

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,  
But know that 'thou and I must part  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own's to me a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good Morning.

—A. L. Barbould.

### GIVING ADVICE.

During my seven years' connection with the FARMER as editor of the Household Department, I have received a great many letters asking advice on many subjects, all of more or less importance to the inquirer. These letters have in every instance been answered, either through the HOUSEHOLD or by private letter, as seemed most expedient, and always according to my best judgment, information, and knowledge of the matter at issue. Without doubt the counsel given has sometimes been unpalatable; I dare say I've more than once been voted "a disagreeable old thing" as the reward of a candid opinion. A great many people have a way of asking advice of others and paying no heed to it unless it agrees with their preferences. Indeed, I once heard of a lady who being asked the secret of the popularity, which led her opinions to be in great request among her associates, replied that it was very simple: "I find out what they want to do, and then advise them to do it." Her knowledge of human nature taught her it is always pleasing to our self-love to have our conclusions corroborated by others. And yet can a conscientious person confirm a friend in an opinion or encourage a project which her wider experience and knowledge teach her must result disastrously? Certainly not; it is the province of the true friend to warn if she sees danger ahead. I believe it is better never to offer advice, but if it is asked, to give a candid opinion, based on our best knowledge of conditions, and such an opinion ought to receive the courtesy of consideration. To ask a friend what she would do under certain circumstances which affect us only, is putting her in a difficult position. No human being knows what he would do till the occasion arises for individual action; we only know what we think we would do. Pope says

"Tis with our judgment as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

Each individual's conception and understanding must be in accordance with mental and external conditions which we cannot entirely comprehend.

This long prelude brings me back to the matter I had in mind at the outset. One of my recent letters was from a young lady who asked my opinion in regard to a proposed line of action. To this I replied, mentioning several points involving success or failure, which she had overlooked. My letter was not encouraging, for I felt assured the chances of success in her scheme were greatly overbalanced by the probabilities of defeat, and she had said she was both poor and inexperienced. But were she imperial Cæsar and I the Roman senator with the bloody dagger, my little friend could not say "*Et tu, Brute!*" more reproachfully. She writes in return (the italics are mine):

"I was very much saddened by the discouraging tone of your letter. I had hoped you would enter into my plans and *give me some good advice*. I have had a great deal of opposition at home which I have not yet overcome, and I wanted an encouraging letter to help me with the folks. I felt sure of it, for I have so many times read your articles advising girls to try to be independent that I felt certain of your approval and help. I cannot give up my plans; they have been my dream too long; but I see I must depend on my own strength."

The real meaning of the above is that the writer wanted to be advised in a line with her inclinations and had no use for adverse sentiments. She had made up her mind in a certain fashion, and was not prepared to unmake it for anybody's counsel. What, then, is the use of asking for what you have decided not to use unless it quite suits you, like the tramp who begs bread at the kitchen door and tosses it over the alley fence because it is not pie?

I am indeed strongly in favor of bringing up girls to be self-supporting; even if it is not necessary for them to earn money at the moment, they need the strength, the discipline and self-reliance that come from knowing how to earn it. The great trouble is people agree in this view in a large-hearted, impersonal way, as being applicable to the great mass of humanity, but with no special bearing on their own case. It is an excellent thing—for other people. It seems an almost impossible thing to impress them with the idea of the imperative necessity of preparation and education for the work by which we are to be independent. Self-support for women means, even yet, to the majority of people, something a woman can do without training, something she can pick up and work at for a time pending the real object of woman's life, marriage. To this is opposed the fact that as the world grows

more luxurious, its demands are more exacting; it will pay good wages only for the skilled labor which gives the most perfect results. Take an employment peculiarly a feminine one, sewing, for instance; dress-making is a fine art compared to what it was twenty years ago. The unskilled labor of the New York sewing woman who takes "slop work" from the manufacturers of ready-made clothing, is worth fifty cents per day, sometimes less. Her work requires but little more intelligence than that of an automaton. But the nine hours of a good needlewoman, who can cut and drape, bring her three dollars. The fifty cent woman can only hope to earn higher wages when she has acquired the skill and experience which cost the better workwoman weeks of weary toil. I know no better argument in favor of training and preparation than the difference in wages between skilled and unskilled labor.

My ambitious young friend wanted to engage in work which she said she was "sure would be congenial and pleasant," but which required a special training and a good education. She was not wishing to *learn*, but expected to step into a place where she could earn good wages at once. It was very much as if a novice should step into M. S. Smith's jewelry store here and ask to be set at making watches at once, expecting the wages of a competent watchmaker. The question is not whether the work would be congenial, but of her ability to do it. And what chance does ignorance and incapacity stand in competition with trained aptitude, where there are more workers than work?

