

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### CONTENT.

On quiet waves, when heaven smiles,  
Man rests, on idle oars;  
And, dreaming of the Blessed Isles,  
Drifts past their magic shores.

On stormy waves, when heaven weeps,  
No dream, tho' sweet, beguiles;  
To toil he bends, nor rests, nor sleeps,  
So gains the Happy Isles.

### A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

I give due and sufficient notice to all heads of families and big brothers, and to those women who have been so unfortunate as to forget they were ever young, that this talk with the girls of the FARMER family is to be principally about the "poms and vanities," and that therefore they need not waste their valuable time in considering what will be of no good to them.

I take it for granted, girls, that you all like pretty things, and want to dress as tastefully and becomingly as you can. This is quite right and proper, only it must not run away with good sense and become the only thing thought of. People make a great mistake when they advocate the "sackcloth theory," abjure fashion and quote Dr. Watts:

"Why should our garments, made to hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?"

We were created in the image of the great Originator, we are told, and it seems proper that we should treat His likeness respectfully. Besides, it is a womanly instinct to wish to look well, and to please by an attractive exterior. There are very few who would be willing to be Sir Gawain's bride, if, like her, we must seem ill-favored to all others, and be beautiful only in his eyes.

Some one has said that to be well dressed one must have either plenty of money or plenty of time; money to buy the taste and skill of others, time to enable us to realize our own ideas of harmony. A certain amount of thought is necessary to enable one to dress in good taste. Every article should be bought with reference to every other in the wardrobe, not hap-hazard, simply because it catches the eye or takes the fancy. It is essential we should in a measure "see ourselves as others are to see us," knowing, with a certain instinct which some girls have, what will be becoming, and what will not. Do not buy a thing merely because it is pretty; it may be very pretty in itself, and yet be very much otherwise on you. Consider it with

reference to its correspondence with other articles of your dress, and also in reference to its becomingness to you. Consider what color or colors are most becoming to you, and let your purchases be principally of that hue for this reason: There must always be a certain correspondence or harmony in the costume, or one looks like an animated piece of patchwork. Dresses of different colors require change of ribbons, gloves and bonnets, which cost money. Better choose quiet, subdued colors, and brighten by the exquisite laces and ribbons so cheap nowadays, than put inharmonious colors together. And do not make the mistake of putting all your money into one handsome garment, to be worn with shabby appointments; a lace-trimmed mantle over a gingham dress offends one's sense of the fitness of things, and a gay bonnet makes a shabby dress still more dingy.

Do not buy many cheap wool dresses; they are very unsatisfactory. It costs as much for lining and making as for a dress of better material, and they are unpleasantly apt to "cockle," shrink and wear rough, doing a small degree of actual service, and never looking really nice. A good cashmere, serge or camel's hair will outwear enough of them to closely approximate the first cost, with the advantage of always looking nice. And shun cheap silks and satins; they are the most unsatisfactory of purchases. The silk "loaded" with minerals and dyes to give it body, cracks and wrinkles, and the satin crumples and will not be smoothed out. Make it a rule, then, whatever you buy, to have it of good quality, and chosen with reference to your own style and complexion. If you are pale, sallow, "drab complexioned," avoid all neutral tints, such as light browns, greys, drab, etc., and choose dark rich colors, as seal brown, black, dark red, myrtle green, and the like, but don't have your dress match either face or hair.

I do not know of a greater waste of money than the purchase of cheap shoes and gloves. They rarely fit well in the first instance, and do scant service in the second. It looks like extravagance, perhaps, to pay \$2 50 for a pair of four buttoned kid gloves, yet one such pair will outlast four pairs at a dollar each. All the patent blacking in a shoestore cannot keep a pair of poor, illy made shoes respectable. And tidiness in these particulars is evidence of the same virtue in others, for in no respect is a slovenly woman so careless as about her feet and hands.

"Once upon a time" a young man of my acquaintance was much attracted toward a pretty, vivacious young lady, who was evidently not averse to being "smiled on." At a party one night her dress was swept aside, revealing a pair of worn boots, guiltless of blacking, and minus several buttons each. She never knew the reason of his sudden distaste for her society, but he argued if she could be so negligent about what did not show (dresses were longer in those days), she would be equally "slack" in other matters, and the suggestion that she had no others, or that an accident compelled her to wear old boots, would not excuse, in his eyes, the missing buttons.

