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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

THE BEAUTY OF AGE.

Say not: "Behold!
I'm growing old."
Thy golden locks soft-tinged with gray,
That hint of age and youth's decay,
Become thee more, as year by year
Thy ripper wisdom doth appear.

Say not: Alas!
I fade as grass."
Thy beauty, fed by springs within,
Is comelier than it e'er hath been;
A sweeter bloom, the spirit's grace,
Is kindling in thy earnest face.

What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help in a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is passed?
What need that the spur ing peer roll
When the runner is safe within the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?
No, No! If you have but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear.

Let us be like the bird, one instant lighted
Upon a twig that swings;
He feels it yield, but sings on, unafrighted,
Knowing he has his wings.
—Edwin Arnold.

THE READING CIRCLE.

The long evenings of winter are a season of comparative leisure to the farmer's family, and the social enjoyments and plans for intellectual advancement are apt to be postponed till this time of lighter, less engrossing labor. The comparative isolation of country life is a great drawback to sociability and co-operation in improvement. Yet we all need the attrition of mind upon mind, the friction against other atoms of humanity, to keep us from letting our own limited little world completely absorb us and become the boundary of our ideas and aspirations.

What plans have you made for this winter? Shall you yawn and dawdle through the long evenings, knit interminable yards of lace, or put your whole soul into a rag rug? Will you let two or three neighborhood visits and a few church socials comprise your social privileges, and find your only reading in the newspapers?

Would it not be a good plan to organize a reading circle, composed of a few of your friends and neighbors, to meet at each house in succession once a week, or once a fortnight, for the purpose of reading aloud some interesting book; with some simple programme prearranged to save stiffness, and a light lunch of apples,

nuts or popcorn to satisfy the desire to "feed" on all occasions which characterizes us as a people? Choose some book to be read aloud, arrange for a recitation or two, a reading of some article or essay bearing upon the subject or akin to it, a song, if any be musically gifted; and with a bright fire and a cheery welcome, and friendship for each other, much pleasure would be gained, as well as something more lasting than pleasure. You will be surprised to see how short your "at home" evenings will be, and how enjoyable the task of looking up subjects and authorities.

Do not make the mistake of choosing some dull book because it is "standard." "Little boats must keep near shore." Interest must be awakened. Generally the minister, the lawyer or the "literary prig" of the neighborhood is called on to select the book to be read, and he feels that to maintain his reputation for erudition he must advise something very learned and dreadfully instructive and dry. Don't you be so foolish. You will be terribly bored and stifle no end of yawns in trying to conceal the fact, and in a month the "reading circle" will be lonely as a last year's birds' nest. Take my advice and begin with a novel. A "perfectly shocking" prescription, isn't it, but ever so much more interesting than somebody's History of Civilization, which seems dry as the dust of ages in the living present. Try one of Scott's novels, and see where it leads you. "The Monastery," and its sequel, "The Abbot," and "Quentin Durward," though not the author's best, create a great desire to know more of the history of those times, and Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," follows as a natural sequence, while the old histories will be routed out to find something more about that queer compound of treachery and kingliness, Louis XI. Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" is like a door opening upon the path of Jewish history, and the same author's "The Fair God," though not equal in dramatic force and interest to "Ben-Hur," is so vividly descriptive of Mexican life in Montezuma's time, that the thrilling story of the handful of Spanish adventurers, whose determination and will, aided by avarice and religious enthusiasm, enabled them to imprison in his own capital the reigning Aztec monarch and trample under their feet the most sacred deities of a nation whose warriors outnumbered them as the sands of the seashore outnumber the ships on

the sea, comes to us with entirely new force and interest.

One afternoon or evening in a week, one in a fortnight, will soon be all too little time for your reading, and your interest in books and desire for knowledge will grow upon you like a fever. And soon you will find your taste for gossip "growing small by degrees and beautifully less," till you will wonder how you ever had patience to listen to the trivial details of what "she said."

Suppose only three or four can be induced to join; remember "small beginnings make great endings;" do not be discouraged, talk about your reading circle to those who have declined to join, not as if you still wished their aid, but as if quite content they should not be of your number, and you will soon find them asking to be included. When people find an enterprise is flourishing without them they are usually ready enough to join it. And, at all events the good you get will be none the less good because others are too blind to accept it for themselves.

Mrs. A. C. G., of Paw Paw, is humbly entreated to tell our HOUSEHOLD of the practical workings and methods of the reading circle to which she belongs, to help those who desire to organize similar unpretentious but pleasant circles.

