

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### TAKE COURAGE.

I think we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope  
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might be faint  
To muse upon eternity's constraint  
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope  
Must widen early, is it well to droop  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted—  
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,  
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

### NEW SUMMER STYLES.

A very pretty and simple muslin dress seen on the street here on one of the tropical days of the first of the month, was made with a full old-fashioned "spencer" waist, which was unlined and was gathered at the neck and belt. With it was worn a pointed velvet girdle and velvet collar and cuffs. This girdle, like the waist, is the revival of an old fashion; it is pointed at both edges in front, is quite narrow on the sides, and finished behind with a wide sash bow of two loops and ends only a trifle longer than the loops. These spencer waists, worn with the girdle and sash described above, will be worn, we are told, with skirts of different colors and materials, an economical fashion we shall appreciate.

A dainty Victoria lawn had three straight widths in the skirt, the front breadth being slightly gored at the top, and the fullness well massed at the back. A six inch flounce of the lawn, with three narrow tucks above the hem, was round the bottom, and ten two-inch tucks were run above it. The waist was cut with a tucked yoke, and was long enough to come over the hips, the skirt being set upon it, concealing all below the belt, but preventing displacement by raising the arms. There was a belt covered with the dress goods, and over this was tied a sash of lawn, the ends being finished with ten narrow tucks, this being the only drapery. The dress was very girlish and pretty. Such dresses, with or without the ruffle, are very becoming and suitable for misses or young ladies, when copied in gingham, chambray, lawn, etc.

"Jenny June," the vivacious correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, tells us this is to be a "muslin season." Muslins are cheap and pretty, and simply made, the only drawback is the necessity of frequent laundrying. Of the manner

of making, Jenny says: "The popular mode of making muslin dresses is with one deep kilted or box-pleated flounce, a rounded apron extra divided and crossed to the left; an irregular drapery at the back, which deepens until it falls over the top of a narrower flounce, and a basque which is shirred or pleated at the back, or cut short, leaf-shaped and filled in with a fullness which is rounded and lace-trimmed. White lawn dresses for morning wear are tucked at the back from the waist to the hem, horizontally, kilted at the sides, thus forming panels which are edged with a needlework band and arranged with two or three tucked and kilted flounces in front. The basque is pleated lengthwise back and front and trimmed with needlework, or rather with machine embroidery. This is belted in with wide, soft ribbon or velvet."

Ingenious mothers make pretty lawn hats for their little girls, the crowns being laid in loose puffy folds on a stiff foundation, with a shirred brim shaped by wires run in between the rows of shirring. These are cheap, since only a bow and ties of satin ribbon are used for trimming. The latest use found for silk handkerchiefs is to trim young misses' hats. Fancy straw bonnets have a lining of gray velvet, and a gay plaided handkerchief is tied carelessly in a loose bow on the front, forming the only trimming.

Black stockings for children's wear have so completely superceded all others that merchants are placing those with stripes on their "bargain counters" at reduced prices. It looks funny to see a pair of black legs walking off under a white muslin dress with brilliant sash, but "it's all in getting used to it."

### CHILDREN, BREAD AND LAMP-LIGHTERS.

A. L. L. says: "No detail of the happenings to the daughter should be deemed too trivial for recital." "The girls should be encouraged to repeat everything." Taking one view of the matter I agree with that, but, on the other hand, does it not cultivate a love of gossip? It is almost an impossibility for a child, or even an adult, to repeat without exaggeration, and if they are encouraged to "tell tales out of school" do they not give attention to, and remember for the purpose of repeating, much that is of a sensational order? I have in mind a neighbor's family where there are four children in school, and the parents are so fearful that any

improper word will be spoken in their presence that they are "encouraged to repeat everything." I heard the teacher say: "The B— children are really my greatest trial in school, yet they never break a rule and never fail in their recitations. The trouble is they have been brought up to report everything, so they are continually running to me with a repetition of every word and act from the play-ground until I am nearly wild. All this they repeat at home, and every few days there is a call, or a note, from the father or mother asking me to see that some word or deed of an offending schoolmate is not repeated in the presence of their children." It is a wretched feeling, this knowing that every little thing will be told—and of course it is impossible for parents to understand all the circumstances, and things often appear in a very different light from the true one." The mother also said to me: "I don't know, but I think I shall be obliged to take my Susan out of school, the scholars abuse her so. She never does anything to plague them, but they actually call her names. She says every time they see her coming they'll shout: 'Oh, here comes the little tattletale.' 'Sue's our little tattler.'" And the woman was too short-sighted to understand that she herself was most to blame. Girls and boys soon learn that if they "tell" they will not be trusted with the plans and pleasures of their mates, although wiser parents would not repeat what was given to them in confidence. Would that all fathers and mothers held the first place with their children, but I firmly believe that it is the fault of the parents and not of the little ones that they nearly always drift apart.

