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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S PITY.

That day our little one lay dead
And we were sad and sore of heart,
And all the joy of life seemed fled.
Our neighbor sought to ease the smart.
Oh, strange, sweet power of sympathy!
That grief should find assuagement thus!
Our sorrow seemed the less to be,
The more we thought, she pities us!
And then she said, how blest was she,
Since God had still denied her prayer,
Nor set a baby on her knee,
For such a gift means such a care!
Our pain was stilled by sad surprise,
New feelings in our hearts d'd stir,
We looked into our neighbor's eyes,
And pitied her—and pitied her.

—D. M. Henderson.

THE ABSORBING QUESTION.

It seems early to begin to think and plan for spring suits and bonnets, but "tempus fugit" rapidly, and the wise woman will get some parts of her spring sewing "off her mind" before the annual domestic upheaval. We already have hints of coming styles and materials, and the "white sewing" being out of the way, may safely begin to remodel old dresses and make new every day ones, waiting for later advices from fashion's head centre before doing more than deciding on the color and material of our Sunday best. For to dress well on little money, a good deal of study and calculation must come in play. What we have left over from last year must harmonize with what we buy new this season, and the plumes or flowers that must do duty again will influence our choice of the dress to be worn with them, for we would avoid colors which in juxtaposition may be said to "swear at each other."

The mention of white sewing above reminds me that I saw a ladies' night-dress recently which was bought at a late marked down sale here, for nineteen cents! True, it was short and scanty, and the buttons would likely wash off the first time and the buttonholes were machine made and not well done at that, but dear me! one has no legitimate right to expect a bolt of cotton and first class sewing for nineteen cents. I looked at that garment in astonishment; the material was of good quality, it had a frill of lace round the neck, and though it was in size only fit for a girl in her teens, it seemed as if the goods alone, with Lonsdale muslin at nine cents a yard, was worth more than the price asked for the completed garment. And as I looked, somehow the garment faded

away and I thought I saw a tenement house garret, with a hollow-cheeked woman bending over her sewing machine, sewing to keep body and soul together, and paid—well, how much do you suppose the maker would get for a garment sold at retail for nineteen cents?

Another thing, while I think of it. Do you all know the virtues of soapbark as a cleansing agent? I do not know how it works on colored goods, but on black wool and silk it is "simply superb." Being purely a vegetable product it does not affect the color in the least. Black wool goods should be washed with soap-bark and pressed with warm irons before quite dry; silk, after a thorough sponging on both sides, should be pinned down on the carpet, as you pin down lace curtains, and when taken up will look as good as new. Try it, if you are skeptical. A hot iron should never touch silk; it takes the life and beauty from it quicker than anything else.

If you have a pretty silk or wool skirt with a worn-out basque that you "don't know what on earth to do with," make one of the new waists which are called "blouses" though they do not at all resemble what we have heretofore known as such. It should be made of silk, colored to wear with black, or of some complementary color for service with colored skirts; and often the best parts of an old silk can be very economically used in this way. The waist is made like a tight-fitting basque, except that each side of the fronts and the centre of the back are laid in folds or pleats. It is a trifle longer over the hips than the basques we have been wearing, slopes to a rounding point front and back, and has a two-inch belt. The pleats cover a space of about three inches on each front, and are sometimes narrow, and sometimes three narrow ones, then a wider one, then three narrow ones again, all turning forward—or toward the buttons; in the back, the pleats turn toward the centre of the middle back forms, there being no middle back seam. The sleeves are full, and gathered to a wide semi-loose cuff, the fullness being massed at the outer seam; the sleeves are plain at the armsize, or if one prefers, gathered a little on the shoulder. Such a waist of dark wine-colored silk, in the window of one of our bazars, was voted "real sweet" by the feminine gazers. Cashmere makes very pretty blouses or house waists, also. One seen here had three clusters of four very narrow tucks on each front forming a yoke; the back was also tucked in clusters. The

fullness thus resulting was confined under a belt below which it was laid in larger, forward-turning pleats. Another, also very neat and tasteful, had a yoke-shaped smocking, front and back. High plain collars are on all these waists.

