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DETROIT, JUNE 17, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry,
In eager haste, from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meet-
ing
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long;

And I am tired—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running
through!

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need!

—Mary Ashley Townsend.

SOUNDS OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

CITY.

The unmeaning tinkle of a piano sounds from around the corner, and is drowned by the clatter of an empty wagon over the rough pavement and a fervent "G'lang" from the impatient driver. A baby wails dismally next door, and the maternal slipper falls with thrilling distinctness upon the urchin who calls out "Ma, Ma! want a jink o' ater." An amorous couple, "a bad case of spoons," take possession of the horse-block and punctuate the minutes with resounding kisses. A troop of lads march by to the lively music of the harmonica; then the rustle of silken skirts and gay girlish voices—and giggles—tell of late revelers homeward bound. Some bibulous soul who has partaken too freely of Sandwich spring water breaks into ribald song and is "run in" after a wordy altercation with a policeman. All the dogs in the block gather under the window and inaugurate a concert, "demonstration bow-wows" sure enough. A boat on the river sends forth an unearthly scream, and a locomotive cheerfully and promptly responds. Sleep, coy maiden, elusive as our hopes of happiness, will not be wooed, nor visits tired eyes till the last pedestrian's foot-falls die away and the great bell in the City Hall tower comes out three strokes.

COUNTRY.

Floods of moonlight lie over broad fields of clover; the stars are dim before the greater glory of the Queen of Night. The highway is a broad path of silver stretching away between shadowy belts of verdure. The lights are out in the farm-houses; the silence is not the quietude of death, but rather the cessation of activity; yet there is a hum of wings in the air, buds are breaking, leaves are unfolding, lily chalices are filling with dew, roses are hiding jewels in their hearts. An owl calls from the forest; a bird chirps a reassuring note to his mate guarding the opaline eggs in their swinging palace of twigs; a belated wagon toils heavily through the sand. There is a lisp of leaves in the tree-tops as an idle zephyr from the south coquettes among them, a rustle through the long grass, a ripple and murmur adown the serried ranks of corn. Upon all the gentle dew from Heaven descends, a benison which revives and renews. Quiet and peace reign, and sweet and refreshing slumber visits earth's toilers.

BEATRIX.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

Dear ladies of the Household, I presume you all have seen the vivid picture of "Our Foreign Element," portrayed by Beatrix in the issue of May 27th. If you haven't I hope you will at once do so. I am wondering if with you, as with me, it has set those atoms that physiologists call brains, all coursing and running riot in their chambers, like so many vivacious children shut up in the garret on a rainy day, or in rural language, like the seeds in a dried gourd, which the more 'tis tossed about, the more it rattles without rhyme or rhythm. My poor head has fairly ached in trying to arrange the thoughts that like weeds cumber and almost smother the few clear cut ideas I possess. Want of practice makes it very difficult for us to arrange our thoughts on paper, though we well know there are ample forces, needing only mental discipline and drill to form the order in which they should move, in order to express with precision what we feel, and know, and desire to say. I have somewhat on my mind that wants to be said, something my sisters may well ponder when at their "household" work, something not born of that picture, but awakened into active life by it. We do not live for ourselves alone. As wives and mothers we have the care of the world on our

hands. Our work and thought is not all for the present, our boys and girls will soon be the men and women of the near future. I would not have it otherwise. I would not like to be without the consciousness of having done well those peculiar duties that no other hands could accomplish, but I would like to end this clashing of thought and jarring of imagination going on, either by gently administered anodynes, or by having my say out. I have taken a dose or two of blessed assurance that "a native born American would not be in that business," but the charm is wanting in power; it has too much the flavor of catnip. Too much like the turning the squalling baby over on my lap, and patting him gently on the back to quiet him, while the colicky pains are unremoved. I am forever asking myself, why may not the native born American yet be compelled to take up that business. Why not be forced down to occupy the same grade of semi-brutal life of the Polack woman, whose portrait is so skillfully presented to you by Beatrix. What has made the difference between her and you, for thank God there is a difference? Will the causes of that difference ever keep on their working? What will be the future of the American woman? Will her condition of to-day be the condition in the future of "our foreign element," or shall the condition of our foreign element of to-day in some near or distinct future become the lot of our native born? In the moulding process now going on, what will the end be? Shall action and reaction be equal, as it was taught us in our school philosophies, and a condition between the two finally prevail? Will like causes produce like effects? The effete dynasties of the old world producing in that Poland her squalid equality with the brute, also produces specimens of another class, specimens of a superb womanhood, so far removed from that in the picture of Beatrix, that the most refined and cultured American will feel proud to call them sisters. I have had the opportunity of seeing them on their "native heather" in various parts of Europe, their real condition, their social life, and wondered how in the same land, under the same laws, with the same sunshine of God falling on them, could be so much difference. The Household picture is not only true, alas, too true, but too common there to awake surprise or evoke comment. Society there has too much else on hand to even spend the time to explain to the

