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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,  
And so the weary world goes on;  
I sometimes wonder what is best;  
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,  
And so the dreary hours go;  
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,  
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some hands fold where other hands  
Are lifted bravely in the strife;  
And so through ages and through lands  
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt while some feet tread  
In tireless march, a thorny way;  
Some struggle on where some have fled,  
Some seek where others shun the fray.

Some sleep on while others keep  
The vigils of the true and brave;  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their names above the grave.

—Father Ryan.

### A VALUABLE SCRAP-BOOK.

I had the pleasure recently of inspecting some work done by a young lady of this city, pupil in the High School, in connection with her study of English literature, and was so well pleased with it that I wish to describe her methods for the pleasure and profit of our HOUSEHOLD readers.

The readings of the class had, as is customary, included selections from the writings of standard English authors of both prose and poetry. What additional information had been furnished in class of course I am not able to say. But in a series of blank books this young student had collected and arranged all the particulars which had come in her way, respecting these writers. I admired particularly the precision of arrangement, and also the exquisite neatness of the books, with not a blot, nor an erasure. At the top of a page was written, in red ink, the author's name. Then followed, in clear, easily read penmanship, and black ink, a sketch of his life, more or less complete according to materials at hand. A list of his works followed, those for which he was most famous being underlined with red. Then comments or criticisms on these followed, sometime original, sometimes newspaper clippings neatly arranged. The names of contemporary authors were given; and in many instances, engravings or wood cuts of the author, his home, or scenes he had made famous, were added. Selections or choice bits from his works came next, with usually a blank page for results of later study or research.

These blank books, which no doubt cost their owner a good deal of labor and

thought, are yet worth all they cost. Not alone in the discipline of mind and study which went into their compilation, but also in their value as books of reference, to refresh memory or prove a fact. The making of such books for future use would add pleasant zest to many "reading clubs;" or one alone, without the stimulus of companionship, might take a great deal of pride and find profitable employment for idle hours, in such work.

BEATRIX.

### SMALL BOYS' CLOTHES.

Harper's *Bazar* is standard authority on the subject of fashions. From a late issue we take the following instructions in reference to dressing the irrepressible small boy, which we are sure will be of service to mothers:

"The first short dresses put on baby boys are nainsook yoke slips precisely like those made for girls, and these are worn until the child is two years old, when he is put in more boyish-looking dresses of white pique cut all in one piece, yet simulating a jacket with pleated vest and pleated skirt. These pique one-piece dresses may be worn until he is five years old, if the mother chooses, but many mothers prefer to put colored dresses on their boys when three years old, especially in the autumn, when warm woollens are to be used. Cashmere and camel's-hair in Gobelin blue, terra cotta, and golden brown shades are then made up in one-piece frocks (lined only as far as the hips), with the vest of three box pleats fastening under a revers on the left side, the back either plain or pleated, and the skirt sewed on in box pleats. Rows of black braid are the trimming. A square sailor collar of the material may be added, or else the child wears a wide round linen collar, or one of embroidery in open designs finished with a scalloped frill, scantily gathered. At three years of age well-grown boys also wear a gathered or pleated skirt of cashmere attached to a silesia waist, and above this a short square-cornered jacket matching the skirt, with a wide vest of a contrasting color. This is pretty in blue cashmere with a Suede-colored vest, and either brown or black braid in curled or straight rows around the jacket. It is also liked in red cashmere with a black vest of pleated cashmere, and with black soutache braiding. Black or brown buttoned shoes without heels, and stockings of the color of the shoes, are worn by these small boys.

At four years of age the kilt suit is donned in all its varieties of materials—cashmere, serge, cloth, velveteen, or velvet, in plain

colors, checks, stripes, or plaids. For general wear dark blue serges or the new striped twills are made with wide kilt pleats and the broad flat front, on which braiding may be set down the sides and at the foot in curled design or in fence rows. The short jacket slopes open from the throat to show a vest cut in one or two points, and has a narrow braiding border. The Louis Quinze blouses of white muslin are also worn with a similar jacket and the kilt skirt (instead of a vest). The Rob Roy plaids in small blocks of black with red make pretty kilt suits for boys of five or six years, while more quiet colors are given in the striped twills and fancy plaids where brown prevails, with some threads of blue and crimson. For dress are black velvet or velveteen kilt suits, and the English fancy is to add a spotted vest of bright scarlet or blue velvet with white or black dots wrought in silk. Caps and overcoats are chosen to match in color.