Now, I am going to offer some gratuitous advice, to be taken by those who may chance to need it, but especially for the girls who long for a "career," but are in too great haste to prepare for what they wish to do. The old prophet Nehemiah bade every man rebuild the wall before his own door. So you, in searching for something to do, do not overlook that immediately before you. Take up the duty that is nearest you. We cannot choose duties any more than we can choose the color of our eyes. Some of you have mothers who need your help; pay your honest debts first. See what you can find to do near home. Most of you look to the city as a place of numberless opportunities, and think were you but here you could quickly find something to do. There is one—and only one—field of labor in this city at least, where there is plenty of room and that the despised domestic service; in every other branch of woman's work there are dozens



of applicants for every place; and only women who have educated themselves to their work or made themselves necessary to their employers through their skill, are receiving good wages.

Remember that though a dollar a day may seem opulence to you, it melts like mist before a host of unaccustomed expenses incidental to city life, and even a dollar a day is not always obtainable. If you can give skilled labor, if you can create a new want and fill it, you are justified in seeking a larger field, though often the little business that flourished modestly in a small town, when transplanted to a city is blighted by the keener competition it must meet. The city swallows hosts of bright dreams and anticipations every year, and turns out scores of disappointed men and women. We hear of the successes, but the lips of Failure are mute.

And bear in mind this truth, that, once you have made up your mind to be independent, and chosen your vocation, the next thing, and the most important thing of all, is to set about *learning how to do it*. And I wish all women would look upon marriage as men do—as an incident, not as the aim of life; that is, resolve that their lives are theirs, to be moulded and shaped to a definite purpose, and that marriage must never be marriage for maintenance, but because two lives and hearts are so attuned that union alone results in harmony.

BEATRIX.

#### OPPORTUNITIES.

When God created this earth, which occupies so small a place in the universe; with its wide expanse of water, interminable forests, rich and productive soil, and placed here, not only the ornamental and the beautiful, but the useful and the necessary things of life, he also created man; endowed him with faculties, which if rightly cultivated and controlled will enable him to reach the glorious end for which he was designed. And one of his richest blessings is the mutable law which governs his destiny. So it is with the destinies of all things around us, they are not governed by an invincible law, but are subject to constant changes. The plant that springs up by the wayside to-day may fade and die to-morrow or it may live and bloom for many days. The tree which to-day is leafless and bare, through whose branches the wind whistles and moans, and whose ice-covered limbs glisten in the winter sunshine will in a few short weeks shoot forth buds on every side, which will under the influence of spring showers and heat expand until it stands dressed in its summer robe of green.

We believe in the abstract principle that "nothing was created in vain. Yet we sometimes reject it when we see the mistakes and failures of so many around us. How sad it is to see one whose form is bent with age and infirmity, whose every expression tells of a misspent life! He may have been an only child with every prospect of a brilliant future, but as is too often the case (in this nineteenth century) took no thought of the morrow, heeded not the precious moments that were silently, swiftly gliding away; and soon, ah! sooner

than he was aware, those jetty locks were silvery white, that once proud form was bent and suffering under the weight of advancing age. Then bitter indeed the thoughts as memory recalls those wasted moments. In occurrences of life gone by, memory is as moonlight on still waters; a far showing, steadily burning lamp, guiding the soul back to lost opportunities, failures, sorrow, intervening goodness, in short a fickle career. Did you ever pause and think of the many opportunities that have come to you, and which in your eagerness after something better you have neglected to grasp? It may have been the neglect to speak a kind word or perform some little act that would brighten a sick and desolate heart. For it is just as true now as when it was written, that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and modern science with all its discoveries has found nothing better. To a great many these would seem little things, but we should remember that it is the little things which make up the sum of life. Little by little is the law of nature's influences, the motto of the dew, the lesson of the light; it is found in the manifold quickenings of spring and in the glorious unfoldings of summer. No one can succeed in all or expect to accomplish any great end without a goal to work for, all his ambitious aspirations would avail him nothing; such an one would be like a vessel at sea without a star to guide her, but carried by the winds and tossed by the waves until at last bewildered and overwhelmed she sinks to the bottom. In many it is the will that is wanting, but we should remember that as water is to the engine, so is will to us. The application of heat to the water in the boiler is necessary to generate steam. So the proper determination is essential to fit our ambition for efficient work.

