

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JANUARY 26, 1886.

## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

### BE CAREFUL.

Be careful, ye whose wedded hearts  
Are lovingly united:  
Be heedful lest an enemy  
Steal on you uninvited!  
A little, wily, serpent form,  
With graceful, luring poses;  
Or, coming in a different guise,  
A thorn among the roses!

Be careful, ye whose marriage bells  
Now merri-ly are ringing;  
Be heedful of the bitter word,  
The answer keen and stinging,  
The sharp retort, the angry eye  
Its vivid lightning flashing;  
The rock on which so many hopes  
Are daily, hourly dashing.

"Bear and forbear," the only way  
To tread life's path together,  
Then come, and welcome, shining sun,  
Or come dark, cloudy weather—  
Two loving hearts dissolved in one  
That cannot live asunder,  
Have put Love's golden ara on—  
Oh, world, look on and wonder!

### SOME PRIVATE OPINIONS, PUBLICLY EXPRESSED.

I have several letters lying before me requesting an opinion on subjects in which the writers are deeply interested. I offer no apology for answering through the HOUSEHOLD—indeed most have requested a reply through this channel,—because the subjects mentioned are those in which others are interested; and though my individual opinion goes for but one woman's thought, others may be induced to write upon the topics suggested, and new ideas be elicited.

"Anti Lodge" wants to know if it is kind or right in a husband to absent himself from home one or more evenings in the week to attend "lodge meeting;" and spend money for "dues" and other expenses which is needed in the home. It is also a grievance that the affairs of the lodge are a secret which the wife cannot share.

Is it kind or right? With the single exception of the Masonic order, all secret societies and organizations, of which I know anything, are to be regarded in the light of mutual benefit or insurance companies, which pay to the family of a deceased member a stated sum of money, within a very short time after his death, in consideration of the "dues" or assessments paid in life. The question then seems to resolve itself into: Is it kind or right for a husband to make provision for his wife and family in case of his death? a question which I should answer by saying it was more than kind

and right, a positive duty. Since then a man is providing for his widow, it seems to me it is not "kind and right" to grudge him the enjoyment he can get out of the lodge meetings; nor murmur at the expense, since the annual outlay is less, except in rare instances, than the interest on the sum to be paid at decease. Did you ever think what it means to a wife, with little children to provide for, to have the husband—the bread-winner—suddenly taken away, with no money on hand, and funeral expenses to pay? To be left nearly penniless, in a world whose sympathies soon chill and whose charity is tempered by an expectation that you will speedily do something to help yourself? I have known many a woman who wept and complained at being left alone "lodge nights," but never one who was not willing to accept, and gratefully too, the sum of money which the lodge paid her after her husband's death. Moreover, there is, I sincerely believe, among the members of a secret society, a feeling of brotherhood which I regret to say is totally unknown among women, and which therefore they cannot properly estimate, but which greatly helps a man in his business relations. Many a kindness is done a man in trouble simply because he belongs to "our lodge." To help one another is the great principle of such associations. The member of the Masonic order in a strange country, sick, friendless or in poverty, is a charge upon his brother Masons, who though they may be utter strangers to him personally, are bound by the obligations of the order to assist him, to nurse him in sickness, and bury him in death. The unwritten history of secret societies is full of "the charity which vaunteth not itself," as thousands who have been aided in time of need can testify. I am permitted to tell the following, which occurred in this city: A member of a certain secret society was removed to the Pontiac asylum for the insane, where he was literally dying by inches. His wife had several small children, whose care prevented her from leaving home in search of employment. She owned the little house in which they lived, and there was a small barn at the rear of the lot, which she thought might be converted into a house for herself; then she could rent the cottage, and the sum received would materially assist her in providing for her family. By the laws of the society, no part of the sum which would be due at her husband's death could be paid before

that event, but the lodge contributed nearly \$80 by subscription, several carpenters volunteered to work after their regular day's work was done, a painter temporarily out of a job gave his time, and the barn was converted into a neat and tasteful dwelling through the brotherly kindness of men, many of whom had never seen the person they were aiding. Knowing even so little as I do of the objects of these societies, I cannot join in "Anti-Lodge's" denunciations. Moreover, I think it does a man good, socially, to belong to them, and helps make him generous and ready to hear the cry of distress. As for the *secrecy*, it is simply putting into effect that Scriptural injunction about doing good in secret, isn't it? the impersonal lodge acting the part of a beneficent Providence. The "secrets" are nothing which should be permitted to raise even the slightest shadow between husband and wife.

