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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE PRINCESS' SONG.

In paths of peace and virtue
Always the good remain;
And sorrow shall not stay with them,
Nor long access of pain;
At meeting or at parting
Joys to their bosom strike,
For good to good is friendly,
And virtue loves her like.
The great sun goes his journey
By the strong truth impelled;
By their pure lives and penances
Is earth itself upheld;
Of all which live or shall live
Upon its hills and fields,
Pure hearts are the protectors,
For virtue saves and shields.
Never are noble spirits
Poor while their like survive;
Without request these render,
Without return they give.
Never is lost or wasted
The goodness of the good;
Never against a mercy,
Again st a right it stood;
And seeing this, that virtue
Is always friend of all,
The virtuous and pure hearted
Men their "Protector" call.

—Edwin T. Arnold.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

The winter's clothing, the heavy coats, cloaks and woolen dresses which are now out of season, should be put away before housecleaning and before there is danger of moths. A dry-goods box, papered inside and out, having a tight cover, is a safe and convenient receptacle. I have a box long enough to take a dress or cloak without folding, papered inside and stained and varnished outside, on purpose for winter clothing. I fold my cloaks and dresses full length, wrap them in papers, spread a linen sheet in the box, lay the garments in, fold the sheet over, and secure it snugly with pins. Then I nail on the cover, and my mind is free from care for the summer, so far as moths are concerned. I like to have these garments, as also woolen underwear, hosiery, etc., in good order, ready for wear, when it is put away. Then if a "cold snap" comes in the fall, I have not to mend an article before I can wear it. If you have uncolored furs, put them in tight boxes, after giving them a good whipping to take the dust and possible moths out of them, put the covers on the boxes and paste strips of brown paper over the edges. No moth will molest them. Colored furs, I am told by a gentleman employed in our largest fur store here, are not troubled by moths, the dye being obnoxious to them. Woolen blankets, if not

washed before putting away, should have a good sunning, and be packed in a paper lined box or barrel, with strips of paper pasted over the edges of the cover. If there are no moths in the goods when stored, and the box is carefully papered—camphor, tobacco, snuff, pepper, etc., are entirely superfluous.

I know of nothing more apt to disgust one with earth and earthly things than to lift to the lips a cup or glass which has the indescribable odor imparted to it by a dirty, sour dish-towel. It is a most effectual de-appetizer, if the expression is allowable. Some housekeepers have an idea that almost anything is good enough to wipe dishes on, no matter if it has already served its time in its legitimate purpose. But it is a good deal more "respectable," and quite as economical to have neat towels, and the small girls do not dread the dish-washing and wiping half so much. Have plenty of them, each a yard long, and see that they are frequently renewed. Have a line or rack back of the stove, or near it, on which to hang them to dry; don't ever be guilty of hanging either dish-towel or dish-cloth in a wad on a nail. Instead of using any old rag for a dish-cloth, buy Turkish toweling or heavy crash; hem three or four of the size you like best, and put them in the wash as regularly as you do your towels. An eastern physician claims to have traced a case of typhoid fever to a rag used as a dish-cloth, which was never purified by soap and sunshine. Occasionally it is well to use a little pearline or washing soda in the water in which such articles are washed; it sweetens and purifies them.

The terrible story which comes from Jackson, of the lady whose death was caused by the mistake of her nurse in bathing her in a solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, instead of pure alcohol, as ordered by the physician, should teach us a lesson in carefulness. No poison of any kind should under any circumstances be kept in a house without being properly and conspicuously labeled, and then it should not be left lying about, but be placed somewhere out of the way, and out of the reach of the children. Little people do not understand the significance of the druggist's skull and crossbones, nor can they always read a label. Have a locked cupboard or box for all such things, and for all medicines. Do not trust a high shelf; children are ambitious and aspiring. A hanging cabinet, with lock and key, is the best for such pur-

poses. How often we note in the papers the death of some child, caused by swallowing medicine carelessly left in its way. What remorse must fill a mother's heart when she reflects that her own carelessness caused her baby's untimely death! Label everything correctly; that there be no mistake like the one mentioned above. There were two bottles, both labeled alcohol, one a deadly poison. The neglect to mark the contents properly cost a life.

BEATRIX.

SEVERAL SMALL QUANTITIES.

