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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

DAUGHTERS.

One stands in robe of white
Beneath the sunshine, in her eyes
A happy, untold secret lies,
Her well spring of delight.
She holds a posy in her hand
Of roses red, of roses rare,
Love's latest gift to one as fair
As any in the land.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Can bliss like hers endure away,
Or but a little while?
Will faith cling close through sun and snow,
Will love's red garland keep its red
From bridal couch to graveyard bed?
Alack! we cannot know!

One stands alone, apart,
She wears the sign of widowhood;
Sharp grief hath drained of all its good
Her hungry, empty heart.
To tend a grave she counteth best;
She turns from us who love her well,
And wears the yellow asphodel,
Death's flower, upon her breast.

We look at her and sigh,
And softly to our hearts we say,
Will grief like hers endure away,
Or lessen by-and-by?
Will woe weep on through sun and snow?
Or will the asphodel give place
To flowers about a blushing face?
Alack! how should we know?

One sits with thoughtful eyes
Down-dropped on homely work, a smile
Upon her tender mouth the while
Her busy task she plies.
Some blessed thought enchains her mind;
How wide and deep her musings are,
High as the height of topmost star,
And low as human kind!

She wears upon her breast
A milk white lily; God hath given
To her a foretaste of His heaven,
An earnest of His rest.
She came from out the furnace flame
Of sorrow, strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In time of grief or shame.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say
Good work like hers endures away,
Beyond earth's little while;
Beyond earth's round of sun and snow,
Beyond the height of topmost star;
And where her harvest waits afar,
God knoweth and we know!
—All the Year Round.

No answer comes to those who pray,
And idly stand
And wait for stone to roll away
At God's command.
He will not break the binding cords
Upon our laid
If we depend on pleading words,
And do not aid.
When hands are idle words are vain
To move the stone;
An aching soul would vainly strain
To work alone.
But he who praveh, and is strong
In faith and deed,
And toleth earnestly, ere long
He will succeed.

CHRISTMAS AFTERMATH.

Always, in the leisure interval after the great festival of the year is past, we find among our own or our friends' gifts many suggestions for another season, which if not gathered in memory's treasury are speedily forgotten, or which perhaps we would like to use for our own benefit at once. At the House of Correction in this city are made arm chairs, having cane seats and old fashioned backs of perpendicular round slats, finished to imitate cherry, which is now the fashionable wood in furnishing, which retail for \$3 50 each. They are extremely comfortable, having broad arms, and quite nice in appearance. Furnished with a "slumber pillow," or cushion, they become very ornamental and extremely stylish. With this addition they sell at the furniture stores at from \$5 50 to \$6. A friend of mine gave her husband a chair of this description for a Christmas gift, and decorated it herself. At the upholsterer's she secured a remnant of cardinal plush, fourteen inches deep, and wide enough to cross the back of the chair, which cost her fifty cents. To have had it cut from the piece would have cost \$1 18. She bought a roll of cotton batting and half a yard of crimson silesia, made the cushion comfortably plump, and tufted it with old buttons covered with some bits of cardinal satin she happened to have. She then bordered the seam with a cardinal silk cord, and at the upper right hand corner put a full bow of cardinal satin ribbon. The chair is as handsome as any for sale at \$7, and it cost her but a trifle over \$4 50.

The prettiest sofa pillow of the year's harvest yet seen is of black satin, exactly the size and shape of half a grain bag. It is filled with the softest of cotton batting, and tied at the open end with a cardinal satin ribbon. The satin of the bag is turned in below the place where it is tied, as a facing to the end. One side is decorated with a rose and buds in ribbon and arrasene work. It is so lovely and so much prized by its owner that woe to the man, woman or child who dares to touch it save in admiring awe.

