that no woman who wears, has worn, or will wear a trained dress on the street and let it drag, should be permitted to vote.

The friends of equal suffrage regard the passage of this bill as a great triumph. Its political effect will be closely and carefully studied, for that effect cannot at present be predicted—hardly guessed. A great power is put into the hands of women, many of whom are profoundly ignorant in respect to our laws, elections, and all public questions, and many of whom have little desire for information. A great responsibility, undesired by and unacceptable to a large element, is thus thrust upon women; a responsibility which must be exercised wisely and judiciously to sustain the credit and reputation of the sex; for more will be expected of us than of men, so much has been claimed for

woman by the advocates of her suffrage, so many wrongs are to be righted, so many abuses to be reformed through the agency. The female millennium has long been fixed for the day "when women can vote."

For my own part, at the risk of being considered one of the non-progressive women whose conservatism stands in the way of woman's advancement, I shall say I regret the passage of this bill. I regret, because I firmly believe that where you find one woman who wants to vote there are three who do not. True, the aggressive minority tells the quiescent majority that they don't know what is good for them, but the most cruel people in the world are and always have been those who think they know better than you do what you need! Moreover, most of us have enough to do without saving our country. I don't question for one moment woman's ability to judge on all public questions quite as well as man; no "inferiority" as regards sex is for a moment considered; and the old cry, "Who'll mind the baby while mama is at the polls?" is too weak and silly to be for an instant regarded. But I do question, in all sincerity, the expediency of woman's entering the world of politics as a factor in its broils and strifes. True, advocates of suffrage say she is to reform its corruptions, and cleanse and purify its current. I see far more danger that she will be drawn into its maelstrom only to become part and parcel of the stream. I do not know one woman who has entered the political field who has not been demoralized by it—and this because instead of regarding her womanliness as a crown of honor, she has striven to discard it as a weakness and to adopt men's ways and methods in proof of strength. She has copied man, not striven to lay the foundation for a new era. For example one has but to look at the Kansas woman who "fought for" the Alliance last fall.

I had a monosyllabic conversation with a man on this subject the other day, and as he is one who knows the ins and outs of political ways, I report it for our mutual benefit. I asked:

"What do you think of this women's suffrage bill?"

"I don't like it."

"You don't! Why not?"

"Oh, it's going to make a lot of trouble."

"Trouble? Why, in what way?"

"Oh, posting women in all the schemes and dodges in politics."

"But we're not going to have any 'schemes and dodges' when women get into politics."

A contemptuous ejaculation and a very French shrug of the shoulders was the reply to this.

"But anyway," said I, renewing the assault. "Why not do away with the wire pulling and trickery and all that now disgraces the political field, and 'let the best man win?'"

"You can't do it. Women will simply be another element 'in it.' And that in a tone which I was forced to accept as final, and which conveyed all the sincerity of conviction. And I must say I find this view shared by every man whose opinion I have inquired, and borne out by the methods of women themselves in certain elections in this city in which they are permitted to participate.

I would be most sincerely and heartily in favor of feminine suffrage if I believed through it the political world could be reformed. But when I see how good men—men esteemed honorable and upright in private life—become cowards, wavering vacillators, afraid to advocate this or that measure for fear of consequences to their own political preferment or their party affiliations; when I see them discussing what is expedient, not what is right; not even what is right and expedient, but simply what will hold best their own grip on office or emoluments, I confess I can see nothing but demoralization to our sex.

Politics is an Augean stable which is not to be cleansed by woman suffrage, especially when exercised by a majority unprepared if not indifferent to it.

BEATRIX.

A BUNCH OF COWSLIPS.

Just over yonder, down in a little gorge, motionless waters are covered with a golden crest. The banks of this narrow passage rise to a height of several feet, and looking down into its showy magnificence, the quotation—"Flowers are God's thoughts in bloom," is very wisely presented.

I stoop and gather a bunch of these golden-crested cowslips, powdering what thought is suggested in this lowly, but still gorgeously decked flower. Is it humbleness? Truly it springs from a lowly bed! and, were it trained and moulded into perfectness by a skillful florist, a mission were given it just as much as to the violet or primrose.

But why so conspicuous, as it rises from such a mass of corruption; the stagnant, mouldering pool is its only resting place, snakes and frogs its only companions! Surely its work must be an important one!

Perhaps as a simile between this flower and our hearts is where it can per-

form its mission; for as its showy crown basks in the sunshine, above so much that is corruptible, so are some hearts basking in the same genial warmth wearing a hypocritical garment, covering up pride, deceit and fraud beneath its cloak.

