

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JANUARY 31, 1897.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TWO LITTLE HANDS.

Two little snow-dimpled hands  
Folded across the breast,  
For a mother's voice with its lullaby  
Has quieted him to rest.

Little hands so busy all day,  
Busy with mischief and fun,  
No wonder they lie so still at rest  
Now the daylight hours are done.

I press on those soft and snowy hands  
A kiss; and I drop a tear;  
For a mother's heart will ever throb  
With mingled hope and fear.

These little dimpled baby hands  
Soon will grow large and strong,  
Yet they'll ever be busy; I wonder now,  
Busy with right or wrong?

Will they scatter wide the seeds of good,  
And harvest the good with care?  
Or will evil spring in his wide sown fields  
And he garner the sheaves of despair?

Will they build, but only build for Time  
Structures that soon decay,  
And leave but stumbling blocks for feet  
That seek for the higher way?

Will they but build a Babel tower  
All in confusion to end,  
Or a beautiful Jacob's ladder rear  
Where angels may rise and descend?

Two little snowy, dimpled hands  
I kiss with a tear, and pray  
They bring not tares but golden sheaves  
Nor build of but crumbling clay. —S. S.

### HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Potatoes can be cooked in many ways that are good and form a variety. Mashed potato can be utilized that has been left over. Add some thick sweet cream, a little more butter, salt, and the yolks of two eggs, to a quart of the potatoes, flour the board and roll out about an inch in thickness, cut in round cakes, wash over with beaten egg and bake brown on the griddle, or on tins in the oven. Steamboat style; cut raw potatoes in quarters, drop into hot lard, when a golden brown take out with a wire dipper and salt a little. Saratoga chips: Slice the raw potato round and round as you pare an apple, fry in hot lard. Scallop-ed potatoes are mashed potatoes made rather thin, seasoned rich, and baked in a deep tin. Select some small potatoes, pare them and boil tender, drain the water off and place them in a dish, have some cream, butter, pepper and salt in a skillet, let it boil up and turn over the potatoes; serve hot.

Cabbage is delicious sliced fine and boiled in milk; when tender add cream and butter. Cut a head up a little coarse, boil tender, turn into a dish with a cup of sour vinegar, put one tablespoonful thick sour

cream, stir well round, turn over the cabbage; this is "sour cabbage. Boil some eggs hard and chop them fine; chop cabbage fine and mix, then make a salad of mustard, sugar, butter, salt, one raw egg and vinegar; when hot turn over the cabbage. Chop a crisp head of cabbage fine, place in the dishes in which it is to be served; fill a pint bowl one-half full of white sugar, moisten it with vinegar, then fill the bowl with sweet cream, mix well and pour over the cabbage; it is splendid.

Squash is delicious cut in small pieces and baked; when done scoop from the rind and season. Scaloped squash is nice; steam, mash and season with butter, salt and cream, it should be quite thin, bake half an hour, serve hot. Turnip is good for a change cooked in slices, the slices left whole, turn over them cream, butter and salt.

It is true that all good cake makers, fancy dish compounders, cannot get up a good meal. I would far rather be deficient in fancy cooking, and understand plain cooking. It is true also that some are not natural cooks and cannot learn. It seems to me the easiest thing in the world for a person to take a good practical cook book and not meet with breakers; one must have judgment, common sense and ingenuity. Some recipes have too much butter, in that case the cake will be so rich you cannot cut it and keep it in shape. It is quite a talent to manage the odds and ends. In frying ham or salt pork considerable fat accumulates in the course of the year. Some young housekeepers might not know what to do with the surplus. The skimmings of kettles—everything but pork fat I consign to the soap grease, keeping it clean and covered close. The pork grease should be strained into a clean dish and is good to fry potatoes in, or for the crust for apple pies. What is not used can be added to the soap grease. Never throw cold meat and grease bones and ham rinds all together; save the cold meat on a plate and have a grease dish handy. All refuse meat, rinds, bits of any such refuse if given to the hens will be amply repaid in nice fresh eggs. I like eggs much better this time of year; in the spring and summer when they are so plenty, I become tired of them, and in hot weather I cannot eat them at all.

