

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### MY PRAYER.

BY E. S. B.

"Let me not die before I've done for thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be,  
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled;  
Let me not leave my space of ground untilld;  
Impress this truth upon me—that not one  
Can do my portion that I leave undone;  
For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot  
To labor in for life and weary not."

### "THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS."

Dear God, unto Thy pitying heart,  
Take this poor one who sleeps to-day;  
In all the world she had no part—  
In all the world's wide busy mart  
She walked alone upon her way,  
So, wearied with the endless strife,  
So, tired and worn with all of life,  
She laid her hand upon Death's gate,  
And turned to look with one last smile  
Upon the world she left behind—  
The world, so harsh, and cold and blind,  
And meeting naught but scorn and hate,  
And finding nothing good and true,  
She raised the latch and wandered through!

### SYMMETRY.

No life is rounded fair and strong  
Whose grace and beauty but belong  
To self alone!  
No river-bed, but purer grows  
As onward far its water flows  
To depths unknown!  
The soul that higher looks, hath grace  
Reflected from the Father's face!  
Divinest ray!  
Could one approach the living light  
And not grow beautiful and bright  
Where angels stay?

### DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

The MICHIGAN FARMER of the 14th inst. has just arrived, and I have just read with a hearty laugh Mrs. W. J. G.'s "failure" in using an alleged recipe of mine. Although not intended as such, being merely a suggestion as pertinent to the offence; yet, if used properly, I still have faith in the idea.

No matter how good a medicine may be, it must be used with reference to the peculiarities or idiosyncracies of the patient, as well as to the violence and duration of the disease. Perhaps Nehemiah got too strong a dose, and Hezekiah needed the dose repeated.

We must always keep the health of our little ones in mind, too, and perhaps,—mind I say perhaps, and don't put this down as recipe—if Nehemiah had been undressed and cuddled in a blanket on mamma's knees by the fire, while the

more robust Hezekiah had been remanded to bed in a quiet room, of course properly undressed, rubbed down, and warmly wrapped up, there to ponder in silence over the relation of cause and effect, the future might prove that the discipline was not without good results to both. Even Amariah, if made sure that mamma would treat him likewise if he repeated the offence, might hesitate, and pussy escape.

Nomother need feel a doubt as to whether her children are training her, for they most certainly are. In the very nature of things, the dawn of mother love begins a training school, and happy the mother who responds to the sweet but difficult lesson with true motherly love and discretion.

It is not true that "a child's mind is a blank page on which one may write what they will," but it is true that a steady firmness, tempered with gentle, loving care, will compel a ready obedience from any child. It is equally true that some children will not yield so readily as others to such discipline, or even "stay minded" very long, but the habit once acquired, both child and mother reap a benefit which will well repay the time and care bestowed in teaching. A few rules thoroughly established are like the line fences of the farm, and you may give large liberty inside the enclosure, while much of the petty, irritating looking after and constant admonitions are made unnecessary. An obedient child is more likely to be a happy one, because chiding is less necessary, and the frequent contests of temper are avoided. This happy state of things will react on the mother and all around, the whole household sky will be brighter in consequence. An exacting, turbulent child is sure to be troublesome, often impertinent; a torment to the home and a terror to friends.

Exceptions prove rules. I have known instances where a naturally sweet tempered child was so continually deferred to, that its instincts of combativeness never seemed to be aroused, and it was amiability personified. It spoke only to be obeyed; its will was law and there was no clashing of jurisdiction.

There is little need of "whipping" with the average child, nor yet of austere severity; constant yet gentle firmness will usually win, and the parents, in training the child, get reflex improvement to their own benefit as well as to the good of those around them. But by all means keep them "honest and truthful."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

### LILAC BLOOM.

It was only a bunch of lilacs that Fannie brought home from school; they filled the room with fragrance, and were handled over and over, and finally arranged in a bouquet and set on the table in a vase, but they were a great deal more than sweet and pretty to me. They carried me back to the days of "Auld Lang Syne." I was not a woman at all, bearing a woman's burden, doing a woman's work in this busy world, but a merry, light hearted girl, free from care as those romping, gamboling lambs out in the clover field, bound to get all the pleasure out of life there was in it. I was living it all over again in memory. I was in my pleasant chamber whose window looked toward the east, with my arms on the window seat, leaning out watching the busy life below. The lilac bushes, half a dozen or more, are in full bloom, myriads of bees hum over them, and such lots of humming birds, how they spin around, now settling so daintily, as they suck the honey from the cup-shaped flowers with their long bills—every color of the rainbow—blue, green, yellow, rose; was ever sight so lovely. How we hunted for the nests, which we were told were no larger than black walnuts, the little birds as large as coffee berries, but we never found any. Later in the day we lay on the grass under the beautiful bloom, and held buttercups under each other's chin to see if we liked butter.