I have noticed that one or two gentlemen who have kindly contributed articles to our HOUSEHOLD have intimated a doubt as to the propriety of so doing, or as to the reception they would be accorded. For myself, I would give them a hearty welcome, and a request to them and others to visit us often. I am no admirer of an "Adamless Eden," and if our fathers and brothers can feel sufficient interest in our little paper to talk matters over with us, it will make it all the more interesting.

I am exceedingly sorry for sister Faith. I fear in her intense desire to guard her darlings from all sin and care, she will find so many "lions in the way" that peace will fly away affrighted, and contentment be a stranger to her home. Will she finally prohibit her daughters from indulging in conversation with others, lest they become gossips, and forbid their receiving the company of gentlemen, because some men are vile? Nay, food might be forbidden, as gluttony is a sore evil.

There are many good mothers in this day of social fashion of indulgence in games, who are able to influence their sons and daughters to the extent of keeping them strangers to the fascination of euchre and other deadly sins, and there are, also, many others who flatter themselves that they have the same influence, who would be shocked to know the reverse was the case, and that their loved ones were practising the prohibited pleasures, and the much more heinous offense of concealing the truth, and, at least, tacit lying, added to that of disobedience.

The question of amusements is surrounded by difficulties, the most learned and the most pious differing radically on the latitude and degree to be accorded. I have concluded that the only way out is to agree to disagree, and let individual conscience dictate. If I am fully per-

sued in my own mind that a certain way is best for me to follow, I am doing myself great injustice to follow the opposite way, because some one else is positive that only is right.

Agitation is a good thing, as the seeker after light may often find arguments that will shatter his theories, or throw light on mistaken conclusions, but let us all, while championing our own pet theories and convictions, allow to others what we claim for ourselves, perfect liberty of opinion and action; and be willing to give a candid and unprejudiced hearing to the reasons and arguments advanced by them in support of their creed.

I would say to E. L. Nye, that her case is one of the few in my experience where a woman fills an allotted part in life to a rounded completeness, and sees the full fruition of her hopes and labors garnered. May the liberty that comes of labors completed prove a benediction and a blessing. We hope to hear from her in whatever sphere she may enter, and if loneliness springs from work and care laid aside, remember there are many things waiting willing hands, and it may be that wisdom and opportunity will combine to advise the entering a new sphere of equal usefulness.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

KITCHEN CONVENIENCES.

Unto woman is given, in the care of a household, a double task that but few are called upon to perform, namely, to both plan and execute. The general plans a battle or campaign, the privates execute his orders. Our schools have a head in the superintendent, who plans the work and has a general supervision over all; the teachers, relieved of these cares, can give their whole attention to the work set before them. Generally any work will be better and more quickly done where one plans and superintends, and another carries out the plans. No work requires such a variety of tools, no work has so many different disconnected and yet intricately connected departments as housekeeping. Can any one define house or home-keeping, and be sure to enumerate every possible thing it includes? To keep house is not merely to cook, not alone to sweep and dust, or patch and darn. Whatever the work, the kitchen is the shop in which the greater part of it is performed.

To plan work to save time for rest, is to save health and strength; to save steps is to save time. The kitchen, then, ought to be constructed on this saving plan. Some say put the kitchen on the front of the house, and make of it the pleasantest room. The only plausible reason that can be advanced for making the kitchen the front of the house, is that it would be more convenient for some people who invariably pass the front and side entrance of a farm house to knock at the kitchen door. My way would be not to adorn the kitchen with plants, paintings, or statuary, but to have things convenient, and thus save steps, time, strength and health.

A large kitchen is not necessary or best. The floor should be painted, oiled or covered with oil cloth. The furniture should consist of a comfortable chair, (have a chair even if you do without a stove,) a work-table, a small closed cupboard near the stove, for holding iron ware such as kettles and flat-irons, a wood-box full of wood and a sink. Just back of or at the nearest possible point to all parts of the stove, should hang holders, potato-masher and all those little things used exclusively about the stove; it is so much easier than taking several steps to the pantry or some other place every time you need to use one. A kitchen should be well lighted and have opposite doors or windows if you would keep it cool in the summer, when most of the work is done. A north and south door make it pleasant, especially if they open upon porches. Both well and rain water ought by some means to be brought into the kitchen. The pantry is another room that should be arranged for making the work easy; it should have flour chests with several drawers, one each for table linen, dish towels, knives and forks and tablespoons; a safe for milk, a receptacle for food, and an enclosed cupboard for dishes. Over the molding shelf should be saleratus, baking powder, different kind of spices, each properly labeled, the rolling-pin, egg-beater, &c.

