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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE PERFECT KINGDOM.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,
With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a temple
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called Home.

So 'tis a happy faculty
Of women far and wide,
To turn a cot or palace
Into something else beside,
Where brothers, sons and husbands tired,
With willing footsteps come,
A place of rest, where love abounds,
A perfect kingdom—Home.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Agitation is the only tangible method of adjusting a complicated question, while "Woman's Sphere" just now is the flotsam tossing about upon the white foam of debate, with but little hope of any one throwing a rope strong enough to draw it ashore.

That woman was designed to adorn the home is conceded without attempt at controversy. But what is adornment? "To render pleasant or attractive," and the synonyms, grace, honor, exalt, dignify. These are delightful terms to hear; any one of them suggests something agreeable to the sense, and if the thought be woman, some one we would wish to see again. For the sake of convenience then we will accord our ideal woman all the accomplishments of the average young lady of to-day, including brush and palette, decorative needle work and Miss Parloa's cooking school, and at twenty-two see her happily united to the choice of her heart and established in a well furnished home of her own, with her husband substantially employed at a salary of a thousand dollars a year; and her own two hands combined with her allotted physical strength to "adorn" that home. The average time as demonstrated by actual experience we believe is about three months for pure unadulterated "adornment." During this time the husband insists that the washing and ironing shall be done out of the house, he buys the bread and brings it home with his own dear hands, ginger cookies and fried-cakes fresh from the bakery are ever so much better than for her to worry over the stove, and so he buys them too; canned pickles and fruits are always ready, and he prefers baked potatoes so she won't soil her hands in peeling them. Then he hires a woman to come and sweep once a week; and with his help to bring in the water, fill the reservoir and look after the coal stove, and fondly caress the queen

of his home at intervals, there is nothing to prevent her from being "pleasant and attractive." The silver is all new, the furniture is bright and cheery, she has plenty of nice pretty things in the bureau and closet to adorn herself—and all the love and ardent fervor of a young trusting wife, in her guileless heart, to sweeten her disposition, why can't she smile and sing songs? But, alas! this is only dream-life. Too soon for all concerned comes the waking up. Suddenly the fond husband is seized with an attack of domestic economy. The laundry bills are enormous, and if he hires the washing done she must contrive to do the ironing. This is an unexpected thrust at her life of hopeful enjoyment, but a young, loving wife is always true to her colors, and the next week there are new flat-irons added to the kitchen utensils, and a "sad iron" for polishing his shirts, and it is a sad iron too, for ironing is work, genuine labor that reddens the hands and hardens the heart, poetry and romance to the contrary notwithstanding. But she does it as best she may, finding it doubly hard to bring the dinner, coil the hair afresh and add a *ruche* or collar, so as to look "pleasant and attractive." Then when the dinner work is over, she must lie down to recuperate the unusual draft upon physical strength, and thus experiences the first mortifying embarrassment of being "caught by callers." Next morning at breakfast, the husband suddenly discovers that the silver is dingy, the teaspoons stained, and as for those old dried up bakers' cookies he can't endure them another day—and he is justifiable, but the trouble is he had no business eating them in the first place. Now he would have her to understand the honeymoon is over. She must put her hands in flour and dish-water and help earn the living, and from that breakfast time dates a long life of care and sorrow. From that hour also his old habits reveal their identity. Cigars multiply, evenings "down town" increase, nights at the theatre with a "friend" are doubled, while the tender looks and fond solicitude for her comfort grow less frequent than in that one brief hour of the morning of wedded life.

As the years go by, the little faces, which ought to bring laughter and sunshine, only add new burdens. The piano is never opened, the art embroidery never replenished with improved skill, nor the painted plaques and banners moved aside for those of later designs. She is making children's clothes now in the evenings after the household work is ended for the day and the little eyes are closed for slumber, and as the needle flies through the needed garments

the iron enters her soul, which has long since failed to "adorn" the home. And he? Why, he has prospered! actually growing rich they say, or in the street talk, "He has just been taken in 'the firm'; not much capital yet but good prospects." Oh yes, he is a shrewd fellow and "the firm" know it. And he takes his dinner down town now, too. His wife has poor health and "never goes out." We of this younger generation seldom hear anything of "mother's cooking." When a husband of this famous "last quarter" of the Nineteenth Century pushes his coffee-cup into the meat platter, he informs the weary one who nearly fainted over the cook-stove to make it, that "a good first-class hotel is good enough for him."

