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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE FARMER'S BEGUILLEMENTS.

[Poem read by Mrs. Edson Woodman, of Paw Paw, before the East and West Farmers' Club, August 23th.]

A "really truly" poem is far beyond me quite,
And only the simplest jingle do I ever try to write

Deception in this age we meet on every hand,
And shams of every style and size are scattered
o'er the land;
There's a cheat in everything we see or hear, I
guess,
From the glib-tongued agent's wares to our very
food and dress.

All share the curse and bear the blight, so com-
mon now a-days,
Of seeming to be what they are not, in ever so
many ways;
Nature alone is undefiled with this disgraceful
gain
By any means, no matter what, to selfish ends
attain.

As "Nature's noblemen" we farmers and farm-
ers' wives
Must closely bar and guard the gates that lead
unto our lives;
And while we keep our own hands clean, watch
out with both our eyes
That we don't get bit with some great scheme,
some wonderful new device,

That promises fair to do great things, if we'll
only just invest
A paltry sum that we can spare—the machine
will do the rest.
But the patent man who comes along with
"rights" to sell some day,
Claims a royalty on the business which we must
fight or pay.

The great Bohemian swindle, which has only
just exploded,
Is only one of the burdens with which the farm-
er's back is loaded,
And I should'nt wonder if the hedge, this osage
orange craze,
would add another to the list ere very many
days.

The lightning rod has many styles, and an agent
for each one
Calls 'round some day 'bout dinner time to tell
of wonders done,
Of bare escapes that we have had from such an
awful fate
That come, to all who fail to buy before it is too
late.

And there's so very many more—a new way
every day—
To get around the farmer who is'nt "posted"—
so they say.
"All is not gold that glitters," and quite fre-
quently we find
These fellows have an end in view, there is an
"axe to grind;"

And the farmer to "accommodate" too oft the
crank has turned,
And finds, too late, a thankless task, as well as
fingers burned.
But thanks to our societies—Grange, Farmers'
Clubs, and such—
We hope that we'll grow wiser now, and won't
get beat so much.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

"Mary has left us," said a friend the
other evening as we stood chatting over the
garden gate in the twilight. "Not for good,
I hope," I replied, knowing how Mary,
"the girl," was regarded in the family.
"No, she is coming back in a couple of
months, but she was tired, and wanted to
visit her home, as it had been three years
since she was there, so we let her go.
Mamma and I are managing the work; we
would rather do it than take a strange girl
into the house, even if Mary is gone three
months. We miss her very much; she is a
household treasure, and so gentle and re-
fined in her ways. She is as much of a lady
as if she lived on Woodward Avenue and
had a million of dollars." Then my friend
went on to say that Mary took with her
\$500, her savings during six years of service
with her present employer and in his sister's
family. She receives three dollars per week,
and out of this \$156 yearly wage, she has
saved an average of over \$80 annually. She
has dressed neatly, as well as her position
demands; no silk dresses or cheap jewelry,
and has a suitable wardrobe to take with
her to the little Canadian village she calls
home.

I should like to know if in this city, or
any other for that matter, there is a
saleswoman in a store, receiving the
usual salary of \$5 or \$6 per week, de-
pendent upon her own exertions for a liv-
ing, as was this one, who from her salary
has saved as much money, or even half as
much, in the same time. If there be a *bona
fide* instance, I will say no more about the
superior advantages of domestic service over
bondage to a counter. For Mary is not a
myth, but a "real live" girl, whose faithful
service has so endeared her to her employ-
er's family that they regard her almost as
one of their number.

Mary has a brother in Canada who would
be glad to have her remain in his house. He
has a wife and family, and she would be ex-
pected to assist in the housework. He
offers her no wages, and she would have to
depend upon other sources for clothing and
pocket money. In other words, with the
kindest possible intentions, he would give
her a hired girl's work without a
hired girl's wages. But Mary's good
sense led her to prefer independence and
regular wages to a home with neither, so
she came to this city, and quietly set about
doing the work she was most competent to
do.