"Do you like butter! now wait till I see, Stand just as still as you can be;  
Hold up your head now and I will begin,  
Holding this buttercup under your chin.  
Ah! it turns yellow, and so it does seem,  
You do love butter, as kittens love cream,  
No use in laughing, I know it right well,  
No use denying; the buttercups tell.  
Buttercups glisten as brightly today  
As when in childhood we plucked them in play,  
But the plump fingers are shrunken and old,  
Gray are the locks that were raven and gold,  
Short is the time since the gray beards were young,  
Hushed by the lullabys dear mother sang;  
Swift have the days of our pilgrimage been  
Since we held buttercups under the chin."

How often we hear the boys and girls wish they "were grown up men and women," and when they have seen the best of life, how hard they try to make it seem as if they were not so old after all. Ah! our beautiful youth comes but once. Let us drink the foam on the wine as long as we can, we shall find the dregs soon enough. Be just as happy as you can, I would say to all the girls; care will come sooner or later, but do not anticipate it. But while you will get the most careless pleasure in youth the



## THE HOUSEHOLD.

greatest good will come with the rich mellow experience of middle life. We are such a bundle of contradictions! Young people think the older ones do not behave right or speak correctly, or know half as much as they, and the old ones think the young ones behave like geese. We see through so many colored glasses, some are clear as water, others are rose colored, alas! some are green.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

### SCRAPS FROM A DIARY.

Through what sorrowful means does life expand! As we grow into the life which was so full of mystery and beauty to our youthful hearts, our enthusiasm has a tinge of sadness. We enjoy, we are conscious of life's fullness and power, yet every pleasure seems shadowed by a sorrow. The heartache of separation and death is folded into the leaves of life's book, yet that inexorable "never" unveils something of the mystery of the Beyond to our hearts.

It used to seem true to me that unfolding womanhood would shower upon me happiness as fully and freely as the white blossoming trees drop their fragrant leaves on the June grasses. I could not feel the necessity of the long winter's storms, and the slow growth and unfolding spring must bring. Slowly and blindly we grasp the great truths which illuminate life through development of interior forces. The outer foldings wrap us closely about, we are weighed down and burdened by physical cares and weakness, and the atmosphere of being rests so heavily upon us, we catch but misty views of a fairer state. Yet if we but wait and pray, the hours of twilight will show through the shadow-lines the day has traced, here and there gleams of light; and we shall see that these lessons of thought,—force, pain and soul-feeling, must needs come into the inward energy of being to quicken spiritual growth and consciousness.

Harmony is a great word, a mighty experience to win, a complex problem to solve. Liberty, charity, and reciprocity are essential elements in securing it. Liberty allows life freedom, which individuality demands; charity grants differences arising from personalities and individual opinions; and reciprocity enriches life. How many happy thoughts fall back dead and joyless because they met no response! We cannot grow under constantly depressing influences. The atmosphere of life must be glad and joy-inspiring. Make home the garden of life, full of sunshine and flowers.

"A woman's life is made for her in the love she accepts." Love takes the nature of the loved one as it is. It is a voluntary acceptance, and in return is offered the most beautiful meed of love, the heart. To love, is to grow gradually into another's heart home. When the soul enters this home, it sits by the hearth, warmed and fed. It gazes out of the windows, passes from chamber to chamber, its life touched and wrought upon by pleasure or pain, according to

the nature of the possessions in this home which has become its own. Though its own, yet not its own, it feels a sacred reticence in disappointment which cannot be broken. Impossibility lies in language before this sorrow. Nothing can atone. We accept. A grieving breath is all the heart's utterance. Love must ever plant its feet in imperfections. These but add to its radiance. Love must save or destroy, degrade or uplift. After we have given our heart to another, sometimes we take it again and look at it. If it is not purer, sweeter, for the giving, we feel a shadow enfolding the place of the Infinite within. What an exquisite thought of the Infinite is expressed in the rose! Vesture at once beautiful and fragrant.