A nice side dish is made by toasting bread and laying it on individual platters, or pie plates, season some canned tomatoes and turn over each slice. Beef's tongue is delicious served with tomato sauce. Apples make a good dish cooked in the following manner: Dig the core out of nice tart

apples, having them of uniform size. Arrange them in a dish and fill the cavities with sugar, lay on a bit of butter and grate a little nutmeg over; add a tablespoonful or so of water and bake in a slow oven. Sweet apples are most excellent boiled in sweetened water instead of baking. Pare some tart apples—Greenings are nice—steam them until done, turn over boiled custard and serve for dessert when cold. I think the time will come when we will not make so much pie. There are so many simple dishes we could use in its place. Very few cook hominy; it can be procured at the grocery and is white and free from hulls. Soak it over night, then cover it more than two-thirds with hot water and steam four or five hours; eat with sugar and cream, or make into a baked pudding precisely as you would rice.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

### THE SERVANT'S LOT NOT A HAPPY ONE.

I wish to preface this article by saying this is my maiden effort at journalism, but after reading the articles on housekeeping, both pro and con, at the suggestion of a lady friend, I will venture a few ideas upon the subject under discussion. In this I shall follow lines as laid down by Honor Glint, viz., Does housework pay as a profession? It falls to the lot of a great many young ladies to earn for themselves for the greater period of their lives, an independent support, unassisted or encouraged by friends or relatives, and were they to take for granted all that Aunt Polly, Mrs. W. J. G., Interested Reader and others say about housekeeping, it would seem to be one continual source of amusement, an endless round of pleasure. But to me occurs the thought, is there not a dark as well as a light side? From a life observation of housekeeping, I am inclined to believe there is. It is natural and right that a young lady should choose the avocation which would combine the greatest ease, respect and remuneration, but if house work—working out by the week—contains any one of the three, I am greatly at fault. The average servant girl in the family is usually the first to leave her bed in the morning and the last one to gain it at night. At this season of the year she rises from her couch of down, and scraping frost enough from the window, she applies an eye to the aperture, and beholds the stars dancing and sparkling as if in a vain attempt to keep warm, or endeavoring to keep time to the music of her chattering teeth. Hastily robing, she descends to her



domain, the kitchen, to find the thermometer marks  $10^{\circ}$  below zero. After several ineffectual attempts she succeeds in igniting a faint sickly blaze, which with much coaxing in the course of about thirty minutes will mean a fire sufficient to warm oneself by. Imagine this poor girl during this period, shivering and chattering in a refrigerator, while the remainder of the household is wrapt in slumber. This, girls, is one of the pleasures of a servant's life. Perhaps in a fit of compassion the lord of the manor says "Wife, it is too hard on that poor girl, I will have one of the boys build the fire." The wife doubtless replies, "Oh she is young and strong; and that is what I pay her for; if you feel so bad about it get up and build it yourself," which will invariably end the conversation. Yes, young ladies, she is paid the princely sum of \$2 per week. Breakfast being served in the dining room, Bridget bakes the cakes amid the smoke and steam, while the family discuss the topics of the day over them until the inner man is satisfied, when she is allowed to breakfast with herself at the kitchen table; and yet this is ennobling and offering ample scope for mental culture, and doubtless she will step from the kitchen to the highest place in society after cultivating her mind in this school for a term or two.

At some unlooked for moment when she is down on her knees with hands and face the color of ebony and a pound of paper rags in her hair, thinking doubtless of Milton's "Paradise Lost" or Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and engaged in the beautiful pastime of blacking the kitchen range, some young lawyer, doctor or minister, with a love for the sublime, who has called to pay his respects to the daughter of the house, who is a milliner, dressmaker or a music teacher, beholds her in this attitude, becomes enraptured with her beauty, and swears by all the saints and stars in the firmament to make her his wife; and if her "mental culture" has not progressed too far she will condescend to bestow her heart, hand and mind on him and thus make him happy for life.

I was forcibly struck with the thought of Mrs. Stowe's drawing her hands from the mixing pan, and seizing a pen to write the lines concerning "Aunt Ophelia's" renovating "Aunt Dinah's" kitchen in "St. Clair's" house. The eminent scholar would never have used those hands "ministering to my necessities" if he could have hired a servant at \$2 a week and paid her in music lessons at 50 cents per lesson.