But there is something to be said in re-
gard to Mary's employers. There is, on

their part, no wish to look upon her as a be-
ing of a different social caste, no attempt to
"make her know her place." The children
—there are two, one seven, the other eleven
—are taught to respect her wishes in her
own domain, the kitchen; and are not al-
lowed to tease or annoy her. There is no
fretful fault-finding, and yet the work is
done according to the mistress' wishes. The
young lady daughter has been known to say,
"Mary, don't you want to go to prayer meet-
ing with me to-night?" and has more than
once taken Mary and the children down to
the boat for an afternoon on the river. Her
room is neatly furnished, her bed a comfort-
able one. Yet she is not introduced to
guests, nor does she sit at table with the
family, and in neither of these omissions
does she find a hardship. Here then is a
family which carries its Christian fellowship
into all the practical relations of life, saying
in effect "We wish of you faithful service,
but our obligation does not end with the
weekly wage we pay you. As an inmate of
our house, even though in a servant's place,
we owe you consideration and kindly inter-
est as a fellow being."

There is a great deal to be said on both
sides of "the hired girl problem." Beyond
doubt, the real reason girls who must earn
money *will not* work in a kitchen lies not in
the work itself—for they work harder and
have less time in other employments—but
because they will not submit to the petty
tyranny of some women. No self-respect-
ing girl will be considered as less than the
dust beneath another woman's feet, simply
because the latter has money and a home
and she has neither. My observation
teaches me that the most truly well-bred
people rarely find it necessary to assert
themselves by putting down others in order
to be respected. The social part of the
problem need not be a "a rock of offense"
if there is only a right understanding of it,
and mutual forbearance and charity. One
cannot conceive of a happy home where
there is a perpetual antagonism between
those who serve and those who are served;
nor can either party find comfort, serenity
or good temper under such conditions. A
woman will labor day and night for love's
or duty's sake without a murmur; she will
work like a slave for a drunken husband or
helpless children, yet the moment she labors
for hire she must dictate the conditions of
her labor or there is war; conversely, a wo-
man will accept the most bungling service
when it is proffered for love's or duty's
sake, but the moment wages are given she
becomes imperious, exacting, unreasonable.
For a real good slave-driver—a Legree in

petticoats—commend me to the woman who does not comprehend that it is due to her own position as mistress to treat servants with consideration, that as superior it is *no-blesse oblige* to be courteous to inferiors; and who withal takes satisfaction in being overbearing and insolent to her help, to make them “know their place.”

BEATRIX.

INSECTS, BIRDS AND BOOKS.

All this summer I have enjoyed frequent rides into the country; and wondered more than once why people who live there all the time do not take more delight in the numerous beauties everywhere apparent to careful observers. Perhaps one reason may be that so much time in the country schools is devoted to reading, writing and arithmetic, and none at all to those really delightful studies, which help us to appreciate the world in which we live.

A very superficial observer may enjoy the brilliant colors of a butterfly or moth, but the insect is much more interesting if you know which of the two it is, and are acquainted with its different stages of existence. How many people know the exceeding beauty of the beetles to be found on every country road during the day? Some of them well deserve to be called the gems of the earth, as humming birds are called the jewels of the air. I think every girl would find her walks in wood or meadow would become much more interesting if she would read a good work on natural history, and then set to work to collect all the rare and curious specimens she can find. A very good way to keep them is to pin them on corks cut about a quarter of an inch thick, and an inch or more in diameter, according to the size of the specimen. Fasten these into cigar boxes with glue, and label them carefully, putting all belonging to the same order together. Always be sure that the chloroform or camphor has quite done its work, before putting the pin through the body of your victim. There were some heart-rending scenes in our class this spring, owing to too great haste on the part of the collector.

Birds are of course an almost unending source of delight to the amateur naturalist. One day I counted eight different species while driving three miles. When botany and natural history and perhaps geology have been introduced into our district schools, there will be fewer complaints of boys and girls staying at home or going away to school.

