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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WE WISH YOU

-A-

Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O bells! sweet bells! across the years
Half gay, half sad, your chiming;
Old joys ye tell; old sorrows swell
Throughout your tender rhym'ng.

O merry bells! th's Christmas day
How loud and clear your ringing!
Such love and mirth o'er all the earth
Your lusty voices flinging!

O happy bells! through coming years,
We hear in your glad sending
The message still of peace, good will,—
All jarring discords blending.

O bells of God, ring on our souls
To grander action nerving,
Till all our days are Christmas days
Of loving and of serving!

FOR CHRISTMAS.

"Thy own wish wish I thee in every place,"
The Christmas joy, the song, the feast, the
cheer,

Thine be the light of love in every face
That looks on thee, to bless thy coming year.

Thine own wish wish I thee. What dost thou
crave?

All thy dear hopes be thine, what'er they be;
A wish fulfilled may make thee king or slave.

I wish thee Wisdom's eyes wherewith to see.

Behold she stands and waits, the youthful Year.
A breeze of morning breathes about her
brows.

She holds thy storm and sunshine, bliss and
fear,
Blossom and fruit upon the bending boughs.

She brings thee gifts. What blessing wilt thou
choose?

Life's crown of good in earth, or heaven
above,

The immortal joy thou canst not lose
Is Love. Leave all the rest and choose thou
Love.

—Celia Thaxter.

The village church on Christmas Day
Holds kindly hearts and pleasant faces
And some are seen to sing and pray
Who seldom go to such like places.

But if for only once a year
Their hearts are touched, it makes them bet-
ter;

And he who feels his conscience clear
Must own himself the season's debtor.

Enter here both rich and poor,
Come in simple hope and faith;
Leave behind you at the door
Love of life and dread of death.

Come on this the day of days,
Humbly pray on bended knee;
Sing the fervid song of praise,
All the seats in heav'n are free.

CHRISTMAS.

"The day we celebrate" dates back to the fourth century of the Christian era, when Pope Julius I appointed the twenty-fifth of December as Christmas Day, making it coincident in date with the Feast of Saturn, kept with great pomp by pagan Rome. This concurrence has given rise to the erroneous assertion that it is after all a pagan festival, and also that our evergreen decorations, our bright-berried holly and mystic mistletoe, sacred in Norse mythology, are borrowed from the adornments of those who worshipped Jupiter and Balder and Freya. The day soon came into prominence as a Christian holiday, and has always been held in equal, or greater, honor with Easter as a church festival. It has been, from the earliest times, a season of domestic happiness, of kindness and good will, of charity to the poor, who on that day at least partook of the good cheer of their richer neighbors. There have been many changes since Christmas was appointed. Nations have passed into history, and new dynasties arisen in their places. The Latin tongue, then the language of art and *belles-lettres*, and the medium of communication among the then civilized nations, is now a dead language; a new world has been discovered and peopled with a new race, yet among all these changes the day has preserved its distinctive character; it is still the most joyous, the brightest and best holiday of the year, its spirit still the same.

The early literature of England contains abundant reference to the ceremonies observed on this day. The student who loves to study the practices of "old times" can tell you all about the Abbot of Unreason, the Lord of Misrule, with the maskers who constituted his court, the bringing in of the Yule-log, and of the boar's head, a ceremony still observed at Queen's College at Oxford; the "waits" singing Christmas carols under the windows before the stars were done shining, and many old and pleasant customs of those early days. The common people loved the day; the distinctions between the rich and poor were forgotten for a time, and all joined in the wassail and feasting. Hence, when the famous "Long Parliament" in 1644 attempted to prevent its observance by decreeing it should be observed as a fast, and for the first and last time in English history Parliament convened on Christmas, it is not to be wondered at that the people were irritated and broke into open rebellion. There is little doubt however that

the loyal Cavaliers secretly observed the day, and drank, in great tankards of spiced ale, to the return of the king. And when the Roundheads had had their day and King Charles II ascended the English throne, Christmas was observed again with added joy and enthusiasm.