wondering American how such differences can exist, and wonder that they should be observed at all. To them 'tis second nature. Here the difference forces itself on our notice. There the difference has been so long and slowly maturing, that it has ceased to attract attention. Our equality before the law, our opportunities for change of circumstances, our culture in common and higher schools, our minds awakened by teaching, fed by books, freshened by periodicals, broadened by change, rejoicing to call no man master, can scarcely if at all comprehend the cramping, dwarfing processes that have brought such degradation to millions of our fellow women in other lands. Yet travellers agree in saying that however burdened down, women are women still all the world over. Tender in pity, true in love, blind in devotion, sublime in self-sacrifice; even those Polack women with arms akimbo, heavy laden, perfumed with garlic, scavengers of the city, are moving onward under the inspiration of woman's love. Filth there may be, ignorance dark as Egyptian night, "awkward as cows," every graceful outline of humanity displaced by the coarser muscular development, yet there is within heart and love, self denial and self sacrifice, not of the kind, it is true, that the native born American woman has daily and hourly in her experience, yet the heart and the love are in kind the same, notwithstanding the disgusting surface appearances that make the Polack femininity hideous. Too true "unremitting toil is their lot, they know nothing else;" pray God it may not long be so. Like patient oxen ever toiling to profit their thankless masters, so these women, victims of vicious social systems, and caste degradation, have toiled and grovelled side by side with the brutes they did not even own, till their bodies and faculties alike have been warped from their original intent, by that kind nature that callouses the hands of toil, and broadens the shoulders of the toiler for the enforced but unnatural load. We see them here with us, but not of us.

Human nature can not bound at one leap from the low and servile with its coarseness and bestiality into the lithe elegance of freedom and culture. But that picture must soon become only a remembrance of bygone days, or else slowly but surely the descent of the native born American must come.

An American woman who has no travelled, can not have the remotest conception of this peasant life of Europe. The relations of landlord and tenant, of noble and serf, of a state of plebeianism fixed by law, perpetuated by poverty and despair, which has only the privilege of suffering and toiling that others reaping the golden grain may cast them contemptuously a few handfuls to keep soul and body together; looking upon them as a common herd, possessing souls without rights or such rights as their superiors are not bound to respect; this, so un-American, so "foreign" to native born American women, makes the picture

Beatrice paints one hardly comprehended. We cannot understand how our foreign element can have accumulated the ingredients that make so sad, so dark a picture.

Beatrice is right; "Not one woman in a thousand would, if she could, live as they do, for the sake of all their health and vitality."

Yet what does the picture suggest for us. How about the future for the little ones for whom we toil and are anxious? What is the outlook for the American woman?

Another day I may try to answer some of the inquiries I have suggested to my sisters.

NEWYGO, June 10th.

HOW TO TREAT CALLA LILIES.

When a Calla lily begins to droop, and the leaves turn yellow and die, which is usually at about this time of the year, give very little water, and two or three weeks later turn the pot on its side in a safe, shady and dry place, and let remain without further care until the middle of September; then take from the pot and shake free from soil, and clear from dead leaves and stems and it is fit for re-potting. Place at the bottom of the pot lumps of charcoal and broken pots for free drainage, next (if for two bulbs) a quart of hen manure, then good soil, in which plant the bulb, and water freely with warm water. As soon as a flower fades remove the stalk close down; by this way you save the strength of the bulb and insure a greater number of blooms.