I was so glad to see by the article from Beatrix that books are not a forbidden subject in the HOUSEHOLD. If “As dull as an American novel” is to become a proverb, let us have as an offset, “As bright as an American story,” the latter class to include Miss Alcott’s books, “Our Helen,” its sequel, “The Asbury Twins,” and many others. “Jo’s Boys,” in which the March family bid a final farewell to the public, is quite up to the standard of Miss Alcott’s books. Somehow we never get tired of the fresh, lovable characters she presents to us. More than one girl feels as

she had lost an old friend when the curtain drops on Jo and Laurie and the rest. “Rudder Grange,” by the author of “The

Late Mrs. Null,” should be read by everyone who enjoys a good laugh. Mr. Stockton has the rare faculty of being funny but not silly.

No one can complain of dullness in any of the new southern stories which are so popular at present. One of these, “Oblivion” by M. G. McClelland, gives so many lovely pictures of life in the mountains of the south. The rough mountaineer Dick is one of the grandest characters of modern fiction. Very different from these strong, enjoyable books are the flat, silly novels of Howells. In fact that author seems to be trying to see how much trash he can palm off on the public as true-to-life descriptions. If ever two persons were as unutterably absurd as the hero and heroine of his new novel, “April Hopes,” they should have been sent to an asylum for idiots.

Everyone who lives near the great lakes should read Miss Woolson’s “Castle Nowhere.” It is a collection of sketches, every one good. I have wondered lately why we do not here more about Miss Woolson. Her books are all popular, but the magazines, usually so quick to tell us of the appearance and personal history of an author, have, at least so far as I have heard, been quite silent about her.

I wish more of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD would write about their favorite authors and books. To me there is nothing more pleasing than literary gossip.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

TACT.

I wonder if this will escape the waste basket? and I also wonder if the ladies who have written such interesting articles for our HOUSEHOLD have ever been as selfishly inclined as myself? It does not require much effort on the part of the reader to endorse or reject the sentiments that are expressed by others; but it does need a certain amount of energy and tact to write an article for the paper—at least it is so with me. Webster defines tact as “nice perception or skill,” and do we not realize it at times when everything goes wrong and somebody comes to our rescue with cheerful words and helping hands?

Did you ever notice the difference among your many friends when you meet them? Some are so funereal in everything that you feel dejected and blue in a short time, and imagine yourself almost a nonentity in comparison to their stiff precision and chill manners. They scan you from head to foot, and you know they are mentally contrasting you with themselves. For the time you lay aside your own originality and are drifting along, you hardly know where, and mentally asking yourself “What is the matter? Oh dear, how depressed I do feel!” Then, there are others you meet, with sparkling eyes, faces shining with love to humanity; you grasp the hand and a cordial shake is the result. The whole system thrills with pleasure, you feel invigorated at once and soon are indulging in a first rate chat. The sun seems to shine brighter and your breathing is easier, everything runs smoothly. We do enjoy people who understand how to live, and are gifted with the great boon of tact. Some of us find we are

obliged to use a little in getting married, but we need a great deal more afterward. The wife must manage her household with skill, and economy should be one of her pet virtues. It has been said by some one that “A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action,” “calculation realized.” If that is the case, which I think every one will agree looks reasonable, why should we not practice it more in our every day life? Show me the woman who will confront a wagon load of company with a smile of welcome, when her pantry is rather scantily supplied, as is the case often in country life, and make every one feel at ease, and I will venture to say she has the ability to spread the table with a good wholesome dinner, and her guests depart, with the feeling that it is a good place to visit? She has the tact to submit cheerfully to circumstances she could not control, and proceed accordingly. I remember a laughable incident that I read of a lady who was found in that pitiable condition; she excused herself as soon as possible, went into the kitchen and kicked every inanimate thing that she came to until she was satisfied; then she set about thinking and made up her mind she would never mend the matter that way; her only course was to make the best of it and have a good time.