While thus soliloquizing, I heard a rustle in the thicket; turning in the direction of the sound, and separating the shrubbery, I came face to face with a little motherless girl; her garments were tattered, her face brown, and her hair a disheveled mass. In her arms she crushed a bunch of cowslips. The silence of this secluded spot, together with the greenness and gorgeous hue, seemed to gladden her very soul.

In this lone yet picturesque place, she (figuratively speaking) ran wild. The birds as they poured forth their sweet notes seemed as shy sweethearts, and as the raindrops fell on her disordered tresses her heart was tuned to their soft patter.

But this little child was taken to live in a large city, where the air was so filled with wickedness that she could not smile, and as time wore on she drooped and faded, as had the cowslips she gathered in that place so dear to her.

On her pallet, too weary and weak to rise, a messenger of love bent over her wasting form; she raised her eyes, and said, "Won't some kind angel remember to pluck a cowslip and bring it to me?" So—

They brought her a bunch of cowslips;
She took them with fingers weak,
And kissed them, and stroked them, and loved them,
And laid them against her cheek.

"It was kind of the angels to send them;
And now I'm too tired to pray;
If God looks down at the cowslips,
He'll know what I want to say."

They buried them in her bosom;
And when she awoke and rose,
Why may not the flowers be quickened,
And bloom in her happy skies?

The cowslips had performed their mission, for into that lonely heart they came as a comforter. Thus God's "thoughts" as He opened each petal, showed love and gladness, which came to this little heart needing solace and comfort.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

We are again permitted to see and enjoy the most beautiful panorama of nature at her very loveliest. What artist ever succeeded in painting the lovely coloring in which Nature robes herself at this particular time of the year! The autumn may be gorgeous in robes of many colors, but no such perfection in every particular is seen except in spring, when everything seems born anew, typical of the resurrection. The farmer and his wife begin with new hopes and expectations; every thing looks favorable for a successful harvest in the garden and the field. Who can help loving and enjoying the beautiful spring time! Let us enjoy all we can today; to-morrow we know not of.

I am not in a scolding mood but there are one or two things I wish to say

the HOUSEHOLD, not only to the writers but to its readers. I have little sympathy with the woman who is constantly worrying about varying the bill of fare for her table. No one can give a bill of fare that can possibly fit every table. Many do not raise everything that might grow in a garden, and the family purse is not deep enough to buy everything they would like. Other families are so small that many things usually considered necessary for an ordinary dinner could not possibly be done justice to, and a part of each dish would be left to be thrown away or set aside to be warmed over, which is seldom palatable to those whose appetite always demands something new.

If every woman asked "What can I cook that is good and palatable, with the least expense of nervous energy and least amount of time over a hot stove?" that would be sensible. If our food was all made of the best material of its kind and prepared in the best manner with plain seasoning—and the variety not so great as to tempt the appetite beyond the bodily needs, we would not be a race of dyspeptics, and there would be fewer bilious people and fever patients.

The other thing which makes me tired is the anxiety displayed by some women at house-cleaning time, as if their husbands were only half tamed animals, and in danger of being frightened away to some other woman's home if they found their accustomed ease and convenience in any way disturbed. I feel like saying "Bah!" "O, pshaw!" any thing that's expressive; it isn't half as hard for the man as for the wife, who has to do her usual kitchen work and at the same time take up carpets, wash windows and wood-work, mop floors, beat carpets and put them down again; and this is not more than one-half of the work required to be gone through in the ordinary house. The husband helps bring in the dirt, why shouldn't he help carry it out, or hire some one to do it in his place?

Girls, when you marry begin right with your husbands. Let the home be a partnership concern, in which each is equally responsible for its weal or woe. When your husband has a hard job you can do a number of things to save him steps; when you have a hard job like house cleaning exact such assistance as you need, remembering neither should be always the waiter to run errands or pick up the things thrown down because it is too much trouble to put them where they belong. I wish every one would heed the advice in Evangeline's letter, "The Duty of Helpfulness." No one should feel that duty stronger than husband and wife, one just as much as the other. I feel sorry when I see a woman a slave to every whim and wish of her husband and children; and also when I see a man slave himself to death that his wife and children may live without work and wear fine clothes.

The Legislature which has just ad-

journed has conferred upon women the right according to law to vote. I think the State, a part at least, gave the women the right to vote on school matters under certain provisions; now they have municipal suffrage. Women must prepare themselves to take an intelligent position at the next election. I believe if women take the right course many of the abuses may be reformed, and the disreputable name attached the voting place is already a thing of the past; no woman need be less modest or less womanly going to an election than in going to church. I believe the majority of women will vote for principle instead of party; and that women will be far less reckless in voting large sums of money for every thing which comes along.

