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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE SONG OF THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Sweep, sweep, sweep,
In the short December days,
And dust, dust, dust,
In the Summer's silvery haze!
It's O! to be a slave,
And forever a duster flit,
And wear the years of our life away
In a hand to hand battle with dirt!

Sweep, sweep, sweep,
While the dust rises up to our eyes,
And scrub, scrub, scrub,
Then drive out those horrible flies.
Husbands hungry and tired,
With buttonless trousers and shirt,
Meekly retire from the awful scene,
While we fight a pitched battle with dirt.

O, men with brow serene,
How much work you make for your wives!
Leaving your boots and shoes under foot—
And eating cakes, tarts, and pies.
Cook, cook, cook,
To meet the demands of our kin,
And bake, bake, bake,
Though the heart is faint within.

O! for a little change—
A respite, however brief!
From the petty trials of housework free—
From mutton, pork and beef,
New songs to gladden the heart,
To all would be far more sweet
Than that old, old tune by housekeepers sung:
"What shall we have to eat?"

O! but to breathe the breath
Of the fragrant new-mown hay!
And in pastures and woodlands green
To wander far away;
For only one short hour
Away from housework to steal
And dreamily rest by a babbling brook
While—some one else cooks the meal!

"SHIFTLESS" MANKIND.

If there is any woman who deserves the commiseration of her sex, it is the one who is married to a "shiftless" husband. If she is herself industrious and energetic, she suffers a life-long martyrdom through the happy-go-lucky, easy-going man who is always going to do great things "to-morrow" if he can be let alone in idleness to-day. The dictionary definition, "characterized by failure, through negligence or incapacity, to provide for one's self, or use the means requisite for success," particularizes the type of man exactly. Yet he would be deeply indignant at being called "shiftless," and would point to what he is going to do to disprove the charge. He works, to be sure, in an irregular, spasmodic way, when it is not too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold, but is easily discouraged and easily tempted to town. Crops fail because of poor farming and debt and poverty follow. It

is less my object to arraign the shiftless man as a farmer than to point out the consequence of his shiftlessness to his family, hoping the girls who are yet to marry will be induced to consider the character and habits of the young men who come to marry them, and discard these of the shiftless type.

The shiftless man's wife must not only bear patiently the poverty that surely follows his incapacity, but must always suffer the want of every household convenience and comfort which a considerate man can so well arrange to save labor indoors; for though the shiftless individual may be one of the kindest of men, and really love his wife, his kindness rarely materializes in practical help. He is always "just going to;" he never does. What a damper to all pride in home, all endeavor to make it pleasant and attractive, all ambition for the future, it is to a wife to see the fences going down, the gates swinging on one hinge, old wagons and plows and piles of rubbish scattered over the yards, boards off the buildings, everything getting more and more dilapidated, and always every suggestion met by "by and by." To see the habit of procrastination more firmly fixed in the character every year while poverty comes on apace, to feel that neither arguments nor entreaties can effect a change, what a continual trial to an ambitious, energetic woman, who longs to stand on a par with her neighbors in prosperity, and is hurt in her wifely pride at having her husband regarded as an incapable! If, in addition to her own legitimate burdens she attempts to bear his also, and by sheer determination and will makes things move, it is not long before the neighbors begin to make innuendoes about "hen-pecked husbands" and "women who wear the unmentionables." She may know she is right, may realize the consequences if she gives up her efforts, may know she is the more prudent and successful manager, but the true wife does not pique herself on this knowledge. It hurts her pride, for the woman ought always to instinctively rely upon her husband's strength, feeling that though she may be able to stand alone, by his side, the strength of his heart and nature is there to support her at need.