If housework is so light, easy and ennobling, why do so many of our farmers' daughters as soon as they are old enough to enter the kitchen immediately depart for some village school, to return ere long armed with a certificate from the public schools of the State and a contract from a neighboring school board, instead of contracting with some adjoining farmer to work in his kitchen?

From this time forward I shall expect, should I call upon a young lady, to be met at the door by her mother and informed that her daughter is in the kitchen, where upon entering I shall find her with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her face and head covered with flour, a rolling pin

in one hand, a mop in the other, on top of the table reciting from Romeo and Juliet.

FENTON.

CULTIVATED JOHN.

### BREADMAKING.

[Paper read at the Farmers' Institute at Lawrence, Dec. 29, 1886, by Mrs. C. B. Charles.]

Since the time the Creator told Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread," there has been a constant struggle of mankind to obtain this necessary article of food, and during these long years, there has been but little change in the methods of preparation, not nearly so much as in other articles of food that will readily suggest themselves to your minds. The preparation of bread as an article of food, dates from a very early period. The earliest undoubted instance of its use is found in Gen. 18-6. The corn or grain employed was of various sorts. The best bread was made of wheat, which after being ground produced the flour, when sifted the fine flour; this was used only by the wealthy and in sacred worship. Barley was used by the poorer class, and in times of scarcity. Our ancient foremothers mixed their flour with water (or perhaps milk) and kneaded with the hands, (in Egypt with the feet also) in small wooden bowls or kneading troughs until it became dough. When the kneading was completed, leaven was generally added, but when the time for preparation was short it was omitted, and unleavened cakes hastily baked were eaten, as is still the prevalent custom among the Bedouins. The leavened mass was allowed to stand for some time. The dough was then divided into round cakes, not unlike flat stones in appearance, about a span in diameter and a finger's breadth in thickness. The ordinary leaven consisted of old dough in a high state of fermentation, inserted in the dough prepared for baking. The use of leaven was forbidden in all offerings made to the Lord by fire.

The German children learn how to make bread when very young. The kneading, which every one knows is the hardest part of breadmaking, is given an impetus by the father placing in the dough some small silver coins, the number being unknown to the little girl, who industriously kneads over and under to find the coin, which she adds to her wedding dowry. In this way they learn to knead thoroughly, and are excellent breadmakers, the grain being fine and close and the bread light. The art of kneading once learned is never forgotten. We of modern times have white flour, but no better; and have better ovens in which to bake. But it would drive a conscientious cook wild, to read all the directions for making the different kinds of bread. There are many different kinds, but I will only make mention of a very few, as magic bread, Concord bread, ginger-bread, railroad bread and so on; but the two kinds that we have all, no doubt, had the largest experience with, are good bread and poor bread. And I know of no way that we can avoid poor bread at all times. I think much depends upon the oven in which we bake. The heat of the oven should depend somewhat upon the size of the loaves to be baked in it. Bread bakes best at a temperature of from  $400^{\circ}$  to  $550^{\circ}$  Far.

Practice will very soon enable you to know by feeling when the heat of the oven is right.

To start yeast from the beginning, boil for one half hour one ounce of hops in two quarts of water, strain and cool to milk warmth, then add half a handful of salt, and one-fourth pound of brown sugar; with this mix smoothly one-half pound of flour; cover and set in a warm place to rise, stirring frequently. The eighth day boil and mash one-half pound of potatoes, when milk-warm add to the yeast, and let stand until next morning. For bread, use one large spoonful of yeast to a pint of water. But as there are so many kinds of yeast ready prepared, I fear this recipe will only be of use where it takes more time to go to a village or neighbor than is required for this to rise.