Another convenience is a five-cent slate with pencil attached, hung either in pantry or kitchen, to receive from time to time a list of articles needed. If you get out of sugar, write it down; if nearly out of oil, write it down. Your first opportunity to go to town you have only to copy, and not stop to study whether it is thread or soap you wanted. Has any one found a convenient, safe place for the oil can?

If Aunt Lucy is not going to respond to the call for that bill of fare, will not Old School Teacher, Evangeline, or some one give theirs? JANNETTE.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

There is a good deal of life's hard logic, "stubborn as fate," in this thought: We need to exercise care in watching the grounds upon which we build our expectations. Ever-building Hope rears her fair castles in the distant sometime, and to me they have a wide shining and self-evident splendor, though weary journeys thitherward often prove them delusive ruins. Perhaps too much time is spent in trying to rebuild the old, when a new site should be selected. I am not determined on that point, for it is difficult to estimate the value and true relation of the old and the new, to-day and yesterday. In fact, the whole study and wisdom of life lies in this question of right relations; upon our judgments and selections there, depend our usefulness and happiness.

There are men and women of to-day who can remember when to go on a journey, to leave home for a few days, was a great departure, a matter of great deliberation and elaborate preparation. To-day people rush across continents

with little thought of distances; the world is full of motion, and commotion. People have grown larger, they feel increased capacities. They require wider culture, and desire to see the world which is growing with them. We of to-day breathe a larger, freer air, and it expands life proportionately.

During our wanderings in the South full of sunshine, of song, and the beauty of opened flowers, we saw much of interest in life and scenery, old houses, old customs, and old maids. The old buildings I viewed with interest, of the old customs and superstitions I might speak, but the old maids,—I can't do them justice.

The South will furnish a fine field for the coming novelist who can appreciate its humor and pathos, sketch its picturesque and grotesque phases of life, its mixtures of the old and recent, the curious and superstitious in custom and religion. Northern enterprise is being felt everywhere throughout the South. In time the deserted plantations will be reclaimed, which now in many portions lie uncultivated. I "reckon" said enterprise evinces a thrift and business tact surprising to some of the citizens of the South. As an instance, views are taken of some of the old Spanish buildings in the French quarter of New Orleans, and sold readily, I suppose, because they are "so ancient." They are old, but I was informed that their age was considerably exaggerated by the artists. Is not exaggeration a part of the industrial art? However, there are many buildings and whole squares on the French side of the city, which is cut off from the American side by Canal street running up from the river, very old in appearance. Dark faces, with turanned heads, peep from doors and windows, old women and nurses sit on the steps in the sunshine. The colored population seem to enjoy life. Occasionally among the numerous processions and parades which pass on all days of the week, is one of negroes, and as their band plays the women and youth come out and "jine the chorus," jumping and dancing in high glee, exhibiting a great variety of costumes and gestures. The negroes are well represented in churches, orthodox and Catholic. Some of their services are very intelligently conducted, while others are very noisy. We attended a colored church soon after Moody's visit to New Orleans. I judged possibly a part of their extreme enthusiasm was due to the spark dropped among the dusky sinners by the "big preacher." Their prayers were terrific in volume, and the sisters were fair competitors with the "brethering;" but awakened souls are earnest, and there was the germ of genuineness, tokens of dawning brightness in their untutored pleadings and weird, wild chants, withal a sincerity good to witness. Every soul must have its own communion, its own contact with the Eternal.

The past is fraught with good to us. To-day is the rich heritage of the world's yesterdays. Who could, who would, thrust aside the lessons of the old,

the teachings of the past? No, but bury its dead body. In the soul of things is life. The people of the South seem to cling to the past, their memories are of a grandeur which was rather than is to be. Especially the landlords and ladies remember last year, with its numerous visitors from abroad, and its rich harvest of fees. New Orleans is poor, and it is a question in the inquirer's mind how its people live, taking the year altogether; there seems an infinite number of rooms to rent, and visitors during the winter were comparatively few. The landlords will never cease to remind people of what "we had," and what "we did," for how much "we rented this room" during the palmy days of the Exposition. The decrease in prices compelled some of them to sell their furniture for their own rent this spring. Hard and unsatisfactory are many their lives, environments developing most undesirable qualities.