"The baby boys wear white outside garments, the cap of cloth or silk in close bonnet shape like a girl's cap, or else a turban of the soft embroidered felt forming a Scotch crown pointed highest on the left side, with a brim of velvet and perhaps a ruche of lace next the face. The walking coat is of white cloth, pleated down the middle of the front and back, with a deep collar and belt of plush or fur, which may be either white or brown. Boys two and a half or three years old wear Turkish caps or turbans of dark cloth or velvet, with the crown dropping over on one side, to be finished there with a tassel. To wear with these are great-coats of cloth, red, blue, or brown, edged with Astrakhan or beaver, and with brandebourgs across the front, also long brown ulsters of plaid rough cloth, with wide collar, capes, or a hood."

### HOW TO MAKE A SPECTACLE CASE.

Cut an oval piece of cardboard a little longer than the glasses when shut; then another piece an inch narrower and one-third longer; at the lower edge of this piece cut three slits one and a half inches long, and trim to fit the bottom of the other piece, which forms the back of the case. If perforated paper is used, a pair of glasses can be embroidered in outline, or "For Grandpa" lettered on; but if pasteboard is used, cover the pieces with silk, velvet, chamois skin or java canvas, ornamented with floss silk, beads or embroidery. Sew the two pieces together, and sew a fine silk cord over the seams and round the edges. The front piece being curving will stand



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out just enough to allow the glasses to slide in and out easily. The case can be hung by a cord near grandfather's chair, or suspended by a ribbon loop from the belt if grandmother wishes to have her spectacles always convenient. PUELLA.

Rockwood.

### THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

I have never yet been quite able to make up my mind which I really prefer, opera or the drama. When I see a fine presentation of a grand play, like *Julius Caesar* with Booth as Brutus and Barrett as the lean and hungry Cassius, I quite make up my mind there is nothing so much to my taste as the drama, with its spirited dialogue and rapid action. But then when the ears are pierced by the accord of sweet sounds, and eyes observant of the action and by-play which accompanies the presentation of a play set to music, I rather waver in my allegiance. Either is a great temptation; both are delightful.

The first week of the month was one of light opera at the Detroit Opera House, by the famous Boston Ideal company, reorganized for the season.

"La Fille du Regiment" was given four of the six evenings, each time to a crowded house, with Mademoiselle Zélie de Lussan in the title role; and as the opera is a very pretty one, and Mademoiselle has the reputation of being not only an accomplished soprano but also a bewitching actress, I thought it was an opportunity not to be neglected.

The curtain rises upon a group of Tyrolean peasants, who are beseeching deliverance from a threatened invasion of the French army. The music is soft and solemn, and the quaint costumes and artistic groupings make a pretty picture as the frightened villagers chant their invocation. News comes that the French have passed another way, and the Countess of Berkenfeldt and her servant Bruno enter and discuss the propriety of proceeding upon their journey to the chateau of the Countess, not far distant, to which her ladyship is returning. They decide it will be best to remain over night at the little inn in the town; and the Countess, who is "a symphony in grey," being dressed in a long grey travelling dress, a gray poke bonnet of such lordly proportions that it would seem she could not travel far in the small cantons without getting beyond the bounds of her native country, and a grey wig, decides to remain and enters the inn. Then Bruno, who like many another warrior, is bravest when the battle is farthest away, struts about the stage, telling how gallantly he would defend his mistress if danger threatened, and how he has no fear of the "rascal Frenchmen." While he thus sings and struts a French soldier enters unobserved, and watches Bruno's antics with amused disdain till the latter comes within reach, when he claps his hand on his shoulder, in a rather ungentle fashion. Bruno, for all his boasted bravery, is paralyzed by fear, and is sent about his business by the peremptory "frog-eater" so summarily that he quite forgets about his mistress and her possible danger. Sergeant Sulpice is thus left monarch of the stage and to him enters