E. B., of Howell, asks advice about converting a large, low room, old-fashioned in style, into a parlor. Shall she stain and varnish or wax the floor, putting an English art square in the centre, and what shall she do with the white, bare walls. I take it that here is an old-fashioned home, one of those where we expect to find York and Lancaster roses, larkspurs and eglantine in the front yard, and small windows and wainscoted rooms inside. Now waxed and varnished floors, and rugs and "English art squares" go with high ceilings and walls with dado and frieze. But on our friend's low walls, a dado and frieze would greatly diminish the apparent height; even the frieze alone would detract from the seeming altitude. We should, in all our furnishings, pay great heed to what I am tempted to call the "beauty of congruity," or fitness of things to each other. Such a room as is described cannot be made fine or fashionable; let it therefore be cosy and comfortable, with no ambitious attempts at "style." Striped paper would increase the apparent height of the walls, but striped paper is not used at present. Cover the walls, then, with a light paper of small pattern; there are beautiful shades in cream, old gold, terra-cotta, any of which would do nicely. Cream color would be pretty, with the advantage of making the room lighter. I may say here that the dark papers are not used at all now, and that many who have used them are tearing off the dingy, dungeon-like colors and hanging light, small



figured paper in place. A border in old gold or golden brown in a conventional pattern, by which I mean regular figures—not flowers—is appropriate. Or a band of plain crimson velvet paper, six inches wide, with a line of gilt outlining its junction with the wall-paper, would look well. I would paper the wall overhead, with a lighter tint of the color on the walls, and have the woodwork either finished to imitate some light tinted wood, for which its present painted surface forms a good background, or painted a deeper tint of the prevailing color, the first being preferred. I would cover the floor entirely with a pretty ingrain carpet, preferably old gold and maroon, because these colors wear well and do not show soil. I would buy or make a Turkish lounge—divan, I mean, of course—and take care that all my chairs were easy chairs and no two alike. That would be "my way" of furnishing such a room as our correspondent describes.

Another lady asks what she shall get for her children to read. Subscribe, first, for *St. Nicholas*, *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's Young People*, *Wide Awake* or *Babyland*; one or several of these, according to the age of the children. If you need but one, my choice would be the *Youth's Companion*. For girls *Little Women* and *Old Fashioned Girl* are books which will be read over and over again. Miss Yonge's works, Miss Muloch's and Mrs. Whitney's, are all useful, interesting and enjoyable. Dickens' *Child's History of England*, Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower"—the new edition in two volumes, \$3.—Baker's "Cast up by the Sea," are all useful, interesting and instructive books. Of books especially for boys I know much less, but "Toby Tyler, or Ten Months with a Circus," is highly recommended. J. T. Trowbridge's books for boys are also good reading. What "family story paper" is the best? None; they're "pretty much of a muchness." I would sooner lay a nice crisp greenback on a bed of glowing coals than send it to the publishers of any exclusively "story paper" which I have ever seen. They are all like trashy and demoralizing, a positive damage to their readers. If I wanted to educate children in frivolity, I would feed them on such stuff as these silly journals furnish. No indeed; if you desire your children to grow up with a taste for literature, read to them when they are young, read with them as they grow older, and at all times talk with them of what has been read and what is going on in the world. Read yourself, and in book reviews and notices you will learn what to buy for them; next thing to reading a book is to read a good review of it.

BEATRIX.

#### FLOORS AND WALL PAPER.

A correspondent wishes to know whether she can varnish ordinary wall paper, and if so, what kind of varnish should be used; and also how to stain and wax a floor. There are certain papers made especially for varnishing, to which varnish can be applied with good results.

Ordinary paper will not receive the varnish, even though first "sized" with glue water. The practice has fallen into disuse. To stain a floor, use one and a half ounces of crystals of permanganate of potash to a gallon of water. Apply to the floor with a flat brush, hot, following the grain of the wood. Let dry, and apply linseed oil, rubbing it in thoroughly with a flannel rag. Three or four applications are necessary. Cover the cut wax with turpentine, let it melt, and cool to the consistency of cream, rub on the floor with flannel rags; then call in your husband and sons and the hired men to polish it off, which requires a vast amount of "elbow grease" and muscle, and a polishing brush. This polishing process must be repeated at intervals, according to the wear. Does it pay? Not for a woman who must do her own work. A painted floor, or one covered with carpet, will save a great deal of labor not fully justified by the results to the ordinary woman.