A new style of pincushion consists of an eight inch square of "butchers' linen," an evenly woven, moderately open goods much used for "fancy fixings." It is just hemmed, then threads are drawn in three rows on each side of the square, leaving only a plain piece about two

inches square in the center. Rows of narrow ribbon are then woven in, basket fashion, among the pulled threads, and allowed to overlap in loops at the corners. The effect is novel and pretty.

Bookcases are expensive furniture. The plainest and cheapest cost \$15 or \$16, and are merely open racks to hold books, with a gilt rod suspending mottle or Madras curtains to protect the books from dust, while desirable styles range from \$35 to \$150; "you pays your money and takes your choice." Yet a quite young lady of this city who has sighed for the impossible, was delighted on Christmas morning with the "makeshift," which an ingenious mother planned and a "handy" father executed. A space between two windows was chosen, and the wall paper covered in a space of about four and a half feet in height and three feet in width, with crimson velvet paper, tacked on with small tacks. Four pair of iron brackets from the hardware store had been gilded with gold paint, and four black walnut shelves bought at the cabinet shop, ready oiled and varnished. The brackets were screwed firmly in place on the wall, by long screws which passed into the studding; the shelves, exactly the proper length, and slightly rounded at the corners, were laid in place, and a screw turned from the under part of the bracket into the wood held each firmly. Three of the shelves were for books, so the distance between them was nicely spaced; and the fourth shelf was intended for small ornamental articles. The velvet paper rose above this top shelf, the sides were slanted off at an angle, and outlined by narrow gilt moulding, which cost ten cents per foot. This home-made book case is neat, serviceable and ornamental, and its cost was not half that of the cheapest which could be bought at the furniture shops.

A German lady is knitting up a "wunderknaull" or "wonder-ball," received on Christmas. It is a large, irregular, weighty ball, which she values because it conceals many small presents wound with the yarn, which are brought to light by the knitting of the soft worsted. This mine of treasures has already yielded her a couple of yards of pretty ribbon, a tiny box containing a hammered silver pin, a pair of kid gloves and a peanut, and a confidential relative informed me that the kernel of the still bulky ball was a long coveted gold thimble. The gifts are wrapped in paper, and the recipient is enjoined from opening them until they

are fairly released by knitting up the yarn. Such a "wunderknaull" would be a delight to the grandmother, and might make more endurable the "stint" of the small girl who loves to play better than to knit.

BEATRIX.

LOVE IN MAN.

Is there true love in man; love deep, true and abiding, not subject to the slightest change through circumstances, that can bear the test of temptation? Not yet have I found one to exalt to my ideal. Perhaps others have, and if so it would be to many "an assurance most dear" to know that the longings of some womanly hearts have been met and satisfied; it might compensate our own losses in a measure, for I admit there is implanted in every heart a natural desire for some one to love, and to be beloved in return. But may not this desire in man become insatiable? is not his whole nature subverted by his tastes and mode of living, so that there are no abiding convictions of right and wrong? Can virtue, love, purity, devotion, suffering and patience—all the virtues combined in the wife, inspire in the average man a return in kind? I say no, rather the reverse. I have often observed among my friends fidelity on the wife's part, unfaithfulness and deceit on the husband's. The wife gentle and kind, patient and affectionate, with intense love for husband and children, never weary in ministering to their wants, yet incapable of retaining her husband's love and fidelity. I could cite many such instances, in which the wife's devotion is rejected for the society of profligates; now what must woman do to obtain and retain that coveted love?

Then, too, what shall the wife do when children or step-children come between her and her husband, and are preferred before her, and allowed to usurp her rights and privileges while she is forced to stand one side, unable to resist? What if her husband, in her presence, says to the son who has ill-treated her, "You have a home with me as long as you live, and if either goes, she shall!"

If those who have promised to love and cherish us can be so unfaithful, so cruelly unkind after all their sacred pledges, why were we educated by parents and teachers to regard love as a reality? Is it not rather a fable, a fairy illusion never to be realized? As the babe's fingers try to grasp the sunbeams flitting across the room, so we reach out expectantly for love, only to find our hearts as empty as the little hand.