I saw a woman writing. It was a letter of love, I know. She smiled in happy content as she finished, and taking a delicate, half-blown rose from the vase beside her, touched it to her lips, and folded it in the letter. Oh, pure trust! Sweet gift of the woman-heart! Will not her spirit breathe life immortal upon the flower? To her spiritual nature, the rose-beauty is immortal, and she is unconsciously our Father's messenger speaking through her own. His eternal love to another heart. Grand truth of the spirit! Through the withered, perishing actual reaching out to spirit, the beautiful ideal!

A woman's heart, a woman's destiny lies in the rose. She breathed upon it the hope, the questioning, the wonder, the blessedness of a woman's heart.

What, think you, is the rose to him?

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

### AN ACADIAN LOVE STORY.

Paul and Virginia, a well-known love story, was first written in French by Bernardin Saint Pierre.

The scene of the story is Mauritius Island, in the Indian Ocean. The parents of Virginia were natives of France. Her mother, Madame de la Tour, was cast off by her wealthy and aristocratic relatives, on account of her marriage with Monsieur de la Tour, who was very poor. He died a short time after their arrival on the Island, leaving her with no support except one slave, Mary. She retired to the most unfrequented part of the Island, where she was assisted by the old man who tells the story. She became sincerely attached to a woman named Margaret, who was situated something like herself, and with one child, a baby named Paul. Margaret had also one slave, Domingo, and, with some help, he built two cottages, side by side, so that while Margaret and Madame de la Tour had each her own house, they were still near enough to enjoy each other's company.

A child was born to Madame de la Tour, and named Virginia. The two children grew up together, and the four persons led a life of more than Acadian simplicity and happiness.

Madame, moved by the thoughts of what would become of her child if she should die, wrote once to a wealthy aunt

to ask assistance; but was repulsed in a manner which led her to give up all hopes of another home than the Island for either herself or Virginia.

Paul and Virginia were as brother and sister to each other, and as they grew older the dearest wish of both was to marry. Virginia was very beautiful, with blue eyes and light hair, and of an amiable and affectionate disposition. Neither she nor Paul knew how to read or write, and they had very little knowledge of the outside world.

The whole family attended mass once a week, and Madame, with Paul and Virginia, frequently visited the poor, by whom she was regarded as a good angel sent to relieve their wants. Domingo occasionally went to the village to dispose of the few things they raised on the plantation beyond what was necessary to supply their own wants. This was their sole intercourse with other people. Although both Margaret and Madame de la Tour gladly consented to the marriage of Virginia to Paul, it was thought advisable to wait until they grew older. While they were discussing the question of the marriage, a letter came from the aunt who had so harshly refused assistance to Madame, desiring Virginia to come to her, and promising to educate and make her her heiress. Madame at first refused to allow Virginia to go, but on being advised to do so by the priest, she consented.

When Virginia was gone, Paul was nearly wild with grief, but at last partly consoled himself by learning to read and write so that he could carry on a correspondence with her. She remained away two years. During this time she wrote very seldom, her few letters bearing the mark of unhappiness and her longing to be with them. At the end of the two years she wrote that on account of her refusal to marry a wealthy nobleman, her aunt had decided to disinherit and send her home. She would arrive, she said, on the first vessel. They were all too much delighted at the prospect of seeing her so soon again to think of the loss of the fortune, and when it was time for the ship to arrive Paul went to meet Virginia. But a violent storm arose, and when the ship was within a short distance of the landing, it was partly wrecked. Paul tied a rope around his waist and attempted to swim to the ship. He was, of course, thrown ashore at once, bleeding and almost unconscious. He had hardly recovered when they beheld Virginia on the deck of the ship. She waved her hand in token of farewell, and soon after every thing was swallowed up by the ocean. The shock affected Paul so that he died two months afterward; Margaret followed him in eight days; Madame survived them only a month. The slaves, Domingo and Mary, lived only a short time. The cruel aunt died in an insane asylum. Thus ended a story which will probably never be equaled in stupidity.

[We are indebted to Miss Elsie E. Cooper, of Port Huron, for the above synopsis of the story of Paul and Virginia, which appears in response to "Aunt Nell's" request. Miss Elsie votes



the story "stupid," as perhaps it is by the side of the highly seasoned romances of the day. It is an old fashioned love story, ranking with "Alonzo and Melissa" and the "Children of the Abbey," and its charm is more in the purity and simplicity of its literary style, and the picture of a life of Acadian simplicity, untroubled by social ambitions and struggles for wealth or supremacy, than in incident or delineation of character. Just the lives of two children, unworldly, ignorant, yet living in a world of supreme content in love for each other and their parents. Paul and Virginia will always stand as emblems of idyllic, unselfish, innocent affection.]