Marie, the de Lussan of the playbill, the "Daughter of the Regiment," in her gay vivandiere dress, a scarlet skirt with military trimmings and a jaunty jacket with scarlet facings and white waistcoat. The famous soprano is not pretty, but she is piquantly coquettish and full of French *diablerie*; her face is very expressive, and she has a fine voice. Sergeant Sulpice, a commanding basso six feet in height and carrying his showy uniform with true military erectness, grey-haired and with fierce grey moustache, seems on terms of affectionate fondness with Marie, who congratulates herself that though she has no mother, she has eight hundred fathers, and that as the regiment is always kept full, there is no prospect that the number will grow less. Then the sergeant tells her once more the familiar story of her life, how he found her sixteen years before, on that very spot, after a battle, climbing over the dead bodies of a young officer and a peasant woman, and absolutely no clue to her identity except a blood stained letter on the person of the young officer, which was unintelligible to all except the one by whom it was written; how he picked her up, and calling his men about him, showed them the young hostage of Fate, and how the regiment at once adopted her. He reminds her of her pledge to marry only a member of the regiment; she confesses her heart has already strayed out of her keeping to a stranger who had the fortune to save her life, and is upbraided by the sergeant, who believes a man not a soldier no good on earth. They are interrupted by the entrance of a detachment of soldiers, who have made prisoner one Tonio, whom they suspect to be a spy, in whom Marie recognizes her lover, the stranger who rescued her. This fact stands him in good stead, for he is released when Marie pleads for him, begging his life because he saved hers. Then Tonio presses his suit; she refers him to "Father Sulpice" and to one after another of the regiment. "What! two fathers?" quoth Tonio; and when she tells him she has eight hundred fathers, to use the classic phrase of the day, it breaks him all up." He wants to marry her, and recounts the attractions of his peasant home: he has pigs and a donkey, and chickens and a cow. She tells him of her vow to marry only one of the regiment, and like any true lover, he forthwith announces his intention to enlist at once, and with the soldiers, departs for that purpose.

The Countess of Berkenfeldt now appears upon the scene and requests of Sergeant Sulpice an escort to attend her to her chateau. As it chanced so often in plays and stories, the conversation is so directed as to introduce the story of the finding of Marie; and the countess discovers that the little waif was her sister's child, who had been taken by the nurse to its father, the young officer in camp, that he might see and bid adieu to his babe. Father and nurse were killed, and the child was supposed by all its relatives to be dead also. Proofs are forthcoming and Marie ascertained to be the heir to the name and estates of Berkenfeldt. Marie is introduced to her aunt, who is scandalized by her unconventional ways, though the Sergeant had

assured her that Marie has been brought up "a perfect lady;" and poor Marie is chilled by her aunt's primness and reserve. And Tonio, entering with the tri-color of France attached to his peasant's hat in token of his enlistment, when he finds Marie is to be a great lady, and that as Countess of Berkenfeldt she is as far above a soldier as the "Daughter of the Regiment" was above a Tyrolean peasant, is very much inclined to repudiate the enlistment and tears off the ribbon in passionate disgust, but the soldiers will not lose their new comrade thus and they hurry him off, while Marie is taken in charge by her aunt.