Callas delight in warmth and moisture, but I fail to see reason in nearly cooking them, as many do; and as an acquaintance of mine did quite, this spring. In her zeal to heat up her lily to induce another bloom or so, she set the pot on the kitchen stove over a mild fire, and left it to enjoy an Egyptian temperature, but the fire sometimes burns without coaxing, as it did in this case, and she had a fine lot of cooked lilies. In cold weather a warm corner and a dish of hot water near them, often, left to exhale a moisture around them, is a benefit, as is also sponging the leaves. I think the glossy leaves and beautiful flowers will repay any care they require, which is in reality quite little.

There were many orders for Sweet Alyssum this spring, and that reminds me to say that a dusting of Scotch snuff over the young plants will save them from the small turnip fly, which is apt to destroy them and Myosotis (forget-me-not), Carbolic acid, a teaspoonful to a quart of warm water, applied to the under side of the leaves of rose bushes, will save them from insects. Chimney soot about the roots is a good fertilizer for roses, as well as an insecticide. Milk and water, two quarts of each, with an ounce of kerosene, makes a sure preventive and cure for pests on young plants of melon, cucumber and squash, and all the said remedies mixed for cabbage worm. Chloride of lime is surest and best for currant worms, sifted over the bushes when

ever they appear. The lime must be kept in a closed can from the air, or it will become so sodden as to be unfit for a second sifting. I never had occasion for more than one application a season, nor lost either currants or bushes after using it.

I have choice varieties of bedding or house plants to spare: Geraniums, Coleus, Fuchsia, Golden Feather, Justicia, Forget-me-not, Begonias, Centaureas, etc. The Geraniums are of various colors in flower and foliage, double and single, plain and fancy leaved. Six plants for fifty cents, thirteen for a dollar. This offer will last until I give notice in "my corner" here.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTONVILLE, Genesee Co., June 7th.

LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE.

Six weeks ago I took the western bound train from Jackson en route to Dakota. After a journey of two days, rendered pleasant and unpleasant by the usual occurrences of railway travel, I arrived at Wessington, which, by the way, is a thriving little town of some two or three hundred inhabitants, doing a good business in the coal and lumber trade, and is also a good market for grain. The town is only three years old, has a fine school building, one church, good hotel, and a number of stores and restaurants. Towns here on the prairie grow up with remarkable rapidity, and people are coming in and settling here in great numbers, from nearly every State in the Union. On the train with me was a lady from Maine, going to Columbia, Dakota, whither her husband and sons had preceded her, and got the home in readiness. After a good night's rest in Wessington, I enjoyed what was to me quite a novelty, a ride over the rolling prairie. It seemed to me like one vast meadow, and when we reached our little home we seemed to be the very center of it all, for look as far as we could on either side of us, nothing but land met our gaze, with the little houses of the settlers dotted around here and there, showing to us that we were not the only ones in all this vast country.

To the south and west of us, as a grateful relief to the monotony, lie the Wessington Hills: they extend about forty-five miles in length, the nearest point to them from our place being about five miles away. It is said that coal has been discovered there of late, which, if true, will make that useful article somewhat cheaper to us. We went on a little excursion to the Hills a few days ago, and felt well paid for going. The day was perfect; over us bent the bright sky of Dakota, and about us was spread the beautiful prairie, in its dress of green, sprinkled thickly with flowers of every hue. Everything conspired to fill us with happy thoughts, and as we gazed on all this loveliness, we were almost ready to exclaim, "This is indeed the garden of the world." The little three year old daughter stretched out her chubby hands and said, "P'ease get the baby posies," and when her papa filled her lap with them her blue eyes danced with delight. There was just a baker's dozen of us entered the grove, which is

