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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TRUE LOVE.

There is true love, and yet you may
Have lingering doubts about it;
I'll tell the truth, and simply say
That life's a blight without it.
There is a love both true and strong,
A love that falters never;
It lives on faith and suffers wrong,
But lives and loves forever.

Such love is found but once on earth—
The heart cannot repel it;
From whence it comes or why its birth
The tongue can never tell it.
This love is mine in spite of all—
This love I fondly cherish;
The earth may sink, the skies may fall,
This love will never perish.

It is the love that cannot die,
But, like the soul, immortal,
And with it cleaves the starry sky
And passes through the portal.
This is the love that comes to stay—
All other loves are fleeting;
And when they come just turn away—
It is but Cupid cheating.

LEARNING TO REST.

A few weeks since while attending an evening party my husband found in a scrap-book an article to which he called my attention, remarking as he did so, "Better it if you can." The article was entitled "Learning how to rest." I act upon the thought his suggestion implied, not thinking, however to better it, but simply to endorse its sentiments, and perhaps give a few hints in addition to those mentioned, as to how one may learn to rest. The writer said "How strange that a woman doing her work alone should take so many unnecessary steps, and do so much work in the hardest, most laborious manner, when, with a little thought and tact, she might perform the same amount, nay, more work, with much less weariness of flesh, and find more time for self culture and home enjoyment." Our hostess, a very intelligent and estimable lady whose house is well ordered in every detail, said it was very hard for her to learn how to rest, but she had accomplished the feat and was proud to say it. She gets time for reading, makes beautiful point lace, does other fancy work, and is a farmer's wife with two grown up sons at home.

A very good way to save work is to have a crumb-tray to brush (a whisk broom or wing will answer) the crumbs from the table after the soiled dishes have been removed to the dish-pan on a conveniently near table or sink, where

they can be speedily washed, dried and replaced upon the table for the next meal. The caster, salt bottles, sugar bowl and other necessary articles need not be removed after every meal, to remain in their appointed places for a few short hours, and then to be trotted back to the table on weary feet that can scarcely be persuaded to move, (the woman's feet of course.) Some may say "This might answer if I only had a dining room where the table would not be in the way." I say it will answer if you have a moderately large kitchen. You need not have the table out full size unless you wish to. Put down one leaf, or if an extension table take out one, pile up the dishes, then cover the table with something to keep off dust and flies. A neat and useful spread for this purpose can be made of two breadths of cheese cloth the required length, sewed together, simply hemmed at the ends, or if you wish it a little more fancy, stitch a stripe of cretonne across the ends. This can be easily laundered and will last a long time.

Another way I try to save steps is to try to think of all I shall want, for the day, from down cellar (especially this time of the year) and bring as much as possible at one trip. When you are paring potatoes for breakfast sit still a little longer and pare enough for all day; be sure and cover them with water, and they will take no harm. Don't stand at the ironing table till the last wrinkle is smoothed out of garments that a half hour's wear will fill full of the same kind of wrinkles. There will be clothes and flat-irons and people after you and I, my friend, lie under the daisies. If weary feet or aching back or head tell you to sit down while washing a pile of dishes, kneading a batch of bread or rolling out pie crust, obey the impulse at once; it is your own business, you know your own feelings better than any one else knows them. Rest all you can. It is an old saying that "A woman can never take time to rest, but she must take time to die." I think we owe it to our husbands and children to take care of our health and to take time for the improvement of our minds. We shall live just as long, probably longer, and enjoy our allotted time on earth better than if plodding along in the housework, all the time "tired to death."

Men may help their wives much in "learning how to rest." There are ways and ways, if the dear thoughtless crea-

tures would only put on their thinking caps and find out what they are.

There is one thing a man never gets through his head, and my private opinion is he does not much care to; and that is that a woman never asks him to do anything until she is ready to have it done immediately; and if he is reading a newspaper or doing some equally important task for himself, he thinks she can wait until he finishes, before he stirs from his chair. No matter if she is waiting to fill the teakettle from a pail of water she has asked him to get for her, she can wait, he thinks. Perhaps she has requested him to get a little dry wood to bake with, and her bread is ready to put in the oven; "Just wait a moment." There are exceptions to all rules. Show me the exception in this case, please. Generally, the way this ends, is that when the man gets ready to do the little unimportant act, he finds it has already been done, and he perhaps gives her the comforting assurance that had she waited he would have got around before long, in fact was "ready now." I will weary your patience no longer.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

OLD MISSION.