And so they drift apart; he soon forgets that she likes the smoothness of silk as well as he of fine linen; that she enjoys the pleasant ease of soft hands, the familiar grace of low tones, the dignity of always being "dressed" as well as he. And yet the men grow blue and worried at home, and fairly savage, and want to know what is the matter? The difficulty lies coiled like an adder, in one word—housework. If husbands would let the sunshine into their homes, they must curtail personal extravagances and put a competent cook in the kitchen. If "hired-girls" are objectionable get a Chinese servant; they as a class serve well. It is an old accepted theory that a husband can lift a wife from any station, howsoever menial, to his own elevated position. And why? Simply because of the dignity that is born when drudgery is cast aside.

This question of household drudgery is assuming alarming proportions. There can be no doubt that the dread of menial labor has drawn nearly all womankind into the offices, shops, and stores, for more congenial employment. It is an honest conviction, however unjust it may seem, that the deplorable laxity of morals of society to-day finds its origin in the constant companionship induced by this employment.

Surely the best of us would not have it so. When woman loses her love of domestic felicity there is something wrong with the environment of her house. Besides, the high intellectual capacities, and lofty aspirations of the American woman will not bear household drudgery, and the sooner men as a class give it earnest consideration and act upon evidences adduced by actual observation, the more quickly will they be accorded domestic tranquillity.

Contact with the world robs woman of her gentleness, but it asserts instead a fru-

gal independence which has become a necessity to those who depend upon their own efforts for personal resources. Purity, compassion and love are essentially feminine qualities, and "woman's sphere" should recognize a limit that will not exact abandonment of these repining elements. But unless the responsibilities of a home be modified to a degree that will render them a cheerful prospect, she must overstep that limit many leagues.

PEARL DIAMONDS.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

"Christmas will soon be here," shout the exultant children, and high are the castles they build and wonderful the adornments and embellishments they picture. I wonder how many of the riotous little ones have been faithfully taught the true inspiring, ennobling meaning of "day we celebrate." It is a joyous day to the child because feasting, mirth and, above all, good gifts are features of the day. The myth of the good Santa Claus, making his mighty rounds to reward the good of all lands, is an innocent diversion of childhood, and it brings a sigh to disillusionize the childish mind, but if we explain that the saint is only a symbol, that the reality is so much higher and more helpful, the disappointed child may smile again.

Tell him the story of Bethlehem, the babe in the manger, the object of worship and adoration of the wise men, who, directed by Divine inspiration, seek the new-born King; tell them of the waiting shepherds to whom the wonderful story is told by angelic visitants, while the grandest chorus ever heard peals through the trembling, listening night: "Glory to God, on earth peace, good will toward man."

Tell them the story of Jesus' life, His purity, self-sacrifice, His deeds of power, of love, and kindness; of that awful hour of darkness, despair and death, when He died that we might live forever.

Let the little ones understand that the day is kept in loving remembrance of God's great gift to man, and in this showing direct their young hearts in the holy duty of giving; natural affection prompts gifts to those of our own households, but let us not forget the stranger within our gates. The sick, the sorrowful, the suffering and needy are to be found on every hand. Let these not be forgotten. Are there employes in your family, far from home and friends? Let them have cause to rejoice with you in Christmas joys. Is there a widow, or orphan children, or families where bitter want prevent these sweet amenities being practiced? A little Christ love extended will warm their hearts and prove to them that they are recognized as members of the brotherhood of man.

In many cases the Christmas practices are in line with the maxim that "to him who hath much more will be given," and to the friend who stands highest in the world's esteem, or who has the highest financial standing, will be given the best and costliest offerings.