The Puritan settlers in New England brought no Christmas with them to the bleak wilds of their new home. For a couple of hundred years, almost, the day was not tolerated except in a few isolated portions. Outside of New England, however, the colonists brought old world customs and engrafted them as part of the life of the new. There have been ebb and flood tides in the keeping of the day; Irving and Dickens brought about a Christmas renaissance in later times, though instead of the old ceremonies we seem to have substituted the family dinner and the giving of gifts, and even the children are grown skeptical in regard to the existence of a Santa Claus who can discriminate between the stockings of good and naughty children.

Charles Dudley Warner says the American people have developed the art of making so much of a thing as to kill it. They have even, he says, invented a phrase for it—running a thing into the ground. And he rather conveys the idea that in the matter of the observance of Christmas, we are "running it into the ground." He says: "Taking into account the present preparations for Christmas and the time it takes to recover from it, we are beginning, are we not? to consider it one of the most serious events of modern life."

That in no little measure Mr. Warner is correct in his views, few who know how the day is observed in cities where social circles widen and one's friends and relatives are many, will doubt. We are running Christmas "into the ground," in a certain way. It is a time of making presents, and in a good many instances, not much else. Gifts are given not for love's sake, not because affection prompts, not because we would make the recipient happy, but merely because custom sanctions and expects it of us. "I'm not ready for Christmas," said a lady the other day, "I wish we had none this year?" In response to a mute interrogation she added, "I can make very few presents, Rolfe's business has been so bad." "Oh, hang Christmas! My wife's commenced dunning me for money already," says "Benedict the married man," with a very unbecoming frown. But that is not the feeling we should bring to our holiday-making; it seems as if the Christmas spirit is lost in a fog of mer-

chandise—the reality obscured in the magnifying of the symbol.

And yet, it is such a beautiful holiday, when we live up to its true significance. To have a heart full of good will and affection for not only our own immediate friends and relatives, but also for the poor, those to whom Christmas brings little cheer, and to have our hands full for their relief and comfort; to forget wrongs and forgive injuries, this it is to "keep Christmas," with the true Christmas spirit.

How strange would seem a Christmas without frost and snow, with soft airs and the perfume of roses! Yet half the world knows it as a summer holiday. One can hardly smile at the loyalty of the "English colony," who from a city under the tropics ordered from England the evergreens, the holly and the mistletoe to decorate the great hall, and banqueted on roast beef and ale, mince pie and plum-pudding in the midst of rose gardens and orange trees, with strawberries in the markets. Without the surroundings that had been familiar for a lifetime, Christmas was not yet quite Christmas to them.

As we grow older, our joy in holidays decreases in a measure; we are soberly glad, not riotously happy. While we are young, our thoughts are all of the gifts and the good times, as our years increase we think more of the past; its memories haunt us like the ghosts of dead hopes. Our happiness is an inward quiet not unmixed with pain, for recollections of other anniversaries will obtrude upon us. We must find our happiness in making others happy, in filling other hearts and lives with Christmas joy. To do this, whatever of painful regret oppresses us, we must banish; there should be only sunshine on Christmas Day.

Are there any hearts, I wonder, so crusted by selfishness that they are not stirred by the generous impulse of the holiday? Are there any so desolate, so alone, so unloved and unloving, that the glow of the Christmas spirit cannot warm them, ever so little? If so, how much of the pleasure of living is lost to them! Are there homes where Christmas is not kept, where the children are not made glad by gifts, where nobody says "Wish you a Merry Christmas?" If so, how many of the simple pleasures of domestic life, the sweetness of self denial for another's sake, the plotting and planning, the little surprises, innocent deceptions, the glow of kindly affection, is missed in these homes unblest by the Christmas spirit! It is not what we are to receive, but the joy of giving that is to bring delight, not our own wishes that are to be gratified, but what we can give up that others will prize, that brings into our hearts the true Christmas joy.