A TALK TO MOTHERS, BY "ONE OF THE GIRLS."

I wonder if the HOUSEHOLD Editor would allow "one of the girls" to speak on the much talked-of question "Sparkling Sunday Nights," or any other night, for that matter? Of course, being "one of the girls" I am not going to enter a protest against it, but simply give a little advice to mothers who have trouble with their daughters.

I should first like to tell the mother, by way of comfort, that when her daughter does not conduct herself properly in the presence of young gentlemen, it is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the mother's fault. She has done something that she ought not to have done, or failed to do something which should not have been neglected; and when that daughter comes to "years of discretion" she will probably blame her mother for her youthful follies. And justly, too, for it is commonly the result of ignorance on the girl's part—ignorance of the ways of the world, for which her mother is responsible.

I have noticed again and again as I go among young people how little I see of the parents. It is especially noticeable at small parties, where a "good evening"

is about all that you hear from either father or mother and soon both withdraw, leaving the "young folks" to themselves. If I had young daughters I should feel pretty badly if I thought that they could have more fun if I were out of the room. The parents' absence is still more noticeable if a young lady has gentlemen callers. If the parents are in the room at all, the young people are usually glad when they leave. And why? Probably a dozen different persons would make as many different answers. I will give mine, which is that they can have a better time by themselves. Well, why can they have a better time by themselves? Because they feel less self-restraint. And now let us go one step further. Why do they feel less self-restraint? Simply because old people so seldom fully sympathize with the young, and either absorb the conversation or keep silent, instead of being for the time, one with them.

I have in my mind's eye a delightful picture of an old lady at whose house I was frequently invited "in school days." Her family had grown up and left her, but her heart was still young as a girl's, and nothing seemed to please her more than to have a troop of merry boys and girls about her. You always came away feeling not only that you had had a "perfectly lovely time," but that you were really a little better for the visit, had more self-respect. We were left for the most part to entertain ourselves, being given the freedom to dance, sing, play or otherwise amuse ourselves. Yet she was always about somewhere, and her face was always welcome, and she was quick as a girl to enter into the merry-making. The restraint of her presence was wholesome and took away nothing from the pleasure, for she too, was "one of the girls," and that brings me to what I would have the mother's place in the home. Any mother who can be among her girls as was this charming old lady, will never have any trouble with her daughter in regard to her relations with young men.

I hope I will not have all the mothers of Michigan down on me for this piece of advice. I give it freely, and plenty more can be supplied on application.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

With the permission of the Editor, and for the benefit of S. J. B., I would like to give a little history of our reading circle:

After reading the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 10th, we resolved then and there to see if we couldn't have a reading circle; and with a little patience and perseverance, we soon had the ball rolling, and now number thirty-two members, with an attendance of over fifty when the weather is favorable. We organized by drawing up a constitution, with rules and regulations, electing three officers, president, vice-president and chairman; the two first named ladies, (no treasurer was needed, as we never pass the hat). The programme is arranged each evening by

the president for the next meeting. The exercises consist of select readings, recitations, dialogues, music and essays; the essays are all sent to one member, whom we honor with the title of Editor, who copies them and arranges them in the form of a paper, called the "Saturday Evening Star," as we hold our meetings weekly on that evening. (Some of the essays I think worthy a place in these columns,) and read every alternate meeting; the last one filled eleven pages of foolscap. When we began we tried reading some long story; started with a book of travels, but found it too dry, as we could not read enough in one evening to make it interesting, and now make each meeting complete in itself, the exercises lasting two hours. As refreshments we have apples and nuts, or pop-corn.

A MEMBER.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

Looking over the back numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD* to day, I find topics touched upon which are very dear to me. In one, dated August 12th, 1884, X. Y. Z., (whose name, by the way, I do not remember seeing since) speaks of the government of children. I think with her that if you do not begin when they are young it is not easy to win obedience later. I am not one who practises corporal punishment; but think to deprive them of some favorite pleasure will accomplish more good than all the whippings, which tend to make them stubborn. I know this to be the case from hearing a private talk between two little girls. First little girl: "Oh, see! your mother told you not to climb the fence, and you didn't mind, and you tore your dress; you'll get a whipping." Second little girl: "No, my mamma never whips me, but I suppose she'll say that now I can't go to town with her to-morrow," and two big tears ran down her cheeks. The other then said: "My mother would give me a whipping, and I'd rather have it, because you see she doesn't hurt much and it is soon over."