We often see people who are indeed what the world would call poor, who dress neatly and in a very becoming manner; every article of their apparel is daintily arranged. You cannot imagine how Mrs. Blank can manage to keep herself and family looking so well upon their slender income. Is it extravagance? Oh no! nobody thinks for a moment they are living beyond their means. The cloak she has worn four or five winters looks nearly as good as new; the old cashmere has been renovated, the last year’s hat retouched, and now with a pair of new shoes and gloves her suit is complete; you enter her house and everything betokens comfort; the rooms are decorated with pictures and ornaments; trifling in themselves, but each adds a beauty of its own; every piece of furniture is placed to show off at the best advantage; the draperies are of cheap material, but taste and skill are combined, and with a very small outlay of money, the home is made very attractive. We are impressed with the idea if that the husband is not happy it is his own fault.

Bruneille remarked about the difference in the two sisters. I believe Lu has the tact to spread sunshine around her, and derive a great amount of pleasure from life. It is a lamentable fact that too many women are willing to bind themselves at home, and drudge almost constantly, for the sake of getting rich, or with the idea they are better housekeepers in the end. I live in the country and how I do enjoy it after living in the city a number of years. I laughed heartily when I read the trials of Beatrix in house-hunting (I hope she will pardon me for enjoying the story of her adventures), but it is such a rare treat to be the mistress of a neat little cottage of your own, with pleasant surroundings, enabling one to gaze upon the works of nature and breathe pure air every day. The people in our neighborhood are real live, wide-awake farmers,

willing to mix intellectual recreation with their work. Every winter we have a course of lectures; some of the speakers are as able as the State of Michigan affords. In summer we have preaching and sabbath schools in the country school houses, also camp meetings in beautiful groves, and no end of socials and picnics. The Farmers' Picnic at Pleasant Lake was largely attended, and (with few exceptions) was regarded as a successful one. We had the pleasure of listening to a fine practical speech from our farmer governor, Mr. Luce, and I must say I was proud of him as he stood there before us, a representative of what an intelligent tiller of the soil may and can become. The time has gone by when the farmer is looked upon as a clodhopper. AUNT POLLY.

MASON.

PLEASANT CONVERSE.

If so small a thing as plenty of "copy" can make our Beatrix happy surely she ought not to be left miserable, for all the HOUSEHOLD readers are her debtors, and I, for one, feel that it is almost selfish to receive so many good things without trying to help a little in return. But doing all the farm house work and caring for the sick member of the family leaves little leisure for letter writing. The letter "In a Book Store" was, to me, more interesting than its interesting predecessors and I've read it several times; not from lack of reading but because I appreciated it. Inasmuch as it's the proper thing to read Haggard now-a-days I am trying to read "King Solomon's Mines." A friend sent it to me, but from a hasty sketch I thought it too Munchausen-like for my present state of mind, and had laid it aside for future reference. What a satisfaction it is when reading the book reviews to understand to what they have reference, and as no less than four of my twelve weeklies have contained sketches of the book above mentioned, I decided that it must be worth reading.

It was E. L. Nye, I think, who condemned the kerosene stove, because everything was blackened with the smoke thereof; but the new one, over which I boiled water for tea and cooked eggs to-night, must be an improvement, for the new tin ware used had not the smell or stain of smoke about it, and a flat-iron set directly over the blaze was just as clean, and all this convenience for one dollar. It is invaluable for the sick room, not only for the patient's food but in warming flannels, making poultices or heating water for a bath.

I wonder if C. B. R., of Vicksburg, knows whereof she speaks when writing of "Our Missing Ones?" I have written just as resignedly as that, supposing that I realized what I was writing, but I did not. There is "one above all others" and, until that one is taken, we cannot understand what death means. When one can, after a few weeks or months, "take up the burden of life again" and go on as before it is well to talk of resignation; but when the weary years bring no gleam of sunshine because, for them, there is no sun, it is quite another thing.

The decision regarding "Our Happiest Hours," by Evangeline, is a letter that is worth re-reading, even though we may not

agree with her when she says "there is no love like mother love." A private letter of condolence says: "I send you my heartfelt sympathy—the sympathy of one who has suffered, but not as you suffer, for though the tie that binds parent to child be strong and tender, yet still more strong, more tender is the tie which binds us to our chosen life companion, and its sundering must be beyond comparison with any other bereavement."