BEATRIX.

E. S. W., of Shephardsville, compliments the *HOUSEHOLD* very kindly, and says: "I want to tell the one who asked how to mend a kettle with a sand hole in it, that fifteen years ago I had such a kettle and to mend it sharpened a piece of lead to a point and welded it into the opening, and it is all right yet, and has never leaked. I have since mended a stone churn in the same manner with as good results. I presume it could be melted and run in just as well."

VIEWS ON BUTTER-MAKING.

I wonder how many of the *HOUSEHOLD* readers are interested in butter-making. As this is a farm paper, probably most of its readers are farmers' wives, consequently butter making must be a part of their work. Now butter making, my friends say, is a hobby of mine, and any of them will tell you that it was not at all likely I would contribute many articles to our *HOUSEHOLD* before giving my views on the subject. Yes, I have "views" on quite a number of subjects, and I try to have advanced ones, too.

A few days before I left home to attend the Women's Congress, the male head of this firm asked, "What is this thing you are going to, any way?" I blandly replied, "It is an association for the advancement of women." "Well, you had better go by all means," was the quick rejoinder. And though I wish he had not so readily seen the necessity, I did go, and a grand good time I had too, but whether or not I have "advanced" the oracle has not declared.

But to return to the butter-making. In the first place, if you have not one already, get a cabinet creamery. Any of them are good. I use a Wilson and like it very much. If you have but one cow get a creamery and you will never regret it. If you think you cannot afford it get a second hand one and try it, and take my word for it you never do without it. If you keep ten cows, it is no more work to take care of the milk, aside from the churning, than with two. Simply draw off the milk, then the cream, then with hot water the cans are washed and rinsed with no more trouble than an equal number of pans, and each can holds thirty quarts.

But let me give a word of warning as to the ice. Make an addition to your ice-house right away, for it takes an immense amount to supply a creamery through the season. We have used one three years, and until this year have not had ice to last till winter. For our four-can creamery we put up last winter twenty tons or more of ice, and we have now used the last of it.

After drawing off the cream comes its ripening. Do not attempt to churn sweet cream. The butter lacks that peculiar rich, nutty flavor which the sour cream butter has. But do not let the cream become too sour, or you will have curd specks in the butter. Have a tin can, or if you do not have very much cream a stone crock, to keep the cream in, and when cream is added give it a thorough stirring. Do not add cream for twenty-four hours before churning, as only a small per cent of it will make butter at the same time the older cream does, and most of it will go out in the buttermilk.

Use a barrel churn, and if you want the butter to come quick, have the churn less than half full, and at a temperature of about 62 deg. in winter and 58 deg. in summer. Don't guess at it, but have a thermometer. It will save you lots of vexation of spirit. When the glass in the top of the churn begins to look clear, examine the contents, and if too warm put in ice and turn slowly until the butter is in grains about the size of fine shot; draw off

the buttermilk and add cold water, turn the churn once or twice, draw off the water and repeat the process until the water runs off clear. When finished, the butter grains must not be larger than wheat kernels.

Now take out into your scalded and rinsed butter bowl, a few pounds at a time (I usually take about five pounds), sprinkle on fine salt at the rate of an ounce and a half to the pound. By having a tin cup or something kept for the purpose, after once weighing it filled with salt, it is very easy to get just the right amount. Chop the salt in well with the ladle, press firmly, turn and press again, continue this process till the salt seems evenly distributed and the brine nearly out. But do not overwork it. Have ready your tub or crock, which of course is weighed and plainly marked on the bottom; place the butter in and press down firmly; then take up more from the churn and proceed as before, until all has been packed.