BEATRIX.

MORAL PURITY AS AN AID TO TEMPERANCE.

"God means every man to be happy, be sure;
We meet with no evil that has not some cure."

Happiness has been said to be the aim and end of this life. All are striving for it, each in his own chosen way. Some with every faculty alert are carefully choosing their path among the world's labyrinthine ways, and with just discrimination, selecting of life's varied gifts such as shall most surely aid them in securing this priceless boon—happiness.

Others are blindly and carelessly groping for this same coveted treasure; eagerly grasping whatever in their wanderings shall present an outward show of brightness and give to their unscrutinizing minds fair promise. They must at last awaken to the futility of their efforts and the harvest of despair they have so laboriously gathered.

If then we accept happiness as life's greatest good, anything that interferes with that state must be an evil; and one to be fought and if possible overcome.

To the successful combat of life's evils

must be brought a trained intelligence; but intellectual training alone has proven inadequate to the task. Moral training must go hand in hand with it. A glance over the history of the past reveals the fact that those nations having the highest intellectual attainments, and cultivating most assiduously the best forms of art, were not the most prosperous and happy.

Pompeii was most renowned for its art, yet so depraved that it is no wonder the fate of Gomorrah fell upon it. The great Alexandrian library was rich in all the literature of the ancients, and the fragments of classic poetry which have come down to us show how high were their attainments; yet many regard the fires kindled in it by Theodosius' savage soldiery as so much toward the moral purifying of the world. The training of which the people stood most in need was utterly neglected, and thus they failed of securing a happy peace. Something more than cultivation of the fine arts, and scientific research, is needed to sweep back the tide of wickedness which so darkens this earth—moral culture from the nursery up. We need it to-day to strengthen our hands in the war against the many foes to ultimate happiness.

Of all the evils in our way, none so effectually interfere with and prevent the attainment of happiness as intemperance; and no form of evil more strongly demands the earnest thought and effort of every friend of humanity. Despite all the faithful labors of the past, it is still strongly intrenched, and its army of devotees, while being constantly depleted still is continually receiving recruits, so that while we rejoice to-day over some victories of the past, we feel that a great work still lies before. But still believing that "we meet with no evil that has not some cure," we should go hopefully forward and "still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labor and to wait," for no honest effort intelligently made is ever wholly lost. Though we see not all the immediate results we hope for, let us not be disheartened or deem our labor vain. Some one has said:

"The common deeds of the common day,
Are ringing bells in the far away."

The necessity for attack we all concede; but at what point to mass our forces and put forth our best efforts, is a problem, the solution of which is being sought in many ways. Each has a chosen line of work and considers that line of supreme importance. An addition to our school law now furnishes us a weapon which I feel assured will, if wielded by strong and willing hands, accomplish by far the most for temperance and consequent happiness of any force yet employed, for an army that receives no recruits will eventually become weak and powerless. The teachers in our schools now have a work before them, the responsibility of which exceeds any in the past.

We may carelessly receive or easily forget the impressions of later life; but what is inculcated in childhood makes an indelible impression, and is sure to

influence to a great extent the life in after years. While we labor as we may in other directions for the spread of temperance, I trust we shall not forget or neglect the fair fields of promise in the minds and hearts of the children; but with our teachers laboring side by side, so faithfully till them and so carefully sow with good seed that the harvest may be a firm resolve at manhood's hour not to endure the evil of intemperance lest they two should at last "pity, then embrace."

MRS. J. C. G.

PAW PAW.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"The hills of autumn run red with wine,
The maples blaze in the sunset's glow,
Ripe fruits in the orchard swing and shine,
While beauty and gladness reign below;
And she lay watching, a pale young girl,
Through the open window the hues of even;
'Oh! beautiful, beautiful world,' she said,
'Lay me there with the leaves when I am dead,
With the leaves and dews of heaven.'"

The death of a child causes a peculiarly mournful sorrow in the hearts of friends. The young girl whose life we watched growing weaker each day, was cherished as tenderly as a fair, sweet flower, but the frost of disease had blighted the bud of promise.

In the clear atmosphere of beautiful child-life one must ever believe in the truthfulness of feeling, rest in the pure sincerity of love. One feels nearer approach to that larger Life which bears us all on, divine in plan, supreme in purpose; sweeping away frail, cherished human constructions in its full, rich current; making all pain, sacrifice, bereavement, toil, grand in use.