It is hardly necessary to tell a girl how much depends upon her choice of a bonnet or hat, and in no one thing can a refined taste be better indicated. Do not believe all the milliner tells you as she tries to sell you some gaudy thing loaded down with beads and cheap lace and tawdry ornaments. Insist on having your hat for church and street wear quiet, becoming and genteel. Gay bonnets are suitable for theatre and reception use, but a lady wears nothing that will attract attention on the street. If your face is large or full, do not wear a small bonnet, which will bring out all the "bad points" of your face, but choose rather a large hat, whose full trimmings or drooping plumes suggest the idea of retirement. If you are dark, or sallow, or have a bad complexion, choose dark shades for trimmings, with a touch of your most becoming color to brighten them. Or at least insist that the facings shall be of black velvet, which goes well with anything, and do not subject your face to comparison with delicate, "trying" tints, such as only "peaches and cream" complexions can bear. Diaphanous bonnets of lace and crepe go well with muslins and grenadines, but not with heavier dresses.

Do not be ashamed to make a study of your dress; that is, when you have it under consideration, give your thought to it, and then dismiss the subject. Find out your own good points and don't forget the defects, then "aid nature" by making the most of the good, and putting the bad in the background. And, once dressed, don't think of your clothes again, unless you wish to foster an unpleasant self-consciousness, which betrays itself to others and makes you fidgety and ill at ease. And do not seem to be taking notes of other people's clothing. A lady once said of another who had just



visibly "taken in" her handsome visiting costume, in response to a remark of a third person: "Oh, it's quite excusable; I presume she's been in the business!" Study rather to have your wardrobe neat and suitable than varied and showy, and never forget that in all classes and conditions, among strangers, one is inevitably judged by the two externals, Dress and Manners.

BEATRIX.

### WASHING BUTTER.

I see there are several questions asked in regard to making butter. Mrs. G. wishes me to prove that washed butter will not keep. In the first place, I never washed any that kept good, and I never saw any that others washed that kept good and did not get frowy. I have seen it get frowy in three days, and again in a week. Some will keep longer, but sooner or later it will spoil, and I will endeavor to explain: Butter does not need washing. Water is antagonistic to butter. In washing butter the water gets all through it, and if that water is not all worked out, it will cause it to work and ferment, and even if the water is worked out, its effects are there, and it will get frowy, there is no help for it. There is no earthly reason for washing butter; it needs no washing, and there is no woman of sense who once learns to make butter without washing who will ever wash butter again. It is contrary to the laws of Nature to put water on butter. I was taught by my mother at home to wash butter; but when I went to housekeeping for myself I learned to make it without washing. I learned of old experienced butter-makers in Northern Ohio, where every farm has all the cows it will keep, and where I made butter and cheese from twenty to thirty cows for twenty years before coming to Michigan. I have made one hundred pounds of butter a week; never washed a pound of butter in forty years that I took to market, and never had any get frowy. My butter always keeps good. Butter that has no water in it will not get frowy. Since living in Michigan, I have sometimes in the very hottest weather, been obliged to put cold water on my butter to cool it; but I never sell such butter, I use it for cooking and baking at home, because it will not keep. I do not want to be understood as saying that all butter that is not washed is good butter; far from it. But anybody who can and does make clean, sweet butter when they wash it, can make it better, and with less trouble and less work without washing it.

Washed butter must be worked with the paddle all through in each water, and you don't have to work it at all to get the buttermilk out, as I told you once before. Churn your butter in the buttermilk until it is all gathered together in solid chunks; then have your butter bowl scalded and cooled, take the butter from the churn into it; then with the ladle in one hand, tip the bowl on one side with the other, press out the buttermilk; that is, press the butter together and the buttermilk will run out; salt it and set away twenty-four hours; be careful not to work the buttermilk in instead of out. Just

poach it up until the buttermilk begins to start good; then commence pressing the butter together and the buttermilk out until you have it solid; then make it into balls, rolls or pack it.

Always do your butter making in the morning while the air is cool; never in the heat of the day. I have known some to work a little pulverized saltpetre in the butter they packed for their winter's use, but borax never; that would be like putting in saleratus. It makes no difference to the butter what kind of a churn it is churned in, so long as it is clean and sweet. Never put milk in any but new bright pans.