I am not and have never been a rabid woman suffragist, but I do think that women who pay taxes should be allowed to vote; and I think a good woman's vote will nullify a bad man's vote. I might say much on this subject, but we do not want very much politics in our little paper.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

[Woman's right to vote at school elections has heretofore been a matter of local option; that is, conferred or withheld by local decision. The new Legislative act extends the privilege to all women in the State who can read.—ED.]

"SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT."

"A Farmer's Wife in Trouble" begged the HOUSEHOLD last week to assist her to solve that problem which confronts the housekeeper three times per day—what to get for the next meal. We must help her out, of course; that is the mission of the HOUSEHOLD. If she only has a garden! Let us hope she has. Then she will have lettuce, radishes and asparagus by this time. I confess to a fondness for a dish of fresh lettuce, picked in the early morning while crisp with dew, at breakfast, though it is seldom served at that meal. There is a great variety of muffins, gems and cakes which are relished at the morning meal and very easily and quickly made after one gets in the way of doing it. If hurried in the preparation of breakfast, have the gem pans greased over night and either turn them down in the tins or cover with a towel; they are ready for the batter. Recipes for these are found in every housekeeper's repertoire, but sometimes are overlooked. Wheat pancakes are always palatable at this season, after one has had a little respite from the buckwheat cake with its ham and sausage gravy which is such a prolific cause of pimples and skin eruptions in spring. It would pay every perplexed housekeeper to have always in store oatmeal, cracked wheat, graham flour and cornmeal, thus enabling her to vary her breakfasts in a very appetizing fashion. Good food is always an economy; it saves strength and conserves

health, and instead of using so much meat and wheat flour, it is better to provide these changes.

Eggs are always at hand on the farm and capable of a great variety in ways of preparation, though most often put on the table "plain boiled or fried." Poached eggs on toast was a favorite breakfast dish of mine when I was in the habit of getting up warm meals. Scrambled eggs are "not half bad" and no more trouble than to fry. Break as many eggs as you need into a sauce-pan in which you have melted a bit of butter, set over a moderate fire, with a fork stir yolks and whites together and before they have "set" turn into a hot dish; they will finish cooking after being turned out. Fried bread or French toast is not only a relish for the breakfast table, but also a good way to use up stale bread. Dip the slices into hot milk, then into beaten egg and fry brown in fried meat drippings or butter, and serve with butter or a sugar syrup, as is most agreeable. If you have rough pieces of boiled ham or even remnants of fried ham, mince them fine, rejecting all bits that do not chop up nicely; add an equal quantity of cracker crumbs, and a little water to moisten, pepper and salt to taste; put into a baking dish, with the back of a spoon make hollows or depressions on the surface, break an egg in each hollow, and bake to a delicate brown in the oven. Or, stir the chopped ham into your pan of scrambled eggs, and you have a good imitation of a ham omelet.

The woman who has to prepare meals for eight or ten men needs a good reserve to draw upon. She needs first, most and all the time, a good vegetable and fruit garden; then, besides the flours mentioned she should have in store with the usual salt pork and ham of the farm cellar, cod-fish, dried beef, macaroni, rice, tapioca, and canned corn. Yes, I fancy I hear a chorus of my countrywomen saying as with one voice: "She ought to have, but she doesn't!" But her husband doesn't get a barn-full of hungry animals and expect to feed them without outlay, on straw and cornstalks! It often seems to me that most of the economy practiced on farms is exercised in the house, and paid for in woman's time and labor. Everything is saved but woman's strength. Doing without is not economy. Better sell more wheat and meat; better detail a man to keep the garden growing than wear a wife out in the tri-daily struggle from the flour and meat barrel up to a square meal.

For dinner, there's meat pie, to be framed of the remnants of yesterday's roast or the morning's beefsteak. With the gravy, the meat cut into dice, and a generous lump of butter one has the "filling" for a pie, the crust of which is a biscuit dough prepared as for chicken pie. An Irish stew will come in occasionally. For this is needed two pounds of beef—which need not be the

best cuts; simmer till tender; add salt, pepper and one chopped onion, cook half an hour, then add five sliced potatoes and boil till the potatoes are done. Thicken the gravy with flour wet in milk and put in a generous lump of butter. Potato stew is made in much the same way, only using salt pork instead of beef, but it is not as good as where made of beef.