My heart aches for the many victims of man's infidelity. Is there no remedy for this terrible evil, which is breaking hearts and destroying homes all over our land? What can we women do to stay this downward, demoralizing tendency? Will forbearance and silence remedy it? Love is the balance-wheel of our existence, but I fear the spokes are fast dropping out.

The subject is one which lies close to every woman's heart; she does not know how soon she may suffer. I should like

an expression of opinion from the HOUSEHOLD readers as to the means women should take to preserve the purity and sanctity of home, and hold their husbands' affection.

Mrs. J. A. M.

KALAMAZOO.

MORE "FASHION."

Not long ago I heard a good mother express herself on the subject of modern "bangs," i. e., those worn on ladies' foreheads. She described the wearers as looking like "eegeots." I wondered if some who have such intellectual foreheads would not look as curious to our eyes if they wore their hair *a la Pompadour*.

We are creatures of habit, and any change must meet with stern criticism from some, but the fashion once established, the general public will take kindly to it. An illustrative incident may be apropos: When hoops were worn by females a few years ago, a conservative husband insisted that "his wife should not make a fool of herself wearing those blamed things." But, alas, for marital authority, she did purchase a set of hoops, and occasionally wore them. One day the good man, looking from the window, espied his rich aunt from the city driving into the yard. Looking at his wife, who was tall and thin, he muttered: "A hoop pole, egad," then louder, "Run, Marier, and get them hoops on, or Aunt Ann'll think ye'er a scare-crow. The wide, tilting hoops were a nuisance, tight tie-backs ditto; but there was in each case a point of moderation, comfortable and not offensive to modesty and good manners.

A trained dress properly adjusted and managed, is one of the most graceful garments a lady can wear, with proper surroundings and place; but, when the train is used as street-sweeper, or kitchen-mop; all its beauty and grace is lost, and disgust takes the place of admiration.

Some ladies who make such an outcry against the present fashions thought themselves quite handsome in a suit that made human funnels of them, not so very many years ago. Let me describe it: Wide hoops, short waists, further defacing the lines by adding a loose sack with flowing sleeves, and placing on the head a narrow-brimmed steeple-crowned hat, with trimming mostly on the top. See! "But a century ago," they say, "no such *fal lals* were worn." I remember a silk dress belonging to one of my grandmothers: shoulder seams, three inches long; under-arm seams, six inches; across the shoulders, maybe ten inches; the arm size being so huge as to take in the rest of the width; the sleeve gathered in full and propped up and out with cushions, that made the shoulders so wide you would think they would have to go sidewise through a common door; then the sleeve sunk ignominiously down to the size of the wrist, the skirt being so narrow that no more exciting dance than the minuet was possible. Oh! horrible! some will say; yet I do not doubt that belles thought the cos-

tume charming, and beaux were of the same opinion.

So, while in the olden time ladies made towers of their powdered hair, and more modern belles wore close braids and coils, or hung "waterfalls" down their necks, let the present generation of girls wear their bangs in peace, remembering that each age will have its wisdom and its follies, and nothing so much adds to, or detracts from the happiness of youth as to be like or unlike the fashion of the day. But counsel moderation.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

A GREETING TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

Dear Beatrix and all the Household Members:—I give you greeting. May the coming year bring you health and added happiness and prosperity, is my sincere wish. How glad I would be to meet you all personally, and grasp your hands, and feel that I knew you. Yet I do feel as though I know many of you, for your writings have become so familiar that when the "little paper" arrives I always look it through to see "who" is there. If I see Evangeline, A. L. L., E. L. Nye, Mrs. M. A. Fuller, Jannette, S. M. G. and Bonnie Scotland, I feel that they are old friends and I am sure of a good time. Beatrix I always expect to find, and with her to introduce the new members I know there is a pleasant chat in store, even if I am disappointed in not finding the older friends. Our "chief" says we have had "too much Beatrix" lately. I do not think so, but I think we have been all too willing she should bear the greater burden. I suppose we have "each and all" been very busy preparing Christmas gifts for our loved ones, and in our thoughtfulness of them, forgot that she might be glad of a little leisure for the glad Christmas time.