Butter is better, and will keep better if made from sweet cream; but when we have only a few cows we must let the milk stand until we get all the cream out of it, or we waste the milk, and the butter will keep well enough made from sour cream, if made as I have directed.

If you tip your pans bottom side up in the sun to dry they need not be wiped; but if dried around the stove, wipe them first. If your pans have had sour milk in them wash them through three different waters; then set them together in your empty dish-pan, and turn boiling water all through them; take out one at a time and tip into another pan to drain, wipe and set around the stove to dry, so they will not sweat when put together. If you want some good wiping cloths, take an old sheet that is too thin to use on the beds any more, and rip apart in the middle; cut each half in two, hem, and you have four of the best wiping cloths you ever used, just right to wipe those pans with.

Beatrix says all this gilt edged butter is washed. I did not know how it was made. She says a great many merchants spoil butter after they get it, by not knowing how to take care of it. That is true in a measure. I have neighbors who make butter that will just keep long enough to get it to the store, and then it spoils on the merchant's hands, and the merchant does not know where the fault lies, but that butter is washed. Those gilt-edged butter-makers probably sell their butter where it is used up the same day it is made, and don't have to keep it a week. It would be better and keep longer if washed.

Mrs. R. S.

HUBBARDSTON.

### WESTERN GLIMPSES.

In Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, a city of fifteen years' growth, and numbering 20,000 people, are located most of the State institutions. The wings of the capitol buildings are finished and in use, the corner stone of the main building was laid recently. The grey stone of which it is built is obtained in the immediate vicinity, the work of quarrying and cutting being performed by the State prisoners.

Lincoln and the region thereabout is 1,700 feet higher than Chicago and the surrounding country; the winters are usually mild, with little or no snow—the thermometer seldom reaching below zero. Up to Christmas the weather continues

pleasant, then the real cold begins. During the hottest weather the nights are cool, and one can sleep comfortably under covers during most of the heated term.

From Lincoln west to York, the county seat of York County, is a ride of a few hours only. The thrifty little town boasts half a dozen churches and three banks, doing a good business—the banks, not the churches—though without doubt they are equally flourishing, for there are, as my informant facetiously put it, "a wagon load of Methodist ministers in the place." Who could resist the pressure these able advocates of the cause might bring to bear? The worst elements of society have not yet gravitated to this Eden in the West, and people sleep unmolested without the precaution, so necessary in older and better settled regions, of bolting and barring doors and windows. As a result of the presence of so many brethren of the Methodist persuasion, there was a noticeable scarcity of yellow-legged chickens on the east hill; where is located the college of over 300 students, over which some of our Methodist friends preside, and where one also sees the finer residences of the town; village lots on this hill bring \$200 and over.

There is something very attractive about this country. Mr. F. Baldwin, formerly of Sandwich, Ill., who has large land and banking interests here, said he came several successive years, drawn irresistibly by the beauty, fertility, climatic and commercial advantages which he felt sure this section held for those who should lead the way, and be willing to suffer some social disadvantages in the outset, for the sake of the ultimate good. When once the eye has measured those elevated table lands, where we seem to be on the very top of the earth as it were, and where the vision is bounded only by the line of the earth and sky, one is not easily contented between brick walls, or even shut in by hills. There seems to be more room for every one and every thing. It is the "sense of space" which Ruskin so well describes as filling his mind, when a child, on seeing the distant sky at evening over the downs of England, the trees and intervening objects set off against a rosy ground, only this is on a grander scale than anything that greeted his childish vision. Between the rolling sweeps are low spots called in the vernacular of the country "draws;" these have been in times past the wallowing places of the buffalo.

I witnessed the results of one of the severe storms of hail and rain which sometimes visit this otherwise favored State. One entering York County on the northwest and passing through it to the southeast, completely devastating the country along its course, was from one to three miles in width, and represented one eighth or one-tenth of the entire area of the county, cutting down cornfields, stripping the leaves entirely away, and leaving short stalks either prone upon the earth or swaying, broken and ragged. The young fruit trees—no small loss in the new and almost treeless country—