The HOUSEHOLD Hints tell how to remove milieus but can any one give an "antidote" for copperas stain? From its use as a medicine some sheets and underclothing are ruined, not as to their durability, but because no one would hang them out from the wash. By the by, this hanging out clothes is quite an index to one's habits. Yesterday I drove past a yard where a large white washing was on the line, but oh such a conglomeration! Sheets, towels, underwear, table linen, no two of a kind together, and all hung on a "skew." My fingers just itched to bring order out of that chaos, and I believe I'd discharge a help as quickly for that as for any one thing.

Old Hundred, you're an old friend, newspaperially—and I agree with you in regard to the nom de plumes, so I remain, as ever, EL. SEE.

WASHINGTON.

MAKING JELLY.

I saw in the HOUSEHOLD not long ago an inquiry about jelly-making which I meant to have responded to before by giving my own method, which I think will prove a help to the inexperienced housekeeper who complained her jelly—or was it jam?—was strong and dark colored. I think that generally jelly is boiled too much, making it strong, hard and flavorless. I scald up any kind of fruit, heating it through, and adding little or no water, turn it into a stout jelly bag and let it drip through, never squeezing the bag. This juice I heat to the boiling point, skim if necessary, and boil five minutes, then add the sugar, let come to a boil, skim, and turn into the cups. I use nicked teacups, goblets with the stem broken off, and cheap tumblers for jelly glasses instead of the glasses with covers; I have these otherwise useless dishes and so utilize them. Seal with circles cut from writing paper covered with white of eggs, applied while the cups are warm, and set the jelly in the sun to harden. I do not get scared if it is not perfectly stiff even the morning of the day after it was made, and my jellies are always delicate in color, rich in flavor, and "spreadable," "if I do say it as shouldn't." Raspberry jelly does not set as readily as some other kinds, and will bear longer boiling. A neighbor of mine has any quantity of crab-apples; these make a stiff jelly, of not very strong flavor. When her crabs are ripe she gets out the red raspberry jelly she made in July and adds three parts of the crab-apple jelly to one of the raspberry, putting it in when the crab-apple jelly is boiling and stirring thoroughly. It flavors the coarser jelly, and makes it of better consistency, but for anything but cake I prefer the pure raspberry jelly. Over-ripe fruit does not make the nicest jelly; the fruit should be fresh.

After the juice has done dripping from

the jelly bag I take my lard "squeezers" and press out the juice that remains, add sugar, and make a jelly that is rather "cloudy" but which the children relish with their bread and butter, or makes a good jelly cake for a home "treat."

I do not relish apple jelly; it seems so insipid. When I do make it I choose Baldwin apples—because they make a pretty pink colored jelly, and add the juice of a couple of lemons, shaving off the yellow part of the rind to cook with the apples before straining.

I dislike very much to hear people talk about "jell" instead of jelly, and am glad to see our little HOUSEHOLD ignores the uncouth abbreviation.

CHIPS.

NEW VENICE, O.

EVANGELINE RISES TO EXPLAIN.

Why certainly I am a farmer's wife; I should hardly think that I belonged in our little HOUSEHOLD if I were not. And I have found from experience that we can find time for many things beside our household cares, if we only will it so. In the first place, I never crowd all the work I can possibly accomplish into one day; I let each day have its duties. In this way one is not hurried and worried. And this same hurry and worry to accomplish so much, and failure to do the same, is what makes so many fretful, cross women. Our little ones have demands upon our time. We should not push them off out doors, and use the time that rightfully belongs to them in working. Half the happiness in rearing our families is lost, if we never have time to watch their cunning ways, and join in their romps and games. I do not think that we should feel as if they were put upon us as an encumbrance, to make our work harder, that we have no time for anything else. Of course they add to our work, but by managing, we can plan a little and get along. For instance: I never leave all my baking, churning and cleaning for Saturday. If I can possibly I churn on Friday; this summer having less milk than usual, Tuesday has been our churning day. Friday I make cake; some other day as needed, cookies, jumbles or doughnuts are made, only one kind at a time. Saturday comes, bread and washing windows, sweeping, dusting, etc. By doing a reasonable amount of cleaning through the week, it does not add so much to Saturday's work. In this way one's afternoons are at their disposal for sewing, reading or writing, and I do not think a nap these hot afternoons is very much out of place. I haven't any sympathy with women who run all the time with a rag or dust brush in their hands, it is entirely uncalled for. When things are once in order keep them so; when anything needs washing, wash it, but do not let imagination run away with your common sense. There is a duty we owe to ourselves, as well as to our families; and the better care we take of our bodies, the longer we will be spared to them. Every time we violate the laws of Nature we suffer for it.