The shiftless man resents any interference with his duties. If reminded that others must suffer through his ignorance and incapacity, he "will tend to it" when he gets around to it. If you do not believe a man of this type can make for-

bearance beyond a virtue, and a woman's life miserable in divers ways, listen:

The shiftless man finds the snow too deep or the weather too cold to work in the woods in winter; so March's lengthening days and melting snows find the summer's wood still in the wood-lot. When thus admonished spring is near he draws up a few loads, then the ground gets too "soft" for hauling. He works a few more days in the woods, and all at once is in a desperate hurry to start the plow. Last fall he was going to build a wood-shed "in the spring;" this spring he postpones it till "next fall," and this job off his hands, he plumes himself on virtuous intentions while all summer long his wife runs out in sunshine and rain to bring in by armfuls the green wood, which sizzles and splutters and fries, and consumes half its heat trying to burn itself up. By harvest the wood-pile is exhausted, and after every chip and splinter has been picked up, the nearest fence is laid under contribution, or he unhitches the team from the reaper and starts for the wood-lot, grumbling all the time at the unreasonableness of the "women folks" in making a man stop his work for such a trifle as wood. Yet the lesson is of no avail, for next spring finds the woodshed not built and the wood still uncut; his wife never knows E. M. P.'s friend, "P. O. Goodwood." There is no cistern; that is to be built with the woodshed, and till that time comes every drop of water, save what can be caught in a barrel with a board for an eave trough, must be laboriously brought from the well, and cleansed for washing with lye or sal-soda. Or, if there is a cistern it is empty because it leaks or the eave-troughs are full of refuse or leak, or have fallen apart. Or there is no pump, and a forked pole or an old rope is the substitute in style. And all this drawing water and bringing in wood, mind you, falls on the wife and daughters, whose work is thus increased fourfold, for wood and water are not one whit less essential in housekeeping than flour or meat, indeed without the former the latter are unavailable. "Hope springs eternal" under oft renewed promises, but the promised "to-morrow" never comes. The wife gets cross and peevish, the daughters are discontented and wonder why they can't have "things like other folks," and both grow old and bent before their time; while worst of all, the sons pattern after their father and emulate him in procrastination and disregard of home convenience and helpfulness.

This type of husband never has a garden because he can "raise enough corn or wheat on the land to buy the vegetables and not be bothered" and "being bothered" is a great dread to the shiftless man. Hence the family diet is salt pork and potatoes, with an occasional mess of "greens" laboriously gathered from the fields, and the few rows of sweet corn planted with the field corn where it will mix nicely. No small fruits, of course; these can be bought much more cheaply than they can be raised, in his farm economy, and so wife and daughters scour the fields and waste places for wild berries, and risk health in wading in swamps for huckleberries; for when it comes to *buying* there is never money to be spared. "What's the use of buying when we can raise such things right on the farm!" and a fresh installment of promises is made to be fulfilled "next year."

The shiftless man, aside from dealing in promises, has a mind full of large projects. He sees "in his mind's eye," great improvements to be made "by and by." Pending that time, it is as well to let things go. It is not worth while to rehang a sagging gate, he is going to build a new one presently; no use to patch a leaky roof or paint the house, because some day he will build the finest mansion in the township; nor dig a cistern, since in the infinite beyond he will build one to hold all the water that falls on the farm. Thus familiarized with magnificent ideas, he disdains small things. The business maxim that small profits are better than none he does not consider good logic, hence whatever he engages in must promise him large pay. His neighbor may make fair wages at some outside business, he will none of it unless the work is light and profits large; rather idleness than small returns. Never conquering but always conquered, always content with a makeshift and looking ahead to "to-morrow," when he comes to die he remembered what he was "going to do" and finds he has accomplished—nothing.