There was no faltering in the purpose which bore this young life out from the arms of loving friends. The stricken parents knew her grave would be made among the dying leaves. After expressing this wish, the young girl raised her eyes to her mother's face, who, sitting by her side, with heart loving, warm and worshipful, pleads for her child's life. How could she give up her darling? Time alone could teach her the greater gain of that transition we call death. But this hour in the valley is to her one of shadow. There is strength growing in the gloom which will gently teach her life's lessons of gain and its seeming loss; which, through this hour, will bless her life calmly, deeply.

"Mamma," questioned the child, "do you think they miss us long when we are gone? See, the leaves there are so beautiful, but they soon fade and the wind is blowing them away now."

"Yes, darling," replied her mother, "but we remember and cherish their beauty always, and so the lives we love live on with our own, through their beauty, love, and truthfulness. Time can never destroy this memory. I remember once when my mother was thought to be dying she said to us, 'My children, I will help you from the other side, if possible.' That was to me a thought fraught with comfort, and gave the sorrowful way of parting its only gleam of light. Love lives eternal in memory. It is a pearl which never slips from the clasp of life."

But who would, if he could, tell what parting means? Life and death has each its farewells equally sorrowful. Too deeply is the soul stirred, too vast the knowledge of sorrow, for utterance.

The mother watched with her child's head on her bosom,

"Till a mantle of glory flushed her cheek,
White as the marble, cold and wan;
Her voice grew tremulous, low and sweet,
Like the notes of a dying swan;
And then in a moment a rapturous strain
Rang out on the air of even;
And we knew by her glazed eye's upward look
She was singing then from an angel's book,
And her songs were the songs of heaven."

Her bed was made among the fair-hued leaves, frail, beautiful, passing emblems wafted down into the earth-paths we walk!

The mighty hills watch by the little mound, while here each year in the gold and crimson glory of the autumn leaves, the mother reads again the story of those sad, sweet hours.

Every heart has its grave; while the dying leaves fall upon one, and winter's white-winged storms sweep above another, sadder still is that made in the hope and blossoming of spring time!

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

GLEANINGS FROM "BABYHOOD."

From the October number of *Babyhood*, the excellent nursery magazine edited by Dr. Yale and Marion Harland, we have selected a few thoughts which will commend themselves to mothers:

Marion Harland, in an article on "Precocious Children," portrays the dangers to the precocious child whose "smartness" causes him to figure as the "infant phenomenon" at Sunday school celebrations and infant school anniversaries, saying: "It would be demanding impossibilities to warn parents not to feel pride in a child whose mental expansion is fine and rapid. But parental vanity is in excess of affection when sensible people stimulate the already too alert mind to acquisition, the specific purpose of which (so far as the child can see) is exhibition. Before resigning themselves to the indulgence of the natural emotion of pride in a bright baby, it behooves his guardians to study seriously the cause and character of the early fruitage. * * Where is the horticulturist so dull that he does not see to it that his rose-slips are rooted before he lets them bloom, and who does not hold back his young trees from bearing? Where is the stock-breeder who would put a yearling colt on the race track? * * At least half of the child's life, up to the age of seven, should be passed in sleep. Subtract from the rest the time for eating and you have a remainder that is all working days. He is learning, taking in, assimilating, during every hour of these. Your business is to see that his physical system is prepared to sustain the strain, his zeal not being according to knowledge. * * Teach a restless, quick-witted infant little that is not really necessary for him to know till he is five or six years old. He will gain little and you may lose all by the forcing process. He will not be the better scholar at five-and twenty for having read

fluently at three. * * Lay the foundation of bodily health firmly before beginning to build the superstructure of mental endowments."

Dr. Peck bids mothers beware of injuring the child's eye-sight at a very early period of its life. The young eyes should not be exposed to too strong light out of doors, but protected by a blue or neutral tinted veil, afterward with a brimmed hat or bonnet. The round lace cap the doctor condemns, as it affords no protection to the eyes. The parasol of the baby's carriage should never be lined with white, as white lining offers protection from only the direct glare of the sun's rays, and not at all from their radiation. The lightest permissible shade is light blue, better would be dark shades of maroon, blue green, or even black. Dr. Peck also insists that it is of the utmost importance that visual efforts of the young child be limited to near objects. Under the fourth or fifth month the baby's eye has no distinct fixation of vision, because the muscles of the parts are not yet under the power of the brain to do its bidding. Great damage may be done to the eye by carelessness, and cross-eyed and near-sighted eyes are not unfrequently the result of want of knowledge on the mother's or nurse's part.

FOREST LEAVES.