This seems to me all wrong, for while possessions should not preclude love gifts, yet a small memento will speak as plainly of our love as a costly one, while to the

needy a valuable offering wisely chosen will give double joy, a personal benefit as well as a love token.

Let those of our HOUSEHOLD who are blest with favorable finances make a study of the subject, and apportion their generous bounty in a thoughtful, kindly spirit, giving with a Christlike spirit, with the heart as well as with the hand, and they will know the wonderful sublimity of the axiom, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Interest the little ones. It is right that they should learn the way, and feel the blessed joy of judicious and generous giving.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

[Through an oversight on the part of the HOUSEHOLD Editor, the above letter, which should have appeared last week that its teachings might have been practiced in the Christmas season just past, has been held over until this issue. Yet the suggestions may, if acted upon, make a coming Christmas more blessed to those who give gifts and receive them, and impress upon child hearts the deeper significance of a Merry Christmas.]

TOO MUCH PREACHING.

As I opened the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 14th, I said, "Here it is again, 'Girls and Housework.'" I am proud to say that I can do all kinds of housework, from sweeping the parlor to blacking the stove, but this everlasting preaching is rather tiresome to the girls. Last fall my mother was called away from home on account of sickness, and was gone nearly two weeks; I did all the work while she was gone, and had company in the bargain. Why is there not something said about girls learning to sew? Ought they not to learn to sew as well as do housework? I think they had, and help their mothers do the sewing. A great many times they could perform loving duties for father or brother if the mother is busy. I know a girl, not yet out of her teens, who has been for nearly three years a divorced wife. When eight years old she had a horse and buggy and went when she pleased and came home when she pleased, and she knows nothing about housework; had she been taught to do housework and stayed at home part of the time, I think it would have been better for her.

MARSHALL.

L. S.

FURNACE-HEATED HOUSES.

Will some of the farmers' wives who read the HOUSEHOLD who have furnace-heated houses, tell us how well they like them, and if they are suitable for a farm house? I have seen but one farm house heated by a furnace, and I thought that was nearly perfect; still furnace-heating may have its drawbacks. A cook stove was used in the kitchen and eleven rooms were heated by the furnace; there were no stoves to black or take down in the spring, and put up in the fall, no dirt from wood, no dust from coal.

When we talked about heating the house in this way, husband propounded this momentous question to the household: "Who is going to get up at five or six o'clock in the morning, with mercury below zero, go

down cellar and start the furnace?" "And the angels all were silent." In the majority of farm houses, breakfast is ready within an hour from the time we arise; can the rooms be sufficiently heated in that time to be occupied, so that the family and company will not be obliged to cluster around the cook stove while breakfast is prepared?

Another question that interests me much: Can the milk be kept in the milk cellar during the winter, so as to be free from the odors arising from cooking? In many houses the pantry is near the kitchen, and the cream takes the flavor of boiled onions, fried cakes, etc.

If any of the ladies have a kitchen or pantry that is just a "daisy," please let the rest of us have the benefit of it; no doubt there will be many of the readers of the FARMER who will build the coming summer, and among them will be our nearest neighbor and ourselves, and the question that perplexes is, shall we have a furnace?

Will some one give us a little information on that subject soon.

L. M. R.

BELLEVILLE.

THE CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

NO. V.

The culminating power of Chautauqua lies in its religious influence. The original Chautauqua idea is spiritual elevation, and whatever accessories may have been established this idea is never lost sight of. A Normal class has been formed for instruction in Sabbath school work. There is also a society of Christian Ethics presided over by Dr. Vincent. Devotional exercises are held every morning in the amphitheatre, attended by thousands. A Chautauqua prayer league is formed with hundreds of members.

Several missionary conferences were held. Many returned missionaries delivered lectures. Mrs. Layyah Barakat, a native of Syria, from the heights of Mt. Lebanon, a wonderfully eloquent woman, and one who is doing much to enlighten the people of America as to the wants of the inhabitants of Syria and Egypt, gave several lectures and her hearers were so carried away with her that even when the dinner hour came they cried "Go on, go on."