I am quite sure we are all busy women, with many duties to perform, and many times feel it quite a task to take our pen and write, and are inclined to think, "Beatrix will undoubtedly have plenty of letters this week, I am tired and have nothing interesting to write," so we let it go, when perhaps our letter might be just what she wanted to fill a little space. I would like to say some good words for Beatrix, but I know she would scratch them out, and as I do not like to do anything in vain I forbear.

I should like to tell Bonnie Scotland what I bought for my husband's Christmas present "with my money," but I think she hardly believes I love my husband as she does here, so I won't tell her or you. We had a happy, merry time Christmas at the home of our parents, with father and mother, brothers and sisters and their families. Oh these happy Christmas days, what golden days they are! but they are days that forcibly remind us that our circle must soon be broken, for we see the silvered heads of our parents grow whiter, and the once erect, strong frames grow bent and feeble. Ere this reaches you the holidays will be past and we will have begun the work of another year. Whether it be done well

or ill depends upon ourselves, but happy will we be if at the close we can look back and say "I have done what I could."
OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TRUENESS.

SOCIAL OBSERVATIONS.

"Oh dear!! I thought he'd never go!" Such were the words on a young lady's lips as she closed the door on a caller who had lingered, loth to "tear himself away," till near to "midnight's witching hour." "I can entertain and be entertained for a couple of hours; when it comes to doubling up that time, I want somebody round who is particularly brilliant. I wish he knew enough to go home when he had talked himself out." Here a prodigious yawn caused a gap in the conversation.

I sometimes think it would be a good idea if Japanese etiquette in the matter of calls could prevail in America. In the Mikado's empire, the lady dismisses the gentleman, instead of waiting for him to make up his mind that it is time for him to disappear. It seems that some young men find "parting such sweet pain" that they cannot make up their minds to endure the agony much before midnight. It would be a mercy to some bright, pretty, popular girls I know if custom permitted them to dismiss their callers when they had "talked themselves out," without giving offense.

"We like to have Will call at our house," said one of those bright-eyed misses who are always making remarks and quoting a big sister; "Belle says he never stays so long she gets tired of him." Now boys, look on this picture, then on the other, and judge what the girls think about late calls.

I was present recently at a small gathering, where the company broke into little knots and groups for conversational purposes. During a pause, the words of one lady became plainly audible, partly through the unexpected silence, partly because of her very decided voice. She was speaking of an absent one, in rather unkindly terms,—that fashion some very good people have of making vague but unfavorable remarks about persons whom they do not happen to like. I was pleased and amused at the tact and address of a young lady present, a friend of the absent. The remarks were not addressed to her; there was nothing tangible which she could take up and resent, nothing necessary to be said in defence. But she did what was quite as effectual, indeed better, since the person speaking was one whose years entitled her to deference from younger women. With ready wit she addressed a relevant remark to the speaker, continuing the subject, yet diverting the talk from the personalities to which it was tending. "Smart girl," thought I. "To have taken up what had been said by an injudicious defense would have been like fire to tow, and the company would have probably been edified by a battle royal between the two, in which hard knocks would have been given and received; and undue importance would have been attached to

mere rumors which if not, fanned into activity, would die of themselves. Smart girl!"

Come to think about it, it is a good rule to take into society, never to pursue a conversation which threatens to entrap us into speaking ill of others, or to compel us to listen to defamation, but quickly change the subject. It is rarely indeed that a little tact cannot accomplish this, without the other party becoming aware that it is purposely done. Take advantage of a side issue; generally the association of ideas which leads us in so many channels from a central thought, will allow us to do this in an easy, seemingly unintentional manner. How much of evil speaking and uncharitable comment could be avoided by acting upon this simple rule to "change the subject" when conversation approaches personalities, especially those which treat of the foibles and follies of our acquaintances.