#### BANGS IN HOT WEATHER.

Girls, if your hair is "straight as an Indian's," and your bangs refuse to stay curled, try wetting them with a mucilage made from flax seed, roll them up in papers and let stay till dry; it is not so sticky and does not sour so quickly in warm weather as some other preparations do.

I see Beatrix again speaks of the uninhabited air of the parlor; but I think a parlor is a good place to put the pretty nick-nacks and fancy articles that your friends give you; also very useful in case of a large company.

I think one lady of my acquaintance has solved the perplexing question why so many farmers' wives and daughters are invalids. She said to me: "Every year just about such a time in June I became tired out and down sick, and could do nothing more the rest of the season; but this year I thought I would take care of my health, so I hired a girl for the busy season, and now I am able to work and visit." But she was more fortunate than some of her neighbors in having the means and opportunity to hire a girl; yet often help for a few days will ward off a fit of sickness.

BIG BEAVER.

LEONE.

#### TUBEROSES AND AURATUMS.

I surmise the tuberose bulb was an exhausted one when purchased; had bloomed once, or the blossom germ been injured by cold or rough handling; in either cases it will never bloom, as after flowering once it is only in rare cases that they produce flowers a second season. The bulb may not have been matured sufficiently for blooming. All doubts may be set at rest in this way. Choose the sunniest spot in the garden, and there take out two or three quarts of soil and replace with some that is very rich, and plant the bulb, or rather the ball of earth with the bulb in it; fill the pot with dry manure and sink beside the bulb, and fill the pot as often as dry with tepid water; if you receive no return in flowers it will be evident the bulb is worthless for blooming. Plant the bulblets separately next year in rich soil, and the next the largest of them may bloom, and if properly cared for, tuberose will, although as sweet as ever, be no rarity to L. J. C.

It is not unusual for Auratum lilies to remain dormant after planting one or even two years; of all lilies they are the most "freaky." While other varieties improve in bloom and increase rapidly, Auratums may or may not do either, but they are so beautiful we plant and hope. Deep planting and good drainage are the essentials for them or other lilies. In choosing the bulbs, select the most compact and fair ones, as some may have a rough, dry rot, which will further develop and destroy them after planting. It would be an excellent way to learn from a reliable source the best modes of treating bulbs and plants before purchasing such expensive sorts.

A year ago last fall I planted three auratum bulbs in the same beds last July, one only blossomed, (and grandly too), and not even a leaf appeared to prove the existence of the others. Now a second one is in bloom, and as fine as was the other at this time last season, while the first is just budding. The third has never appeared; it may another year, but I shall not expect it. The bulbs were alike fine and sound. Candidums in the same garden have bloomed every year and increased rapidly, as have many other varieties of lilies. For Mrs. R. N., of Paw Paw.

E. L. Nye, your white lily is *Candidum*, and the yellow is *Hemerocallis flava*, or Golden lily.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

#### CURE FOR GAPES.

Tell "Subscriber's Wife" to give her chickens nothing but dry food. Begin giving them wheat or screenings when about a week old, feeding that until they can swallow corn, then she may consider them safe. Put a little copperas in their drinking water (in fact give that to all the old fowls), excluding soft food entirely. I had one hundred April chickens that had the gapes badly, but by feeding as above, only lost eight, and those I killed by the feather and tobacco system. You may be successful and dislodge the worm once in fifty times, but will find the chicken dislodged the remaining forty-nine.

Turkeys may be managed much the same way, only they will not eat the dry food until several weeks old, but they are not as apt to get the disease as chickens.

I have now nearly three hundred chicks of all ages, with not a single case of the gapes, and give the dry food and copperas water all the credit.

MRS. E. M. B.

ADDISON.

#### AN INTERCHANGE OF IDEAS.

It is always pleasant to learn how others overcome difficulties, and that is the particular use we find for the Household, a medium for an interchange of ideas that we may help each other. If I told you I had trouble in a certain department of housekeeping, I know it is in woman's helpful nature to give me the benefit of any experience that may lead to an easier method. And if there is nothing else we can do well, we can set an example

of cheerful submission. No matter what our duties may be, there are others who have heavier cares and greater trials. Let us be thankful, therefore, and if our lines are cast in pleasant places we can all the better help those whose way is rough and thorny. It is not over-work that kills; it is not the round of daily toil, so much as the constant fretting against work that is distasteful, not even endeavoring to take comfort in or enjoy the present. Let us all try to see, and accept the joy of the hour, and make the best of life.

M. B. C.

HUDSON.