Religious and metaphysical lectures of the highest order, were given daily by such men as Dr. Talmage, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Goodsell, Dr. Duryea, Prof. Bowne, Prof. Schudde from the University of Leipsic, Germany, and it seemed impossible that any one could listen to these lectures without receiving new aspirations toward a higher life.

Dr. Vincent preached the Baccalaureate sermon for the first time, from the text, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and it was worth a journey to Chautauqua to listen to that. Human co-operation by different means was sketched in strong colors. The last clause of the text was illustrated by as forcible a word picture as ever came from the lips of an orator. Intense conviction and powerful feeling characterized every sentence of the discourse.

The last Assembly was the thirteenth Assembly, the first one being held in 1873.

There had been a camp-meeting held the two previous years and it was while attending one of these meetings that Mr. Miller, of Akron, O., and Dr. Vincent, of Plainfield, New Jersey, conceived the idea of the Chautauqua Assembly. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was an afterthought and wholly due to the fertile brain of Dr. Vincent, and was organized in 1878. Mr. Miller is President, Dr. Vincent Chancellor, and Dr. Hurlbut the newly elected Principal.

The mottoes of the Circle are, "We study the words and the works of God," "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst," and "Never be discouraged." The course this year embraces studies in geology, astronomy, English history, English literature, French history, the Christian religion, etc., and they are so attractive and instructive that it is a terrible loss for any one to miss them. The annual fee is fifty cents, the expense of books is a little more than seven dollars for this year.

Dr. Vincent is the motive power of the Circle, and is one of the grandest men our nation can boast. He attributes his Christian life to his mother's influence, and that influence is being multiplied a thousand-fold, for there are members of the C. L. S. C. to be found in every state and territory of the United States, in Canada, South Africa, Japan, Turkey, India, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Russia, the Sandwich Islands, and China. One of the pleasant features of the Circle is that the readings are the same for all classes each year, so that whether in the first, second, third or fourth year of the course or in whichever class they may be, all members of all classes read the same books each year all over the world.

There are many interests represented at Chautauqua. It was the birthplace of the W. C. T. U. Miss Willard was present at the opening of the Assembly this year and made a telling speech. These were the introductory words upon receiving the salute: "Dear friends, I have often seen the silver sails all out in the west on my own Lake Michigan, but your fairy argosy to-night brings to me a very different and more lofty inspiration, borne by the fragrant breath of your good will and brotherly and sisterly kindness. It comes to me on the pioneer line of progress in this great movement which you love and which I love. It is like a white flag of peace—no, it is a flag of truce, upon the battlefield. And I like to think, also, that it includes not alone the one who is grateful for it, but that true and gentle heart, my companion on the platform to-night, the Ivrie poet of Chautauqua, Mary A. Lathbury."

There is at Chautauqua a kindergarten, gymnastic hall, school in memory, school of oratory, penmanship and book-keeping, college of liberal arts, school of theology, teachers' reading union, teachers' retreat, youth's league, school of photography, and school of—everything good.

Among the many distinguished visitors were Mr. Howells, the novelist, and Prof. Edison, who, by the way, is the son-in-law of Pres. Miller, who is the inventor of the Buckeye mower and reaper. He has built a winter home and laboratory way down

at the edge of Florida. When asked if invention was nearly completed he replied, "O, no; scarcely anything has been done yet, in proportion to what remains to be done." The Assembly was more prosperous this year than in any previous year. People came in swarms, fifty thousand having visited the grounds. A new dock was built, a magnificent affair, with a tower eighty feet high, containing the clock and a chime of bells. The chime, which cost four thousand five hundred dollars, is the combined gift of Mr. Meneely, Dr. Vincent—through the proceeds of his new book—and the C. L. S. C. The clock is the gift of the Seth Thomas Clock Co., of New York, and is worth nine hundred dollars.

The Assembly proper is in session from the third to the twenty-fourth of August, although the Chautauqua meetings continue from the first of July to the last of August. The price of tickets for admission to the grounds is one dollar per week for July and two dollars per week for August. These admit one to all the lectures, concerts, and public exercises, and I think there is no place in America where a person can get so much for so little as at Chautauqua.