"Don't you work it again!" Not a bit of it; this is one of the "advanced" ideas. And if butter is just as good and keeps just as well by one working, I don't see any sense in working it any more. And that it is both has been proven to my entire satisfaction, as I have packed it in this way in June and kept it until January perfectly sweet and free from streaks, and I have no doubt it would have kept longer if we had not eaten it up. It is so much less work in this than the old way, when we let it stand over night before "working over." In winter, what a task it was to get the butter warmed just enough to handle nicely, yet not too warm. And it had to be worked altogether too much in order to get the streaks out, formed by the butter standing so long with the salt not properly distributed.

Well, now we have the butter made and packed, the marketing comes next. Don't take it to the country store and trade it out, where you will get no more for it than you would if it was an inferior article, but send it either to some friend or acquaintance in some large city (not too far away on account of express charges), with whom you can make arrangements to supply one or more families with your butter the year around, at a satisfactory price. Or send it to some reliable grocer or commission man in Detroit or Chicago, who will be glad to give you a good price for good butter.

Never send away a pound of butter that is not strictly first class. In this way you will work up a market for your butter that will pay a good profit; and with us, from supplying one family and keeping three or four cows, we now supply eight families besides our own, and keep a dozen cows. Of course when we kept four cows the surplus butter went to the store, but there is no surplus now, it finds ready sale at a good price.

I hope this may be the means of inducing some overworked farmer's wife, of whose trials we hear so much, to lessen her laborious way of butter-making. Don't keep in the rut, get out of the track our foremothers trod, with the tiresome and unnecessary overworking, not only of yourselves, but the butter.

I heard a lady say not long ago that she

always worked her butter three times. She always had done so and thought she must. It seems to me like boiling coffee. It would not be worth much when you got through with it.

One thing more. Use butter color during the winter. It adds much to the attractiveness of the butter, and I think tastes better than white butter. I hope I have not tired you all with this lengthy article, but I only wish to help some one to lessen the laborious task of butter-making; and while I do not claim mine to be best way, as some one may have one just as good, still I am sure that this re-working of butter is both unnecessary and harmful to the good quality of the butter.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

MOTHER'S COOKING.

"I'm mistress of a pretty house,
And often do I try
To make that better half of mine,
A dainty apple pie.
He tastes and says, 'You'll do I guess,
With some of Bridget's aid;
But oh! I wish you could have seen
The pies my mother made.'
But how it comforts me to see
Him gobble what I make,
Tho' mince or apple pie it be,
A loaf of bread or cake."

How natural it is to let the thoughts wander back lovingly to the scenes of childhood! Some slight circumstance will bring up some particular place or thing especially dear to us. We may be tossing upon a bed of sickness, the fever raging through our whole system; in our half rational moments we think of the water that used to bubble in the spring among the hills in our native home, or the ice cold water that the old "moss covered bucket" brought up from the well in our father's back yard. There has never been a time that the water was so deliciously cold since we left that place, oh! years and years ago; if we only had a cup of it we should be better; but there is nothing but tantalizing memory to comfort us. Grown to manhood there is ever looming up before us mother's cooking, mother's way. "Oh! if you could only make a chicken pie like those mother made!" "How my mouth waters for one of mother's baked turkeys! she had it that exquisite crispy brown and the dressing was simply delicious." "I haven't eaten a decent pumpkin pie since I left home," sighs another; "somehow they looked golden, and the crust just melted in your mouth." "Mother made splendid salt rising bread," speaks up another; "nothing has ever seemed just like it. When I'd come home from school hungry as a bear, she would fill a big brown bowl with rich milk and hand me a slice of bread; the loaf was baked in a pan, and the slices were just huge. I would sit down on the back door step and never breathe a good long breath until I had finished it; that's the kind of food that makes men; cake and pie for boys, it's all bosh, give them decent bread and milk and they will like it. I don't call this bread." "Mother always fried her beef in the spider, these new fangled broilers had not been heard of; it was first rate too; get so by and by there won't be anything fit to eat, it will be so Frenchy."