A salt cod-fish, properly prepared, will make a good dinner. Freshen in tepid water over night, laying the fish skin side up in the pan. In the morning scrape and clean well, then put into a kettle and keep it where the water will be just at the boiling point but not actually boil, for two hours. Take out on a large skimmer, remove the bones and every bit of dark skin, and serve with an egg sauce made as follows: Melt in a sauce pan a piece of butter the size of an egg and stir into it two even tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Stir till perfectly smooth, then pour in slowly one pint of milk or water, milk by preference. Chop fine two hard boiled eggs and stir into it. Enough of the fish may be prepared for scalloped fish for tea, to which the egg sauce need not be added. Put a layer of fish into a baking dish, season with pepper, salt and butter; then a layer of bread or cracker crumbs, another layer of fish, etc., and finish with the crumbs, dotting the surface with bits of butter. Pour over all a cup of sweet cream, or water may be used by being liberal with the butter.

It is a little late for asparagus now but it may be cooked in several ways. Cut off the hard part, if there is any. If you grow your own, by cutting when it is just above ground, running the knife down slantwise about three inches under ground, you will find it will be tender the whole length. Cook fifteen or twenty minutes, drain off a part of the water if there is too much and thicken with butter and flour stirred together, with salt to taste. The stalks should be cut into inch lengths for this. Or, tie the stalks in bundles. Cook as above, have ready buttered toast and dip it in the water in which the asparagus was cooked; lay the asparagus on the toast and pour over it a cream gravy. A drawn butter sauce instead of the cream gravy makes it much richer.

Boiled rice is often served as a vegetable. Boil a cup of rice (let it soak an hour if you can) in two quarts of salted water for twenty or thirty minutes. Pour into a colander that it may drain, and set at the back of the stove for ten minutes; to be eaten with salt, pepper and butter. Take what is left over, thin with milk to the consistency of buckwheat batter, salt a little more, stir in flour to thicken and add a beaten egg. Bake as griddle cakes, and serve either as croquettes at dinner, or with syrup for tea.

Perhaps others can give us dishes they have tested and liked, and which may be new to our friend "in trouble." Such recipes will be welcome. B.

ONE OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Woman has always been condemned for her subservience to the mandates of fashion, and there is nothing more indicative of her emancipation from its tyranny and her real progress in wise ways than the failure of the autocrats of the dressmaking parlors to force crinoline upon us. Though the new departure was widely heralded and the world of fashion thus presumably prepared for it, women simply refused to adopt it. The crinoline-distended skirts which were to pave the way to the revival of hoops have not been well received. For some time skirts have been quite as scant as modesty would permit; having reached a limit in that direction there must inevitably be a reaction in the opposite direction. To the credit of woman be it said that she seems inclined to "draw the line" at a reasonable limit.

Many new dresses have been made this spring with canvas facing three-eighths of a yard deep, instead of the half-linings of horse hair and canvas we were threatened with. For one dress which is observed to be heavily stiffened, a dozen are seen that are but moderately crinolined. Some ladies who had gowns made in the extreme of the style are having them taken apart and the heavy facings removed, while others are having superfluous fullness cut out. The heavy skirts prove a burden not to be endured with patient suffering; and having known the lightness and ease of movement made possible by the bell skirt, we are not inclined to tire ourselves with unnecessary and inconvenient drapery.

Fashions are growing more conservative and more healthful as women learn how much their enjoyment of life depends upon the comfort of their clothing. We may wear things that seem ridiculous, like the enormous sleeves and the hats which look like job lots of artificial flowers, but women will not forsake skirts for trousers masquerading as petticoats, and will confine "reforms" to underclothing.

The new models introduced at the Woman's Congress at Chicago were scanned by many curious eyes and certainly attracted much attention; they were criticised and commented upon and will soon be forgotten. Not one woman in a thousand had the faintest idea of committing herself to any such "reform." Woman has been associated with skirts too long to give them up, but she evinces a decided disposition to so manage them that they will best serve both her health and convenience.

Reforms cannot be forced. All change must be gradual. Moreover, "reforms" must commend themselves as improvements—which cannot be said of the ugly divided skirt, which even a woman of title could not coax her sex to adopt, or the plans and specifications proposed by those women who have assumed the name of "National Council" and wish

to dictate to the feminine world. The National Council would need to be backed up by the army and navy in order to insure the adoption of the models they propose for us. We heard much more of the elegant and fashionable gowns worn at the Women's Congress than we did of the experiments in reform.

BEATRIX.