The exquisite beauty of the foliage at this season is remarked by all, and no words can describe the gorgeous tints, the delicate coloring. Nature, says Ruskin, is sparing of high colors. It may be so in gray somber England, but here she holds high carnival. A maple tree is a thing of beauty and every shrub wears its gayest attire; even the humble catnip wears its pretty serrated leaves of pale pink, the ivy its rich crimson, the sumac and hundreds of others; and we return from our ramble laden with treasures wishing, Oh! so earnestly, for some art to preserve their rare beauty. A happy chance revealed that secret and now we have them as perfect after months have passed as at first; every shade of coloring mocking the pencil of a Raphael. The *modus operandi* is very simple: Place on the leaf a sufficient quantity of powdered resin to cover it, iron with a hot flat iron and you have fixed the fleeting hues for future decoration.

LEDA.

BROOKLYN.

SOME DOMESTIC REMEDIES AND HELPS.

As a remedy for catarrh take subnitrate of bismuth, two drachms, bromide potassium, two drachms; tincture of camphor, two drachms; pure water, two ounces; mix; shake before using. Inhale of the above twice or more times a day; add more water if too strong. Each time take in the palm of the hand and use as you would salt and water, drawing a small quantity up into the head. I have cured a desperate headache within a few minutes by causing the head to discharge by its use.

For weak eyes, take weak camphor and

water, put in the least little pinch of a DeLand's saleratus; wash the eyes carefully by rubbing the eye always toward the nose, and you will be surprised to see how it will clear and relieve them.

To take streaks off window glass or mirrors, after they have been washed, while the glass is yet damp, put just a little stone lime on a dry rag and wipe, and it will seem equal to polish.

To lighten labor where fresh pie has to be made every day, take lard enough to last for the week's use and mix thoroughly with flour; keep in the cellar; then for each pie use one cup full. Wet only what you use each morning separately. This perhaps may be of use to E. L. Nye in making those many miles of pie crust. I heard a sensible and judicious person say that many a day her family would have been without fresh pie if she had not adopted this plan.

PERSIS.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

Ladies who possess mink furs will be glad to hear that they are coming in fashion again, especially for elderly ladies. A mink-lined circular is a valuable possession. The newest circulars have shirred shoulders and standing collars of fur. A set of furs to be worn with any wrap not trimmed with fur now consists of a small collarette with square tabs reaching half way to the waist, and a small, round muff, or the newer flat curved muff, called the Crescent. The long chasuble collar with deep fronts and muff attached, is worn. Natural beaver fur is very fashionable this season, used in sets and for trimming any color except black. For trimming furs, those sold by the yard to trim wraps, the Persian lamb, black fox (a long fur) black lynx and Russian hare, are used not only on black but on garments of every color. The black marten or "Alaska sable," which, undisguised by furrier's arts, was known as *Mephitis Americana*, or plain unvarnished skunk, is much used to trim very elegant garments in plush and brocade velvet; it costs from \$1.50 to \$5 per yard. Seal retains its supremacy and is now cut into trimmings. The round capes of fur, reaching only to the elbow, are, to be worn again, but the high-shouldered appearance is not seen in the new ones, the sides being held down by elastic tapes under the arms. Fur of some kind is seen on almost every new garment for out door wear, and is employed to trim many street costumes.

INQUIRIES TO ANSWER.

Do any of our members use a soapstone griddle and like it? We hoped to escape the smoke of burning grease by having one, but the cakes stuck to it, and it is hard to make hot enough, and we now use the old iron one. If some one can tell me how to use it I will be thankful.

Also, is there any preparation to apply to a barberry bush to kill the spores of the rust which goes from it to grain plants? We have one in our yard and every grain crop raised near it rusts, but

we don't like to destroy the bush, as it is handsome with its red berries all the fall and winter.

Corned beef may be kept until into harvest time at least, (our barrel gets empty by then) by scalding the brine before warm weather comes, skim it well and pour it back on the meat scalding hot; always keep the meat under the brine by means of clean flat stones. About a month after this throw away the old brine, make a fresh brine, pour it on boiling hot, and scald it once a month or six weeks, as long as the meat lasts. N. tainted barrels should ever be used to put meat in.

EULALIE.

HOWELL.