The shiftless woman in the home is bad enough, but the consequences to the family are less than when the husband is the incapable. Perhaps you will object to this idea, since a shiftless woman can easily make home unpleasant, but the husband can escape the home discomforts; outside life is more to him than to his wife, whereas home is everything to her and there can be no prosperity where shiftlessness rules the great source of supply. And so, girls, don't marry into a shiftless family unless you have the taint in your own blood. Don't say yes to a young man, who, having his own way to make, has grown up indolent, without industrious habits, and without business talent and "snap." You can tell from the way he "gets around" during the "courting days" something of the promise of the future, something too from family, something from employer. The hazard of the pledge, "for better or worse" will surely prove for worse unless you are prudent, and your whole life be spent in waiting upon a leaky roof, "hooking up" water from a pumpless reservoir, and frying sap out of green wood.

BEATRIX.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Satisfaction.—I have wondered, when hearing people speak of "being satisfied," if it be intended that we should realize that state in our earth-experience, where the interest and pleasure of life consist in pursuit, action. Because of growing to new heights, there is continued necessity of completing what we thought finished. Satisfaction signifies completion. We may feel it in a brief, limited sense, when we have realized some desired goal; but there must ever be a lack in the gratified satisfaction from the cause of incompleteness. Though we may half understand the term, it is more to dream of in some future development. Gaining any point aimed at, so much still tempts ambition to nobler achievement; we are spurred on to a higher plane of being. Satisfaction and realization should be the open door to progress.

"I wish," how often those words are on our lips! Yet do we really believe in wishing, except as it gives to action enthusiasm? If by earnest thought and endeavor we labor to make life conform to a noble, beautiful desire, then indeed it becomes something grand; but it is grand because it has grown into something loftier than wish; it has become a purpose, an ideal, to be wrought out in life.

We look sometimes at our work, our place in the world's thought and action, and painfully feel how small it is, how transient seem its benefits in any life! Many of us have pictured an ideal life which led not where the path of to-day guides. Yet if our feet were to tread that lost path, the great and sad "might have been," would content await us? It is only after our souls are weary and bleeding in these "missions" we count great, that we turn with longing to the simpler ways and know that in the enjoyment of life's little comforts, and the constant love of those for whom we labor, here lie peace and content. Little lessons gathered here and there, little joy-gems found glittering in the rough path of onward journey, little by little desire, love, and buoyant hope help to build up knowledge.

The sublime exists in thought and in deed. While one may think grandly and build high ideals, another may live, *act* the ideal, while his expressed thought is homely and common-place. Ideals are prayers, oftenest unexpressed, built as we ourselves grow. They measure our desire for perfection, they form our perception of the real; for "The ideal is the real." Since the real is eternal, an ideal is abiding and indestructible. As imagination performs its grandest mission when building and beautifying the intellectual temple by employing realities, so the ideal must rest a firm base upon the enduring, chaste reality of being. What is the "ideal" to you? That which you fancy would make the world great and life happy, or does the ideal signify all the good, the true, the beautiful everywhere? Is the rose less a rose because it blooms by the dusty road side? The ideal we shall realize as we live it, as we help

others to find it. Helpfulness is the true idealism.

Sympathy! Oh, word of mighty meaning! Few comprehend it, few seek to do so. How we wrap round us the garments of self love and blindness, heedless of the pain and yearning by our side! There is, in sympathy, a leading out of self to all nobleness. We see how human life is woven and interwoven, a "stupendous whole," whose spirit is God. Whatever grand points or virtuous extremes of character one may boast, only he whose faculties are all in healthful activity is sympathetic. His heart touches humanity's at every point of need. Full experience unfolds life, pain reveals its finer teachings. Through the gateway of suffering we enter the sanctuary of the heart.

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

"HE KNOWETH BEST."