#### "RELIGIOUS LOTTERIES"

Under this head an article in the *HOUSEHOLD* of December 29th, by Paul Johnston, attracted my attention, and seems to call for a few words in reply from me, as he quotes quite extensively from my article in the *Saginaw Evening News*, in reference to church festivals.

I as thoroughly deprecate all fascinations and entanglements leading down to those dark gambling dens, with their robberies and debaucheries, as any one can. But I regard it as a very nice point for those having the management of children, to decide just how far it will do to indulge them in the various amusements by which they are surrounded, and just where an absolute refusal will be most beneficial.

I can not better convey my ideas on the subject than by giving a brief sketch of the widely different training of children by two sisters, with whom I chanced to be well acquainted: There was about twenty years' difference in the ages of the sisters, but about three hundred years' difference in the Christianity they represented. The elder sister married early and with her husband and a few others of their "faith and order," formed a little settlement in the then far west. They were creed-clad and self-sealed for the Kingdom.

For years, having little intercourse with the outside world, and, therefore, lacking that healthful element of society, controversy, that prevents high-stepping, roughshod bigotry from trampling down the rights of others, they became literally "hard shelled"—each one a fossilized John Calvin. But the restless tide of emigration, rolling westward, reached at length this settlement, bearing with it the younger sister, now a wife and mother, who hoped to find helpful counsel in the mature life and large experience of the elder, but her more liberal views of Christianity (something after the Robert Colyer pattern) were regarded by her as a wicked heresy. Even the society of her children (her oldest about the age

of her sister's youngest) was looked upon as—if not absolutely pernicious—at least dangerous. If they played together, Mrs. I'm-Right kept watch and ward to see that no improper games were introduced—playing pin and marbles she prohibited, as leading directly to gambling.

She had grown-up children whom she regarded as fine specimens of thorough religious training. Their features were expressionless, and their movements awkward and ungainly as a dromedary's. Yet she looked upon them with pride; they never laughed on Sunday, and never did anything she told them was wicked. A gaping hell was an ever present object in their minds, and to escape its torments through endless ages their only aim in life. The younger members of this family, seeing the joyous freedom of other children of their age, chafed at their confinement. They saw their cousins gather eagerly round a table at evening in a cheerful room, sometimes reading funny stories, that would make the whole house ring with their laughter. Often all would engage in a game—avilude, authors, society and history cards were on the table—their mother even joining with them, and teaching the younger ones to be quick and thoughtful in playing. In summer, croquet and various games suited to the spacious lawn, gave a happy hour at evening. Mrs. I'm-Right often took her children to spend an evening with her sister's, hoping by strictly forbidding their taking any part in the games to impress them with the "awful wickedness" of such amusements. No matter how laughable the story that was read, her stony features never relaxed one jot of their rigidity, but she often lifted a horrified look to the face of her sister, accompanied with a few words of bitter reproof.

But a day of trial for her parental rule came at last in the shape of a church festival.

However glaring and attractive the show-bills that covered half the barns in the neighborhood, no boy of her's ever dared ask to go to a circus, but a church festival was a different thing. It was given out by the S. S. Superintendent, who said he hoped all would turn out and give it generous patronage, as the proceeds were going to the library fund—he spoke of several attractions intended to entertain the crowd, among others a "grab-bag," which, he guessed, from hints he had gathered from those preparing it, would hold bushels of fun.

This innovation in church matters was a severe shock to her ideas of propriety, but she finally decided, after keeping her son a whole week "on the ragged edge of uncertainty," that he might go and spend fifty cents for anything he wanted to eat, but he was strictly forbidden to spend a cent "in that grab-bag, or any of the rest of those wicked games." Twenty-five cents bought a full meal, and yet twenty-five cents remained to be eaten. He was sixteen years old, but of course, from the training he had had, too bashful to buy bon-bons for the wicked, giggling girls (who were wondering i



he would dare to), or ask any of them to eat with him; so sullen and alone he could only eat, while he saw the other boys draw all manner of funny things from the grab bag. Every new drawing brought a merry burst of laughter, and helped them to get rid of the awkward bashfulness so painfully felt by young boys from the country, when first mingling with the young folks of the village in a gathering where all are expected to do something to help in the entertainment.