The bread question is doubtless outlawed, but I can't bear to have that husband of Tom's Wife live out the remainder of his days in ignorance of the fact that flour and water *will rise*, her experience to the contrary notwithstanding, as I bake twice every week for two families and know no such word as fail, the process being just as simple and sure in real life as on paper. My interest in her future happiness alone hinders me from sending a loaf for their eating, but, knowing that it would be—figuratively—suspended above her head, and at every meal she would be obliged to hear, "Now, if you could only make such bread as El. Sec. sent us," etc., I forbear.

We use paper lighters, not so much for economy as because the fumes of burning sulphur aggravate Eli's bronchial trouble.



These are made of strips an inch wide and twelve to eighteen in length. By holding in the left hand and with moistened thumb and forefinger of the right hand, commencing at one corner, they will roll into a long, slim lighter that reaches down to the blaze of one and lights another lamp without removing either chimney. A vase of these always stands near our lamps, replenished in a few minutes at any odd time. One can make them as ornamental as she pleases by using fancy colored paper, and by pinching over an inch at the last end they are kept in form.

EL. SEE.

WASHINGTON, June 15th.

### A CONTENTED LIFE.

I am going to throw care to the winds this afternoon, and write an introductory letter to the Household. I will not see that half finished shirt in the basket; out here in the yard it is just delightful. Why is it that farmers' wives receive so much sympathy? As I look around I find no reason to complain of my lot, and think that a great many town ladies might not complain of these surroundings. My home looks very pleasant to me today. The trees are covered with green leaves, the locusts are in blossom, the grain is waving in the breeze, the birds are singing; insects are humming; I am almost tempted to become drowsy here in the shade. I am inclined to think that the reason so many chafe and fret about living in the country, making butter, feeding chickens, etc., is because they imagine some one is laughing about them. A contented mind is a continual feast. We can pass through life finding many beauties on either side, gleaning the wheat from the chaff, picking the roses from the thorns, or hoe corn and see nothing but rugged paths and dark clouds. The world is large; nature presents the most entrancing beauties. We are placed here free agents, to make life just what we will it. We each have a mission to perform, but we often blind our eyes to the fact.

"We go our ways in life too much alone,  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind,  
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,  
Too often to the weak or helpless, blind,  
Too often where distress and want abide,  
We turn and pass upon the other side."

Love for our fellow beings and charity is what we need most; we were all taught the Golden Rule, and lisped the Lord's prayer at our mother's knee, but so many of us forget it as we reach mature years; we grow selfish and are anxious; instead of enjoying the present we grasp for the future; like the little child who roams from flower to flower, throwing down those he has gathered for brighter ones ahead, we pass by many opportunities to do good, waiting for a better one; to some it never comes.

"The valley seems full of enchantment  
That the mountain conceals from our eyes,  
But when we have climbed the embankment,  
The mystical beauty flies."

There is something that is within the reach of all. We can make our homes pleasant, our dear ones glad with smiles and kind words; we can make sunshine in the house when the sky is cold and dark outside.

One of the pleasantest places I remember visiting was the sick-room of a friend who was slowly dying with consumption. She would talk about her favorite authors, the news of the day, and of dying as of a long anticipated and delightful journey she was about to take. Instead of the house being shrouded in gloom, there was a subdued gladness. All her life she had scattered smiles, and death had no terrors for her. I hear Fannie's sweet girlish voice, singing "No night shall be in Heaven; nor day of pain," and the thought comes, we might have a little more of Heaven, here on earth, if we willed it; if we would put aside all those selfish thoughts, and smooth the rugged, sharp points that are thick along the way of our fellow beings. When we are all gathered Home, within the fold, our life mission ended, our long rest beginning, I do not think we shall find distinctions, caste, high seats or low seats. We shall all have one kind Shepherd. It will never be as it is here, the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the stranger within our gates, we will all know the Golden Rule.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK, June 16th.