While one will tell us that our life is mapped out, every plan formed at the time we are created, another with equal gusto will contend that it is no such thing, that we are free agents, and can do as we please; that God gives us faculties to reason, to tell the good from evil, judgment, and power to resist evil if we will; that we can lay our own plans and trust to Providence to have them mature and be realized. What do you think; have all the plans that you have made terminated just as you planned, or have some of your dearest hopes been blighted? A man or woman is highly blessed who passes through life without disappointment. Just as soon as we become old enough to think about such things, and act for ourselves, we lay plans for the future; we say we will accomplish certain things, make our life just as grand and symmetrical as we can; when we have found our speciality, we go to work and make all out of it we can. The farmer lays plans for each year and for successive years, the crops to be sowed, secured, sold, and the money invested the most advantageously. Of course, he is quite dependent upon the weather, quite often his best laid schemes "gang aft agley," and leave him "naught but grief and pain for promised joy." Instead of gentle showers, there are floods, or a long drought, early frosts—a great many things can conspire against him, and friends and neighbors will say "how terribly unlucky—he did not start in right—failed in judgment." The world at large sits in very cold judgment upon our failures, but applauds us loudly if successful. The little child looks forward to the time when he shall be a man, and plans what he will do, and just as we frustrate and change the child's plan, so does God ours.

"We are but children—things that we do,
Are but as sport in the Infinite view."

But I often think when we see our dearest plans and fairest hopes blighted like rose leaves when the chill winds blow, that God's ways are best. While we are helped in a multitude of ways, the most of our life we must look out ourselves. "Life is a problem, and we solve it on the blackboard of the world."

"Fortunes are not always made to order; but have to be hewn out; characters are forged on the anvil of industry by the well directed strokes of the heart and hand. Children are what they are made, men and women are what they make themselves. The web of life is drawn into the loom for us, but we weave it ourselves, we throw our own shuttle, and work our own treadles; the warp is given us, but the woof we make, find our own materials and color, and figure it to our own taste." In other words, life is what we make it; if you do not succeed at one thing, try another; a whole lifetime need not necessarily be blighted and wasted because a cherished plan fails. We grope in darkness, work so blindly—how can we know what the end will be?

"But while we frown and sigh
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called he heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see;
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God perhaps is keeping from us row
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth
good."

Oh! so many times, mingled with life's wine, we find wormwood and gall, so bitter to our taste. We will be so much happier if we labor with more patience and contentment; there is nothing in nature's work that hurries; the tiny seed that we drop in the warm mellow soil in the spring takes time to germinate, grow, and bear fruit.

"Then be content, poor heart.
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyces of gold;
And if through patient toil we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest;
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that God knew best."

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

I do not know that all are like me, but if I can get a good book or paper, and comfortably seated in my easy chair, I can forget all weariness and considerable sickness, living over the life of some notable person, or traveling in distant places of our own country, or in other countries or ages. As the evenings are now quite long, many will take time to read now, who would not in daylight, and how would it do for book lovers when they have found something extra good, to mention it through the Household for the benefit of the rest of the family? My experience is that it is as impossible to judge a book by its name as a person merely by name, except as we always expect certain excellence of certain authors.

As I have made the proposition, perhaps I had best set the ball rolling. I will mention only a few of those recently read. "Life History of our Planet" by D. Gunning; Tyler's "Early History of Mankind;" "Primitive Culture," two volumes; "Atlantis" by Ignatius Donnelly; a little book, "Life among the Piutes," by Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, a chief's daughter, every man and woman should read it; "Life at Puget Sound," with sketches of travel in Washington Territory, British Columbia, Oregon and

California, by Caroline C. Leighton. If you once begin any of these works, you will find them so interesting you will not leave them half read; to me they are as fascinating as any novel. I read some of these also; I will give the names of a few that please me: "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson; "Dr. Sevier," by Geo. W. Cable; "Afraga," by Mugg, a romance of Norway and Lapland; Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and "Blithedale Romance;" Bayard Taylor's "John Godfrey's Fortune," and "Hannah Thurston;" Charles Kingsley's works, and the first of Geo. McDonald's; these are nearly all old books; because I had not read them, I thought probably there were others who had not. If I were going back to last year's reading I should mention "Ben Hur" by Gen. Lew Wallace.

I heartily appreciated S. M. G.'s beautiful letter, "Life is Helpfulness," also A. L. L.'s "Making the Best of Things."