Next, we have Babette, a pretty little waiting-maid, in dialogue with Bruno in the reception room of the Berkenfeldt chateau, the latter having quite recovered his fear of the French, and rather inclined to put on airs over Babette. The Duke of Arensburg and his mother are expected, but the visit is put off for a day because the Duke has the toothache. He comes as a suitor to Marie, much to Babette's disgust, who says he is old and ugly, and bandy-legged and lame, no match for the beautiful Marie. But Bruno reminds her autocratically that it is a fair bargain, the Duke has high rank and position and Marie has beauty and wealth; and when the fastidious Babette again reverts to the unfortunate condition of the Duke's legs, Bruno gives voice to a bit of worldly philosophy worthy the cynical Carlyle: "Nobody looks at a duke's legs; his rank obscures them." Sergeant Sulpice is an inmate of the chateau, for the war is over, and he loves to be near his little protegee, the child of the Twentieth Chasseurs, but he rebels at the prim decorum and restraint of the chateau, and at the discipline which transforms the jolly, lively Marie into a fine lady. She presently enters, sweeping in in a dress with a prodigious train and yet more prodigious bustle, feathers in her hair, and a comical little *moue* of disgust at it all, and in the old military fashion issues her orders: "Company, attention!" and the sergeant straightens himself into an attitude of soldierly rigidity. "Salute!" and she extends to him one gloved hand which he presses to his lips. "Prepare for inspection, company front!" "parade rest!" and she passes before him as if he were the commander-in-chief reviewing a battalion; she minces and wriggles, as she has been taught by her new masters, throwing her train about, and then, abandoning her fun, confesses how tired she is of it all, and how she longs for the freedom of her old life as the pet of the regiment. Enter the aunt, grimmer and primmer than ever, and poor Marie gets a long lecture on the etiquette proper for a lady of rank, and which she must observe when her intended husband arrives. Sergeant Sulpice does not relish hearing his *protege* lectured, and remonstrates with the aunt, saying Marie "can't march with all those petticoats around her ankles," shocking the Countess almost into spasms, though she finds breath to tell him never to dare to mention in her presence again "that portion of the—the—figure which you just mentioned," meaning ankles. Then Marie is made to make a grand curtsy, which is as awkward as well can be; and to sing,



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while the noble countess presides at the piano, and she mimics the amateur singer to perfection in tone and faulty method as well as airs and graces, while she mischievously picks at the loose curls of her aunt's elaborate wig, and tickles her neck as she does so; but the refrain of the music has a martial ring that reminds her of drums and bugles, and to the astonishment and horror of the grande dame, she breaks into an old soldiers' song and with the Sergeant indulges in the merry abandon of a dance unknown to courts.

Now Tonio, who, making a virtue of his enlistment, has won glory and advancement to high military rank, returns with some of Marie's numerous fathers and comes to the chateau. The soldiers are immensely amused at Marie's gorgeous toilette of maize and blue satin with its fleecy tulle drapery, and with smiles and gestures convey their ideas that she is a very fine countess-in-prospect. Tonio comes as she is welcoming her "fathers;" she loves him, he loves her; but the old countess absolutely refuses to consider even for a moment his proposal. But Sergeant Sulpice has not lived in vain; he invites the aunt to a private interview, considerately provides her with a chair, and then tells her he knows that Marie is her daughter, not her niece, and that if she does not wish to have some disagreeable family skeletons uncoffined, she must send the bandy-legged duke about his business and let Marie wed Tonio. He converts her to his view, and she unites their hands with the usual stage "Bless you, my children!" Sergeant Sulpice is overjoyed; the unexpected acquiescence of the countess quite overpowers his awe of her, and in his delight he dances about, partly behind and at her side, rubbing his hands and making many queer feints, his face alight with a comical mixture of mischief, triumph, hesitancy and daring, but not until the big curtain has begun its descent for the last time does he carry his audacious scheme into execution, and in token of his intense gratitude at her consent, imprint a chaste salute upon the rouged cheek of the middle-aged countess.

Such, briefly outlined, is the plot of the opera. Set this to rhyme and the rhyme to music, a succession of duos, trios and choruses, add the brilliant costumes, the marching soldiers, the scenery that sets them off, the orchestra of twenty pieces in itself a good entertainment, and you can faintly imagine the charm of the presentation of a good opera by a good company.

BEATRIX.

### CROCHETED SHOULDER CAPE.

The materials are four ounces of Shetland wool of any desired shade, and one-half pound ice silk; or the cape may be made entirely of the wool. Use a bone crochet hook, No. 8. Commence at the neck with 56 chain, work three trebles in the sixth chain from the hook, \*, miss 1 chain, 3 trebles, crochet in the \* and repeat from \* to \* to end of row; there should be 26 groups of 3 trebles. Take a thread of white or colored cotton and tie on the foundation chain in the middle of the piece of work, tie another thread at each quarter to