All the grand enterprises which have been advanced in past ages and are now successes, have resulted from long continued perseverance and a strong, determined will. How true it is that "Trials show what the character is," they bring out the best or worst that is in us, and prove what we are worth. But we must not be discouraged by our many failures, but ever remember that "Behind the clouds the sun's still shining," and take heart. We are aware that we can not all be naturalists, inventors or artists. He who can not paint must grind the colors; humble positions must be filled, and if the work is not ennobling enoble the work. It is the earnest, active, wise labor in the field of life that enables the soul to reach far above those influences that would otherwise end in self abasement.

"Gather up the fragments," was the command given to the disciples on the plains of Judea, and gather up the fragments of life should be re-echoed in the heart of every man and woman.

All around us, every day, are opportunities. And if we would gain the victory and wear the crown of success we must embrace every one of them, for it is he only who strives faithfully and untiringly who will overcome, and stand at last on the sublime heights, gilded by the rays of success and illuminated by the sunlight of God's truth.

SALINE.

FLORENCE.

#### HOME TALKS.

NO. XV.

While I am taking up the dinner, Hetty, you can make a cake for tea: Two-thirds of a teacupful of sugar, a heaped table-spoonful of butter and one egg; put all together and beat to a cream, then add half a teacupful of sweet milk, a little nutmeg, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and flour to make a common batter. I like such a fresh light cake occasionally; one tires of the layer and loaf cakes, frosted, and so rich with butter. For supper, rusks, peaches and cream, baked pears, sliced tomatos, cold ham, ginger drops and fresh tea cake, iced tea and lemonade. For breakfast fried sweet potatoes, minced ham on toast and poached eggs, coffee, sugar cookies and soda wafers, grapes and muskmelons and graham gems. Mince the ham fine, add butter and a trifle of water, let it heat through nicely, when ready to eat toast the bread real brown, butter, and heap the ham on each slice, and an egg on the ham, serve at each plate or lay it all around a platter; it makes quite an ornamental dish.

You can get one of those large salt fish, and put it a-soak to-day, for future use. I heard the boys talking this morning about going fishing to-night, but they may not get a bite. I think these pickerel and bass are delicious fried, and eels too are splendid eating, but I do not like to see them before they are cut up and fried, they resemble snakes too much. I like fine Indian meal better than flour to roll fish in to fry. The eels are always skinned and ready for cooking; cut in pieces, roll in meal and drop in plenty of hot fat, salt; or roll each piece in egg, then in cracker crumbs, fry brown; they ought to fry quick so as not to absorb fat. The eels need a sauce of melted butter, sharpened with lemon juice. I heard a man say once that up north where grayling fish are caught, they have a kettle with fat in as we do for cakes, and they plunge the fish in to fry, they swim right on top as cakes do, and are delicious. As a general thing we use too little fat to fry them. We don't get brook trout here, Hetty; I presume you never saw any. They are real beauties when you see them leaping in brooks, all speckled; it is an uncommon trout that weighs a pound, they are fried crisp and eaten bones and all. I knew two men east who had artificial trout ponds. I have seen the fish fed lots of times; they get liver and cheap meat and chop it fine, then throw it in to them; they will jump clear out of the water for it. One gentleman had several fish named, he claimed he knew them apart; I don't know whether he did or not.

I find we have plums to take care of; we will can them the same as other fruits, only prick each one to keep from cracking, as they commence to cook. To spice plums, take seven pounds of fruit; four of sugar; one pint of vinegar; cinnamon and cloves tied up in a bag. For marmalade cook the plums all to a mass, then rub through the colander; add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of pulp; this must be stirred constantly, let it cook for an hour and a half; it is delicious to fill tart shells



and for tart pies. The following recipe I have tried for pickled peaches several years and never knew it to fail; that's the kind of recipe one wants—the old reliable ones. Turn boiling water over a pail full of selected peaches of even size, let them remain an instant, then drain and wipe each peach with a crash towel; all the down will come off. Then stick a bit of cinnamon and one clove in each and pack closely in a crock. Make a sweetened vinegar in the preserve kettle sufficient to cover them, say seven pounds of sugar to three quarts of vinegar. Some like them very sweet. When hot, turn it over the peaches; it should two-thirds cover the fruit. Then set the crock in a kettle or the boiler, let the water come pretty well up to the top and keep a steady fire so the fruit will not boil too hard; try with a fork or splint; when tender remove the jar and when cold tie closely. I will warrant these pickles to keep the year round without working.