M. E. H.

ALBION.

SUNDRY HYGIENIC MATTERS.

A. H. J. avows herself a heretic on the subject of bathing. In a measure, I agree with her. The plunge into "a foreign element" once a day, or twice as practiced by some, is good only for those of vigorous habit and strong constitution. It is possible to overdo the matter by advocating the principle "If a little is good, a good deal is better," an illogical conclusion arrived at because of our tendency to go to extremes. Yet I believe the daily sponge bath is beneficial to both children and adults. Not a mere passage of a wet sponge over the person, followed by a languid removal of superfluous moisture, as if the whole proceeding were to be gone through with the least possible exertion; but a quick sponging, succeeded by friction sufficient to cause a healthful glow. I consider the glow, or reaction, as of quite as much importance as the ablution. There ought to be plenty of Turkish towels in use in every house, their roughness is an excellent excitant. When a bath is not possible a vigorous rubbing with one of these towels, or with a flesh-brush, is the best possible substitute, as it frees the pores of the skin, and by bringing the blood to the surface quickens the circulation. Such towels are cheap, too, very large, wide ones may be bought for twenty-five cents, some at twenty cents, and even less, and they wear excellently.

A tablespoonful of salt in the water used for a sponge bath is recommended as strengthening. Many buy the sea-salt, obtained from sea water by evaporation, and to be bought at the druggist's, and thus enjoy at least a part of the benefits of surf bathing at home. About the best use which can be made of alcohol is in the bath; it invigorates and strengthens, and is especially beneficial to weak and puny children and invalids. A teaspoonful of ammonia in the water on a hot day, cools and refreshes the heated body, and prevents in a measure the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

When you have a severe headache, try

a foot-bath instead of a dose of medicine. Use water as hot as you can bear it, and plenty of it, in a pail rather than a washbowl if you have not a regular foot bath. The pain is caused by pressure on the blood vessels of the head, and this pressure is caused by imperfect circulation of the blood, produced by cold extremities, or by over-eating, which distends the stomach, causing pressure on adjacent veins, thus impeding the flow of the blood, and the head, being furthest removed from the great source of supply, because oppressed by the sluggish blood. After the foot-bath lie down for an hour, if possible get a little sleep, and you will wonder what magic removed the pain. Use hot applications on the head, no matter how feverish it may be; the danger of congestion is much less, and the relief quite as great. If you are subject to headache, instead of buying all the nostrums of the drug store, pay particular attention to your diet, and be especially careful about over-eating. Avoid greasy gravies, rich food of all kinds, eat plenty of fruit, fresh or canned, vegetables, meat in moderation, avoiding pork, which is difficult of digestion. Eat only enough to satisfy hunger; a little self-denial will reward you remarkably. A. H. J. is right in believing what we call "colds" are in most cases congestion caused by over-eating rather than exposure to atmospheric changes. Take time to take care of yourself; nothing is gained, much lost by neglect. Remember health is your capital, if you waste it you will be poor indeed. Many who know the right way say they have "no time" to attend to themselves, but inevitably, sooner or later, they are obliged to take time to be sick.

BEATRIX.

EXPERIENCE WITH A CREAMERY.

In reply to Mrs. J. P. P., of Wisner, in regard to the practical working of a creamery, I would say that I have used a Mosely & Stoddard cabinet creamery for five summers, and made butter for a family averaging ten persons during that time. I would not exchange it for the best stone cellar, or the most approved milk house in Michigan, for butter-making purposes. I do not mean readers to infer from the above wholesale statement that it will make "gilt-edged" butter without work, or without care or attention. But I have made it with much less work, and it has been of more uniform quality the year through, without regard to "dog days," or "below zero" weather.