mark for the increasings, or widening. 2d row, 1 chain, turn, 3 treble, crochet between the second last treble of previous row, then 3 treble between every group of 3 trebles of previous rows till you have 6 groups and come to the first cotton tie, and above that work an extra group of 3 treble to give an increase for the shoulder; work on, doing 3 treble between every group of 3 treble, you have done 7 more groups and come to the next cotton tie, which is the middle of the back; make another increase of 3 treble there, proceed with 7 more groups, when increase 3 treble again; then 6 more groups of 3 treble will finish the row. 3d row, 1 chain, turn, 3 treble between the second last treble of previous row, then 3 trebles between every group of 3 trebles of previous row, all along the row, no increase. 4th row, 1 chain, turn, 3 treble between the second last treble of previous row, then 3 treble in every space till you come to one space before the increase made in the second row at the cotton tie, increase here and again in the space on the other side of the cotton tie, no increase in the back, but the same increase as before on the other shoulder.

Fifth row, like 3d row. Sixth row, one chain, turn, 3 treble between the two last treble of previous row, then group of 3 treble as far as directly above the cotton tie; increase here; continue as before till you come to the tie in the centre of the back, where increase again, and make still another increase above the tie on the other shoulder. Seventh row, like 3d row. Eighth row, like 4th row. Ninth row, like 3d row. Tenth row, like 6th row. Eleventh row, like 3d row. Twelfth row, like 4th row. Thirteenth row, like 3d row. Fourteenth row, like 6th row. Fifteenth row, like 3d row. Sixteenth row, like 4th. Seventeenth and eighteenth rows, like 3d row. Nineteenth row, like 6th row. Twentieth and twenty-first rows, like 3d. Twenty-second row, like 4th row. Twenty-third, twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth rows, like 3d row. Twenty-sixth row, like 6th row. Twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth rows, like 3d row. Thirtieth row, like 4th row. Thirty-first, thirty-second and thirty-third rows, like 3d row.

For the feathered flakes, with the ice silk, commencing on the first row of the cape and working loosely, insert the hook so as to take up the 21 treble stitch at the beginning of the row, draw the wool through, work a double crochet stitch, then \* 18 chain very loosely, and a double crochet in the middle treble of the next group of three trebles, \* and repeat from \* to \* to end of row; work 18 chain, turn, and a double crochet in the middle of the 1st group of trebles in the second row of the cape, and continue in this manner, always working 18 chains and one double crochet in the centre treble of the group till the cape is entirely covered with chain work, which will resemble flakes; this is called the "flake pattern." Strengthen the neck with a row of double crochet, and fasten the cape with three pretty ribbon bows.

LACEY.

MILL MIMIE.

TO REMOVE the "wooden taste" from pails or butter firkins, soak them in hot brine.

## HOME TALKS.

### NO. VII.

Now that the breakfast table is cleared the bread is ready to mould into the tins; three double loaves this morning. Into the remainder of the dough rub a lump of lard the size of a hen's egg, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, replace the dough in the pan and cover up to rise a second time; these will be raised biscuit and while the bread is rising you can make a cream pie for dinner. Make the cake after the Dorchester sponge cake recipe and bake it in four shallow tins, like layer cakes, then turn them out on a towel to cool while you make the custard for them. Put a dipperful of hot water into the cooker, and set in the two quart pail in which you have turned two coffee cups of new milk; while that is heating measure one teacupful of sugar and rub in the yolks of three eggs and a heaping tablespoon of flour. You will need a little milk to moisten it. Rub it until it is almost smooth, pour slowly into the boiling milk, and stir slowly until it thickens, then take out of the water and flavor with lemon, put the cake on two plates, two cakes together with custard between, and pour the remainder over the top. This is delicious for dinner, and is convenient too, for it can be made in the morning. Cut it like a pie, when you serve it. For dinner we will have meat pie, boiled potatoes, asparagus, lettuce and boiled onions; and as this is about the last time we shall cut the asparagus we will have ambushed asparagus. Take nine of these stale rusks, cut off the tops carefully then pick out the inside, so as to leave the outside whole and set them in the oven to dry until the bread goes in. I will cut the asparagus, and get the lettuce and onions ready while you put the biscuit in the tins. Make them up in shape as you did the rusks, ten in a tin; they will be white as snow and flaky. In just twenty minutes, put your bread in the oven and set that roast of beef in the heating closet to warm through for the meat pie; that must go in the oven by quarter past eleven. The asparagus we will cut in pieces an inch or so long and cook tender in salted water. When it is nearly done make a dressing for it as follows: A coffee cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of flour, and a liberal piece of butter; rub the flour and butter smooth and stir into the boiling milk, a little salt and pepper, drain the water from the asparagus, and put into the dressing. When dinner is ready arrange the shells in a platter and fill with the mixture, then lay the tops on and serve. The bread is done now and the biscuits ready for the oven, and you can slice the meat and lay in one of these small pans; have it one-third full, add a teacupful of the brown gravy, a little pepper and salt, and a few bits of butter. Make the crust as you did for the baking powder biscuit, three cups of flour, and mix it as soft as you can roll it; make it to just fit the pan, no side crust, and cut a leaf in the center, now stick bits of butter around on the dough, and as soon as the biscuit come out set it in to bake. The onions and potatoes are boiling; the gravy you must set to warm and serve the lettuce plain today.