That boy, so carefully reared, so strictly kept from all the "fascinations of these little games of chance," while watching the merriment of others, felt himself robbed of the possibilities of enjoyment. He became sullen, defiant and profane. He hated the religion that taught only mortification and pain. He haunted the gambling dens in a spirit of revenge. He went swift to ruin.

His cousins, who had been taught that God was a loving father, instead of a wrathful tyrant, early embraced religion. They love and revere the mother who was both their counselor and companion. No member of that household ever visited saloons.

While I frankly admit that many things have been done at church festivals that I very much disapprove, because they furnish an excuse for some who will say: "It is no worse for me to gamble at the saloon, than for Christians to gamble at the church," yet I do not believe that any of the church festival games with which I am acquainted ever "helped to cultivate a taste for gambling" in places where the breath of infamy blurs the windows, and the presence of true and noble women is never known.

Paul Johnston touches a point in his last sentence that has the ring of true philanthropy in it. I doubt not that many readers of the HOUSEHOLD will be glad to find in its columns an article on that subject from his ready pen.

WAUSEO, O.

PETRESIA PETERS.

#### VARIETIES.

However great the benefits to be derived from travel, the thought of leaving home is not without a pang; for in the "home" is a sweet certainty, a security found only there. Yet do not many of our home discords and difficulties arise from too long continued and close association? Nature is rich in variety, she gladdens us with the fresh beauty of spring, and the full glory of summer. She displays autumn bounties, and revels in rich hues, closing the year with bare, brown landscapes, which the frost king decorates with snowy robes and brilliant ice-crystals.

Life often associates us most intimately with those who jar us at every movement, and even the most tender ties are strengthened and enriched by each individual gathering freshness and new culture amid varying associations and surroundings. One cannot speak too strongly in favor of such changes. Many of our dearest memories, our most beauti-

ful tokens of love, are gathered from home friends during our separations. We become too much alike, we grow monotonous in tone of character. Morbid sentiment and unpractical views grow upon us. Change tends to development. Amid new associates and scenes we look about more intently, as a sleepy child rouses on being shown some object dear to the child-interest. We cease to be so engrossed by the agitations, admirations, and annoyances occupying the unbroken routine of home-life. We touch actual being, as distinguished from our dreams of it. Gathering new material for thought, in warmer sympathy for to-day grasping more clearly the great questions of life.

Victor Hugo says: "To travel is to be born and to die at every instant." We find all of life a hastening, a rapid journey, except its hours of anguish, and even these become in time almost perished memories. We are continually in pursuit of new facts, the old left behind faint and musty in the distance. Those interests and agitations of so great moment to us dissolve upon our attention "like snow flakes on the water." The question is whether we'll take the journey determined upon winning courage and self-control.

Spencer, in his "Education," makes all knowledge subordinate to that required for self-preservation. Nature leaves comparatively little to our blundering here, yet we greatly need culture in this direction. The animal instincts need refining; worry and fear must be vanquished by intelligent self-control. In the various instances of disquietude and want of self-control every one meets in traveling, we may see the deficiencies of knowledge in this line. We want to know how to live in the broadest sense, and to acquire whatever is of practical value to us. There are unmistakable evidences of culture, and in these days of easy transit, to acquire the art of traveling is an essential matter. To do this, one need not take long journeys nor travel extensively. I know a young lady from the country whose trips from her home to a city fifteen miles distant for music-lessons, gave her all the experience she needed to teach her the care, courtesy, reserve, and other requisites in taking alone a journey of any distance. Can not parents of even moderate means take these things into consideration, and give their girls occasional opportunities of gaining valuable experience in this way?

Country girls do not care to be called "green," even if it is nature's beautiful color. And they need to know something of our great growing world, at the same time being carefully instructed in its ways of broad and deceitful leading. The young feet will go out from the home paths, the young heart must give of its hope and strength to the world's work. Seek not to deter, but make true and sure the preparation for the lessons in temptation which may come, must come to all.