Strange, and most difficult studies in life, are the people we meet. Oh, the mystery of the footsteps which come into our lives! Their contemplation is something passing wonder in the soul. So soon our yesterdays grow dim, and are continually hurrying into the realm of the past, with its treasury of dreams and idylls. But the influences of lives are gathered up to live in the eternity of our being. Lives we know, from which flow out a fullness illuminating our own in silence; others touch us to waken new emotions filling life with eager pain of longing; some influences heaven sends like rest dropped into the ferment of anxieties and uncertainties, fulfilling large promises to the weary life.

There is something of worth and sweetness, I had fancied, in every life. But in New Orleans I tried to gather up my fancies and ideals and to spare them total desecration, store them away for life in a more peaceful region. A woman demolished my ideal sadly. A maid of fifty summers "sat down" upon my cherished theories of the gentler sex, and I am sadder, wiser grown. I acknowledge her a mystery, inexplicable in her ways. Imperative, selfish, superstitious, voluble,—she was a tower of Babel in herself. Before her, I stood as one amazed and confounded. Never did speech so fail me to describe a thing sublime or ludicrous. During all the days of gathering experiences, never was so great a problem of trying humanity thrust into my life. The goad of the hour is often severe, and there ran an undercurrent of being through the dark vision which touched my spirit with larger understanding. A life incomplete, undeveloped, narrow; a life unknown to love, which is the clear shining certainty, rendering triumphant the path of being.

In the midst of interesting and ambitious excursions, one's attention is likely to be called to the influence of climate, which I am of the opinion is irresistible. The city and State are malarial, and fortunate is he who does not feel those miserable aches creep into his bones and penetrate his sinews. They came, they found me

as though they saw, but that they conquered I do not admit. However, I lost interest and admiration for the South with its warm breezes, and wealth of flowers, its rich, beautiful foliage so delightful to the eye. Old houses, old customs, old maids, "had all lost their sweetness to me."

We woke one morning on the train to find the coach warm; 'twas not the sun, but a fire, and a fire in the stove. I decided several months ago that our springs were barbarous. It did seem that the last of April should be warmer, but I always console myself by the borrowed reflection, "The flowers of civilization bloom in the drifted snow." We noted the gradual un-development of the leaves as we advanced from New Orleans to Chicago, with its greatness and big enterprises. The greatest change was seen after crossing the Ohio. Leaving Cairo, which has lost much in wealth and population within a few years, on account of the encroachments of the great rivers on either side, as we pass slowly out from the excircling arms of the Mississippi and Ohio, we find the leaves young and tender. The foliage of the North is so frail and thin as compared with the heavy, rich Southern growth; which the seven-months' summer blesses with radiant sunshine. Our orchards are the glory of the spring-time North. I always squander some time on a few spring lines when they are in bloom. Not poetry. I am so fortunate as to have made the discovery, sad as it seems, that my poetry was born without speech. Yet spring wakes the prosaic to new life and new song. Perhaps not new, but the revival of the old. Fresh-gathered life and calm thrills through the old. The past wakes with its tide of feeling, its strength growing on with to-day's wonderings. Great waves of memory sweep over the soul, strong with life. Strange, is it, that old memories should wed with young life, and sadden the fresh, sweet hours? Yet a beautiful peace gathers round these days when the trees are white and pure in blossoming fragrance, and we almost plead for the tarrying of this time rich in nature's renewed promises.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

S. M. G.

TRANSPosed.

It was a complete revolution of the wheel of circumstances that placed E. L. Nye one hot day in the middle of April in the heart of one of the prettiest little cities in Michigan. A city of homes and shade and schools and busy, happy, healthy life, and prosperous business firms, factories and local enterprises. Little did she dream when she had such a good time at the Northeastern fair here last September that in a few short months this would be her abiding place. But thus it is. And here I am, my friends, surroundings in every sense the very opposite of those in the midst of which you have known me so long. But as I am one who conforms to circumstances without kicking either the beam or the bucket, the work of dropping into the new groove is not as hard as it might

be. The clatter of hoofs and the rattle of wheels on the pavement, the steady tramp tramp, tramp on the sidewalks, the ever changing, moving panorama of hurrying humanity that we hear and see from morning till night each day, in place of the slowly changing forests and fields. The squawking of parrots, the small talk of canaries, and the detestable click and chitter of English sparrows for the magnificent singing of a thousand free, feathered vocalists that know how to make all the air quiver with delight and all the earth rejoice and be glad; Gardner's band—and a fine one it is too, the "premium band" of the State, I am told—for the whippoorwill and those other evening song birds of spring-time, the toad and the bull-frog. Housekeeping in a "flat" i. e., on the second floor of a building in a business block in the city's mart—for the length and breadth and height and depth of a cheerful, commodious farmhouse.