#### CORNERED BEEF.

Some months ago a lady inquired how corned beef could be packed, so as to keep through the hot weather. It seemed a conundrum to our Householders, and as there has been no reply, every body is supposed to have tacitly said "Give it up." A correspondent of the *Western Rural*, who says she always puts down a barrel of beef, keeping it sometimes into August, gives her method as follows:

"Cut the beef up in nice shape, pack as tightly as possible, putting a little salt in the bottom of the barrel, always putting the thickest pieces in the bottom, using bony pieces first. Then I put the boiler, well cleaned, on the stove, and fill with sufficient water to well cover the meat. When boiling hot add all the salt it will dissolve, or until it will bear up an egg; then to every 100 pounds of meat add to the hot brine either one quart of best molasses or two pounds of sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of soda. Bring to a boil and pour over the meat boiling hot, cover up tight, putting in a broad and heavy stone to keep it under brine, and keep it in a cool place. Freshen over night before boiling, and you who liked corned beef will pronounce it good and a nice change from pork and hams."

#### A Home-made Refrigerator.

The *Christian Union* gives the following directions for this article: "Obtain two common dry goods boxes, of such sizes as that the smaller one will be large enough to hold the ice and food you wish to keep within it, and the other will be about four inches larger around. The smaller one must be lined with zinc, or it will absorb the moisture from the ice, and soon make trouble. Near one corner of the bottom of the smaller box bore a hole an inch in diameter; and, when the box is lined with zinc, have a tube about seven inches long securely fastened into this hole. There must be no crevice into which the water can soak. A cover, which also should be zinc-lined, must be fitted to the box. Then procure some charcoal, broken finely, and fill the larger box (in which first a hole has been bored to receive the tube from the inner box) with the powdered charcoal to a depth of nearly four inches. Place the smaller box in the charcoal, and fill all the space between the sides of the two boxes with the charcoal up even with the inner box, and cover the space with a neat strip of board. This will give you a box with double bottom and sides filled with charcoal which is the best of



non-conductors. With an outer cover the size of the large box, and four blocks to raise the whole from the floor, so that a pan may be placed under the tube to catch the water which comes from the melted ice, the whole will be done, except that shelves can be added as desired."

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A PINEAPPLE shortcake is the latest culinary surprise. Remove the outside of the pineapple, chop fine and sweeten, then use as strawberries are used. No cream is needed.

It is a good plan to wrap cans of fruit in newspapers and put them away in a dark, cool place. The wrapping in paper and keeping dark is said to prevent the bleaching of the fruit.

GLASS cans are rather more expensive than tin in the first buying, but are more economical in the end. A tin can should not be used a second time, as the acid of the fruit corrodes the tin and a poisonous oxide is formed. Glass cans can be used a number of years with care and are perfectly safe.

A GOOD housekeeper says, in the *Indiana Farmer*: "The plan I have for keeping a whole crock of butter good and fresh till the last, is to pack it in a straight gallon crock and tip it bottom side up in a wide flat crock half full of salt brine to which is added a little lump of saltpeter. That is my plan for keeping winter butter likewise."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says a very comfortable and healthful bed may be made by filling two cheap cotton ticks with clean oat straw, and spreading over them a large comforter, made by tacking eight or ten pounds of cotton between two old sheets. Spread the batting more thinly on the edges, where the comforter will fold over the ticks. This makes a comfortable and cheap bed.

MRS. SCOVILL, an experienced nurse, gives the following directions for the treatment of burns: "Cut the clothes off the injured parts; do not attempt to remove them in any other way; if the skin is not much broken, mix in a bowl a thick paste of common cooking soda, spread it thickly on linen and lay it on the burns; as it begins to dry, wet by squeezing water on it without removing it; if it is kept thoroughly damp, there is usually little pain. When there is a large raw surface, cover with a thick layer of cosmoline, oiled rags, or simply wet cloths; if the air can be excluded, the smarting will cease. A burn is dangerous in proportion to its extent rather than its depth. In all severe cases, send for a doctor at once. Very nourishing food must be given to sustain the system while the tissue that was lost is being replaced."