Many mothers punish their children once for some offense, and the next time let it pass unreprieved; then say, "It is no use to punish them, they won't mind any more for it; let them be." By all means be firm; that is the secret of making the children mind. Some may think I must have had a good deal of experience, but my experience is only eight months old. I speak of what I see around me, and from what my feelings were when I was a child.

In a late number Beatrix mentions some juvenile papers, of which *Harper's Young People* is one, as safe reading for the children. Of that paper I have seen but a specimen number, and have not much to say about it; but *Golden Days*, which I read every week, is, I suppose, about the same thing. But the stories of the heroes who leave their homes to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and, of course, always succeed, make the little readers long also to leave their homes and do the same. A boy I knew, twelve years old, ran away from home, and was four days after found in company with other boys

on Belle Isle, with a knife in a leather belt, and an old revolver, playing Indian. I hope to hear very soon on this subject from Beatrix, or some other member interested in the subject, and to know if they think I am wrong in thinking that it was from reading that he got the idea.

I don't agree with Pansy, in her letter dated Jan. 27th, 1885, advising parents to pay wages to the oldest daughter for doing the housework, the same as a servant. Let the work be performed and prompted by love and not by mercenary motives. If the father can afford it, she should have a small allowance for pin money, but let her take her chances with the rest of the family to get a new dress when it can be afforded, and not have all the good clothes while the others go without, as such would be the case if she was paid for her work.

I have read Bonnie Scotland's letter of November 2nd I don't know how many times, and think she must be almost a saint if she practices as she speaks; there are very few women nowadays who would go without house conveniences so as to enable their husbands to get a modern farm implement. And there are few homes also in which the one purse business will work with anything like success; it is always one or the other who gets the benefit of the larger share.

I have been married three years, and I am anxious to have something for my little girl when she attains her majority, but I have little hope of seeing my expectations realized. But by dint of much self-denial and economy, I manage to save a few quarters each month which I place in the bank in her name. Many mothers could do this if they had a mind to save a little; they would not miss it much, and there is no knowing what good it may do at some future time.

PEARL.

GREENFIELD.

INFANTS' SHOES.

If M. J. H. will follow these directions, I do not think she will have any trouble in getting a pair of shoes knit for her baby. These are not as fancy as some, but have the advantage of being easier to knit, and will wear better than those with more open work:

On one needle cast on fifty-three stitches; knit across and back four times, making eight rows; ninth row, knit first stitch, then knit all the rest by putting the yarn over and knitting two together; 10th row, knit plain; 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th and 19th rows knit same as 9th row, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th and 20th rows same as tenth row. Then knit four times across and back plain; then one row same as 9th row; then four times across and back plain. Now divide on three needles, having 18 stitches on the outside needles and 17 on the center one. Knit on the center needle only, 23 times across and back, making 46 rows; on the 43d and 45th rows narrow on each end of the needle; this forms the top of the foot. Now with the outside needles pick up 24 stitches along the strip just knit, making 42 on each outside needle;

knit once across all three needles and back; now each alternate time across narrow the last two stitches on the first needle, in the middle of the second, and the first two on the third, knitting back plain. When there are but seven stitches on the center needle narrow both outside needles on both ends each alternate time, until the center needle has but two stitches; put one of these on each outside needle, then knit the two needles together like binding off a stocking heel. Sew up the back of the shoe; finish the top with a crochet scallop; run a ribbon through the lower row of holes, and you will have a neat and durable pair of shoes.

WAGOSTA.

MRS. L. R.

FARMERS' HOMES.

Paper read by Mrs. F. C. Chamberlain, of Dexter, at the Institute of the Webster Farmers' Club, Jan. 20th.