So you must see without further demonstration that the transposition is complete. But then our home is very cosy, and if when duty's tasks are done, we choose to recreate there is always an entertainment, or something nice, agreeable and instructive to resort to. For instance, one evening we attended the junior exhibition of the city High School at the Opera House; Gardner's orchestra discoursed eloquent music chosen especially for the occasion. The young masters and misses rendered their orations, essays, and parts in "Pyramus and Thisbe" with easy grace and appreciation generally. One oration on Manual Education won my especial approbation. I am glad to see the boys and girls taking up this idea and investigating its nature, possibilities and demands for themselves. By and bye they will "strike" for it; and then good daddies, come down with your dollars!

As a fish would naturally flop into water once in a while if trying to exist on dry land, so I now, when opportunity offers, enjoy the atmosphere of the schools and of things connected with them. The Flint Normal School is just across the street from our house. I spent one afternoon there and am going to spend several more within its halls as time rolls along.

One thing more I do enjoy here, and that is a quiet saunter about the shady residence streets of the city. The most of the streets cross at right angles, with rows of beautiful shade trees on either side of each street. Ample grounds tastefully ornamented and kept around the houses, and good sidewalks, make such a saunter as refreshing and enlivening as a stroll in a country highway could possibly think of being. And it seems so odd to be able to go out for a refreshing walk just after a shower without the encumbrance of even so much as an overshoe.

Oh, by the way, I wish to say to my sweeping sisters, wear gloves of course if you need them. But as for me, my hands never callous, chap nor get red, so I do not need them.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

WRITING FOR THE PAPERS.

I do not think there ever was any one more scared than I the first time I saw one of my own compositions in print. O, dear, I thought, what will the people who read it think; whatever made the editor think it was good enough to print, and how I wish I had not sent it! But there it was in black and white, and I have tried frequently since, with about the same result and feelings.

But I set out to try to tell some one who does not exactly know how to go about it, the best way I know to write for the paper, so that the communication will not get into the waste basket. And right here let me state that I think that many a good article is thrown into the waste-basket because the writer has written on both sides of the paper, or abbreviated, or run the letters together so that the manuscript cannot be read, while another letter of less merit is printed just because it can be read with ease. Write only on one side of the paper; if it is note paper spread the sheet open and write clear across. Number your pages; be careful to punctuate clearly; and put the capitals where they ought to be.

The subjects and language to use I can give no advice about; the topics come to me at odd times, sometimes when my hands are in the dough, or as early in the spring, when I was frying and putting the hams down in lard; but with me when the idea comes, it must be written down, or lost, and I suppose it is the same with others.

I hope many will write for our little HOUSEHOLD, for they surely can do better than the writer, and there are many farmers' wives with good educations, much experience in housework, and bright ideas, who could write if they would only let their light shine.

Remember to dot your i's and cross your t's. My *nom de plume* I write at the end of the article to be printed; my real name I write on a slip of paper and put it inside the envelope. I first prepare a rough draft of what I am going to write on a bit of wrapping paper, or anything I can lay my hands on, then I copy it off.

LEONE.

BIG BEAVER.
[Leone's directions are approved by the Editor with but one exception. Use commercial note paper as the most convenient size, but do not write across both pages. It is easier for the printers to "follow copy" across the shorter lines of a single page. Just here the HOUSEHOLD Editor would say to those who are conscious of having good ideas, and would like to express their opinions in the little paper, but are deterred by fear of seeming awkward in composition, never mind such fears, but write, and trust the Editor to make any emendations or corrections that are needed. We care more for helpful ideas than for elegant diction. One point Leone omitted is to use italics and quotation marks as sparingly as possible. Those who read attentively do not need italics to enable them to see where stress should be placed. There is not an italicized word in any of the elder Haw-

thorne's books; his language is so appropriate, so nicely calculated to convey his exact meaning, that italics are superfluous; they have been termed an insult to the intelligence of the reader.—Ed.]

RECIPE FOR HARD SOAP.