MRS. W. K. SEXTON.
(Concluded.)

A CULINARY CONVERSAZIONE.

NO III.

We farmers depend quite generally on our meat barrels—that is, salt pork and beef. I think it is desirable to know how to cook those meats in various ways, so as to have a variety, as no one likes the same thing week in and week out. As butchering time is at hand, I will give my recipe for a brine to cure beef, hams and shoulders, also sausage. It has been used in our family for nearly thirty years, so I know it is good. Instead of putting all the sausages in bags or skins, I pack considerable in jars; put a little lard over the top, and set in some out-building where it will keep nicely all winter. The souse and shanks I boil tender, clear it of skin and gristle, season with sage, pepper and salt, and press in a pan to be sliced off for cold meat; the backbone pieces and lean meat from the head I make in head-cheese; season it to taste, and it is always ready for use. The chops and fat portion of the head I try out, and keep the lard for frying cakes; it seems to be more oily than leaf lard. The shoulders I always use up through the winter and spring, leaving the hams to be sliced down for summer use.

It is a good idea while trying lard to throw in a few berries of allspice, they give the lard a nice flavor; a Boston lady told me this. Although a lady of wealth she always went into the country at this season of the year, and tried out her own leaf lard. Beef's liver is delicious cooked as follows: Slice in even slices, put on a platter and pour boiling water over it, drain immediately; this takes off an unpleasant taste, and sears the outside; have some hot drippings or lard in the frying pan, roll the liver in flour or bread crumbs, and cook slowly for twenty minutes or more; when done spread with butter, turn a little hot water in the

pan and scrape off the brown settlements, turn over the liver; serve real hot.

A great many like beefsteak smothered in fried onions, I prefer to serve them separately. Steak is always better broiled than fried, still it can be cooked nicely in a common frying-pan; have the pan very hot, do not grease it at all, pound the meat, and turn it constantly, season on the platter; so many spoil it by turning a quantity of water in, so as to make lots of gravy, better have a little and have it good. Corned beef is much juicier and nicer to leave it in the kettle of water it has been boiled in, to cool. Hash is very nice when made good; chop rather fine, add one-third chopped potatoes, two-thirds meat, butter, pepper and some boiling water, cook slowly and at the last brown a little on the bottom of the frying pan; stewed potatoes or fried potatoes are nice with this; also boiled eggs, dry toast nicely buttered and served hot.

Salt pork is made nearly equal to fresh pork by slicing it at night and laying it in skim milk to freshen; in the morning dip it in hot water to rinse the milk off, then roll in flour or well beaten egg and bread or cracker crumbs; fry a delicate brown. Cook the potatoes steamboat style or Saratoga chips, this saves making gravy. Another way is to fry it crisp, then cut in mouthfuls, return to the fryingpan, turn in milk and thicken; serve like codfish. I think beans are very much nicer cooked without pork. Soak over night; when boiled tender add butter, salt and a little sugar, which helps to brown them.

Beef's heart can be stuffed and roasted down in the kettle, or boiled and sliced cold. The tongue I boil and peel; and right here let me say the way to peel a tongue is to pour cold water on it, let stand a minute, and the skin will come off nicely, so much better than to take a knife. I then make a special vinegar as I would for pickles, and put the tongue in it, set away in a jar covered close, and you have something nice if company comes in suddenly for tea.

In frying meat or cooking vegetables I aim to cook no more than will be wanted; fried meat is not fit to eat warmed over. You know about what the family will eat, better have a little variety, not try to make a meal of any one thing. The main thing for the breakfast is make the coffee delicious. After using some of these dainty dishes a while, fried pork under or over done will not go down at all, for there are very few cooks who do—whether they can or not—fry pork and serve it so as to tempt the appetite; the milk gravy will either be thin so it will pour like water or be ladled out like pudding, either too fresh or too salt.