A HINDOO WIDOWS' HOME.

Those who recall the visit of Pundita Ramabai to this country several years ago, and the attention excited by her accounts of the condition of the women of India, especially the child widows—of which the Pundita was herself one, will be interested in the following from a special correspondent of the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, now traveling in India:

"A hundred miles from Bombay is the old city of Poona, the ancient capital of the Marathras, now the headquarters of the Bombay division of the army. A few years ago the Pundita Ramabai visited our land all aglow with her project for ameliorating the condition of the child widows of India, whose lot is most deplorable. She told the story of their cruel treatment to such effect that there is now in most of our leading cities a Ramabai Association, the united efforts of which support the home which the Pundita, herself a high-caste Hindoo widow, has established at Poona. Provided with a letter of introduction from an officer of the Ramabai Association in Boston we visited this home. We found a roomy bungalow standing in a large compound surrounded by a high stone wall, and on entering were received by the Pundita with great cordiality.

"We were taken to the main classroom, where about fifty of these widows were assembled whose ages varied from 9 to 20 years, most of them being children. By the cruel custom of the Hindoos the death of their husbands, even when they were children, would make them despised and abused slaves in the family of the husband but for the friendly hand now held out. It was touching to see the affection which they displayed toward the Pundita, and interesting to hear them read in our tongue and sing our home songs. The fame of this institution has spread abroad and the calls for help have already overtaken the accommodations which the present building offers. But the liberality of our country-women has been equal to the need and a large stone building is in process of erection, which will greatly increase the capacity of the school. It costs but 15 rupees, or \$4.50 per month, to feed and lodge one of these child widows, and but \$100 a year to entirely support and educate one. None who saw what we did that day will doubt the need or question the usefulness of this splendid institution. It is eminently to be commended to the benevolently disposed women of our country, and we could not help a feeling of self-congratulation that it was they who were supporting the hands of the devoted Pundita."

READERS of the pleasant descriptions of California life and scenery which have appeared in the *HOUSEHOLD* during the past year over the signature of Hattie L. Hall, of Leslie, and those who remember her as the "Strong-Minded Girl" of an earlier *HOUSEHOLD* epoch, will be interested to learn of her mar-

riage on Tuesday, June 6th, to Mr. Fred. F. Wheeler, a merchant and banker of Albany, N. Y., and secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in that city. The wedding was a very quiet home one, and the just united couple left immediately for Albany, where three beautiful children eagerly anticipated the coming of a new mother.

For the *HOUSEHOLD* family as well as personally the Editor extends the warmest and most sincere congratulations, with sympathy in the new life and sweeter hope; and earnest wishes for happiness and prosperity, and the fulfillment of all the bright visions that centre about the establishment of a new home and its responsibilities and joys.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is alleged by a St. Louis druggist that a perfect impression of flower leaves may be obtained, in all their beauty of coloring, by laying them on paper, covering with a bit of linen wet in spirits of nitre, and pressing under a moderate weight, or between the leaves of a book. It might be worth trying.

An exchange tells how a woman who could not afford either carpets or hard wood floors arranged a substitute. She selected a heavy wall paper, dark in color, and conventional in design. She laid the floor first with brown paper. Then she put down the wall paper by first coating it with paste and smoothing it down. When the floor was all papered she sized and varnished it with dark glue and common varnish, which deepened the color. When it was dry she scattered a few rugs about, and her paper carpets have lasted several years. Of course much depends upon the amount and character of the wear upon such a floor covering.

People who are troubled with inflamed or congested eyelids may be glad to know of a very simple means of relief used by an old engraver. He paid a celebrated oculist fifteen dollars for the prescription, which a druggist put up for five cents. It is simply a saturated solution of boracic acid, prepared by putting a heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax in a tumbler-full of water; let it dissolve, then apply to the eyes with the fingers; never use a sponge or cloth. Let it dry on the eyes. Use it first before retiring and after rising or at any other time. The borax is a mild astringent, contracts the congested blood vessels, and sends the blood into its natural channels. It is perfectly harmless.

During the warm days to come, make a hammock cradle for the baby, and swing it in some shady spot on the veranda. Screw two stout hooks about three feet apart into the ceiling, where a beam runs, for safety. Hang from each hook a metal ring, then tie a heavy cord in each end of the hammock to the hook opposite to prevent a fall if one hook should give way. Put a light quilt and a pillow in the hammock. Over the centre put a hook to hold a large piece of mosquito net by the centre; draw this around the hammock and baby may take his nap out-doors or indoors, secure from flies and mosquitoes.