My method of making bread is somewhat similar to the ancient form. I prepare my own yeast, by boiling five or six large potatoes until tender, mash them fine, add one quart of warm water, one cup sugar, two tablespoonfuls salt, one of ginger, and one yeast cake previously soaked in warm water; put in a warm place to rise. In twelve hours it is ready for use. I sponge my bread in the evening, using one quart of warm water and flour enough to make a thick batter, add one teacupful yeast. In this way I can have my bread baked by eight o'clock in the morning in summer, and nine or ten in winter. I have found it practicable to knead bread well, although there is only the good bread to work for, not the silver coins. Would it not be advisable for the mothers of America to adopt the German plan and induce their girls to learn better the art of breadmaking? Of course the coins might be used for other purposes than was their custom. Certainly if the girls can always live with mother, is is not as essential to know how to make bread, but we do not expect any such thing. Mother cannot live always, and more than that, some young man is going to ask every one of you to make bread for him. And if you want to know how hard it will be to say no, just ask your mother, she can undoubtedly explain. Mothers, teach your girls to make bread while they are at home, so that when the time comes when they must depend upon themselves they will say, "I am so thankful that mother taught me how," instead of "If my girl lives I will do better by her than mother did by me; I will show her how to bake as soon as she is old enough." No doubt there are mothers here who allowed their daughters to begin housekeeping without this necessary knowledge. To be sure they thought of shielding them from every care, but we must remember that this indulgence only helps to make life a burden, not a pleasure. Some one has said, "The road to a man's heart is through his stomach," and if such is the case, it becomes you, girls, to be experts in breadmaking. Learn to make such bread that when placed upon the table it will cause the man of your choice to exclaim, "The woman Thou gavest to be with me tempted and I did eat." I remember hearing a story when I was quite young, of a gentleman who could not determine which of three girls he



wanted for his wife, so he went to each one of their homes, told them his horse was very sick, and nothing but scrapings from the bread-board would save it. Undoubtedly they would each scrape off all they could. At the first place he got half a pint; at the next one pint, and at the last none; when he reached home his horse was well, and he had concluded to take the girl who put the flour into the bread, not on the board, hence a wedding was the sequel of keeping a clean bread-board. Use every precaution, and if your bread is not good blame the miller.

There is a rhymed recipe for corn bread; as follows:

One cup sour milk, one cup sweet;  
One good egg, that you will beat;  
Half a cup molasses, too,  
Half cup sugar add thereto;  
With one spoon of butter new,  
Salt and soda each a spoon,  
Mix up quickly and bake soon,  
Then you have corn bread complete,  
Best of all corn bread you meet;  
It will make your boy's face shine  
If he's like that boy of mine.  
If you have a dozen boys,  
To increase your household joys  
Double then this rule I should  
And you'll have two corn cakes good.  
When you have nothing nice for tea  
This the very thing will be.  
All the men that I have seen,  
Say it is of all cakes queen;  
Good enough for any king,  
That your husband home may bring;  
Warming up the human stove,  
Cheering up the hearts you love;  
And only Tyndal can explain  
The links between corn bread and brain.  
Get a husband what he likes,  
And save a hundred household strikes."

Henry Ward Beecher says that good bread and good water are good enough for any one, and I hope all the homes that are represented here to-night never have poor bread. Let us remember to ponder the blessings we entreat from Heaven; and feel what we repeat when we give utterance to the prayer that asks for daily bread.

#### HOME AMUSEMENTS.

Charades have become popular again as features of evening entertainments. With some ingenuity, ready wit, and a few old clothes for "costumes," an audience may be well amused with little expense. The charades often give opportunities for introducing tableaux, and always there is the fun of guessing "the word."

The "geographical social" is a new idea in socials. The gentlemen are given cards, on each of which the name of some county in Michigan is printed, while on the cards given the ladies are printed the names of the county seats corresponding to the counties. It is the duty of each gentleman to hunt up the county seat of his county to take out to supper, and if he cannot tell the name of the town, he must pay ten cents to obtain the information. If the social is given to raise money for a specific purpose, the gentlemen pay ten cents for their cards.

The latest society craze has come to the surface down in Ohio, where they have what they term "poverty dances." At one of these dances, held recently, invitations, printed on straw boards and enclosed in a cheap yellow envelope, were sent out to the number of two hundred; bill 46 cents, supper 19 cents. No gentleman was allowed in the room who had not two patches on his clothes, and the ladies were dressed in calico. A prize was offered for the poorest suit worn.