Isn't it wonderful how some men take on, and isn't it so discouraging to the poor little body who is so patiently striving to

make her cooking just like that "dear old mother's?" I wonder if they really believe that what tasted so good when they were healthy, hearty, growing boys, would taste the same now, or if they just want to be a little, yes, quite a little fault finding? I saw a man once upon a time blush in shame, yes, he actually blushed clear behind his ears. His wife was a tip top cook, and among her specialties was Johnny cake. It was rich; it was a trick to get it out of the tins in good shape, it would just melt in your mouth, but that dear good husband of hers was always saying, "You make Johnny cake too rich; mother's was just right, she knew how to make it." The family home had been broken up, the father had died, but in the course of time the mother married again, and settled not far from this son I am writing about. So one day, he with his wife and children went for a visit; when they reached her home she was just finishing washing, but made them welcome, saying, "If I had known you were coming I should have planned a different dinner. I just put a tin of Johnny cake in to bake." "Oh, good!" the son replied; "I haven't had a taste of your Johnny cake in years; it will just suit me. I have told Miriam so much about it." The wife secretly thought that here was a chestnut. At dinner it was tested and it must be told it was so poor that it was not eatable; made from water, meal, salt and soda, it refused to rise—out of modesty, I presume. He has not mentioned mother's cooking since, but eats what is placed before him without remark. Oh that plate of Johnny cake! I can see it now! Out in chunks, heavy, making no pretensions whatever to be anything more than it really was, fit only for the hogs, it always hangs before my mental vision, a warning to men not to be too certain of mother's cooking, for it is as hazardous sometimes as betting at horse races, the grey mare don't always win.

And along with "mother's cooking" is the way "my first wife" did. She is the one who was "such a model housekeeper, never a speck of dirt in her house, never kept a hired girl, was so saving and economical." I am sorry for the woman, be she number two, three or four, who has to listen to this. Life is up hill business; be the surface ever so placid. Perhaps the voice coming from the grassy mound in the graveyard might whisper of years of toil rearing the little ones, keeping the house neat and tidy, practicing so many little self-denials, all for the common good; then came the giving out, the breaking down, the going out of the light, it is all left behind. It is little matter who plowed and sowed, so the harvest is good. To-day we fill the ranks, tomorrow we fall out, others fill the vacancies.

I do not feel like advising any one to be always cleaning and scrubbing, wearing themselves out, all on account of a little dirt. I like to see everybody live as long as they can. I can sit down quite comfortably and see a little dust around in places. There are things lots worse than a little dust on furniture; there are cobwebs in the mind, old set rules, old notions, befogged views that

we better "clear out" and throw on the rubbish pile. When I hear it said of a woman "She is working herself to death—she is ageing fast—she will not live long to enjoy the property she has helped to accumulate," the spirit moves me to inquire "What does she do it for?" I shall try and take it easy, so Paillander and I can grow old together. I often sing for his edification;

"John Anderson, my Jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither,
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

A RUG FOR VIOLET.

As I am well pleased with a rug that I have just made, perhaps it may be just the thing Violet is looking for. It is something new, for it is a home invention. This one of mine is quite a large one, three feet by four and a half. We will class this under the head of economy, that is if you do not count your time. First, ravel out all your old woolen stockings that you are through with, and put them in skeins and wash. You will want some bright colors, but let your main colors be grey, brown and black. I colored the most of mine when I colored for my carpets. The foundation can be any strong cotton cloth, make it the size and shape for the place you wish to put it, and if it is striped it will save some marking. This is made on the sewing machine. If you make one the size of mine, mark out the center, leaving a depth of nine inches all around, and that nine inches should be divided so that the border may be in two shades. Now commence in the center, joining the borders at the end. Place it on the sewing machine. For the center you need about a pound of yarn, light brown, gray, scarlet, pink, or any other color that is a contrast to the border, but if you have but little of one color, use it sparingly, that the whole center may be alike. Cut your yarn in lengths of about two feet; take a little of each color, and mix it, have enough to spread about three inches, two thicknesses of the yarn, place this on the foundation and sew half an inch from the edge of the yarn, and when you have crossed that cut the yarn within a half of an inch of where you have sewed it, and place it in front as before, until you come to the border at the other end, and be sure that you keep straight. Now commence back where you started from, and smooth that which you have sewed back, and sew on another row in the same way, within three-fourths of an inch, and so keep on until you have finished the center. The border I commenced next the center and kept going around. The first four inches of the border are dark brown, dark red and blue, the outer edge black, orange, green and light brown. When finished clip it even with sheep shears. For a lining I bought canton flannel, old gold color, and pasted it on with flour paste, sewing it around the edge, then pinned it to the carpet and left it until dry. This rug takes about three pounds of yarn, but when finished you have a rug that you need not be ashamed of.