were utterly ruined; the leaves and fruit beaten off, the bark torn away on the side from which the storm came; they were as perfectly denuded and left more barren-looking by this July storm than it would seem the most pitiless storm in winter could cause them to appear. To kens of its ravages might be seen on broken windows, on newly laid foundation walls, and where it had beaten against weather boards, the latter looked as if peppered by a hundred bullets. Stock suffered severely; the frightened animals, pelted by the great hail stones and blown about by the winds, rushed hither and thither, tearing and lacerating themselves on the barbed wire fencing—the only kind in use here. Some persons who have suffered most from these severe wind storms have constructed caves or cellars, half above and half beneath the ground, into which they retreat at the first sign of any unusual disturbance in the air; this disturbance, if of a serious nature, is sometimes heralded by a tremendous rushing sound, as of mighty winds and waves contending. One house which I observed in process of erection had iron rods fastened into the foundation stones and designed to extend into the flooring, and there be bolted, and was thus supposed to resist the force of the blasts and remain firm in its place instead of hopping in an undignified manner from its sandstone base, or performing an unceremonious jig some fine morning when the worthy occupants were about to partake of their breakfast. The particular storm of which I write was of greater severity than is often experienced even in this windy west. To a few individuals it would prove a real calamity; but most of the farmers are well-to-do, their cribs are filled with old corn—the staple crop—they have money at interest and will soon recover from the temporary losses. The county is a wealthy one; ready hands, impelled by willing hearts, will go down into well-filled pockets to make good the losses of the few left destitute. It will prove only a brief break in the prosperous history of the county.

The flowers of the west remind one of those of Michigan. There is an abundance of golden rod of a low growth, not tall and stately like that of Southern Ohio, a pink daisy-like flower with dark center, and a wealth of yellow coreopsis and sunflowers, the former making patches of the ground rich gold in color, fairly dazzling the eye in the intense sunshine. Many choice garden beauties of the East are flung with lavish hand all over the prairies. From the midst of these mammoth flower beds "that not nice art has laid" springs up the beautiful blue-jay, that screamer and presager of stormy weather, or a thrush perhaps, with cinnamon brown back and delicately mottled breast. In the cornfields one hears "Bob White's" familiar call, and often the triumphant note of the meadow lark. It is the harvest time. In the vast grain fields the reapers and binders are busy; so close and clean are the workings of these machines that a Ruth gleaning in these fields would surely need the friend

ly hand of a Boaz to scatter some sheaves in her pathway.

Turning reluctantly from these pleasant scenes, saying farewell to new found friends, we ride along the Platte River by the C., B. & Q. to Omaha, which, by the way, is much the prettier ride than to the same point by the Union Pacific. We recross by daylight the gardens and farms of Iowa; then comes night, and "the old man Sleep, with his box out of which he brings his dream puppets," and the morning finds us in the midst of the bustle of the great metropolis of the West; in our ears the shrill whistle of the Chicago street-car conductor, and the call of the newsboy instead of the pipe of the quail, or the sweet note of the wild bird.

DELIA BENTON.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 26.

#### A GOOD WORD FOR CREAMERIES.

For E. L. Nye's benefit I will give my experience with a Moseley cabinet creamery. I have made butter over twenty years and have no trouble in getting more than the market price; have supplied one family over twelve years. I wash the butter in brine or cold water; think it better than working it too much to get the milk out. Commenced using a creamery in July, 1883; the week before using it we weighed the butter made in seven days, it weighed twenty-two pounds. First week we used the creamery we made thirty-two pounds. In seven months I sold seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds, and supplied a family of eight, from the milk of four cows.

We are now milking five cows, three of them Jerseys, and have made in the last seven days forty-four pounds of butter, for which I get twenty-five cents per pound. Their pasture is a clover and timothy meadow, from which a crop of hay has been taken and one quart of meal per day. I use ice; and think I make nearly or quite a third more, and far better butter, and with half the labor than in the old way, besides having sweet milk for calves; to which we add a little oil meal and obtain excellent results in the way of growth.

A. L. C.

PARMA.

#### HOME LIFE FOR WOMEN.

"Over and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
Ever I find in the Book of Life,  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my place at the wheel,  
I must grind out the golden grain,  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again."