### FOR WANT OF THOUGHT.

I read all letters on the training of children, for it is a work in which I am interested but not successful. Some people are natural drill-masters, fond of rooting out the faults of those about them and enforcing discipline, while others shrink from the work and feel like allowing everybody to do as he chooses; and, though I'm sure the Minervas will vote me weak, I must confess to a membership in the latter class. Some children are easily taught self-helpfulness, order and neatness, because they have inherited those traits from a long line of ancestry; while others learn them slowly because they are averse to their nature. But some people who pay a great deal of attention to the manners of a child are very thoughtless about greater things, and I often wonder, not that so many grow up bad, but that any are good. When I hear a mother tell her child that there is a "big bear" that will eat him up if he enters what Mary Blake calls the "sacred parlor," that she will tell his pa, and pa will cut off his ears if he doesn't stop doing this or that, I feel like saying to her, and sometimes do, that she is giving him some excellent lessons in lying and will punish him for it by and bye. People bemoan the cruelty and destructiveness of their children sometimes, and yet I once saw a man call a babe just able to walk, and teach it to stamp out the life of a harmless worm crawling over the door-step. I watched the tiny slipper set down with vehemence, the pleasure of the father in baby's activity, and wondered how far this one lesson might reach during the next seventy years.

A few weeks ago a second child came to our home, and we were anxious that the "Household Baby," now grown to a sturdy girl, should feel nothing but love and welcome for the new comer, but how

the thoughtless remarks of callers pained us: "Ah, you can't sit on lap any more now;" "Your nose is out of joint now;" "You can go home with me now, they don't want you because they have the baby." The last remark sank deep into the sensitive mind, as a timid inquiry next day regarding its truth proved, and it took many kisses and tender words to remove the impression.

No harm is intended by those remarks. The people who make them are quite apt to be child-lovers and will guard tenderly a little body from the slightest bruise or scratch, while they hurt the little mind without thinking. Who can measure a true mother's care and patience? How many times each day must she lift her heart with the plea that both may prove sufficient for her task, and how soon she realizes that she can never lose her temper without losing ground with her child? If it comes with that indescribable look in the true eyes and tells her that a dish "just touched a little bit" is broken, or that a favorite plant "smelled on" has come up roots and all, she knows that a scolding will turn away confidence and destroy candor, and the impulse to "shake up" the culprit must be suppressed. Whether we govern them or not, I find that children teach us to govern ourselves, and while I leave to B. A. L. L. and others the honor of training a child, (on paper) to such a point that it will always put up its playthings, keep face and hands clean, never tease for raisins and recite the multiplication table to woo sleep, I will watch over other influences, and remember that in training children, as well as in other things, "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as a want of heart."

A. H. J.

THOMAS, June 18th, 1884.

### JULIET CORSON.

This lady, so widely known through her lectures on cookery, and practical recipes contributed to the press, is the leader in the movement in favor of the gospel of good food. She believes in a reform which keeps us healthy and temperate through wholesome, well cooked, nutritious food.

Miss Corson's attention was directed to this branch of women's work some twelve or thirteen years ago, while she was connected with the New York Training School for Women, an institution which she aided in founding, and which was designed to teach the young women of the middle classes how to become self-supporting by instruction in book-keeping, short hand, and all such employments at that time open to women. The great panic of 1873, which caused such extreme suffering among the poor of the metropolis, caused the addition of a soup-kitchen to the school, and of this annex was born the idea of making instructions in cooking a feature of the training. A French cook was secured, and with him Miss Corson studied the art of cookery. As the subject opened up before her she says: "I found daily how much more there was in it than I had ever thought



before." She soon turned her whole attention to the work, giving up everything else, teaching and lecturing in many of our large cities. She is very enthusiastic over her work, and possesses the happy faculty of infusing her own enthusiasm into her pupils. Her purpose is to teach the wives of mechanics and people who have to live on small incomes, how to buy and prepare such food as will be at once economical and healthful. Having mastered her subject herself, she is said to make her instructions very clear and intelligible.