We will assert what often is admitted, that the foundation of a nation's prosperity lies in the prosperity of her agriculture; and that prosperity depends in a great measure on the intelligence of the "tillers of the soil;" therefore whatever means may lead to the improvement of the farmer, strengthens the pillars that support the enlightened nation's existence. As one step in this improvement I wish to say a little about the inner life of farmers' homes; of the homes that not only furnish the bone and sinew of the country, but the well-balanced intellect as well.

We feel pride in the long array of names illustrious in the world's history that came from the farm. Look at home, at the active, successful business men of our smaller towns. Did not a majority spend their boyhood days on the farm? Where would soon be our cities were they not continually replenished with the vigor of mind and body that comes from the rugged toil of our country homes? As one aid to the happiness and usefulness of our homes, I will mention the proper training of children; though I may speak plainly, yet let it be in kindness. I have heard some parents say they could not punish their child, for fear if it should die they would always regret the punishment. But are you not wrong there? Disobedience to reasonable and just demands never brought happiness, from the creation down the present time. An obedient child is much happier than a disobedient one.

Always take time to correct a child, no matter if household cares are pressing; no matter if the men stand impatiently waiting for dinner, attend to the most necessary duty first. Correct the child, then and there. Perhaps you will find your own anger rising, if so, chastize yourself first. I feel sorry when I hear a mother say, "I will tell your father when he comes home, and he will punish you," for that child is quick enough to see, and will look for other authority than his mother's to control him.

Never be afraid of making the little ones too happy. It takes but little money. Their little play-house of rough boards, or in the shade of a tree, with acorn cups

for dishes, and Johnny cake for cakes and pies; imagination in their little minds will supply all deficiencies; and then if you, mother, will put on bonnet and shawl and make the little folks a visit, their happiness will be complete, and you can get acquainted with your own children; for unnatural as it seems, there are homes in this free land of ours where nurses and teachers have more influence, and understand better the needs of their charges than the parents themselves; in fact, are better acquainted.

I know of nothing more pleasant than a well governed home. It moves like the perfect, well-oiled machine, no harsh grating, and it wears long. On the other side, it is sad to contemplate the probable fate of many of the inmates of disorderly homes, how they are growing up to fill our poorhouses, workhouses and prisons.

Another thing I would like to mention which we sometimes see in farmers' homes, is the giving the boy a calf or colt, as the case may be, and then when he has taken care of it, and petted it as his "very own," do not take it from him; do not rob your own child; do not destroy his trust in you; do not give him that fearful, that bitter lesson in dishonesty. Children have some rights which you should regard, that they may learn in after years to regard yours.

Our homes need the refining influences of flowers, house plants and music; in truth they are becoming almost necessities of life. Take your wife to the city occasionally to visit her city cousins, and see if she does not pick up some idea, and bring to her household some refinement or improvement of life that we farmers need, are thirsting for, and are going to have, too, "bye and bye."

Let your children have some pets, something to care for, to love. It will do them good. Respect their feelings, and do not needlessly kick puss or cuff the dog. Strive to have a variety of fruits in your orchards, an abundance of small fruits in the garden, so that all can have all they want, and the neighbors across the way a dishful, too, occasionally, with the information that they are welcome to all the plants they wish. Tell the boys they may have a nice watermelon patch, if they will take care of it. That watermelon patch will have wonderful attractions in its season; in short, farmers ought to have an abundance of the best of everything that the climate and soil will yield.

Encourage in your children any tendency to love of Nature. If they bring in a handful of cowslip blossoms, give them a vase, or a teacup, something to put them in. If your little boy wears holes in his pockets with the pretty stones he picks up in the field, don't discourage him, but find him a place to put them, and patiently mend his pockets.

It is related of the great painter, Benjamin West, that when very young, he was left to rock his little sister; the babe smiled in her sleep, which so pleased him that he took paper and drew her likeness. When his mother entered the room and saw the drawing, she did not tear it up,

nor burn it, nor chide him for wasting paper, but in pleased surprise, that must have been very encouraging to the young artist, exclaimed: "Bless me, Benny has drawn a likeness of little Sally!"

Among the many good things that we must have for our homes, are books, which are so plenty and cheap that the trouble is to know what to choose. I think if someone competent to the duty would recommend a short list for farmers' families, it might be of benefit. Among the newspaper reading of the farmer political reading should not be left out. I have heard many farmers say, "You can't tell much by reading the papers." I am afraid they don't read much, and only one side at that. I am afraid they don't know what our Congressmen are doing, and they cannot vote for the right, or their own interest, even. We need more farmers qualified for our legislative halls. We can spare some of the lawyers and mere politicians.