There are enough black raspberries ripe



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for supper tonight. We will take care of the gooseberries this week, and make the currant jelly. I do not want them dead ripe for that purpose. The jelly is made precisely like the strawberry, with this exception, we will squeeze the currants in a cloth, without boiling. It is tiresome for the wrists; I think every year I will have a jelly press. I sent for a circular last year, they cost only one dollar, but I have neglected buying one. When we make the raspberry jam, I shall add a little currant juice. I think it improves the jam. The currant jam will need one pound of raisins to every three of currants, and is made with a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; this is very rich. The gooseberries we will can, using a third more sugar than for other fruit, as they are quite sour. Yes, we shall use them green. I ate some gooseberry marmalade once that was made in Illinois; it was a dark brown and seemed quite flat in flavor; it was made from ripe berries; I did not like it at all. After slicing the best of the roast for supper chop all the rest fine and make a ragout for breakfast, fried potatoes and oatmeal, or rolled oats I should say; what an improvement they are on the old fashioned oats. I steam them always, there is no kettle then to dig out. I should hardly know how to cook without my cooker. I have used it ten years now, it is the Guernsey cooker; has three sections. Yes, it is a little the worse for wear, for a good many have used it who have allowed it to boil dry; in that way the handles have been unsoldered lots of times. So many think they can put anything over to cook, and run off at something else, and let it take care of itself; it is no way to adopt—this hap-hazard, shiftless way.

No woman will ever become a proficient in cooking without giving her attention to it. It is a much pleasanter reflection for a housewife, that year after year she has been improving in household science, than that she has never left the plane of being careless and slack, and no manager or cook. I have known housekeepers who took no thought for the next meal, ate everything at one time instead of judiciously equalizing the food, so that several meals should be good. I went visiting once to our next neighbor's, and I did not think it necessary to send word. Mrs. — seemed glad to see me and we had a pleasant visit, but when she called me out to tea she made a thousand excuses, she had some tea and bread and butter and green currant pie; it seems she supposed there were several kinds of cake in the cellar, but the children had been planning their own dinners to take to school, and had taken the last remnant of cake that day. It was laughable certainly, but showed a weak point in management. I have always noticed that you give children an inch—in cake—and they will take an ell.

Well, here it is Thursday; I declare, time is flying. Father wants some corned beef boiled to-day; those early cabbages are large enough to use, and the summer squash. You put the meat over to boil; it is half past eight, fill the kettle two-thirds full of water, put the beef in before it gets hot and have the teakettle full of hot water, for we must change the water on the beef at ten o'clock. Cut the cabbage coarse and boil