We will make grape jelly, but I do not like grapes canned or preserved. We will put up several bushels by searing the stem with sealing-wax and packing in boxes; they will keep nicely. Quince I always can with half their quantity of sweet apples; the parings and cores I make jelly of. Now I think we come to apple butter and whole sauce. Your father has brought home some splendid new boiled cider from the mill—sweet and red—our apples are one-half Talman Sweets and half Greenings, we will pare and quarter them and boil them tender as for common apple sauce; then rub them through the colander; this frees it from lumps and saves so much stirring. When we have sufficient for a large kettle full add the boiled cider, build up a good fire and commence operations. This kettle hold just nine gallons, so we will need thirteen in all, as it should stir down that much. John is going to help us, as your father does not fancy this business; though he can get away with an immense quantity of it in the course of the winter, he always has an important matter to look after when this comes on the carpet. That's human nature, Hetty, this little habit of benefiting ourselves, but you may be sure somebody must put their shoulder to the wheel, or the wagon would never be started. When this has been stirred four hours or more I will spice it, by taking a bowlful of the sauce and mixing the spice—cinnamon, cloves and allspice—in smoothly; then stir the whole into the kettle; in this way the spice is evenly distributed through the sauce and is not in lumps. This is done and well done; after putting it in jars, wash the kettle and fill with the sweet apples for whole sauce; nearly cover them with boiled cider reduced one-third, and for this five gallons, add three pounds of sugar, cover closely and let them boil gently until tender, this finishes our sauce with the exception of citron preserves and sweet pickles, and cranberries; these will come later.

We will go into the cellar this afternoon awhile and look things over; the fruit cupboard must be washed out and repapered, the last year's fruit cans wiped off and the new fruit looked over. I always set the cans on this swing shelf through the sum-

mer, covered well from the light. It does look nice; not a can spoiled or molded. Set each variety by itself. I never like to use my fruit all up close. Now here are forty-eight cans left over, and I never like to keep it more than one year, I have seen fruit that was half mold, it is not very palatable I assure you. While I lay clean paper on these shelves you can set things in order and sweep; by doing half an hour's work occasionally in the cellar it keeps it clean all the while. I used to sweep it out every Saturday, but since I have had an outdoor milk room it does not need it.

Father has set next Tuesday to butcher, and as we shall have no help in the house we will plan a little, and see how easy we can get along. There will be three pigs and a large hog; we will bake a large baking of bread, so it will last until the following Saturday, it will do nicely by steaming, in toast, etc.; a jar of doughnuts, cookies, half a dozen mince pies, dress two chickens for dinner that day. I like a good dinner for butchering day. I remember your father helping once when they cut out one of the chops and fried it, the meat was not half cooled through. That was about like a school teacher who was relating some of her experiences to me; she said when she started for school in the morning, the inwards were in the hogs. At supper time the hogs were in the inwards, and fried for that meal; no, not any on my plate, if you please; there is an eternal fitness of things, and I do think there are instances where butchering is hurried a little too much. Stitch up the sausage bags on the machine, then they will be ready; rub the sage through the sieve, see that there is plenty of pepper, summer savory, etc. Monday we will wash and set the clothes away until the butchering work is done. I do not want any ironing or baking or sewing mixed up with it. I have sometimes had company drop down upon us at that interesting time, but I never invite any or go visiting, I like to see it through without interruption. Last year just as we were into the merits of the case a bride and groom came for a few days. Oh! I made the best of it of course; this is one of the lessons we learn in life; no matter what comes make the best of it. But didn't my heart stand still once, when you were a little midget and Bell a baby of eight months! I had dinner all ready, we were just sitting down to eat; I had cooked one chicken, a small one at that, and baked one tin of biscuit, other things in proportion, when in drove three buggies, a couple in each. My rule to keep the house in order and plenty baked up, always faithfully observed, paid me well that day. The baby had just woke up from a long nap, and while the female portion were taking off their things, the men putting up their horses, etc., I reset the table, got some potatoes cooking, made coffee, sliced cold ham and corned beef, added jelly, pickles, fresh molasses cake, custard pie, and in half an hour served quite a presentable dinner, and we had a pleasant visit, they staid to tea and into the evening, it was quite a musical company, and I notice with such a company and a good piano, time passes pleasantly.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