It is very much easier to draw the milk and cream off from three or four cans than it would be to skim ten or fifteen pans, wash them, and strain the milk. With a cabinet creamery there is a refrigerator, in which the cream, extra plates of butter, cold puddings and custards, and many other little things which it is desirable to have cool may be kept, and which saves countless wearisome steps in going down cellar. The contents of mine in a hot day in summer are as numerous

and varied as those of a small boy's pants pocket.

Cream can be taken from the top, or milk drawn from the bottom any time without detriment. I think only those who have used it can appreciate the value of having all the ice-cold, sweet milk for the dinner or tea table that you wish.

The size of creamery I use requires three pails of water; in hot weather to be changed twice a day, in moderate weather only once. Five months of the year, from November to April, it usually does not need any. It is very much better to have ice to use in hot weather, though not necessary.

There are some things to be learned by experience in using a creamery for working butter; first, perhaps is this: The cream being sweet, must stand at least twenty-four hours to ripen, or it will require a longer time to separate it into butter; and second, it is more bulky and needs a larger sized churn in proportion to the quantity of butter. There are other matters that will readily suggest themselves to any one using thought and reason to direct their work. C.

LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDE.

A GOOD SOAP.

I am happy to count myself one of the "Household," and have for some time thought I might contribute some recipes, and now that we are so kindly asked for a recipe for sugar-cured hams, and as I have such a good one, I can no longer keep silent. [The recipe will be found on the fourth page of the Household.—Ed.]

So much has been said in our paper in regard to soap, I do not know as my article will be read. I wish it were possible for me to tell you how I prize Bogue's soap. When nearly distracted on the subject of soap and washing machines, my "gem" of a girl, Maggie, said if I would only let her use Bogue's soap as she had previously done she knew I would never use any other, and she was right. We have had a family of eight all the season, and some of the time ten or eleven; two of these are my little girls, one four and one two years old. Every mother will understand, I think, what soiled clothes mean. We have washed every Saturday, putting our clothes in warm water on Friday night with one third of a cake (or one-half if there are many articles) of the soap shaved and dissolved in warm water. After soaking the clothes over night, the next morning they are rubbed out of this, putting a little more soap on some spots if necessary, rinse and blue, and if your clothes are not immaculate it is the fault of the one who washes. I do not soak flannels or colored clothes, but make a new suds for them, washing them through it directly. I fancy some will say it cannot be done. I wish you could see my clothes, they are a pure white, not yellow as some may suppose, and the clothes have all been hung out through the season, at nine or half past nine o'clock; then we are ready for Saturday's cleaning and baking and no fire in the kitchen

after the dinner dishes are washed. No more boilers and blue Mondays for me! I have tried Frank Siddall's soap. It is good, but not to be compared with Bogue's.

I have a "Perfection creamery" and have had a pleasant experience with it, which I shall be pleased to relate sometime.

The Household is hailed with delight, and I hope my article may benefit some one. MRS. F. McP.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.

A TABLE FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

Ben: Perley Poore, in the *American Cultivator*, thus describes a table to hold house plants, which is really an excellent device for the purpose; and which every woman who has a dozen plants to keep over should arrange this season. He says:

"The greatest obstacle to success in the cultivation of house plants, in rooms heated by furnaces or stoves, is the dryness of the air. This may, in a measure, be overcome by a table suitably constructed, and the selection of plants best adapted to a dry atmosphere. The table, as I have seen it described, should be the length of the window, and two or three feet wide, the boards being tongued and grooved. Around the edge nail a strip three inches wide, making the corners fit tight. The table is then to be filled with two inches of clean white sand. A layer of nice green moss on the sand not only retains and gives off moisture, but has an elegant effect, in contrast with the brick red of the flower-pots and the usual colors of the furniture.

"With a table of this kind, the foliage of the plants can be frequently sprinkled with water, which keeps them clean and promotes their health; the drippings and surplus water are caught and absorbed by the sand, and the floor of the room is thus kept clean; the sand, indeed, ought to be kept constantly wet, even watered for this purpose if necessary. The evaporation from the sand will diffuse itself among the plants and through the room, and thus overcome, in a small degree, one of the chief obstacles to the successful culture of plants in rooms.