"His first wife was a Smith, cousin of old Squire Smith who bought the Brown farm out at Whiteville, and married Jenny Green for his second wife, her sister married into the Blue family, and old Mrs. Blue was a second cousin of Judge Gray, she didn't have but one brother and he married one of the Whites of Whiteville, Lu White, she was, and they had six children, and one of them had fits and never knew much, and the old lady lived with them and I guess she was pretty trying, she was a Scarlett, and her sister married the man that run that big mill and failed, and it broke her down, so she never held her head up after. As I was saying his first wife was ——" Here the dropping of words ceased to make impress upon my consciousness, and my thoughts wandered in some such fashion as this: His first wife, his second wife and "he" himself are strangers to me; I never saw them, and hope to be forgiven for admitting that I do not consider that fact a special deprivation of Providence. Why should I be bored with the recital of the family pedigree? What is it all about anyhow? Was it "old Mis' Blue" (strange that even well bred people in the eagerness of these genealogical narratives will make Mrs. into Mis') or the first wife who had the six children, and supposing they did, six children are not phenomenal unless they are "sextolets." And was the old lady who lived with them "Old Mis' Blue" or —, and here I lose myself again, and mechanically pick up a pocket Bible and turn to the Book of Numbers, and read over the sum of the congregation of the children of Israel, reflecting that though heretofore mighty dry reading to me, it had at least the merit of continuous narrative beside this disjointed hash of "he married," etc. Then I fell to wondering why people should burden themselves with such inconsequent details, such useless information as these family relationships of people to whom they are not connected by either blood or friendship; and why, even if they have an idiosyncrasy for that sort of knowledge and must gather it, as Dr. Johnson

touched the hitching-posts along the street, through some abnormal mental condition, why inflict the unmeaning tale upon an unhappy auditor, whom politeness compels to pay at least the semblance of attention, but who cannot help comparing the relator to Gratiano, "who loved to talk an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in Venice," and wishing she would let

"Silence like a poultice come
To heal the blows of sound."

"Things said merely for conversation are chalk eggs," says Emerson, and these family intermarriages and pedigrees are decidedly calcareous spheroids in which no interest is felt by listeners.

BEATRIX.

A FLORAL LETTER.

The name *Pyrethrum* is from *pyr* (fire,) as the roots have a peppery taste. There being the old European variety, with single or semi-double flowers, classed among medicinal herbs, and called feverfew and featherfew, and also varieties from France so greatly improved, I found that those who have not kept track have become a little confused on the different sorts of pyrethrams. The double white-flowered has now become a great favorite as a garden plant, as it is a constant bloomer, and hardy enough to withstand the cold of our winters by giving slight protection of leaves, and brush to prevent the wind carrying them away. This variety has been used extensively as a pot plant, and by many called *mille fleur*. I have another variety, double-flowered, quilled petals like small German asters and the flowers are much admired. Golden-feather is another, and differs from the others in having, as the name indicates, golden colored foliage, very beautiful for bordering beds in the garden, as it is low and compact in growth until it runs up to seed, which is not until the second year; the flowers are single. There are a few of later introduction; Little Gem is one and very desirable. I find no difficulty in raising any of these from seed, and when I find a single-flowered one among seedlings I remove it. They are easily propagated by cuttings. I shall offer seed of all the double-flowered sorts, and Golden Feather, the coming spring.

In offering seed of *Linaria* some have supposed I referred to *Linaria* or "Honesty," as it is usually called, which is a perennial, the seed pods of which are very useful in making up with everlasting flowers, but the *Linaria Moroccana* is a hardy annual, with small snap dragon-like flowers in various shades of red, rose and violet, the inferior petal being usually white. It is a constant bloomer if not allowed to ripen too much seed, as is the case with many other plants. *Linaria Cymbalaria* is well known as a very desirable basket vine.