BROOKLYN.

DIANA.

GIFT GIVING.

I wonder if anybody, even an Astor or a Vanderbilt, ever had quite all the money she wanted for Christmas? I wonder whether the woman who goes down town with her pocketbook crammed with hundred dollar bills, and the pleasing consciousness that she has a big balance at the bank to draw upon, enjoys her holiday shopping as does her neighbor across the alley, who has saved five dollars and feels she is rich "for Christmas." If she does not, then the sweetness of self denial and the pleasure of scheming to make the most of a little go a long way as an offset against a long purse; and my belief in the doctrine of compensation is more firm.

I saw a woman buying presents in one of the bazars the other day—a woman with a shawl over her head and a basket on her arm. She chose cakes of fancy soap, no two alike, for her five children. "This is for Katrine, and this for Paulus, and this Brown one for Fritz," she said to the saleswoman, who managed to look superbly indifferent and extremely impatient at the same time, as her customer counted from a store of nickels and pennies the correct change. And she did not have her purchase wrapped up, but dropped the cakes one at a time in her capacious basket, saying, "Katrine, Fritz, Paulus," as she did so, and looking as happy as if she had just inherited a fortune. Before the fair counter, at the same bazar, I encountered Madame Millionaire, who languidly drawled, "This will do-o, I suppose, if you've nothing better; send it out to my carriage, will you?" and the attendant nearly upset herself in her haste to wrap up the gossamer lace fan, of not much more substance or use than a spider's web, for her moneyed patron, who seemed to think the whole transaction a decided bore.

Now, when you go forth to buy the offerings of the season, "make a note" of these few hints, least in the contagious excitement of holiday shopping you forget them: However delightful it may be to plan and buy, keep within the limit of what you can afford to spend. Pay for what you buy on the spot, and save regrets when the bills come in. Paying for what you have given away, after the glow of benevolent affection has smoldered to grey ashes, is a hard task. Make no gifts not prompted by affection; no "duty dodge" because "she gave me something last year." Give no one a white elephant—something inappropriate, incongruous, that will be a care, not a pleasure. First, we prize the love and good will that prompts a gift, then its value is enhanced if it gratifies a wish we have long cherished. Don't give all the presents to your friends only, nor gauge their distribution on the principle that "to him that hath shall be given." Those whose lives are full of wants should be remembered. And try, above all else, to make the children happy; it requires so little to do it. If you have no child of your own, there are surely some within your little world whose holiday you could brighten, nor some child who counts a dozen costly gifts, but some neglected little one whose stocking will be meagerly supplied.

B.

A LOSS.

Again one of our HOUSEHOLD contributors is in affliction and this time the cause is sad indeed.

Old School Teacher mourns the death of her youngest daughter, Minnie, a bright, noble girl, who died of typhoid fever on Friday evening, Dec. 7.

She was a graduate of the Tecumseh High School, class of '88, and had entered upon a course at the State Normal, when she was taken ill. Quite proficient in music, and of a lively and amiable disposition, she was an addition to any company and a favorite among her friends.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, 9th inst.; and in that beautiful home, where they had assembled on so many pleasant occasions, gathered the friends of the family to pay a last tribute to the young life, so beautifully typified by the white lily, drooping from its broken stem, among the numerous floral offerings.