Miss Corson has a very pleasant, amiable face, with a wide mouth indicative of both firmness of character and good temper, dark eyes, somewhat concealed by a *pince nez*, and hair brushed loosely back from an ample forehead. She is very earnest, and thoroughly imbued with the importance and dignity of her work. What is the masculine idea of her and her labors may be surmised from the reference to her in H. G.'s letter in a former Household. An effort was made to form a class in this city to receive tuition from her, but as no more is heard of the matter, it is fair to infer that it has been abandoned. And yet, there are a good many who might profit, and make life more pleasant to those who sit at their table, by a little study under so good an exponent of domestic science as Miss Corson.

#### BUTTER-MAKING.

I do not know where to begin, there is so much I want to say, and I presume I shall not know where to stop, and perhaps you will all wish I had stopped before I began, for I can not express my thoughts on paper very well. I wonder if E. S. B. has tired of praise, if not I should like to add mine, and also ask for some other recipes, for I know she must have some to go with her bread.

To begin agitating the butter question a little, I would say it is necessary to have pails, strainer and pans sweet and clean, a cellar free from all decaying vegetables, soap, fish, or anything that gives a smell of any kind, for butter takes it quickly. Keep the cellar closed through the day, and open at night to keep free of mould. Skim the milk when not over forty-eight hours old, and generally not over thirty-six. Perhaps you will think you have not all the cream that would have risen, but to satisfy yourself, skim it, and set it back on the shelf until the next skimming; you will find a very pale, thin skim, which if added to the cream would destroy more by far than it would make. It is a mistaken idea that milk must not be skimmed until thick, as in cool weather it will become bitter before that time. Churn at least three times a week, through the summer. Take the butter into the bowl, which should be previously scalded and cooled, rinse well in cold water by cutting with the edge, not the back of the ladle, as that would make it salve; press out all the water you can and salt with good butter salt, one and

one-half ounces to the pound. At night work a little; that will start the butter-milk so that in the morning it will work out nicely.

Good butter is often made poor by packing in jars that are not sweet—they are nicely cleansed by putting skim milk in them for a few [days? Ed.] when they will be as sweet as new jars. If the bowl gets too dry, rub it with salt before putting away.

Will some of the readers tell me if lilies of the valley can be started in any way but by the roots?

BATTLE CREEK, June 17th.

X. Y. Z.

#### CANNING FRUIT.

One of our Household correspondents asks what is the reason her canned fruit moulds. She will probably find the trouble is in her cans. If fruit is put into perfectly air-tight cans, and care taken to leave no air spaces between the pieces and to fill the cans perfectly full, the fruit will keep unless there is a defect in the can itself or in the rubber. It is a good plan to invert the filled cans, after tightening them, upon a board; then if there is any fault it will show itself by leakage, or a too large air space can be detected. Mason cans are the simplest and at the same time the most perfect. Many people make themselves much unnecessary work in canning fruit. Have the cans ready, with rings on them, and tops handy. Roll them in hot water long enough to expand the glass; have the fruit boiling hot, and with a cup with handle or large wooden spoon—tin changes the color of some fruits—ladle the cooked fruit into the cans. Run a silver tablespoon around the can inside, fill brim full of juice, and screw on the top as tight as you can turn it. Wipe off the juice from the sides of the can, let stand till cold, and then give the tops another turn; invert to be sure the can is perfect. If you know a can is imperfect, sometimes a spoonful of melted wax turned around the seam between can and top immediately after the can is filled, will preserve its contents, but it must be watched till danger of "working" is past. Generally speaking, there is no need of ever losing a can of fruit if the cans are perfect. Red raspberries are the most difficult of fruits to can, they ferment on the slightest provocation.

Very many housekeepers spoil the appearance of their fruit by cooking it too much, and the flavor by using too much sugar. A half-cupful of sugar is plenty to use with a quart can of berries, peaches or pears; three quarters of a cupful for sour cherries. Fruit thus put up not only holds its flavor much better, and is more healthful than when one-half pound of sugar to a can is used, the usual rule. In this connection we are reminded of Dr. Kedzie's statement that sugar should be added to stewed fruits when the process of cooking is nearly completed, rather than when it is just begun, owing to the production of grape sugar under continued cooking. It is said that to drop the

prepared halves or quarters of apples, pears, peaches or quinces into cold water as they come from the knife, will keep the fruit from turning dark colored, thus making a nicer-looking preserve or can.

#### CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Harper's *Bazar* gave, late last fall, a recipe for making cucumber pickles after a new fashion to most of us, but which it very highly commends, the pickles thus made being a superior article. The recipe is as follows: "Cut the cucumbers from the vines when quite small. For pickles cucumbers should never exceed three inches in length, and two inches and two and a half inches are long enough. Rinse them by placing them in a colander and dashing cold water over them; cover the bottom of the barrel with a layer of sugar half an inch deep, then put in a layer of cucumbers, and cover with sugar, and add alternate layers of cucumbers and of sugar until the barrel is full. Put a thick layer of sugar over the top. The sugar and juice from the cucumbers will make a vinegar which makes an excellent pickle. A weight must be put on top to keep the pickles down, and the barrel provided with a tight wooden lid. In a short time the pickles will be very sour. When put down in this way they keep their fresh green color. They are ready for table use at any time, and need only to be rinsed off and have fresh vinegar poured over them; but we think them best with spice added. Take out two quarts of pickles, rinse and place in a jar. Take enough fresh vinegar to cover them; add to it two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, ounce of ginger root, one ounce of mustard, and half an ounce of mace; boil together ten minutes, then pour over the pickles in the jar. They will be ready for use in ten or twelve hours. The same vinegar may be used for more pickles."

#### COOKING MACKEREL.

Salt mackerel is a dish frequently seen upon the breakfast table at this season of the year, and would often prove an appetizing relish if properly cooked. Generally it is "boiled in water," and if anybody asks what else it would be boiled in, I should reply that the contemptuous expression refers to its sodden, tasteless state when sent to the table thus prepared. If you wish to see—or eat—salt mackerel at its best, *broil it*. The next best is to bake it. Serve on a hot platter with a tablespoonful of cream turned upon the fish, and garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in rings. (I hope some practical woman will not rise to remark that farmers do not want "fancy" dishes; it really is no very great task to slice a boiled egg, and the white and gold rings make the dish look more appetizing.) If however the oven is full and coals for broiling not to be had, wrap the fish in a napkin and steam it half an hour. Omit the cream and serve on a hot platter with—dare I repeat?—hard-boiled eggs sliced.

BEATRIX.

**"FOR GREENS."**

Our Household has from the first been called sensible, and judging from the recipes which have found a place in its columns, it rightly deserves the title.

Since the bread question has been settled, and we are all supposed to be good bread makers—if we are not, there can be no hope for us—I would suggest a diet of vegetables for a few weeks. Will not the farmers' wives, who cook for men who work from rise of morn to set of sun, and longer, tell us inexperienced ones what to cook, and how to cook it? How shall we cook asparagus? What shall we cook for greens and how?

Please give us the recipe for your favorite pudding, and please, if there is a "twisht" to it, tell us where it ought to be.

John don't seem to thrive on angel food, mountain dew, snowflakes and vanities. He must have meat, vegetables, pies and puddings, and the one who will tell me how to cook greens as John's mother did, will confer a lasting favor on

JOHN'S WIFE.

HADLEY, June 12th.

**"AUNT NELL'S" CHAT.**

I come to tell the Household how I make rice pudding and strawberry shortcake, and cook oatmeal.

My recipe for white cake in the Household of May 27th, should read, one-half cup sweet milk.

Some of the Householders seem like personal friends to me already. I have pictures (in my mind) of Beatrix, also Aaron's Wife. Mollie Moonshine, May belle and Brunefille, where are you? Come, rally around the Household, and that its shadow may never grow less, is the wish of

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL, June 18th.

[Aunt Nell's recipes will be found in another column, under the head of Contributed Recipes.]

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

Be a little careful where the oil can is being stowed in the big wagon when the husband loads in the flour at the mill. A leaky or overturned can may spoil a bag of flour, or gives it a taste which suggests kerosene. Flour will absorb bad odors very quickly, and such odors affect the flavor of food made of the flour. And perhaps you cannot guess how in the world "it happens so."