by itself in salted water; cook that an hour and a quarter, steam the squash in one section and we will steam some rice to eat with cream and sugar for dessert; mash the potatoes and cook enough for a hash for breakfast. When the cabbage is done, press the water out of it and season with butter, press the squash also and season liberally with butter, all there is to that is the seasoning, salt and pepper also. After mashing the potato add a lump of butter and some salt and a coffee cup of rich cream, then beat it like cake batter, until it is white and foamy, then pile it into the tureen, do not mash it down; scoop a hollow in the top and lay in a lump of butter. Take a coffee cupful of the rice, wash it and salt, then add a quart of boiling water and set to steam, that will leave sufficient for some rice cakes for breakfast to be made as follows: One quart sweet milk, and a coffee cupful or more of cold rice; stir it well and add the well beaten yolks of four eggs; a teaspoonful salt; three heaped teaspoons of baking powder, flour to make a stiff batter; and last the well beaten whites. Bake like the common griddle cakes; let each one butter for himself and eat with honey. Pick the cold beef free from gristle for the hash, chop it a little coarse and take two-thirds meat and one-third chopped potato, mix it thoroughly; season with pepper, a little salt and bits of butter; prepare this to-night and put it in the little dripping pan, in the morning set it in the oven and bake it, instead of cooking in the frying pan; pour over sweet milk to half cover it, or rather to moisten it good; dredge with a little flour, stir it up once while it is baking, spread a little butter on top and let brown nicely; the flour makes a sort of brown crust, which stirred through the hash is delicious. Pick a dish of raspberries tonight and set in the refrigerator ready for breakfast. Pare the potatoes and let them stand in water ready to slice to fry; you see your breakfast is so easily prepared when you plan a little the night before. The weather is growing warmer, one wants something to coax the appetite a little and you are doing finely, with but few failures, and the best of cooks have those sometimes.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

### SOWING GOOD SEED.

In sowing seeds it is of the utmost importance they should be of the best kind and quality. No farmer—good one—is willing to sow bad seed on any soil. Well he knows that he must reap what he has sown. First, then, he chooses his seed with care.

He must now sow or plant it in its time; not neglecting it until seeding time is past; until the spring rains have come and gone, and the soil has become hardened by the sun's warm rays. Does he wait until foul weeds and grasses get a start? No! he sows in time. He sows seed enough. Not one here and another there, but many; still remembering as he sows he must reap. Then leaving all in His hands who careth for the little and great, he believes he will be rewarded for his trial by reaping a bountiful harvest.

All seeds are not sown in the ground.

Aye, well we remember the seeds sown by loving hands in our early childhood's days. Seeds of kindness, of gentleness, of untiring patience, and many, many more. Seeds of the best kind and quality, too. And as time went on and we went step by step up the ladder of life, seeds were sown and in their time. We were not taught how to walk when we were in long robes; neither did we learn in our teens. No, seeds were sown just when there was "faith in the seed, that the germs of a future harvest were there."

"Strike the iron when it is hot." So all through life must we be constantly on the lookout that we may know when the soil of the many minds, with which we come in contact day by day, is in a fit condition for good seed! Be ever on the watch that the seed is pure, untarnished, that we are about to sow.

When is our time for sowing? Always; ever are we sowing seeds; but how few of the sowers cast out the "thorns and chaff." Before thought is taken of the harvest, the "wheat and roses, thorns and chaff" are together sown in the soil of the minds of our daily companions, and but few contain moisture enough to sustain both weeds and wheat. Hence, what is the harvest in their characters and lives?

"Oh! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memory back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by and by."

"As the sun dispenses light, so can the soul give of its good and knowledge." Every hour affords opportunity to add something to the good influences that are operating in the soil of the mind, to give them greater fruitfulness in the higher and better things of the inner life.

"We cannot all have large fields of labor, nor all be great workers, but all around us is some one to smile at; a gift of a book, a flower; the turning of a window blind, a word; these little opportunities fill our time.

"And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untilled many corners of our single acre, and that none are filled as they might have been had we seen them as they were."

LILLIAN.

SALINE.

### Useful Recipes.

**CORN CRUSTS.**—Two cups granulated corn meal; two even teaspoonfuls salt; two teaspoonfuls sugar; two cups boiling water; two teaspoonfuls butter; two eggs, broken into the batter and beaten thoroughly. Mix in the order given and spread very thin in buttered pans and bake half an hour. Nice for breakfast.

**BEEF LIVER.**—Cut the liver in slices three-fourths of an inch in thickness, salt and roll in flour. Put two tablespoonfuls of lard in a skillet; when hot put in the liver, then pour in hot water enough to cover. Let boil until the liver is quite tender, fry until very brown on both sides. It makes a nice dish for breakfast. Serve while hot for it becomes hard when cool.