The majority of women work as if the idea of another day dawning had never occurred to them. In this manner work becomes drudgery. By letting each day have its duties, working moderately, we

can make it a pleasure. A good washing machine saves time and labor, and at present prices is not an extravagance. We have one called the Success. By turning the clothes through twice no rubbing on the board is necessary, unless it be waistbands and collars. If one is fortunate enough to have men who understand what the broom at the back door is intended for, a great deal of sweeping and brushing up is dispensed with. But I find the most indispensable article around is a small boy, who is ready and willing to do, and takes in the situation at a glance; who keeps the woodbox full, the waterpail replenished, sees that the potato basket holds enough for the coming meal, picks beans and tomatoes, "plugs" the melons to find a ripe one, pulls the baby in her cab, sets the dog on the pet kitten and keeps the cookie jar emptied.

BATTLE CREEK.

A WARNING TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, are not *we* to blame for the intemperance of our land? That thought has come to me very forcibly lately. And are not we the principal if not the only means of driving this terrible curse from our land?

If we would never offer wine to young men, as is often done in large cities though not in the country, and never receive the attentions of those whose breath is tainted with that cursed stuff, don't you think it could be done away with in time? Of course it takes time to do everything, but I am really afraid we will never be rid of the abominable thing as long as young ladies continue to show as much respect for those who drink as for those who do not, and will marry those whom they know take a glass occasionally just for the stomach's sake, or some other silly reason. As for me, just as soon as a young man begins to take liquor, or to show any respect for the saloon, my regard for him is gone. "Well," I have heard girls say, "they make such lots of money at the saloon business." Supposing they do, money doesn't make a man of anybody. A man without money if he be honest is better than one with millions, gotten in such a dreadful manner. If this should meet the eyes of any young man, I hope he will not think I would have him settle back in his arm chair and say there is nothing for him to do to help rid the land of this curse. We all have a part to perform, and as to the man's part I will not say what I think. But it is said "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world;" if so the girls must be more than careful of their actions.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

How many of our HOUSEHOLD readers have been to see the "Battle of Atlanta?" It is a wonderful sight, and no one can tell you anything about it; you must see for yourself in order to fully appreciate it. I went down on an excursion from Ypsilanti, and though it was raining a little when we arrived in Detroit, and continued to rain throughout the day. I had a very enjoyable time.

I too think there ought to be a little restriction to the husband's actions as well as the wife's; and though "Outis" asked no more of his ideal wife than a man could reasonably ask, his idea of a husband is "perfectly scandalous." I have one suggestion to make, that is, that *all* men leave the cigars and tobacco for some other "feller."

As to who shall carry the pocket book, I think the woman's pocket is less subject to being picked, for no man could find it, and comparatively few women either, for that matter.

MARY B.

YPSILANTI.

BUTTER-MAKING.

No slip of the pen. We proceed as follows: We use the Davis swing churn; capacity twenty gallons of cream. When the butter is grained as large as fish spawn, we add two or three pailfuls of cold water, (we churn the cream at a temperature of 62 degrees, our well water stands at about 48 degrees), then churn a dozen strokes and draw the buttermilk through a perforated tin strainer. If butter comes out, churn a little more. Draw off, throwing on at the last one more pailful of water, which carries off the last of the buttermilk. Now add three pailfuls of weak brine, stir thoroughly and let stand thirty minutes. We put this washing into the swill barrel. We now add a brine stronger than the water will dissolve the salt, say about three pounds of salt to three quarts of water for ten pounds of butter. Pour this over the butter and stir thoroughly, partly by caurning, partly with the ladle; then let it stand an hour or an hour and a half, stirring occasionally.