It is necessary to get a liking for study, for if there is a taste for reading the books will come. I think if our country schools taught a more extensive course it would instill a desire for further study. Physical geography would sharpen the appetite for more knowledge; physiology, with a chapter on the effects of liquor and tobacco on the system, might save some who do not think it does much harm until they learn by experience. The writing of compositions should not be neglected; it can be commenced quite young. Botany can hardly be left out, so useful on the farm, such delightful opportunities for its study in field and wood, that it ought to be called the "farmer's book;" neither can we throw aside political economy. Many can go only to the district school, and it is this class we wish to get interested in study and reading, so they may learn at home, and swell the ranks of that great army of our wisest and best men and women—the self-educated.

But you say that these studies, in addition to those usually taught, take too much time. Yes, there is the great trouble, want of time. Farmers' families, from the father down, need more time for study, for recreation, for sociability. I own "I love the farmer's life dearly," but also own that I do not take its labor "cheerily."

In looking over some old papers the other day, I saw two different statements by two different women, boasting of the variety and amount of work accomplished in one day. Discouraged, I threw down the papers, and took up another that had just been brought in the house. On the first page was an article advising farmers to take their families to the mountains, or the seashore, for that rest and change so much needed. Well, that was more agreeable; I was not discouraged at that. It proved, to my mind, at least, that this much had been gained in the past twenty-five years, that farmers' families need rest and change, and when it is fully realized, will it not be acted upon? So we trust; and that it may no longer be said farmers' wives and daughters are filling our insane asylums.

It is a problem I have long been trying to solve, to get the proper balance between the household labor of the farm and the needed study and rest. I have not succeeded to my own satisfaction, and must admit my defeat. Do not understand me to counsel a life of lazy ease. It is intended that we work; it is for our good and happiness. It is noble to labor, but *too much* toil is as degrading as *too much* ease. To the end that we may find that happy medium between work and rest, and thus make our farm homes the one spot lovely on earth, let us, like the school boy, "try, try again."

AMUSEMENTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

When I read Bon Ami's protest against the silly games so much in vogue, I made a resolve to free my mind on that subject. At country gatherings, especially among the younger class who have not yet arrived at the age when they can interest themselves in conversation, this is carried on to a greater extent than many know. It seems to be hard to find anything suitable for a large company of small folks. If possible get them interested in playing charades, and be sure to have good words selected beforehand to keep things moving.

An evening can scarcely be spent more profitably than playing with the history author cards so much in use now. One unconsciously learns the most important dates, and soon finds himself able to call from memory. It affords considerable amusement too to take a long word, and in a stated time, say two minutes, see who can make the most words from it.

I do not mean to uphold the public rink or dance of to-day, but the thought has often occurred to me that if people who object to dancing and skating, would compare an evening spent at these places, with the parties their children are obliged to attend, they could not help seeing that they are somewhat in the wrong. Here, where the young people wish to skate, they rent the rink for an evening, and only invite those with whom they wish to associate.

I would like to tell the girls how to make a pretty buttonhook or key rest. Take an even ear of corn, varnish it, and when dry cover with gilt powder. Screw in two or three bangle hooks, and finish with ribbon to hang up by, with bows at the end. Blue looks the prettiest with the gilt.

PAW PAW.

GERTIE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

An exchange recommends bathing the hands in mustard water after handling odorous substances to remove the scent which will cling to them in spite of soap and water.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Stockman* says that in order to prevent a wooden bowl from cracking, it should, while new, be immersed for a couple of days in a tub of strong brine. Another lady recommends a coat of paint on the

outside, and rubbing with salt on the inside after using it.

AN exchange says that to get the full flavor of dried peaches, we should first soak them in water for an hour or so, and then allow them to cook until almost done, when take off the fire, add a little sugar and set away until cold. If not used for a day or two they will be all the better, as by that time they will have absorbed all the sugar and be much richer. If for peach puddings, they will be equally improved treated in this way. Use the juice of the pudding for sauce.