As our Editor has remarked, pies should be made the day they are to be eaten, unless it is mince pie. It only takes a few minutes to make a pie and one soon falls into the habit. I vary the dessert as much as I can. Puddings are easily made, and I like them much better than pie; still so many are tied to pie. I rub into the flour all the lard I think required, rub it thoroughly, say one teacup of lard or grease from frying pork—but it must be white and sweet—to three of flour; rub it until it is in little fine granules, salt it, and with the

left hand pour in slowly cold water; it will all work together into a lump. For apple pie line a deep pie plate or tin, sprinkle in a little sugar, then lay the sliced apples around so the dish is level full, not heaping, sprinkle on more sugar, grate a little nutmeg or allspice, a few bits of butter, wet the crust around a little, cover and pinch slightly at the edge; now put small pieces of lard and butter over the top of the pie, bake slowly at first, increase the heat; fifteen to twenty minutes should bake it a beautiful golden brown, crust crisp and flaky; sift sugar over the top, and ask John if it isn't splendid. Pies should not be burned, or all the sweetness run out. No apple pie needs water. With fruit pie I put the seasoning at the bottom of the pie. Another way is to bake with one crust like pumpkin, of sifted stewed apples; for one pie add the yolk of three eggs, one cup of sugar, a little lemon. When done, frost with the beaten whites and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, return to the oven and brown slightly. Apple dumplings are a good change, eaten with sugar or cream or maple syrup. Still another method to make apple pie is to bake the pie without any seasoning. When the apples are cooked remove the upper crust, season and return the crust, sift sugar over and serve warm. In making pumpkin pies I seldom use the whites of the eggs; allow the yolks of three eggs for each pie, and use a little more pumpkin. It is quite an item if eggs are scarce, you then have the whites for cake.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

(To be continued.)

WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

I read in our State exchanges of the quantities of apples which have been packed in Michigan this fall; ten thousand barrels in one place, three thousand in another, five thousand in a third, and so on, till I make up my mind the old Wolverine State must be one big orchard. Then I put on my bonnet and step over to the nearest grocery and ask: "Have you any good eating apples?" I have propounded this query so many times that it has become stereotyped; the moment I catch the grocer's eye and begin: "Have you—" he looks at the apple barrels as if by instinct. Usually he's honest enough to admit that he has none that are "good," and takes me round to view the wretched, gnarly, wormy fruit dignified by the name of apples. I have a serious objection to apples that are tenanted; I don't care to dispute over so little a thing as an apple with the apple maggot or the larva of the codling moth. So I bribe him to pick me out a peck which shall be free from wormholes and rotten spots, pay at the rate of \$1.25 per bushel for fruit I know paid the producer about a dollar per barrel, and go home to wonder why Yellow Belleflower and Steele's, and Seek-no-Further apples are never to be had here, only chippy Baldwins and flavorless Greenings, aside from those sorts that the pigs on the farm put up their noses at and which were therefore barreled and sent to the city market. I want to know why, with money enough to pay for them, I never (hardly ever) can get any decent eating apples in the metropolis of a

State that exports apples to England and Scotland, and sends thousands of barrels annually to our Western States. I want to know who eats all the Sweet Boughs and Red Astrachans, that I never get one for my share; and I want to know why, when my friends write me that they cannot get even ten cents a bushel for fine fall fruit, which is rotting on the ground because it is not worth gathering, I must, at the same time, pay twenty cents a peck for hard, worm-tunneled, under-sized fruit which T. T. Lyon himself could not classify because it never was thought worth a name by a horticultural society? Here are our farmers growling about the low price of apples and threatening to grub up their orchards, and consumers growling at having to pay such prices for fruit that would give a pig the colic, and who's in fault?

I had a confidential confab with the grocer the other Saturday night over a barrel of nondescripts in the back part of the store, and he told me he would gladly pay \$2.75 per barrel for good fruit for his retail trade, if he could only get it. "But," he said, "I can't get it." He wants medium-sized, smooth, fair fruit, free from worms, with no gnarled, one-sided, scabby specimens, but he cannot get it. He could afford to pay \$2.75 for it, and would make more money handling it than the cheaper grades.