I will say that my husband has the whole care of the butter until the last brine is added, then I go to the milkroom and while caring for the butter by stirring now and then, find time to wash the pails and do all the morning work.

Draw the last brine and let it drain thoroughly, then it may be still fine or gathered into lumps like hen's eggs. Then with a large pounder used for packing, pack that which lies under the opening in the churn. Wring from cold water a cloth which has been scalded, with it wipe the brine from the top of the butter, turn with a ladle, wipe the bottom and lay in not very large pieces into your tub, wiping off or sopping up the brine as you pack it. Now move more of the butter from the ends of the churn and proceed as before.

We use the Champion creamery and our cows are all grade Jerseys. My butter today is hard and fine in flavor and color, and shipped to Detroit each week, has no fault found with it. We never use ice except in cooling the milk. Our water is very hard, so I never have tried the keeping qualities of our butter, and supposed the present demand is for fresh butter.

Some of the requirements for making butter easily, are a room used for nothing else; positively it must be above ground; in plenty of pure water easily got and easily disposed of; and pure air about the premises. I should say the place of the well would decide the place for the creamery; but if you cannot have the room, then the next best

thing I know of is the creamery. If not plain I'll try again.

For the babies I should say away with all sour fruit and most of the vegetables, until they have sixteen teeth. Then nature indicates that the stomach is ready for masticated food. If you wish healthy children see that their hands and feet are never cold these damp days. MRS. SERENA STEW.

BREAKFAST BACON.

As no one has answered the lady who asks how to prepare bacon, I will try. First, young meat is best, that from pigs six or eight months old being preferred. The sides over the ribs are used, cutting a strip off each edge to have it of uniform thickness. After cutting it in strips, take four ounces of powdered saltpeter and six pounds of salt to each hundred pounds of meat. Heat and rub on every other day till used; keep in a cool place where it will not freeze; then smoke slowly.

FAIR GROVE.

SHAMROCK.

A BUSY housekeeper finds time to advise us that stitching around the buttonholes with the machine before they are worked will greatly facilitate the working and make them much more durable.

Contributed Recipes.

ESTELLE PUDDING.—Three eggs, well beaten; three tablespoonfuls white sugar; two tablespoonfuls butter; three-fourths cup of sweet milk; one cup chopped raisins; one tablespoonful baking powder, and flour sufficient to make the consistency of cake dough, not too stiff. Steam half an hour. Serve with sweetened cream. Flavor with vanilla. Very nice.

RICE APPLES.—Pour one quart sweet milk over half a pound of rice which has been well washed and salted; add one teacupful of sugar. Steam until done. Pare and core eight good cooking apples; place them in a buttered pudding dish; fill the cavity in the apples with jam or jelly, and sweet cream; put the rice all around the apples, leaving the tops uncovered; bake half an hour. Beat the whites of two eggs, sweeten and cover the pudding. Return to the oven; brown; serve with sweetened cream.

BIRDS' NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core, without quartering, eight or ten good tart apples; place in a pudding dish. Make a custard of one quart of milk, the yolks of six eggs; sweeten; add a little grated nutmeg and pour over the apples. Bake slowly half an hour, or until the apples are done. Use the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, to spread over the top; brown slightly; serve hot or cold; it requires no sauce.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint molasses; one pint sweet milk; four well-beaten eggs; one pound beef suet, chopped fine; salt; add sufficient Indian meal to make a very thin batter. Fill a pudding bag two-thirds full, and boil it three hours. Eat with maple syrup and butter.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk; bring to a boil, and stir in one cup meal, previously mixing it with water; add the yolks of four eggs; teacupful brown sugar; half cup molasses; teaspoonful ginger; half cup butter; a little salt; teacupful raisins; bake slowly three-quarters of an hour; serve without sauce.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.