In one of our large depots I observed a

young girl enter and take a seat. She appeared nervous and ill at ease, apparently unaccustomed to traveling. Trains came in every few minutes, and at every arrival she passed out to see if it were her train. In a moment, the direction and destination of the train being announced, as is the case in all depots, she became composed again. If some friend would instruct such young persons—and some older ones as well—telling them to inquire the time of their train's departure and, observing it, sit still until its announcement, such a friend would be supplying a "want long felt." One need not stand until weary, watching, for you can't hurry the train, and yet we are a little amused at the man, or grown-up boy, who bustles in, deposits satchel, etc., strides up to the ticket agent, asking, "How long before that train?" "Ten minutes, sir." Passenger walks off, remaining as quiet as possible for several minutes, returns to the ticket window, saying, "Why don't that train come?" (Here we see the necessity of the protecting barriers thrown around the railroad employes!) Receiving slight attention, the man takes a survey of the waiting passengers, goes out on the track, and looking both ways, impatiently exclaims, "Well, I'd like to know why that train don't come!" And thus he continues to make himself interesting, until we are all relieved for him by the train's arrival.

On leaving one of the long line of omnibuses in Chicago, a woman with several children gets out, leaving her hand-bag on the seat. Rather careless; what will assure her of its recovery in the hurry of the crowd? As it happens, the last passenger hands it to the policeman at the door, who, concealing it under his coat, enters the depot and walks carelessly about, till a woman near runs frantically towards the door, exclaiming, "I forgot my satchel!"

"Should have thought of that before," coolly remarks the policeman, holding out the lost article. Immensely relieved, the woman takes it, and sinks down in her seat almost overcome by nervous reaction. Everything, money and tickets, were in it. I wondered if she'd remember thereafter that a woman, especially if travelling with children, should have all her bundles secured before the train or conveyance stops, then give her whole attention to the exit? Forethought saves anxiety and haste, while in such instances "hind thought" often avails nothing.

Again I wonder why many women are not more genial and helpful to each other in traveling? Men form many pleasant acquaintances and gather much of interest from friendliness towards each other, while women seem to distrust their own sex. A woman, reserved yet genial, social but not confidential, may form traveling acquaintances with profit and pleasure both to herself and others.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

S. M. G.

COMMUNICATIONS for the HOUSEHOLD should be addressed to the MICHIGAN FARMER, HOUSEHOLD Department, Detroit, Mich.



## USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

When making over stockings I find it a good plan to lay the two raw edges together, and sew closely over and over; done in this way they never rip as they used to do when I used the machine.

I lately learned a nice way to mend the knees of home-knit hose for children, a problem which had long puzzled me, as darning looks so ugly on the knee. Take yarn to match exactly, and without cutting the stocking, take up the stitches far enough below the hole to cover all the thin part, and as far around the leg as may be necessary; knit this flap just like an ordinary heel, back and forth, until it is large enough to cover the entire knee; then without cutting away the old part, sew it down very nicely. The stocking will look as good as new and more than repay the trouble.

Instead of winding something round the head when sweeping, try taking a square of light print—eighteen inches—round off the corners, and hem it all around. About one inch from the edge stitch on a narrow casing in which run elastic to fit the head; hang it with the duster, and you will never regret having made it.

Dip a newspaper in water, tear it into scraps and scatter it over the carpet; this will save much of the dusting without spotting the carpet.

It has become "quite the thing" in some quarters to have toothpicks on the table, and when the meal is finished pass them, then all hands fall to picking their teeth; is this the latest craze? I confess it is repulsive to me, and I would just as soon think of taking out my penknife and cleaning my nails at the table as to lean back and pick my teeth. Perhaps I am behind the times, but if so I will stay there, and my guests will have to do like wise.

To the little stranger who has come to the heart and home of A. A. J., I would send this beautiful benediction from the lore of the Hindoo:

"Little child, as thou camest into the world weeping, while all around thee rejoiced; even so mayst thou go out rejoicing, while all about thee weep."

MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

Our correspondent is justified in her condemnation of the "toothpick craze." The practice of putting toothpicks on the table is "more honored in the breach than the observance," and now seldom followed.

## EVENING RECREATIONS.

I am especially interested in the talks to the young girls and their mothers, in the *HOUSEHOLD*. I quite like the idea of a "reading circle." Where I live, the young people have a few standard games which they play at all their surprise parties and, in fact, nearly everywhere they meet.

Nearly all of the games terminate in a kiss, which seems to be the chief aim and attraction. It looks silly to me, and I think that it would be much more im-

proving to use their tongues intellectually a part of the evening. Still, I would not obstinately object to their playing such games once in a great while; but I do object to such games being played to the exclusion of all other amusements. I hope this will escape the waste basket, because I really desire the opinions of the *HOUSEHOLD*.