MRS. S. A. BENSON told the Northern

Horticultural society of Colorado that she put up Siberian crabs in the following fashion: "I procured stone jars holding a gallon, small at the top with a flange to hold the cover. I use a granite iron sauce pan having a cover, for cooking fruits. Into this I put a sufficient number of crab apples to fill one jar, with as little water as would suffice to cook the fruit tender. As soon as they could be pierced by a broom straw I filled the warm jar nearly full of fruit; the sugar syrup being previously prepared and boiling hot, was poured over the fruit till the jar was filled, the cover placed on and the jar sealed up by tying over it a paper dipped in the white of an egg, and over this two or three thicknesses of paper. The syrup was made as you would make sugar syrup for eating on griddle cakes. The fruit kept beautifully, was tart and of fine flavor. The water in which the apples were cooked was strained, mixed with an equal measure of granulated syrup and boiled for a short time, making a fine jelly."

CANDIED lemon peel, to be used in cake and mince pie instead of citron, is made according to an old English recipe which requires the peel to be soaked five or six days in a strong brine. After taking it from the brine, soak in fresh water for an hour, then put it in the preserving kettle, cover with fresh cold water and boil it until perfectly tender, which may be ascertained by sticking a silver fork into it. Take the peel out of the water and let it drain dry. Boil sugar and water together—a pound of sugar to a quart of water to make a thin syrup. Put in the lemon peel and boil it until it is clear. It will take probably half an hour. Another syrup should now be made with sugar and a very little water, and the peel put into it and boiled till the syrup begins to candy. The pieces of lemon peel may then be taken out and allowed to drain. Just before they get entirely dry place them on platters and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Then set the platters in a warm place to complete the drying process. Great care must be taken to prevent the syrup from burning. It should be stirred constantly, preferably with a wooden spoon; and it is well to use a double boiler or to set the preserving pan into another containing boiling water."

Now that the picnic and excursion season is upon us, the question of an appetizing lunch assumes considerable importance. Cake is usually in too great supply, while of cold meats, sandwiches and relishes there is seldom too much. A hearty lunch on cake produces heaviness and headache next day. Good bread and butter and cold meat may not look so nice as frosted cake on a pic-nic table, but is best relished, especially by the men. Here is a short list of good things from which to make selections for a luncheon in the woods: Buttered thin bread, buttered rolls, pressed chicken, broiled chicken, ham, pressed corned beef, sardines, stuffed eggs, hard-boiled eggs, broiled smoked salmon, pickles,

olives, crackers and cheese, orange marmalade, hard ginger-bread. Lemon juice for lemonade should be extracted at home and carried to the pic-nic grounds in bottles. The sugar may be put with it or added with the water when the lemonade is wanted. Tea at a picnic is usually smoky; take along a spirit lamp, or a small kerosene stove and the oil can, and you can enjoy as refreshing a cup as at your own table.

#### Contributed Recipes.

SUPERIOR CUCUMBER PICKLES.—To every five gallons of strong vinegar add a pint of pure alcohol, a lump of alum the size of a small walnut, and a handful each of ground or pounded pepper, cloves, cinnamon and allspice. The spices can be omitted if preferred; but the alum must not be, as it hardens the pickles. Put the cucumbers right in the vessel containing the prepared vinegar, and allow no scum to form. Cucumbers should be cut early in the morning, or late in the evening. M. B. C. HUDSON.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—Two tablespoonfuls of sugar; two tablespoonfuls butter; two eggs; one cup milk; one scanty quart of flour; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Bake in gem pans. Eat hot. Good.

NICE PUDDING SAUCE.—One cup granulated sugar; one dessert spoonful butter; one teaspoonful flour stirred together; then turn on  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of boiling water. Set it on the stove and let it boil until it begins to thicken a little; it should run off the spoon almost as readily as water, generally five minutes is long enough. Have ready the beaten white of one egg, to which has been added three teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar. When the sauce has boiled enough remove it from the stove and while still hot stir in the beaten egg, and one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. It will foam up light and nice if "just right." An ordinary sponge cake is a good "pudding" to eat with this sauce, which is good cold or hot, and with fruit as well as cake or pudding. If desired to eat it cold, do not stir in the egg until it is wanted for the table. LYD.

PORT HURON.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Grate the rind of three large lemons on a coarse grater, being careful to save as much as possible of the rind which will adhere to the grater. Add ten ounces of fine white sugar, and the juice of two of the lemons. Beat the yolks of eight eggs thoroughly, and stir well into the lemon mixture, and add eight ounces of fresh butter. Put in an earthen dish and set in a saucepan of boiling water, stirring till it becomes of the thickness of honey, (a wooden spoon is best to stir with). This "lemon butter" will keep a long time in a dry, cool place, if tightly covered. To use, line patty-pans with nice paste, half fill with the lemon butter, bake fifteen minutes, and you have "real English lemon cheese cakes."

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