An old material under a new name, the mohair alpaca of twenty years ago known now as "brilliantine," is one of the newest and most popular fabrics. It drapes beautifully, has a lustre like silk, dust slips off its shining, smooth surface "like water off a duck's back," and it is 46 inches wide at a dollar a yard, in very good quality. If the new brilliantine wears as did the mohair alpaca of an earlier date, a dress of this material is a good investment. It is much more popular than Henrietta, and is much liked for traveling dresses and redingotes, because of the manner in which it sheds dust.

Satteen, they do say, is "out," reason—the difficulty of getting it properly "done up" and the fact that the cheap imitations at a shilling and fifteen cents, crowded out the "genuine imported French satteens" at thirty-five cents. It promises to be a "gingham year," if one may judge from the quantity displayed everywhere.

BEATRIX.

CULTURE OF THE CACTUS.

A. B. C., of Ann Arbor, has a cactus behaving as many another done, until it has been said that variety never blooms until seven years old. Yet I have known this plant to flower in much less time, proving that cactus as well as many plants give cuttings that flower more readily if taken in or near flowering time, and from the upper or most floriferous part of the plant. Any part will bloom in time, but who likes to wait if not necessary. This flat-leaved or cup cactus is, I think, a variety of *Phyllocactus* and has been common for many years, but after it has bloomed once it is a quite persistent bloomer. The plant does not require a great amount of room for roots, and still should not be pot bound. So the change was well made last fall. Now begin to water gradually, adding soot occasionally and increasing the quantity and temperature until so you can just bear the fingers in it. If the soil is good, I think with this treatment it will blossom. The drainage should be charcoal and broken crocks or brick, and for so large a plant plenty of it.

A cactus should be planted in rich, mel-low garden soil, with a generous mixture of coarse sand and old, well rotted cow

manure. If the plant is now in a similar compost, make no change; if lacking sand or fertility, remove some from the box and replace with the part needed. I confess to liking tin for cactus and fuchsias, and bedding them out in partial shade; and I like them to grow old and large in my service.

Cactus plants require careful handling, and when re-setting is necessary—which is seldom—it should be done without disturbing the roots unnecessarily. After the plant has bloomed let it rest undisturbed with only water when thirsty.

Although many regard the leaving cactus plants in the plants in the hot sun all summer without water as the nearest approach to their natural requirements, they do not get very near the mark, for many grand varieties are found on the summits of barren chalk cliffs while others grow well in shade at the base in hard clay, again others flourish in arid sand, finding ample sustenance. Still, like many other kinds of plants, they do not object to more generous treatment when transferred to a climate where everything is fed liberally.

In their growing season water may be given plentifully in conjunction with perfect drainage, for stagnant water is death to all succulent plants and an abomination to all others. We must learn by experience and from others better posted than ourselves. We may believe that in cultivation we may not always follow strictly natural conditions. As one craze subsides another takes its place to drive people wild. Orchids and chrysanthemums do not create quite the furor they have done, the former being only within the reach of money kings, the latter for the moneyless or his majesty. And so it may be with cactus; the ragged urchin may be privileged to pick prickles from his dirty fingers as well as the dainty lady. Judging from the present indications they will soon be with us in abundance. The ease and simplicity of their propagation and culture will shortly bring the best and choicest within the reach of all for pets, and very likely for profit, as the cacti are even now utilized by manufacturers of cordage, paper and oil.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

ADVICE TO YOUNG FARMERS' WIVES.

[Paper read before the Farmers' Institute at Fremont, by Mrs. Martha M. Scott, of Hesperia.]

Young wives, do you realize that the old farmers' wives are passing away? They have born the burden in the settlement of Michigan; but now where the lakes dash their waves upon her shores, where the oak spreads its branches and the pine sings a requiem, many are sleeping beneath the sod. Their Michigan was forest and prairie dotted with settlers' cabins; your Michigan is fair as any of the older sister States. They endured privations; you enjoy privileges and pleasant homes; they have sown what you are reaping. Then let us honor the pioneer mothers, and pray that the mantle of their virtues may fall upon us.

You are called to a wider

Your duties lie where civilization is advancing, and your influence will help to outline the future prosperity of our nation, not by working upon metal or marble, but by stamping intelligence and virtue upon the minds of the rising generation. The crusade of the nineteenth century is against ignorance, vice and want, and it is the duty of farmers' wives to march forward with the crusaders; and never cease their efforts until agriculturists stand upon a higher plane. Working to feed the world, it is important that you also partake freely of God's bounty.