How much I like the little poem containing those lines; and how many times through the week I find myself singing them while at my work! It never seems to me that the duties I perform are monotonous, or drudging, or confining. Every day finds my hands busy at something, and while I am working the hardest I feel repaid, knowing that I have a home and dear ones to work for. How blessed it is to have a home, and it seems to me that here is woman's throne. It is here that men learn to appreciate her true

worth, and recognize the sweet influences she throws around her; the excellence of her character is exhibited, and here she fills the sphere Providence called her to. Why not be contented here? Why be dissatisfied and cry "woman's rights," and want to vote, and to be in public office, and preach and lecture and various other things? We hear of that low sweet voice in woman which is the thing to be desired, so it would seem that she has not that natural faculty which would render her fitted for a public office in the debates of men. We admire Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday, but who of us would buckle on the armor and lead an army, and as a reward be burned at the stake, and our ashes cast to the waters? We may congratulate ourselves that we live in an enlightened world where it is a recognized fact that we are physically organized for indoor labor; we are not called upon to labor in the fields, as our sex are in some of the old countries of Europe, while the husbands look on unconcerned. This is an entire re-arrangement of the whole order of nature; an entire perversion of the whole purpose for which woman was brought into being. That woman, more than man, should live without work, I do not contend. Labor is a condition of life, and woman, as well as man, is subject to it. But the kind of work which should be assigned to woman, is written in her very nature. The value of all social life, the beauty of all domestic intercourse, depends upon the maintenance of the position of woman at home. Uniting on their marriage day, the husband and wife have each duties to perform—she in the household, and he in the field or workshop, at the pen or in the pulpit.

"When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up;  
And topples down the scale;  
Man for the fields, and woman for the hearth;  
Man for the sword, and for the needle she;  
Man with the head, and woman with the heart,  
Man to command, and woman to obey;  
All else confusion."

Every wife is bound so to live that she bring no disgrace on her husband. It ought to be equally true of the husband, but we often see the wife cling to the husband through disgrace, bearing scorn and reproach for his sake, when for one miss-step of hers a lifetime of loneliness and misery is the result. I contend that no man's love will be as lasting, enduring, and forgiving as woman's. The world pays homage to the Sisters of Charity, who visit prisons, missionaries who visit foreign countries and publicly do good, but the "home angels," who cares to bless them? Yet they often show noble traits of character, and develop higher excellences than are demanded on the part of public actors. I know personally women who from early womanhood have toiled for husband and children, helped to make property, and raise a large family, and in old age were cast aside, and a divorce severed the bonds which had united two lives for years. I can never believe that divorce is right; and it seems to me that if two can live together twenty years and thirty years harmoniously, they could the rest of their natural lifetime. We know that old age does not always beautify the



face or form, the cheek loses its roundness, the hair will silver, so why not cultivate those lovely traits of character which will never decay, or lose their lustre, but shine the brighter as we near the other shore; which will show such beauty that it will not be said "how she has faded, she is growing old." How we hate to think we are outliving our usefulness, we never want that time to come. There is no need; we must live in our children. When the heat and burden of the day are over, and our tired hands are folded, the tired heart still, is that the end? Is there nothing that we have accomplished that will live after us? If it is so, one life was not half lived, we did not fulfill the destiny God accorded us. We want to give character to our children; there are many whom we meet every day whom we can encourage by kind words, they cost nothing—in this way our memory will live.

We can perform our household labor faithfully, but we are not called upon to dwarf the mind and better feelings in order to do so. There are better records to leave than being "a good housekeeper." I love to work, and I love to read and write, and by combining the two, I find no fault with the world; it uses me well enough.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### DUTIFUL CHRISTIANS.

Daisy's words in the last Household about the girls are good, but does her life agree with her profession? Is she one of the few who are "in the world, but not of the world?"

Who shall give us a remedy for the follies and vanities of the day, when even those who profess to be followers of our Lord, dress and live in the same manner as those who make no profession of religion whatever? Certainly this is the time the Apostle Paul foretold when he said that "in the last days, men should be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof." The only remedy for fashion and folly is godliness, and that of the Bible kind. No wonder that there is so much skepticism and infidelity, when professing Christians attend the theatre, dance, and all sorts of worldly amusements, spending more time in making one dress for these occasions, than they do in reading their Bible and prayer in six months.

Godliness does not consist in going to church and taking interest in church affairs, and being a member of a missionary society, but it is the spirit of God in our hearts, and that power which saves us from worldly desires. Some Christians live as though He had told them that He would save them in their sins, instead of saying that they should be separate from the world, and live holy lives. He says "be not conformed to the world." It takes more will power than most people inherit to discard the fashions and dress plainly, and it is only God's grace that enables us to see how foolish they are.

FAITH.