[We hear general complaint among housekeepers that brown cakes are possible on a soapstone griddle, and their use is generally discarded. Sacrifice the barberry bush; it only serves to increase a fungus growth which is one of the serious pests of the wheat crop, and for which the only remedy seems to be extermination of the plant which serves as host for the resting spores of the fungus.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Young Housekeeper" asks if pickles keep better in white wine vinegar than in cider vinegar, and if so, why; and also in what respect wine vinegar differs from cider vinegar. Wine vinegar is made from wine which is unfit for drinking, by gradual oxidation. It contains acetic acid and water, a little ethyle acetate and bitartrate of potash. Sulphuric acid is often added as an adulterant. White wine vinegar contains no yeast plant. Cider vinegar contains in addition to the above, malic acid, and the conversion into vinegar is hastened by the presence of the yeast plant. It is the active ferment of quite acid vinegar containing considerable yeast plant which causes pickles to "work" or soften. The vinegar used for this purpose should not be too strong. If pickles soften, remove them to weaker vinegar. Pickles keep better in white wine vinegar, because of the absence of the principle of ferment—the yeast plant.

We are asked to name a few hardy flowering shrubs, not costly, suitable to plant on the lawn. The inquiry properly belongs to our Horticultural department, but we can suggest a few which are desirable. The Smoke Tree, *Rhus cotinus*, is beautiful in autumn, and pretty at all times; *Deutzia gracilis* has lovely white flowers, as has also *Spiraea triloba* and the mock syringa, often called "orange tree;" the double-flowering almond and Japan quince give rich masses of color. Roses would be desirable were it not for the constant vigilance required to subdue the rose slug. *Yucca filamentosa*, "Spanish daggers" though not a shrub, is yet a curious and beautiful ornament to a lawn, and may balance a rich red pæony. The *Wiegela* is also a fine shrub. When my "castle in Spain" materialize—ah me! will it ever!—I shall, in spite of all suggestions of "commonness," plant a

wild crab-apple tree for the sake of its charming pendant pink flowers, and their delicious odor, which I esteem highly. It is not a beautiful tree, being angular and knotty, with short "stubby" branches. But it is like some people; we are willing to overlook some faults for the sake of compensating good qualities, and it is rare indeed, in fruit or flower or person, to find all good things combined in the individual. The dogwood and the bittersweet vine will neighbor with my crab-apple tree, too.

"All things come to him who can wait"—if he waits long enough! A request for directions for "doing spatter-work" has lain on my desk for several weeks, unanswered, because spatter work seemed one of the lost arts. But in the *Toronto Globe* of last week, directions are given as follows:

"For this you will need specimens of ferns, leaves, flax, grasses, and vines. Procure a piece of fine wire netting, fastened to a frame; a cake of India ink; a paper of fine needles, and a nail brush or tooth brush. In a shallow dish containing a little water, rub the ink till the desired shade is obtained; after arranging the specimens fastening down with the needles all those which do not lie flat, dip the brush lightly into the ink, and try the spatters on a piece of paper to regulate the size; they should be so small as to be scarcely discernible. Then give a gentle spatter over all the work. Then remove the parts which are to appear in the background, and spatter again. Then remove the parts to appear in shadow, and spatter again. Last, remove the parts to appear in the light, and give a gentle spatter over all the work. The ink must be allowed to dry before each removal, or the work would be blotted."

The tasteful arrangement of the ferns, leaves, etc., is of great importance in this work, also the neatness and care with which it is executed. B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Rural New Yorker* recommends the following method of washing black stockings: "Wash thoroughly in strong salt water and dry, then wash again in another solution, finishing in clear water. If properly done the dye will not rub off on the feet or underclothing."

THE disagreeable odor of mucilage which has soured may be prevented by dissolving in water a few crystals of carbolic acid and adding a few drops of the solution to the mucilage. An ounce of this solution in a pail of whitewash will drive away cockroaches. A bottle of bromine, left uncorked in a room, will drive away flies and mosquitoes.

If you wish to set together blocks of velvet or plush in any of the fancy work so fashionable and beautiful at present, you can avoid the bungling seams usual on such thick material by drawing several threads at a seam's distance from the edge, and sewing through the space from which the threads were pulled. Either velvet or plush can be pieced in this way, and the seam be hardly noticeable.

We remember that in "war times"

when cotton twine was rarely seen and a twisted paper cord formed a substitute in tying packages, how carefully every scrap of the cotton twine was saved for future use. Some of us retain the old way of twisting the long lengths which come round bulky packages about our fingers, and dropping them into a little bag till needed. This accumulation may be utilized by tying them together, winding into a ball, and then crocheting a square piece of sufficient size for a dishcloth. The frequent knots do no harm, and the dishcloth is neat and handy, while the labor involved is very slight. Try it.