situated at the foot of the hills and was a feast to our eyes. We who had all our lives lived near the groves of New York and Michigan, miss the dear old trees, and hope in a few years to have them near our own doors. A lovely little stream, with clear, limpid water, fed by springs, winds through this grove, and then goes on winding in and out between the hills, its banks being lined with trees and shrubbery nearly all the way. It is thought were it not for the prairie fires which sweep through every year, that trees would be found here as well as in the States. We were surprised to see at the entrance to the grove a veritable log house, and we almost forgot for the time that we were the inhabitants of the prairie, as we spread our blankets under the wide spreading branches of an old elm, and ate our lunch, while the merry laugh and joke went round as we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment and pleasure of the day. We found many familiar trees and shrubs there, like those we had seen at the old home, and they seemed like old friends. The proprietor of the place invited us into the house to look over a collection of agates which they had found around the hills; they were very pretty, and I should think they had nearly a peck of the beautiful stones, in a state of nature, rough and unpolished, except a few which had been sent to Chicago and dressed; some were quite valuable, he had one which was filled with delicate fern leaves in outline, for which he had been offered \$25. After looking at these we got into our carriages and commenced the ascent of the hills; we went up, up, for a mile or more, and then picketed the horses, and walked up to the top of the highest peak, from which we obtained a very extended view of the region around. Wessington, ten miles away, was plainly seen by us, while Woolsey, about fifteen miles from us, we could see but dimly. The glare of the sun hindered our seeing Huron, which lay about twenty miles to the northeast. We wished in vain for a glass to aid our vision, but the grove in the valley, with the stream winding serpent-like at our feet, with its outline of grass and the homes dotted around here and there, (showing us how numerous indeed were our neighbors) made a picture worthy an artist's pencil. Of course we spent some time in search of agates, but did not succeed in finding any of much value, but we all agreed as we parted at night that we had had a good time, and the trip was worth repeating.

The soil here is very rich, with a sub-soil of much worth to back it. Our tread upon the moss covered ground sounds crisp, and we think of the time when the buffalo roamed here, at its will, only subject to the dread hand of the wild Indian, but the bones of the buffalo lie scattered, bleaching in the sun and enriching the soil, while the redskin is a thing of the past here. The summers are very pleasant, while the winters are said to be very cold; but as the air is dry, and being a non-conductor of heat, renders one less sensitive to the same degree of cold than moist air; it is as one has remarked, "a

robe of Arctic fur that envelopes all."

Though lying far from the sea and having a clear atmosphere, there is no lack of rain during the summer season, and everything grows as if by magic. I wish every one who is prejudiced as to a life on the prairie, might visit the James River Valley, and see for themselves its advantages. The air is as good a tonic as one needs, and is exhilarating like wine, so that if one is not cautious in their ramblés, will go quite beyond their strength, particularly before they have become acclimated. Although we dearly loved the old home in Michigan and the kind friends who have been left behind, yet we think we are going to be very contented here, and trust to find friends among the good people of Dakota who shall occupy a warm place in our hearts.

WESSINGTON, Beadle County, D. T.

[Thanks for the kind and appreciative words concerning the Household. We hope to hear again from the "Land of the Dakotas," and of our friend's experiences, especially after a Dakota "blizzard."—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

A CORRECTION.

Beatrix did not ask whether one could not do good general cookery as well after half a dozen lessons as after half-a-dozen years of practice. The question, as originally propounded in the FARMER of Jan. 29th, was whether it was not possible for a woman "in a very short time, measured by weeks and months, to master the details of the culinary art and serve as palatable a meal as if she had done the work all her life."

In the Household of April 22nd, I made the following assertion, which I am prepared to prove by my own experience and that of my schoolmates, my pupils, and my girl friends: "Certainly any woman who has respect enough for the work to do it with her brains, can learn to cook in *six months*." "English as She is Spoke" must be woefully misleading if this indicates that good general cooking can be mastered in "half a dozen lessons." Two of our Household members, E. S. B., of Brighton, and F. E. W., of Chelsea, have given their experience, going to show that a woman can step from the schoolroom into a home of her own, and in a short time have the domestic machinery "in good running order." I still insist that it is the woman, not the work, that makes success or failure. I do not wish to be understood as saying that a mother should not teach her girl how to do housework, if the girl is at home, but if a woman takes up some work, as teaching, music, painting, telegraphy, or any of the trades now open to her by which she can earn her living, is there any law, human or Divine, written or unwritten, that obliges her to know how to do housework, because she may get married some day, and have to do it?

It seems to me that when a woman takes up some business, as so many do nowadays, with the intent of making it her life work, there is no more sense in her learning housework because she may get

married than there is in learning dress-making because she wears dresses. We do not expect such "diffusion of energy" from the other sex; we say "Jack at all trades, master of none" of a man who can do a little of everything, and it is a want of concentration and set purpose, and freedom from perplexing, diverting cares which beset us, that keep a woman from doing as good work in any business as a man. I have heard it stated by one who "spoke as one having authority" that "a woman should know how to do everything she can ever be called upon to do." It is no more true of a woman than of a man, and no one expects it of him.