THOSE ladies who have patience can convert common pine brackets, stands, boxes, etc., into very fair imitation of ebony. The surface must be sandpapered to perfect smoothness, then take half an ounce of copperas and eight ounces of logwood chips. Boil the logwood chips in one gallon of water for half an hour and then add the copperas. The mixture must be applied hot to the wood. Two or three coats will be required. If the ebonized wood is to be varnished, a little black must be added to the varnish, else it will give it a brown tinge.

WHEN you buy canned goods in tin, as corn, tomatoes, fruits, etc., see that the ends of the cans do not bulge outward; this indicates the presence of deleterious gases. See also that there is but one small puncture in the end of the can; when there is more than one it is pretty good evidence that the can has been punctured to permit the escape of gases caused by fermentation, and soldered up again. Never let anything put up in tin stand in the can after the can is opened; the acid of the contents, under the oxidization of the air, effects a chemical action on the lead with which most tin is adulterated, which produces a poisonous salt. This advice has been given in the *HOUSEHOLD* heretofore, but as we learn by "line upon line," and as the *HOUSEHOLD* audience is largely increased with the new year, we make no apology for mentioning the subject again.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Will Beatrix, or some of the *HOUSEHOLD* members, tell me what preparation to use on a black-board so the marks will rub off easily? We wish to make a small one for home use, and know that common black paint is not suitable. I heard a friend speak of having her's slated. Will some one please give directions? Also for a good and lasting cement for an aquarium. Have any of the readers of the *HOUSEHOLD* ever kept an aquarium for any length of time, or do they soon get to leaking? A. R.

In selecting *nom de plumes* correspondents will please avoid those which have been appropriated by other writers. To take the "pen name" of another leads to confusion of identity, often to absurd blunders. The Editor always prefers to respect the writer's choice, but where a duplicate is sent in must exercise the right to substitute the initials of the sender.

MRS. L. R., of Wacousta, wishes to know what will make paper stick to a wall which has been ceiled and painted. Cannot some of our readers enlighten her?

IF C. H., of Brooklyn, will re-read "One of the Girls" letter about the etched bed-spread, she will find her question answered therein. She wishes to know if "One of the Girls," or some of the other girls can tell her how to do the stitch known in crochet as *tricot*. And here is a "nut to crack" for our flower-loving and flower-growing friends: "Last fall I got a cyclamen from D. M. Ferry, treated it as nearly as I could as described in the catalogue, and it has succeeded in putting out only one leaf, with no sign of any more. Can some one tell me what to do with it? Will be thankful for any help in my trouble, and try in the future to help others."

LEONE, of Big Beaver, says: "I would like to state that at last I have had an opportunity to make some of E. L. Nye's coffee, and we find it delicious. I see in nearly all the recipes for plum pudding brandy is mentioned as one of the ingredients; but for the benefit of those whose temperance principles would forbid their using it, I would say I have eaten many a plum pudding, but never with brandy in, and I think they are good enough for any one without the brandy, and much better for both mind and body. I have found a new use for broken crockery; pounded into small pieces, the hens eat it eagerly."

Contributed Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup sugar, one cup of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful vinegar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one cup butter. This recipe will make the best ginger snap I ever saw. FIREFLY. WEXFORD.

CREAM FRUIT CAKE.—One cup thick sour cream; one cup sugar, one cup raisins, one egg, scant teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, spices to taste. Flour enough to make a batter as for common cake. To the above may be added half a cup of chopped dried apples, stewed in half cup molasses; but the cake is good without.

COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—One and a half cups sugar, one cup sour cream, piece of butter the size of an egg; teaspoonful soda; season to taste; mix soft and bake quickly.

RAISIN PIE.—Line a deep pie-tin with good paste; then put in nearly one cupful of nice sugar; over that place a large cupful of raisins, fill up with sweet cream; put on a top crust and bake slow; the cream from two pans of milk will be sufficient for three pies.

LEMON PIE No. 1.—One cup water, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, yolks of two eggs, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread on top; return to oven and brown.

LEMON PIE No. 2.—Line a pie-plate with good rich crust; in it put two crackers, rolled fine; one lemon, peeled and sliced; one cup of sugar, a few raisins; add a little water, some bits of butter, and bake with upper crust.

MRS. L. R.

WACOUSTA.