There is one variety of *Mirabilis*, (Four o'clock) that I find in some southern States is known as "jockey club," no doubt from its peculiar and exquisite odor. I have raised it and sent the seed to customers several years; it is catalogued

as *Mirabilis longiflora*; the flower tubes are often four to six inches in length. It is a very good plan to order seed early and arrange in mind the garden work for spring, as that season brings with it to the most of us an abundance of work that is not to be slighted or avoided, so I will soon give a list, although there are but very few desirable sorts that I do not have ready at any seasonable time without notice here.

—MRS. M. A. FULLER.
FENTON.

SUCCESS IN THE NEW METHOD OF FRUIT CANNING.

The Editor asked for reports on the cotton batting process of canning fruits. I tried it with good success. The fruit was elderberries for pies. I cooked them, adding one quart of good vinegar to two gallons of the berries; put them in the jar and folded a sheet of wadding four thicknesses, and a paper over that to keep off the dirt; tied them up while hot, same as in canning, and on opening them a few days ago, they were good enough to eat. If all fruit kept as well there would be no need of cans. I would like to know if any one tried putting up fruit early in the season that way. I shall try more kinds another year.

I would like to thank E. L. Nye for her recipe for coffee. We have all fallen in love with it; several families are using it around here.

I would say to the lady that had such a time wetting down her leach, next time have the husband wet it as he packs the ashes in, then if the next day be pleasant, run off your lye; if not, let it stand another day; the lye will be all the stronger. I could not keep house without my soft soap. I have a barrel half full of lye in the fall, run off, ready for the butchering. Put your grease right in as it accumulates and it keeps sweet, and is no trouble; all it needs in the spring is boiling up and the addition of more lye. I would add don't forget to put lime in the bottom of your leach, about two quarts, to catch the nitre.

I would like a recipe for corning beef.
ELENOR.

LANSEING.

THE NEW PROCESS OF CANNING.

During the season last past I put up by the cotton batting process, strawberries, currants, red raspberries, black raspberries and grapes. They have all been opened now; the strawberries, currants and grapes were eatable after removing the top, but the raspberries were not good.

I think there is some risk about this method of keeping fruit, but shall give it another trial next year.
MERTIE.

PAW PAW.

THAT CHURN.—In answer to an inquiry "Old School Teacher" says: "I would gladly answer M. F., of Honeoye, N. Y., if I could; but my churn is one of the never-wear-outs, and the name was washed off long ago. I presume they are not manufactured now. I thought it had

given out entirely once, and my husband bought me a Bentwood; but I did not like it, and told him I wished he would get the old one repaired, which he did, and it is good yet, but if it gives out at any time, I propose to get one of the revolving churns without any dasher. I dislike to churn with a crank, or I might have had one before this. Mine is a lever-motion, but the handle and dasher turn on cogs, so as I lift the handle the dasher revolves half around, and as the handle drops the motion is reversed. It does not cut up the butter and destroy the grain as many churns do."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN washing windows dissolve a small quantity of washing soda in the water, if the glass is dimmed with smoke or dirt. Do not let the water run on the sash, but wash each pane with a piece of flannel; dry quickly with a soft clean towel and wipe out the corners carefully. Polish with a piece of common chamouis skin or newspaper that has been softened by rubbing between the hands.

CLEANING rags, with which metal may quickly be polished, consist of a woolen rag saturated with soap and tripoli. They are prepared in the following manner: Four grains of soap are dissolved in water; 20 grains of tripoli are added to the solution. A piece of cloth about 24 inches long by four inches broad is soaked in this and left to dry.

ACCORDING to the *Scientific American*, the best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleason at one of his lectures, is in the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child a wad of paper should be inserted to chew it hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many will feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in the severest cases.