#### STRICT ABSTINENCE.

I have been wondering lately, if among all our HOUSEHOLD readers there would not be a dissenting voice raised, after some of the recipes which have of late appeared in its columns, but as yet, all have been silent. One of our writers condemns cold pie. Now I am not a particular friend of the above named article; have often wished that pie had never been invented, but far better cold pie, or old pie, for husband and sons, than the delicious pudding whose dressing is made with wine or even fruit juice containing alcohol, caused by fermentation. And I have wondered if that plum pudding could not be pronounced delicious, without the glass of brandy in its composition, or its accompaniment of burning brandy on its entrance into the dining room, which we are told is the true English style. Let old England keep that style, and let us American mothers see it, that no liquor of any kind enters into our culinary preparations. Concerning its danger Julia Colman writes as follows: "The kitchen is very often the stronghold of the drink habit in this country, from the fact that a great many of our inherited and imported recipes give flavoring of wine or brandy, to say nothing of gin, rum and whiskey. These are often carelessly copied, even by our religious papers, and as carelessly practiced by religious people. If they have their attention called to the matter, they may say that the heat drives away the alcohol and nothing but the taste remains, never seeming to think of the absurdity of supposing we could taste the stuff if it was not there. But this taste is the very thing to be feared, whether it creates in children a familiarity with the liquors used, and thus makes them in after years a prey to the drink habit; or whether it re-awakens in the reformed man the appetite which has done him so much mischief; and which has been with so much difficulty subdued."

I have one little boy, and never will he say that he acquired a love for wine, cider, or brandy, through his mother's influence. We can never be too careful, as to the influence we cast around our children, and the teachings they receive from us; and if in after years, through the influence of others, they should be led from the path of virtue, truth and temperance, in which we have sought to guide them, I do believe that if any jey can mingle with such great sorrow, it will be that we have tried to do our duty. I have a friend whom I have often heard speak on this subject. She was raised in a day when liquors were deemed a necessity in the household, and the daily addition of brandy and loaf sugar was made to the milk of the bottle-fed baby, by the loving mother who was so anxious for the welfare of her only child, as to spare no pains to follow the advice of friends and physician. Now that woman confesses to a love for the taste of all kinds of liquors, and has often said that it was a blessed thing she was not a boy, else that taste, coupled with the associates with whom she might have mingled, might have led her down the drunkard's path. But now she is a firm advocate of the most strict form of temperance, and would no more give brandy to

her little ones in the way it was given to her, than give them a slow poison. "A learned physician said, 'The devil first binds with a hair and then with a chain; and the man who occasionally uses intoxicants, is bound with a hair, which soon becomes a chain that cannot be easily broken, but binds firm to the chariot wheels of Satan.'"

It also seems to me, that the remedy which was used to cure Tom of his love of card playing was a dangerous experiment, and although it may have worked satisfactorily in his case, I do not believe it would always prove a sure cure; but would rather help some natures farther along the downward path. I knew a young boy who was presented with a pack of cards by his maternal grandfather, (a man old enough to know better) and whose mother said, when told by a friend that she should not want such a present made to a boy of hers, "Oh pshaw! I'll risk Charley." Judge now of her feeling when through the window of a gambling saloon, guided by his sorrowing wife, she beholds this same boy, grown to manhood, excitedly playing with regular gamblers. Think you that her grief and shame are lightened because the game was learned from the father, under the home roof? We all know strychnine, opium and morphine are useful remedies, when sparingly used in the hands of a skillful physician, but extremely dangerous in the hands of the quack, or even the loving home-dosers, but as well keep them lying about within reach, as to advocate that an education in evil things, will always cure the young of the love of the evil.

NORTH ADAMS.

R.

#### EMOTIONAL WOMEN.

The acts and words of woman are said to be swayed or determined by her emotional nature, while men's are determined and governed by the dispassionate dictates of reason and judgment. If true, it is well that women have bright exemplars of the correct and praiseworthy results of emotional inspiration.