DR. DIO LEWIS says of the coverings of children's beds: "They should be of light material, and as full of meshes or spaces between the threads and wool fabrics as to hold a large quantity of air. What are called quilts, filled with cotton batting, are very injurious, for the air does not pass readily through them. The bedding ought not to be tucked in as to interfere with the child's motion, nor left so loose as to be easily kicked off. Woolen blankets I regard as the best, but the wool should be soft. In cold weather the child should wear a woolen spencer with legs, so that it will not be chilled if

some of the covering is thrown aside. While on this subject, let me say a child should always sleep alone, but near its parents. One reason why children are injured while sleeping with the aged, is because the latter exhale poisonous gases from lungs and skin, which the child inhales. A child will grow much faster to sleep alone."

To take down a stove is a disagreeable matter, but the putting it up again in the fall is often quite as much so, and this may be made a little less unpleasant by a simple precaution. After taking down a sheet iron stove do not allow it and the pipe to be put away uncleaned and without protection in a place where it may perhaps be rained upon, but proceed as follows: First, clean both thoroughly from ashes and soot, then rub them over with a soft rag dipped in kerosene oil, and with a dry cloth wipe them off. Then wrap the pipe and the stove as far as possible, with newspapers. They are now ready to be stowed away in a dry place, where a piece of old carpet or sacking thrown over them will do no harm. In the fall they should be brushed or rubbed over with a cloth. If the stove is cast-iron mix a little stove polish, or dry black lead with the oil and put it on with a paint brush. In the fall an easy rubbing with stiff, dry brush will bring out the polish, and you will have a bright, shiny stove ready to put up, instead of a hard job of cleaning and polishing a rusty one.

Do you know the carpet moth when you see it? If not, "about these days" you have need to be careful of the woolen goods not yet put away. The yellowish moth is the mischief-maker. It is about a half-inch long, wings and all. It is a light buff color, and shines like satin. The larva (or worm) is white with a yellow head, has 16 legs, and is always surrounded by a flattened cylindrical case, the color of which varies with its food. The ends of the case are open for the larva to peer forth. The pupa or cocoon is similar to the larva case. The moth comes forth as early as the last of May, and may be seen till the close of the summer. To protect articles it is a good plan to shake thoroughly, or give a good beating in the sun, and pack in tight boxes, pasting a strip of newspaper over the cover. It is well to line a dry goods box with paper, and paste strips over the cracks on the outside. Pack blankets and woolen wraps in it; nail on the cover and paste strips of paper over the crack. Infested goods should be put into a trunk or tight box and afterwards a half ounce of chloroform put in and the box made as tight as possible. The vapor will kill the insects. Paper wet with carbolic acid or spirits of turpentine and placed under the edge of carpets will kill the larva at work. Tobacco, cedar, Russian leather and red pepper are said to prevent the moths from laying eggs.

In response to the request for information respecting the cooking of vegetables the following is given: Shell green peas

and wash and put them to cook in fresh water, enough merely to cover them; season with salt, pepper and butter; boil till done, when they will have taken up nearly all of the water; then add creamy sweet milk, enough for a pleasant accompaniment of moisture; let them come nearly to boiling heat, adding more salt if necessary. Nice, served alone; also excellent poured over lightly toasted bread, and served immediately.

**Contributed Recipes.**

**RICE PUDDING.**—Butter the pudding dish, wash a cup of rice, put in the dish, then a cup of sugar, a small cup of raisins, eight cups of milk, and a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. Grate a little nutmeg over the top. Bake two hours without stirring.

**OATMEAL.**—Soak oatmeal over night, if wanted for breakfast; if for dinner, two or three hours will do. Put it in a tin pan and place over a kettle of boiling water. It will cook in half an hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.**—Take one coffee cupful of sour cream, small teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt; mix like biscuit; divide the dough in two pieces; roll to fit a round pie tin. Spread a little butter on bottom layer and bake. This will make the layers separate much nicer than when baked all in one piece. Butter and spread with well sweetened strawberries.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

**BOILED RICE.**—Wash the rice well, put it in earthen or bright tin dish, put on as much water as you think it will take up. Salt and set the dish in a steamer and steam one and a half hours; the last 15 minutes leave the steamer cover off to make it dry. Sugar and cream, or syrup and butter make a good sauce.

**FROSTING.**—One cup granulated sugar; put about a tablespoonful of water on it, set where it will boil, but not burn, until it will hair when dripping from a spoon. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, and keep beating while some one else turns on the melted sugar slowly. Spread on the cakes immediately, as it will soon set so you cannot spread it; this will stay where it is put and will frost two cakes, if directions are followed.

X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.



The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box. CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.