Her Sunday School class was there, also her graduating class, the girls clad in their graduating dresses, whose creamy folds corresponded to the one which formed the shroud.

If sympathy is any balm for an aching heart, surely the mother should have ours now.

BETH.

TECUMSEH.

[The many personal friends of Mrs. Rector, as well as those who know her only as a contributor to our little paper, will unite in extending their heartfelt sympathy to her and her bereaved family in their great sorrow.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

HOME LIFE.

God forbid that we as farmers should go through this beautiful world of ours, caring only for the treasures we may dig from the earth, never lifting our eyes to the higher beauties of nature, or the nobler wants of the soul.

To American women more than all other women, is given the high honor of making a home. Mere shelter does not make the home, or the many the household; but the mother more than all, the home. It is in her power to create an atmosphere of love and blessing in the home, and to make it a haven of rest for tired feet and heavy hearts, a spot where weary ones find a resting place. She may make her name immortal in the hearts of her children. We may write our names on the sand and the storms of life will efface them, but if we write our names in the hearts of our friends, they will remain while life lasts.

Whatever may be said of woman's duties to the nation, or her proper sphere, in no place does she shine with such brilliancy as in the place we call home. I have been reading of the home life in Holland, and find they have very little that is calculated to make life pleasant; to the women is given all the hardest work, and with no higher aspirations than to dig and delve all the day long, they toil and lay down their life, that their husbands may smoke and drink and take comfort. I could not but compare these homes and lives with our American homes, and feel very thankful that I am

an American woman. And so I bring this word of cheer to every woman, though the cares of this life drag heavily, remember that we are building a character for eternity. And you who have sons and daughters, you can guide them with a wise and loving hand, teaching them the principles of morality and their duty to their God.

There is no place in all the wide world so free from temptation and so favorable for the growth of true manhood, as the farm; and it is your duty to instill in their minds a love for the dear old country home. The thought should be impressed upon the minds of the young that to them is committed the future destiny of this nation, and that only by strict adherence to truth and justice can they be fitted to preserve its integrity. Some may be called to a high, and some to a lowly life, as we count high and lowly; but to the All-seeing Eye, no place is lowly which is full of good deeds of love to God and man.

CORNELIA.

PAW PAW.

E. L. B. wants a recipe for making "first class buckwheat pancakes, not the kind that is tough as a liver-pad, but those that will 'melt in your mouth.'" She also wants to know how to make doughnuts that will be exactly "like mother's."

WILL not our readers who can answer inquiries and give tried recipes, kindly do so, by postal, if preferred or easier, and so help those in search of information? If you all wait for each other, the replies are few and tardy.

Useful Recipes.

NUT CAKES.—Half cup sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, half cup water, one and a half cups flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the yolks of eggs, the water, with half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in it, and the flour, add the whites well beaten last. Flour one cup of hickory nuts and add them the last thing. Bake in small cake tins and frost.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup each of suet chopped fine, molasses and sweet milk, with one teaspoonful of saleratus, half teaspoonful salt, cloves, nutmeg, one cup raisins, half cup of currants and flour enough to make a stiff batter; place in pudding boiler and boil two and a half hours. Sauce: One cup powdered sugar and white of one egg; flavor with lemon. Pudding should be served warm.

PEACH CUSTARD.—Empty a quart of canned peaches—those which have been stoned—into a colander. When drained, lay the pieces in the bottom of a deep earthen dish, and sprinkle over them two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Make a custard by boiling one quart of milk and turning it upon the yolks of three eggs which have been beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk and two and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Stir well, adding half a teaspoonful of salt, and return the dish to the kettle of hot water. Continue stirring until it thickens. When partially cooled, pour the custard over the peaches in the dish. Do not stir. Beat the whites of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a froth and spread over the custard. Set it in a hot oven for three or four minutes to brown, then take out and set away to get ice-cold. In serving, dip to the bottom of the dish each time.