I have been wanting the words of the song entitled, "Old Folks at Home," written by Stephen C. Foster; and would be obliged if some one who has them would send me a copy. The *HOUSEHOLD* Editor has my address. **BON AMI.**  
WALLED LAKE.

## PORK POT-PIE.

I have a recipe for pork potpie, which has the merit of never being one particle heavy. Of course fresh meats, if one has them, are much to be preferred.

Soak over night about one pound of salt pork, half lean is preferred, having first cut it into small pieces. At 10 o'clock next day set it boiling in two quarts of water. Save a piece of bread dough, from the morning's baking, of sufficient size for your family. At half past ten mould this somewhat harder than you would for bread, and set to rise. If pressed for time you may leave it in a flat cake nearly the size of the kettle, but if made into balls, it presents a better appearance on the table. Then at half-past eleven, if the meat is very fat, skim some away, and substitute butter, season to taste with salt and pepper, and drop in potatoes pared and halved. As quickly as the soup boils drop in the balls, cover closely, and cook one half hour. After skimming out the meat, potatoes, and dumpling, if there should remain too little soup, a little water and more butter may be added, and all nicely thickened.

E. M. WOODMAN.

PAW PAW.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NICKEL trimmings can be kept bright by rubbing with a woolen cloth saturated with spirits of ammonia.

THE tops of old leather boots make excellent foundation for holders. No fear of burned fingers if squares of this leather are covered with several thicknesses of cloth, which can be renewed when worn.

To select celery for the table do not choose the mammoth sorts, which are often hollow stalked and strong, but rather the dwarf, solid, thoroughly blanched varieties. These have a rich, nutty flavor far superior to that of the rank-growing kinds.

IN boiling down cider for apple jelly, or "condensed cider," the main point is to expose as much surface to the air as possible and to do the work quickly, that it may not be too dark in color. Choose a large, shallow dish for boiling down, and do not try to handle too much at once.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gen-*

*tleman* says many a woman has had an extra wrinkle added to her brow by having to burn green wood in the cook-stove. That's true; and if husbands wish their wives to remain young and pretty, as well as sweet-tempered, they should see to it that there is plenty of good, dry, sound wood ready for use.

IF you like beans cooked whole, without being mashed into a pulpy paste, soak them over night in cold water, and next day parboil them till the skins are ready to split, then drain and turn on plenty of cold water. This keeps them whole and mealy even after being baked.

THE creases can be taken out of velvet and the pile raised by drawing it across a hot iron over which a wet cloth has been spread. If there are pin marks over which the pile refuses to rise, brush it up with a stiff brush and steam it, repeating the operation several times. Narrow velvet ribbon can be ironed by dampening the back and drawing it across the flat face of an iron set upright on a table.

FLANNEL which has become yellow with use, says an exchange, may be bleached by putting it for some days in a solution of hard soap to which strong ammonia has been added. The right proportions are 1½ pounds of hard curd soap, fifty pounds of soft water and two-thirds of a pound of strong ammonia solution. The same object may be obtained in a shorter time by placing the flannel for a quarter of an hour in a weak solution of bi-sulphate of sodium, to which a little hydro-chloric acid has been added.

PROF. ARNOLD, a noted dairy authority, told the Dairymen's Convention how to judge cheese: "When you place your finger on a piece of cheese, if it breaks and crumbles you may be sure it is good; if it springs back like India rubber, the cheese is tough and indigestible. If the cheese is gritty on the tongue, reject it; if it melts like a ripe pear, it will digest as easily as bread. Don't be afraid of cheese because it is porous; the holes are caused by gas, the same as in bread, but if there is an putrefaction, the nostrils will easily detect it."

## Contributed Recipes.

CORNERED BEEF.—For fifty pounds of beef, take one pailful of water, one pint of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of pulverized saltpetre. Put in a kettle, let come to a boil, skim, and when cold turn on the meat, which should be cut into pieces, rubbed with salt and packed tight in a cask or jar. This is splendid for use in winter, but the brine is not strong enough to keep the meat in hot weather. **AUNT LOUISE.**

PORT HURON.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Butter a three-pint tin basin; put into it a layer of cold boiled, sliced potatoes, salt, pepper and butter, then more potatoes, butter, etc., and so on till the dish is nearly full; then turn over the top a coffee cup-full of rich milk. Bake in the oven. These are the "real Oakland House creamed potatoes." **LYD.**

PORT HURON.