Seeing in the HOUSEHOLD of April 27th an inquiry for directions for making hard soap, I send mine, which have been thoroughly tested: Six pounds sal soda; three pounds stone lime; seven pounds clear grease; six gallons soft water. Put the sal soda and lime in a large kettle out of doors; pour on the water and give it a good boil up once; let it stand over night. In the morning drain off the lye in a tub, rinse out the kettle, and put back the lye, adding the grease, which must be free from bones and scraps, so as to have the full amount. Then boil until it is about as thick as strained honey. When boiled enough pour into a tub, having the tub wet; let it stand till next morning, and cut out in good sized pieces, as it dries down quite hard. This will be very white and nice if the grease is clean. S. M.

GRASS LAKE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DICKENS said once that he judged the quality of housekeeping by the condition of the casters on the table. We are not sure but it is a good test. The careless, thoughtless person is apt to let the vinegar cruets get nearly empty and full of sediment, the mustard pot "all stuck up," the little wooden spoon encrusted with dried mustard; while the catsup and sauce bottles fairly take away your inclination to test the contents by their "mussiness." Due attention should be paid to these things, which are lesser tasks, to be sure, but none the less indices of housekeeping qualities.

Holes in plastering may be filled up with a little plaster of Paris mixed thick with water and applied with a knife. Hard-finished walls may be washed with soap and water and wiped dry. Dust and coal smoke are removed from papered walls and ceilings by rubbing them with a broom wrapped around with a soft white cloth; the cloth should be changed whenever it becomes much soiled. Ammonia and water, or whiting and water, are used to clean white paint, while cold tea is employed on grained work, the paint being wiped dry with a soft flannel cloth.

We do not think a woman has any business fooling round a stove trying to take it down or put it up. It is a work for the men to do, and though it may cause them to indulge in swear words, that is not half as bad as the consequence of over-lifting to a fragile woman. But there are some women who must attend to such work, and we would remind them that a board, wide enough to slip under the stove between its legs, and long enough to be handled easily, can be put under the stove, upon two round sticks

of wood for rollers, and the stove put down upon it with a lever as the legs are taken out. Once on the board you can roll it from one room to another by replacing the rollers as it rolls off them.

A LITTLE common soda, on a dampened cloth, rubbed on cups and saucers, or teaspoons, will remove all the tea stains that give such a brown look to dishes that have been used a little while, and it does not cockle the enamel like sand, and is much easier and quicker done.

Not long ago a reporter of one of our State exchanges mentioned having picked up in the room in which a teachers' examination had been conducted, a list of the questions presented to the candidates. The list was printed in the paper, and the question asked how many of the solid business men of the city, including lawyers, doctors and others, could answer these questions. I confess that in my estimation they partook more of the nature of conundrums than queries designed as an index of ability, or test of scholarship. Several were not stated with that clearness we have a right to expect from a Board of Examiners. The idea of an examination is less, I have always supposed, for the purpose of giving hard nuts to crack than to enable the examiner to arrive at a just estimate of the intelligence and acquirements, and facility in expression of the examined. The necessity of writing the answers is in itself an excellent examination in writing, spelling and diction. Usually, the person who is clear and lucid on paper is equally so at the blackboard or chart before the school, though there are exceptions to this rule. Life is far too short to learn all that books can teach us, or to pursue into its intricacies every subject of which a general outline is now required of us.

BEATRIX.

Useful Recipes.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard, remove the shell and drop them, whole, into hot spiced vinegar.

SPICED BEEF.—This is an excellent relish for a picnic: Remove all the bones from a piece of meat weighing about four pounds. Rub it well with cinnamon, allspice, pepper and celery salt. Roll tightly and tie. Boil in water enough to cover, to which has been added one-third of an ounce each of ginger, clover, cinnamon, allspice and mace. When cold, dust off the spice on the outside and slice thin.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Slice a dozen large oranges very thin, removing the seeds. Use the juice of two lemons, and add water enough to make seven pints. Let the fruit stand over night in an earthen dish. Next morning put it in a preserving kettle, and boil gently till the orange rind is tender; then stir with it seven pounds of granulated sugar, and boil gently, stirring occasionally, till the rind looks clear and a little of the juice, when cooled, has a jelly-like consistency. Cool the marmalade and then transfer it to glass jars or jelly glasses. On top of each lay a round of paper cut to fit and dipped in brandy, and seal the glasses with paper brushed with white of egg. This will keep indefinitely and is very wholesome and nutritious, especially for invalids and children. Miss Corson's recipe.