"The flower stands in common use are altogether unfit for a room, the surplus water, dead leaves, etc., fall to the floor, injuring the carpet, and giving the room an untidy appearance. The table above described is free from these objections, besides having positive advantages for the successful growth of plants, which no ordinary flower stand can possess. It should be fitted with rollers, to facilitate the operation of watering and cleaning the plants, and also for the purpose of moving it back from the window during cold nights. Such a table, supplied with bright and fresh plants, will enliven any room and make the long winter days, now at hand, pass pleasantly."

A NOVICE in housekeeping would very likely inquire how long hams are to be kept in the pickle, and how long and how they are to be smoked. These are important points to the beginners.

M. E. H. encourage Beatrix by writing she has a shoulder cape nicely started. Thanks to M. E. H. and B. of Delhi Mills, for kindly, appreciative words concerning the Household.

By soaking wild plums for thirty-six hours in water containing a tablespoonful

of soda to the gallon they will lose their puckering qualities and become fairly good fruit for canning or for fruit butter.

Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Select the small white onions. Boil them ten minutes in equal portions of milk and water. Drain them, and turn boiling spiced vinegar over them. Use no allspice, as it turns the onions dark colored.

SUGAR CURED HAMS.—For 100 pounds of meat take four quarts salt and four ounces of saltpetre, dissolved in hot water; add enough good molasses to make a thick paste; cover the meat side with the paste, rub in well and pack in a barrel, rind side down. This may be old to the readers of the Household, but if properly used will I am sure give good satisfaction. MRS. F. McP.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.

PICKLE FOR HAMS OR BEEF.—For every hundred pounds of meat take nine pounds of coarse or rock salt, half gallon of molasses; three gallons of water; quarter pound of saltpetre; one ounce of saleratus. Put these ingredients together in a kettle; boil and skim, pack the meat in a barrel or cask and pour the pickle over it. If you wish to keep beef late in the summer, pour off the brine, boil and skim, and return it boiling hot. I think the meat would keep all summer if it were not eaten up. Put the beef for drying in the barrel with the other, taking it out in about ten days, and hanging it up to dry. B.

DELHI MILLS.

FRIED BALLS.—One cup of granulated sugar, seven tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, a little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one and a half of soda, flour enough to roll and cut; if too much flour is used they will be hard; if just right you can pinch them in two with the thumb and one finger. Cut so they are about one inch in diameter; fry in hot lard. As fast as they are done, take them one at a time and roll in fine white sugar in a bowl. If you wish them for common use, and not quite so rich, make them the same, only use instead of one cup of milk a cup and a half or a little more, and cut as you usually cut fried cakes. M. E. H.

ALBION.

E. S. B.'s BREAD RECIPE.—Prepare a fermentation as follows: Take two cups of flour; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of salt; thoroughly mix with one quart of lukewarm water; add two yeast cakes, previously soaked. Set in a warm place. It will rise in few hours; you can tell when it is light, as the flour will rise and form a sort of scum. Take two quarts of hot mashed potatoes; pour over them three quarts of cold water, strain through a colander, add the fermentation previously prepared, and let rise again. This makes between two and three gallons, and can be set away in a cool place in the stone jar in which it was made. To make the bread, sift the flour at night and set in a warm place near the stove, but never sponge the bread till morning. Stir into the flour two or three quarts of the prepared liquid. Use no water. The sponge will rise in an hour; mix into one large loaf; let it rise, then make into small loaves and let them rise again; bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. [The above recipe, which appeared in the Household of the MICHIGAN FARMER February 18th, 1884, has become "historic." It was tested by many of our subscribers, who cordially endorse its excellence; and is republished at the request of many who failed to try it before it became famous, who have lost the original copy. Ed.]