I suppose it is with apples pretty much as with butter; "everything goes" that will fill a barrel, just as all grease made from milk is baptized butter. But if I were a farmer and owned an apple orchard, I'd cut it down instantaneously if it was old and full of insects, and of poor varieties, and put the land to more profitable uses. Then I'd plant a new orchard, and keep off the insects with Paris green, and raise only such rosy, round, sound pippins as would find me favor in Pomona's sight; and I'd barrel them up "honest injun," not a wormy or imperfect specimen; then I'd take a run to town some day with my coat pockets full of samples, and if I could not find a grocer who would pay a fair price for them, I'd go home and eat them myself if it took all summer. Every barrel I sent to market should be stenciled with my name, the name of the variety and the grade, and the packing should be upon honor; and while my neighbors were threatening to cut down their orchards, I would be fulfilling old Polonius' injunction to his son, "Put money in thy purse," and at the same time earning a most excellent reputation. But I'm not a farmer, only a woman, and though I can see where a man might make money, I suppose people will go on shipping cider apples to a long suffering community, and thinking they're good enough for city folks.

BEATRIX.

THE SEASON.

There have been many suggestions in our HOUSEHOLD for making pretty things for Christmas gifts, but as there was one I have not seen mentioned I will describe it: Get a small rolling pin, cover the roller with satin or plush, any color you prefer, and fasten five or six gilt hooks on one side, gild the handles and suspend by ribbon the same color as the satin, with a nice bow where the ribbon is fastened at each handle.

For a child, an album filled with picture cards is an acceptable gift and very little trouble to make. I have just completed one for a little lame boy in our neighborhood, and I enjoyed arranging and fastening the pictures very much. Nice books are always appropriate gifts.

The holiday season is already here, and while it brings joy to many households, there are many hearts that cannot feel joyous when they think of the loved ones who will be missed from the home-gatherings this winter, and who are sleeping beneath the snow to-day; every storm makes us feel as if they were being buried deeper and deeper from our sight. Life is a motley of lights and shadows, the brightest future has its clouds, and perhaps the time will come, (we hope it may,) that this grief which weighs so heavily on our hearts now will be a reminder that our life is not all here.

AUNT FANNE.

PINCKNEY.

MAYBELLE says: "If conundrums are not out of date I would like to give one: Why is the same amount of housework so much more valuable when performed by a hired girl than when the wife does it all; sewing included? The wife works from week to week without earning a penny, yet should she fall sick the girl who takes up the same duties earns from twelve to twenty shillings per week."

THE use of "pot-boards" is well known to most experienced housekeepers; perhaps some novices have yet to learn how convenient they are to set pans, pots or kettles upon that have been on the stove. The simplest may be the bottom of a butter firkin or small keg; one or two of these with a hole and string through each, kept hanging near the table, save many a dark mark or stain. A still better way, however, is to have a small, square board covered on one side with zinc. This serves to trim lamps upon in the morning, and any kerosene that may drop upon it helps to keep it clean instead of soiling it as it would the table.

Contributed Recipes.

CURING HAM OR BEEF.—One hundred pounds meat; ten pounds salt; four pounds brown sugar; four ounces saltpetre. Add enough rain-water to cover the meat, and boil and skim. When cold pour over the meat. Take the meat out in four weeks.

SAUSAGE.—Ten pounds meat; one ounce saltpetre; one ounce pepper; three ounces salt; one tablespoonful sugar; one of summer savory; one of sage; one teaspoonful of ginger.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

LOAF CAKE.—Two eggs; heaping cup of white sugar; three tablespoonfuls butter; one-third cup of water. Flavor with nutmeg. Beat all together thoroughly; then add one and a half cups flour, with two teaspoonfuls baking powder; beat well, and bake in a well-heated oven.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One pint sour milk; one egg; one spoonful sugar; a pinch of salt; heaping teaspoonful soda, and enough good, fresh Graham flour to make a stiff batter; Bake in buttered gem pans. They will be light, puffy and wholesome.

MAYBELLE.

BRIDGEWATER.