Moreover, I take exceptions to E. L. N.'s dissent to my advice to mothers to teach their sons respect for all woman. "I stand by my guns" and reiterate, "Teach respect to all women, if for no other reason than that they are women." Shall we set growing lads to measure worth and gauge respect accordingly? A pretty lot of "Daniels come to judgment," truly! Certainly teach them discrimination, and to respect real merit, this is entirely compatible with the courteous respect which is every woman's birthright. When I enter a crowded car and a man, perhaps a laborer with his basket, rises to give me his seat; when I take my place in line at the box-office for my theatre tickets and a gentleman says, "Madame, can I assist you?" takes my money and saves me a weary wait for my turn; when I call on business at a busy man's office, and he waives men's business to attend to my small wants with a courtesy he does not show his equals; whenever I find strong, helpful men's hands held out to help me, not because they know anything whatever of my "worth or works," but simply because I am a woman and as such entitled to consideration and respect and assistance, I thank Heaven for that respect for women, innate in all good men and trained into some bad ones, which so helps us all. No, indeed, it doesn't hurt a man, young or old, to show respect to all women, whatever their class or rank; it helps smooth life's rough places for the women, and I am not sure but a reflex influence helps the men, too. BEATRIX.

A WELCOME NEW COMER.

May a stranger from "away up north on the sand" enter the Household for a few moments' chat? I have long wanted to step in, but feared the Editor's scowl and the "waste basket." So here I come for the first time.

Will some one of the many readers of the Household tell me why my canned fruit molds? I have to throw away a third of a can, and what is left is often tasteless. Some of my fruit will look all right, but when it is opened it will be all soft and fit for the swill barrel. Any enlightenment on the subject will be thankfully received.

"Them's my sentiments, too," E. L. N. in regard to "frozen things and square meals" for farmers. What we want is plain, substantial food, with plenty of it. When I say plain, I mean something that

we haven't got to fuss and stand over a hot stove a half a day to make and when done have it like the little boy's "two sucks of orange," "not very fillin'."

It is almost haying and harvest time; so bring forth your good recipes, ladies of the Household. I will tell of a simple way to keep fresh meat sweet for a number of days: Take a stone crock, put your meat into it and cover it with sour milk; when the milk gets bloody, pour off and put on more; keep it covered all the time and you will have no trouble. Never mind if the milk does stick to it, it will wash off. Try it, please.

I will say Mr. H. H. Hayes' method of canning sweet corn is a good one. I have used it successfully for three years. Use quart cans, they are plenty large enough.

I begin to fear this letter is too long, so I will close.

AUNT 'RUSHA.

BROOKS, Newaygo County.

COUNTRY VS. CITY LIFE.

A remark made by one lady concerning another the other day impressed me very much. It was to this effect: "She ought to; think of the chance she has had, brought up in a city with all its advantages!"

Is there truth in this? Does the city offer greater advantages than the country? Is there a greater inspiration in brick walls and stone pavements than may be found in the leafy woods and lily clothed fields of God? Have not the majority of our best thinking minds, the men and women who have swayed the world intellectually, been born and reared where, as Longfellow says of Agassiz: "Nature, the old nurse, took the child upon her knee, saying, 'Here is a story book Thy Father has written for thee!'"

While all will concede that life in the city offers better educational advantages in the way of schools, are the people really more intelligent, taken not individually, but as a community, than their country neighbors? If our city cousins are ahead intellectually then it is time to be up and doing, for certainly the advantage is not a God-given one. Because our boys are to be farmers, and our daughters farmers' wives, is that any reason why they should not be able to take part in the conversation, or feel at home in the society of cultured, intelligent people?

I wish that every one who has not already done so, would read Whittier's beautiful poem "Among the Hills." Do not be satisfied with reading it once, but read it many times, until you see the whole beautiful truth of it.

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL, June 7th.

A BREAD MIXER.