"I suppose it's because I'm an old maid, but I don't want Nora running to my work-box every time she wants to use scissors or thread, and I am fitting out a box expressly for her," said one of my neighbors, who is, by the way, one of the sweetest women that ever graced the name of "old maid." She is bringing up a niece and was purchasing scissors, thimble, etc., for the contemplated box, just before Christmas. The neighbor addressed, who is the mother of four wayward girls, replied with a laugh: "Well I guess it is because you're an old maid. If you had as many girls as I've got you'd find out you couldn't be so orderly. Why there's hardly ever a needle on my needle cushion fit to work with, they're lost or with eyes or points broken, and I never even expect to find the scissors in the work-box, they're anywhere in the house, wherever they were used last." Mentioning this conversation afterwards the first speaker said to me: "My mother had four girls and very little means to do with, but as far back as I can remember we each had our own things for such uses, and kept them in our own little boxes, and if we wanted anything from mother's work-box we were expected to ask for it. Sometimes we only had one needle stuck on a bit of cloth and some thread wound off on an emptied spool, but it was our own, and all we considered we had any right to, so long as it lasted, for making doll's clothes, sewing on our own buttons, etc." Having known these families intimately for years, I wondered, in thinking it over, if that conversation was not the key to their whole daily lives.

Every one of those four women are such good, properly painstaking workers in the world, respecting other people's opinions and rights of property, while this family of wayward girls, still at home with their mother, are literally "running over her." She said to me a few days ago: "I can't do anything with Myra, she won't hear to me at all. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to say it of a sixteen years old girl, but I can't help it," and so it is with all. One of them recently told me of going for a sleigh ride the night before and said: "We had a splendid time, only I lost ma's best veil. She don't know it yet and I'll get a blessing when she finds it out. It was nicer than mine so I said nothing but took it and skipped."

Another of these girls called my attention to a ring and when I asked if she had a new one she said: "No, it's Ella's, and she don't know that I've got it. I found it in her box and have worn it three days, only I take it off when she's around. I wanted to wear it but she kept it hid for fear I'd lose it, and while she was gone the other day I just hunted in her things 'till I found it." And so the "free plunder" in that house goes on. If one is away the others wear her clothes; and as they were allowed to do so when young, the habit grows with them and extends even beyond the limit of home. They would all scorn the thought of stealing, yet they freely use the perfumery, toilet pins, and such things wherever they are stopping, and think



nothing amiss because of their "bringing up."

It seems as though children could not be too early instructed in the matter of respecting other people's rights, and having certain drawers and boxes for their own things, and even hooks in the closet sacredly kept for each, would help them much in orderly ways.

It is not just because one of my neighbors is an old maid and the other a mother, for I well know that if number one had children they would be as carefully instructed in such ways as her own sainted mother kept her seven little ones. A brother of this orderly friend also carries out the same system. He is the father of several children, but when even a toy is given to one it is considered exclusively his own, and the parents never give it to another to play with. When the older children put their treasures away to go to school, they well know that they will remain exactly as they left them. The father maintains that they are as much their own property as his farm is his own; and other members of the family have no more rights in them than his brothers would have to go to his barns and use his team or tools. Some one may claim that this plan would make children selfish, but it has not resulted thus in any of the numerous branches of this family, and if they are only started right they are pretty sure to go right all the way.

How many tears have been shed and how many little hearts have ached over the broken dolls and ruined toys that the older children have found when coming home from school because mamma had thoughtlessly given their things to the younger ones to play with in their absence; and many times no doubt, they have wished there were no baby at their house, so that they could have something to keep.

If you, mothers, tell me that different families are so very different because they are "born so," I shall not dispute it, but only believe that, as some one has said, if you want to bring up a child all right you should "begin with its great grandmother."

Since my last meeting with the *HOUSEHOLD* the death angel has again visited my home, and the last member of my family (except my own lone self) has gone "over on the other side." This last was my mother, so now my husband, father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, an only brother and a sister have been carried out through the same doorway, and to-night I sit alone in the old home wondering what I shall do with the life that stretches out such a blank before me. Can any one advise

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE?

#### HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

Will E. R. S., of Paw Paw, please describe her patent potato masher, and M. E. F., of Howell her lard press, as a lard press is something that would fill a long felt want in this vicinity.

While I think a clothes wringer the greatest convenience, aside from necessities—not the kind that fastens on the tub, but the real "Gem" that stands on its own foundation, and provides a bench

on each side for a tub, a friend of mine tells me her patent bread-pan is the boss.

A member of my family wishes to know if Evangeline has any more marriageable daughters.