THE *New England Farmer* gives the following recipe for hulling corn:

"Select that which is clean and perfectly well ripened. The kind or color is is wholly a matter of taste or fancy. The Southern White Dent is very tender and looks nicely when finished. Put a few quarts, after picking over carefully and winnowing, in a kettle of cold water over the fire. To three or four quarts of corn add two heaping tablespoonfuls of cooking soda or saleratus. Let it boil till the hulls loosen. If the lye is too strong add more water, if too weak add more soda. When the hulls will slip off freely from the corn, put into a colander or a large pan with holes in the bottom, and wash in cold water. The corn must boil until soft enough to suit the taste, and during the process several washings and change of water will be required, to remove the lye which the corn takes up from the first water. The kernels will double in size during the cooking and the kettle must be large enough to hold plenty of water. If the corn rests too heavy on the bottom of the kettle because of too little water, it will be in danger of scorching. Both hominy and hulled corn are excellent articles of food, and may be served in various ways, in milk, with syrup, or with sugar and cream."

THERE is always a great desire to know how to furnish cheaply. A Chicago paper says a bedroom can be very prettily "fixed up" by using blue jean, the cheap cotton goods whose peculiar hue is just now very stylish. Some time since we notified our readers that this material could be used for draperies for windows, and for portieres, especially if decorated with needlework. Now its use seems more general; it is used for carpet, relieved by pretty rugs of various sizes and colors, and for dados, being tacked to the wall in broad, shallow pleats, under a cheap but effective gilt moulding. The wall above should be covered with a paler blue figured paper, and for a frieze a broad band of blue, painted on the wall, with a narrow line of gilt defining the union with the paper. This finishes the wall in a very beautiful and unique manner, which is also comparatively inexpensive.

SALT PORK POT-PIE.—Wash two pounds of salt pork in plenty of cold water, cut it in inch pieces, put it over the fire in two quarts of cold water, and let the water reach the boiling point; when the water boils pour it off the pork, add two quarts more of boiling water, and boil the pork in it for half an hour; meantime peel a quart of potatoes, slice them half an inch thick and put them with the pork; season the pot-pie palatably with salt and pepper and cook it gently; after putting in the potatoes sift together a pint of flour, a heaping tea-spoonful of any good baking powder, a level tea-spoonful of salt and quarter of a salt-spoonful of pepper; beat one egg to a foam, mix it with the sifted flour and add enough cold water to make a soft dough, working quickly; dip a dessert spoon into the pot pie to heat and wet it, and then put the dough into the pot-pie by the spoonful, wetting the spoon each time a dumpling is put into the pot-pie; after all the dumplings are put into the pot-pie cover the saucepan containing it, and continue the boiling for about twenty minutes, or until the dumplings are entirely cooked.

Contributed Recipes.

FIG CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup cold water, with a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; one and a half cups of raisins, chopped a little (not fine); two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one of nutmeg; two eggs, half pound of figs, and a little more than two cups of flour. Bake in two layers. Put a layer of figs in the middle of each layer of dough; place frosting between the layers, and cut with a sharp knife to keep from crumbling.
MRS. J. A. M.

MOCK SAUSAGE.—Soak dry bread in sweet milk. Chop fine cold meat of any kind, and mix with the bread in equal quantities. Season with salt, pepper and sage, with a little butter; make into small cakes and fry in hot butter or pork drippings.
A. M. S.

POTTED BEEF.—Boil the beef and cut off all the fat. Chop fine and season with salt, pepper and a suggestion of sage. Melt butter enough to hold it well together. Pack tightly in bowls or jars, and pour melted butter over it and it will keep a week.

CORNER BEEF.—To one hundred pounds of beef allow four quarts of coarse salt, four pounds of sugar, and four ounces of pulverized saltpeter. Mix well and spread between the layers of meat. Keep under a weight.
E. C. PALEO.