May I say to the lady who some time ago inquired about bread mixers, that I have a Stanyan mixer, manufactured in Massachusetts. I like it very much. It saves time and labor, besides making a better and more uniform quality of bread than by hand-mixing.

If she cares to know more about it, and will write to me, I will gladly give her all the information I can.

MRS. G. S. PRESTON.

VICTOR, Ontario County, N. Y.

SCRAPS.

I WONDER whether some of those women who sometimes rush into print, not, happily, in our contented Household, complaining that their husbands never ask them to go out with them, take them for a drive, or even give them an opportunity to go to town without "catching a chance," so to speak, are not a little responsible for this state of things. Have they not many times, when first married, refused to accompany the husband, giving trivial reasons, or letting that woman's bug-bear, "the work," keep them at home when invited? A husband when "just caught" may be educated to a good many things, and a wife can help him to have thought of her pleasure and convenience without seeming to claim anything whatever. Do not refuse to go when your husband says "come," and if he forgets to ask, gently remind him that four kitchen walls are not all the world to you.

SAYS Beecher, in a recent sermon from Plymouth pulpit, on "The Spirit of the Cradle:"

"Take care of the schools and have more of them, and if you are going to take care of the schools, take care of the school teachers. If you are going to take care of the school teachers, understand one thing. You never will be able to have the best schools for the children of the poor, until you make it the interest of men and women to devote their lives to that business, just as professional men devote their lives to their occupations. Reduce salaries everywhere, but increase them in schools. The teachers of our common schools are more value to the children of the whole community than lawyers, doctors, and ministers rolled up in a bundle all together."

This is a matter for some of our economically inclined school boards to ponder upon; those, for instance, who offer a teacher twelve dollars a month and "board 'round."

THE London (England) *Spectator* thinks W. D. Howells' "A Woman's Reason," might have been better entitled "Struggles of a Young Lady to Earn her Own Living, Related by a Gentleman who is Convinced she can Do Nothing of the Kind." Marriage Mr Howells considers the proper destiny of woman, and argues that her efforts to embrace any profession are sure to fail, because she will accept the married life if it comes to her reach. But our own Miss Phelps gives nobler counsel when she says: "Girls, first make up your minds that you will be something! All the rest will follow. What you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A SIMPLE but wholesome dessert which is generally much approved by the children, and which is recommended by physicians for delicate people, is made by taking a pound of figs and boiling them in sweetened water till they are soft. Have ready some rice cooked very dry, and serve a fig with a spoonful of rice. Eat with sugar and cream if liked.

A BIG bunch of peacock's feathers, too pretty to throw away, yet not showing half their beauty when thrust behind the clock or over the looking-glass, is often seen in farmers' houses. You can make a fashionable wall ornament by cutting out a fan-shaped piece of cardboard, and covering it with the feathers, being careful to sew them on regularly and leave no vacant spaces. Finish with a bow and ends of ribbon.

THE Boston *Journal of Chemistry* tells how to make liquid glue by the easiest and most promising of processes: "A few pieces of carpenter's glue were broken up and thrown into a wide-mouthed bottle, covered with common vinegar and corked. In a short time, with occasional shaking, they dissolved, forming a strong and excellent glue, superior to most of the liquid glues sold in the stores. Sometimes the cork is left out and evaporation takes place, but it is only necessary to add a little vinegar, cork and shake it, when it will soon be ready for use, just as gum arabic mucilage that is dried up is restored by the addition of water, only more quickly and effectively. Its strength is certainly not inferior to hot glue, while it is always ready. It possesses, however, one disadvantage; if tightly corked, the cork becomes glued fast, and is not very easily removed, while if the cork is not put in tightly it evaporates rapidly."

Contributed Recipes.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One cup molasses, one cup sour cream, one egg, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, two and one-third cups flour. Bake slowly.

AUNT 'RUSHA.


BROOKS, Newaygo Co.

STRAWBERRY PIE.—Make a crust as for any pie, roll quite thin, line deep pie tin and fill with berries, adding half a cup of sugar. If you have berries which you fear will spoil, scald them up, make a tart pie, and after it is baked beat the white of one egg to a froth, add a tablespoonful of sugar and spread over the top. Brown delicately in a hot oven, and serve soon.

M. B.

DETROIT, June 12.

JAMES PYLE'S



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