One phase of this emotional tendency is shown in a way to disgust all sensible people, and make true women blush for their sex. Of this sort is the mawkish sympathy shown the depraved, vicious criminal, when once outraged law has tightened its coils around him, and bids fair to enforce the penalties so richly deserved. While at large, defiant and aggressive, timid women tremble at the mention of the evil-doer, and worry themselves into hysterics with their morbid fears of what might be, if he should seek their vicinity or homes in the pursuit of his evil practices. They will turn up their eyes in horror of his dreadful deeds, and exhaust the feminine vocabulary of oburgatory adjectives, to express their detestation of the criminal and his crimes. The law and its officers come in for a share of their denunciations; and their exclamations of what "they should do, and what they might do," would certainly give the officials new ideas of their duties, and the proper way of performing the same. I fancy one would judge from their conversation that they, (the women) could perform the duties under discussion in a much im-



proved and workmanlike style, and with assured success. With them there would be no such word as fail.

But after a while, the bold, bad man is caught and caged. There is a feeling of relief; then curiosity rises, paramount. What manner of person can he be, and what does he look like? Perhaps, after many tremors, they decide to take a look at the "object." At first it is only a peep, taken in a terror-stricken way, but at last, realizing his helpless condition, they gather courage to take a closer look, and finding the fellow minus horns and hoofs, a revulsion of feeling comes, and they begin to pity his hapless condition. Soon they look upon him as a martyr; the law and its officers are tyrannical oppressors, and a puling sentimentality glimmers what little sound sense nature bestowed, and they go "mission mad" to save the soul of their hero.

Of this form of moral mania comes the gathering of women around the lowest malefactors, the incense of pitying tones and tears, the presentation of delicacies, sweets and flowers; things that fit the crime-loving soul and depraved, degenerate heart, about as well as an angel's crown and harp would suit a demon. When avenging justice declares the criminal's life forfeit, then the dementia runs riot. Their dearest friend never called forth one-half the devotion and ardor. They have no thought to waste or pity to spare for the suffering and desolate, but pure and unfortunate. Everything is swallowed up in the saintly anxiety for the justly condemned felon. So they gather round him, they, the pure, sweet, innocent, well-meaning, but addle-headed women; women not always young or ignorant; they press his crime-stained hands, they shed pitying tears, they offer up prayers more earnest than they ever did for self or friend, they bring offerings of self-abasement, sing the songs of Christian faith, hope and love, and presto! the blood-stained murderer, the howling anarchist, the traitor to all who have trusted him, the aider and abettor of any or all most horrible crimes, emerges a full-fledged saint, and goes shouting hallelujah from the gallows!

But the deep has depths yet unsounded. Nina Van Zandt, of Chicago, a young, pure, intelligent girl, is impelled by woman's emotional nature not only to pity and save the soul of a double-dyed murderer, but, forgetting and forsaking all that is taught by religion, morality, reason or decency, throws herself into the arms of this convicted felon, and almost begs him to marry her, Stranger still, her mother looks calmly on without protest, and strangest of all, her father, one of the proud sex that listens only to the voice of reason, he also allows, if he does not counsel the sacrifice.

It is a pitiful, pitiful spectacle. No wonder that other relatives are prostrated with grief over such an infatuation. May a kind Providence yet shape the rough-hewed ends, and bring light out of this terrible darkness.

It is time that pulpit and press took up the cry against this terrible evil; that law put forth its strong arm to prevent it; that

people of all degrees and station called aloud against it.

Let none think I would take, even from the vilest, the hope of Heaven, or withdraw from the lowest the helping hand. Human sympathy should be ever ready, next to the Divine compassion, to pity, help and save, God's ministers should seek out the most wicked, and offer pardon and repentance. But it is a weak, unwomanly, unworthy emotion, that sends women to the cells of hardened, defiant, reckless criminals to fawn, cringe, and supplicate them to impious, hypocritical repentance, when if once beyond the pale of the prison, defenceless womanhood, even in the person of one of those sweet sympathizers, would go down before them like grain before a reaper; they would neither pity nor spare.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

#### FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER.

Recently, as I took up the *HOUSEHOLD*, my attention was arrested by these words, "Wants to know, you know," and before I had half finished reading it I looked to see who had been so imposed upon. Imagine my surprise to find it our usually placid Editor. At once the question arose in my mind, who does eat all the best of our apples if city folks don't? The apple buyers are generally from the city or some country town (which makes them all the more particular), and offer us less for a barrel of the nicest fruit, than Beatrix says she must pay for a bushel. Every apple must be picked just so, and then they send half a dozen men or more, and perhaps a horse or two, to pack them, with instructions not to put up one that has a spot or a worm hole, however small. The farmer must not say a word against it, and when they are through, he may put what they left in the cellar, and try to get something for them in the winter, or feed them to the pigs. He thinks he must let all go they will take, in order to realize anything from his orchard, and his family can get along with the culls, which makes the wife almost wish she were a city lady, so she might have a little of the best sometimes. I do not like to have Beatrix have the impression that the farmer is the one who will put in anything that will fill a barrel, and I propose to tell her how she may find out. Just send to some farmer in the fall to put up a barrel of good eating apples, and offer him a living price, and I believe she will be pleased. I would not mind the task myself, for I can pick apples, face a barrel, and fill it too. As Beatrix tells what she would do if she were a farmer, I will venture to tell what I would do if I lived in the city: I would send direct to some good farmer for my winter supply of apples, vegetables and butter, and if I had a suitable place to keep it a few weeks, I would not eat butter even in summer that did not come direct from the farmer's cellar.

Some time I will try to tell L. M. R. of my "daisy" pantry for a farm house.

ZILLAB.

Mrs. C., of Kalamazoo, sends this message to L. M. R.: "By all means have a furnace. I have a register in my kitchen, which keeps it and the pantry warm all night. No frozen milk now, as in the days

when we depended upon the cook stove to warm the pantry. I do not think it would be advisable to keep the milk in the cellar during the winter; but the cellar should be in two parts, one for the furnace, fuel, ashes, etc.; the other for vegetables and fruit. I have a "daisy" kitchen and pantry, but will not describe it for fear of the waste-basket. Will some of the ladies give a recipe for graham crackers?" We wish Mrs. C. would describe her pantry and kitchen if she thinks the arrangement better than that of those already described in the *HOUSEHOLD*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Husbandman* says she mixes her starch with hot water instead of cold, and uses it as she does uncooked starch. She finds it better. Let the articles lie fifteen minutes after starching, rub them well and use clean, hot irons. This method is also highly commended by a Detroit lady who has used it for a number of years.

Mrs. E. P. V., of Prattsburg, N. Y., wishes to know how to cleanse an iron teakettle, also how to make brown bread.

#### Useful Recipes.

**APPLE SNOW.**—Take four baked apples and scrape out the pulp. When cold add the beaten white of an egg and a cup of powdered sugar. Beat one hour, first with an egg-beater and then with a fork. The fluffy, delicious mass swells like a balloon and often must be moved from dish to dish until ready to serve. The above quantity is sufficient for a family of eight persons—that is, well-bred persons who do not expect to make a whole meal off a delicacy. This is very beautiful, and even more delicious if eaten with cream.

**CELERY CROQUETTES.**—Mince the white part of the celery and mix well with an equal quantity of bread crumbs; add to a quart of the mixture the yolks of two eggs, a heaping salt spoon of salt and a pinch of cayenne; moisten with a little milk if the moisture from the celery is not sufficient. Shape in cones, dip in egg and crumbs and fry in plenty of hot fat.—From *Murray's Book of Entrees*.

**STEWED CELERY.**—Wash the heads and trim off the coarse outer leaves. Cut in small pieces and stew in a little broth. When tender, add a cup of sweet cream, a teaspoonful of flour and a piece of butter as large as a hickory-nut. Season with pepper and salt.—*Housekeepers' Cook Book*.

**FRIED CELERY.**—Boil celery, cut into three or four inch pieces, in salted water until tender; then drain it. Make a batter, using two eggs to a cupful of rich milk and enough flour or fine bread or cracker crumbs to give proper consistency. Roll the pieces of celery in this, fry them to a delicate brown in hot lard and serve hot.

**CELERY A LA ASPARAGUS.**—Cut into six or seven-inch lengths; tie into bunches, bind up with a bit of white mosquito net, and cook in salted water until tender. Toast some thin slices of bread, put on to a platter, arrange the celery on the toast and pour over all a dressing made of a pint of milk slightly thickened with a little cornstarch, and seasoned with pepper, salt and a spoonful of butter.