DURAND.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A PRACTICAL housekeeper recommends oiling kitchen floors with boiled linseed oil, to be applied boiling hot with a large paint brush, and in a few moments rubbed in and off with woolen cloths. Grease spots do not show.

MATTING will last for years if it is given a thin coat of varnish when it is first put down, and if the varnish is renewed about every six months. The varnish preserves it, and besides gives it quite a handsome look. Matting is growing in popularity as a floor covering, and the patterns are much prettier than they used to be, and there is greater variety among them.

Hearth and Home gives the following remedy for toothache: Melt white wax or spermaceti, two parts, and when melted add carbolic acid crystals, two parts; stir well till dissolved. While still liquid immerse thin layers of carbolized absorbent cotton wool, and allow them to dry. When required for use a small piece may be snipped off and slightly warmed, when it can be inserted into the hollow of the tooth, where it will solidify. The ease produced by this simple method is really very great. Another remedy, which frequently gives relief and is recommended by a physician, is equal parts of chloroform and spirits of camphor.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Rural Home* says: "A nice way to make a base for any custard, or even for salted dressing, is to take one tablespoonful of milk to one yolk of egg. Put the milk on the stove to boil while you beat the yolks in a bowl. Then set the bowl in hot water and stir in the boiling milk gradually. This mixture will be so thick that it will pile up. It can be thinned with cream for custard sauce and flavored to taste, or it can be thinned with milk for a baked custard. It will make a perfectly smooth mixture, and can be made of any consistency desired. It will save time and trouble and the irritability of temper which comes from standing over a hot stove to stir custard and not have it come out right, as it is apt to do in nine cases out of ten."

#### Contributed Recipes.

"AUNT NELL" notes an error in her recipe for tomato chowder, given in the Household of the 19th ult. Use one half bushel of tomatoes; instead of a bushel, as directed.

A LADY recently requested a recipe for that aggregation of ingredients known as

CHOW CHOW.—One peck of green tomatoes, four very small, solid cabbages, six onions and six green bell peppers, all chopped fine and mixed. Sprinkle a cupful of salt over the mixture and let it stand over night. In the morning drain off the juice and add two pounds of brown sugar, one cupful of mustard-seed and one gallon of vinegar to the chopped mixture. Boil until it looks clear and tender and put in jars. This is declared to be "way up."

MOCK OYSTERS.—Grate six large ears of sweet

corn, raw; beat one egg, stirring in one tablespoonful of flour and one of milk; season with salt and pepper; drop in hot butter; turn so as to brown. Serve hot.

CUCUMBER SOUP.—Peel and slice green cucumbers, put in water enough to cover, and let boil until done. Season with salt, pepper and butter; put in sweet cream enough to make as much soup as you wish.

Perhaps Aunt 'Rusha would like some dumplings some day when she is not making bread, so I will give her my way of making them. I never had heavy ones, unless I left them in the kettle a little too long: Take one egg, one teacupful sour milk, one teaspoonful soda and a little salt; stir as thick as you can with flour; drop in and let boil, leaving the cover off. When done take out on a platter, breaking each one open. Serve immediately.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

PARSHALLVILLE.

SALT PORK MADE PALATABLE.—Slice salt pork rather thin, freshen in water and fry nicely. Make a batter of one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls milk, and flour enough to thicken moderately. Dip a spoonful of this batter into your frying pan, place upon it a slice of the cooked pork and cover with another spoonful of batter; fry until nicely browned and turn. If your frying pan is of sufficient heat this will be light, and prove an agreeable dish for the table, if placed upon a hot, dry platter.

DUMPLINGS FOR CHICKEN POT-PIE OR SOUPS.—One cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt, thickened with flour, moulded, cut and placed in a tin as for baking. Then place some small article of about one inch in thickness inside a steamer; upon this place the tin of biscuits and steam twenty or twenty-five minutes over the kettle of soup. When served the dumplings can be placed in the soup or pot-pie, and they will not fall, as so many boiled dumplings persist in doing.

VINEGAR WITHOUT CIDER.—Molasses, one quart; yeast, one pint; warm rain water, three gallons; Put all into a jug or keg, and tie a piece of gauze over the bung to keep out flies and let in air. In hot weather set in the sun; in cold weather set it by the stove, and three weeks you will have good vinegar. When part of this has been used fill up with the same preparation, and in this way a supply of good vinegar can be kept constantly on hand.

MERTIE.

PAW PAW.



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.