I would suggest to Henpecked Theopalus that he steal something or commit some other offense against the law, thereby gaining a home in more quiet quarters where he will not be asked to build fires or split wood, only called upon to take his meals through iron grates; in the meantime consoling himself with the thought that his family are relieved of a burden. Enough of the same stamp still remain outside to hang around the corner grocery and talk tariff.

BESS.

#### TO OUR READERS.

We have all settled down again into our wonted quiet after the holiday festivities, and some busy housekeepers at least are looking forward to a time of comparative leisure before the opening of the spring campaign—a time when they will read a new book, or finish a bit of neglected fancy work, or perhaps, write a long contemplated letter to the *HOUSEHOLD*. The Editor wants more letters for the little paper, on practical, common sense, everyday topics. Do not let your pencil lie idle because you think you cannot write a thoughtful essay on some abstruse subject; we greatly prefer you should tell us of your experiments, your economies, your ways of saving time and labor and money. Such letters are read with deep interest; the suggestions acted upon and perhaps adopted in practice; this we know from the frequent references to them as helpful.

One of our constant and valued correspondents says we are "too unanimous" a family; yet lying upon the Editor's desk is a letter which says: "I read all the *HOUSEHOLDS* carefully, and often think if I had time I would answer some of the letters in which I do not believe." So, after all, we are perhaps not as harmonious as we seem, if only the dissenters would "speak up." That is a privilege which we would gladly accord them.

We hope this year to hear from many new readers who have subscribed to the *FARMER*, and from all our old contributors as well. The *HOUSEHOLD* is published for the women of farm homes, and is sustained by their writings. There is plenty of talent among them, as the tone of our little paper proves; and we earnestly invite them to let their light shine.

#### ABOUT READING.

I was much interested in the article "Reading for Girls," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of January 2nd, and agree with the writer concerning the folly of such stories as are contained in the *Saturday Night*, *New York Weekly*, and other papers of even a lower grade. The very least that can be said of such reading is that it is a waste of time, which ought to be spent to a better purpose. Not that I would abolish stories, oh no! I am too much of a girl myself for that; neither would I go to Dickens or Thackeray for all my stories, although they are of course standard authors. But I have

found that young people of the present day are best suited with a more modern style.

When there are such pure, wholesome stories as those from the pens of "Pansy" and Louisa Alcott, to say nothing of others, equally as good, it must be a perverted taste indeed that would choose the lower class. When I see a book bearing the name of either of the above named authors, I am not at all afraid to put it into the hands of my two young sisters for perusal; for I know that they will not only be pleased, but will receive an impress for good. There are many others whose writings are equally pure and good; I only mention these two because I am best acquainted with their books. There are also many good periodicals especially interesting to young people. I like the *Youth's Companion* best.

I would not have the wide-awake, adventure-loving boys forgotten in this matter of reading either. Their lives will receive many an impress for good or evil, as the case may be, from the books they read. And instead of letting them fill their minds with the so-called "detective stories," and the "blood and thunder" novels, fit only to be burned, I would give them accounts of the early pioneers, or some of the fascinating stories of travel and discovery in our own and foreign lands. There are many such books to be found, if we only take the trouble to look for them. And if they desire something more marvellous still, I would give them an occasional dose of Jules Verne's flights of fancy, in which so much science is cleverly mixed. Of course all these stories are not to take the place of more solid reading and study; but they serve as a rest and recreation to the mind.

OSSEO.

MIGNON.

An eastern housekeeper says: "To me an old broom is the greatest blessing. Take an axe and cut the end of the knob square off just outside the binding. Now stand the handle down by the doorstep so a strap of tin or leather can be nailed around and through it, and we have the very best boot cleaner imaginable, when we otherwise would go into the house with mud and dirt without end upon them. This will save much hard work washing floors."

#### Useful Recipes.

MISS PARLOA'S BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Into a deep pail put a pint of buckwheat flour; half a cup of white Indian meal; a teaspoonful of salt; half a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little warm water; a little over one pint of warm water and one tablespoonful of molasses. Beat thoroughly, and set in a warm place to rise. In the morning, before disturbing it, sift a teaspoonful of dry soda on top of the batter and stir well.

OLD-FASHIONED BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Make a batter of buckwheat flour and warm water, a little salt and one cup of yeast or a yeast cake, let rise twenty-four hours, add a pinch of soda, and if necessary thin with sweet milk which makes them brown nicely. A little of this batter saved from one day to another obviates the necessity of using yeast again. It is better to take out the leaven before the soda is added.

SUGAR SYRUP.—Melt white or light brown sugar by adding a little water, let come to a boil and skim. Nice with any kind of griddle-cakes.