GEN. CLINGMAN, of North Carolina, thinks every family should raise a few plants of tobacco for its medicinal uses. He says there is nothing like an application of wet leaf tobacco to a wound to take down inflammation. Its use preserved to him a limb badly mangled by the discharge of a gun, when the physicians said the "secondary fever" would prove fatal. He ordered his attendant to swathe the leg in wet tobacco leaves, and in spite of the surgeon's declaration that it was suicidal, the wound healed with rapidity. Southern planters are aware of the medicinal virtues of tobacco in such cases. It is also good for inflammation of the eyes, relieves a sore throat and eases a burn. The commercial tobacco is too much adulterated to use in this way.

L. B. P., of Armada, called on the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor last week, and left as a souvenir of a very pleasant visit a fine cabinet photograph of herself for the *HOUSEHOLD* album that is to be.

Mrs. J. P. P. thanks C. for information about creameries, and wishes to ask if she is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the cream that she gets, and if she believes she gets as much as if the milk were set in shallow pans.

Mrs. A. A. HIBNER.—Inquire of your grocer for the soap you mention. If he does not keep it in stock, request him to procure it for you. This he will do if you insist; otherwise he will probably tell you some other kind, which he has, is just as good.

WE hope to hear more frequently from our correspondents hereafter. All who are interested in the "little paper" are cordially invited to contribute. We want some hints on making Christmas presents, some tested recipes, some methods of saving labor—anything which will help womankind in any way.

It is now nearly five years since, in a discussion on woman's capabilities and possibilities, "Strong Minded Girl" assumed the name by which she has been known to *HOUSEHOLD* readers. The occasion having passed which rendered the *nom de plume* fitting, she feels it to be a misnomer. Having become accustomed and attached to it, she will not discard it entirely, but write over the initials S. M. G. hereafter.

LUCILLE, of Pinckney, says she enjoyed Miss Benton's letter "From Over Seas" very much and hopes the *HOUSEHOLD* will be favored with further letters from this source (a wish which the Editor heartily seconds), saying that though she has read histories and descriptions of many foreign lands, and the queer ways of their inhabitants, it will seem doubly real and interesting to have scenes and incidents described by one of our *HOUSEHOLD* band. She suggests that the ladies contribute some good wholesome-toothsome recipes for Thanksgiving dinner, which is drawing rapidly near, and adds her mite by sending a recipe for pie crust which she says even a dyspeptic can eat with impunity.—[This recipe will be found in the proper column; please send some more recipes. For information desired, write to the Home of the Friendless, Detroit.—Ed.]

Contributed Recipes.

PIE CRUST.—White of one egg beaten to a stiff froth; one tablespoonful white sugar; one cup lard; pinch of salt; five tablespoonfuls of water; just enough flour to hold all together; roll thin; bake lightly. Is as good for tart-shells as for pies, and can be kept six weeks as "shells." Delicious. Try it. LUCILLE. PINCKNEY.

LEDA'S GINGER SNAPS.—One cup molasses and one cup of sugar boiled together for a few minutes; then add one cup of lard or butter, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of boiling water; one teaspoon, full of ginger or one-half teaspoonful of ginger and one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon; and about five cups of flour. These are unexcelled, and are adapted to winter use, as neither eggs nor milk are used. LEDA. BROOKLYN.

CORNERED BEEF PICKLE.—To 100 pounds of beef take four pounds of brown sugar, four quarts of salt, four ounces of saltpetre. Pulverize the sugar, salt and saltpetre; sprinkle a little of the mixture in the bottom of the barrel, then a layer of meat, then another of the mixture, and so on till the barrel is full (if you have meat enough to fill it). Pound down each layer with a muller and in a few days it will make its own brine. Do not use any water if you want your meat nice and sweet; put a press on the top and keep the meat under the brine. If you do not want to boil a piece and still wish cold meat for tea, take a piece out of the brine, slice it off thin, and eat it raw. It is much better than the old-fashioned way of drying beef, and much less trouble. PAW PAW.

CUSTARD CAKE.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth with one cup of white sugar; then add one half cup of sweet cream, and flour to make a medium batter. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder into the flour. Be careful not to get too much flour; bake in round tins. CUSTARD: Take one heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little milk; add one half cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs, one cup sweet milk. Put it in a bowl and set in a dish of boiling water on the stove; stir occasionally until boiling hot, and when all puffed up, take off the stove and when cool put between the layers. I made a cake by this recipe and took it to the fair and got first premium. If you go according to directions you cannot beat it as a common cake. THOMAS J. RICH.

HAMBURG.