While farms are taxed to support schools, see to it that your own children are educated. It is more important that all farmers' children receive a liberal education, than that a few should be highly learned. It is more important that the majority be cultured, and owning pleasant homes, than that a few should live in splendid mansions.

You belong to that great conservative class occupying the middle ground between riches and poverty, and unless you stand upon the sure foundation of intelligence, you will be ground as between the upper and nether millstone. Upon the industry, intelligence and virtue of the children whom you are rearing, to take the place of the busy men and women of the present, rests the solution of the problem of self government in the future. Around the farm firesides the children should be taught to be self-supporting and self-respecting, able to hold in check the idle, intemperate and ignorant, and to perpetuate this republic.

The motion in order along the line of farmers for a higher manhood and womanhood, must be seconded by you. Your influence for good is great as man's, and you ought to use it wisely. Your husbands need companionship, counsel and help, and they bear life's burdens more easily if aided by you. But while you study the interests of your family, look also to your own, and be a companion and an equal as well as a housekeeper. The best wives take time for culture and recreation; the best mothers teach their daughters to bear part of the domestic burden. To bring up a girl without a knowledge of housekeeping, and with no ideas about money except to spend it, is not only a disadvantage to her, but is imposing upon the man she marries. To allow a girl to leave her father's house without a thorough training in some occupation by which she can, if necessary, earn a livelihood, is a risky proceeding. Parents die, riches take wings, and girls sometimes make unfortunate marriages; then down at the foot of the ladder your girl must struggle for a scant subsistence, because you were remiss in your duty to her.

A noble manhood is not the result of an idle boyhood, but idleness is often the parent of vice, intemperance and crime. Happily there is no danger of your boys being indulged in this respect, but their management is often carried to the opposite extreme. It is the mother's duty to take note of their industry and faithfulness, and insist upon hours of study and recreation. With proper management and with study and labor combined, your boys will become

more refined, grow to nobler manhood, and from their ranks will come statesmen and scholars, and possibly a Moses to lead the people.

With improved machinery upon the farm it is no longer necessary that boys endure grinding labor, but they may become skilled workmen. With creameries and sewing-machines, and all the handy household appliances now in use, you can take recreation with your daughters, visit your neighbors, and drive around in country lanes. You fail to appreciate the beauty of your surroundings and to realize its benefits. You forget that your children are growing up sound in mind and body, and are being seasoned to bear the strain of life's work. Change places with the wives of the average city laborer, live in rented houses, buy everything you eat, drink and wear, and you will long for the old homestead surrounded by orchards and grain fields, somewhat as Eve longed for Eden after the fall.

The majority of farmer's wives are looking too much to their labors, and too little to results. Is it nothing to you that your children are working under your own management and direction, and not in mills, mines and factories? Is it nothing that they play in grassy meadows and by running brooks, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and not subjected to the demoralizing influence of the cities, shadowed by haunts of intemperance, vice and crime?

You forget that some of our wisest statesmen, governors and presidents were born in cabins and bore their share of labor upon the borders of civilization; and that a woman more straightened in circumstances than any of you, mothered Abraham Lincoln.

Labor is good for the young, and not until we have earned something, are we justified in eating bread with unmoistened brow. If you manage well the household, take care of the children, and do all a farmer's wife is expected to do, you do fully one-half of the labor, and should be entitled to half of the proceeds, but in some States the law discriminates against you, giving you only a life interest in one-third of the estate, which you, equally with your husbands, have earned. This law is a disgrace to our civilization and an insult to hard-working wives and mothers.

And now, fellow laborers, carry forward the work of educating the masses, for in this direction will be found the greatest individual and national prosperity. Take courage, and remember one was called from the plow to govern Rome, that Grant was a tanner, Franklin a printer, and our Saviour a carpenter.

Has not our little paper been unusually interesting of late? Seems as if we could all give a cordial assent to that. And is not the reason to be found in the many short, spicy, helpful letters which have filled its pages? Continue to "do good and contribute," dear ladies, and 1889 will be a "star volume" of the HOUSEHOLD. If each gives but a little of her experience and knowledge, the sum total cannot fail to be a great aid to all of us.

A FEATHER MATTRESS.

Having had the benefit of so many good suggestions and recipes, found in our highly prized HOUSEHOLD, I feel that I would like to add my mite and tell the readers of a new bed I have lately made, with which I feel well pleased, considering it is very comfortable and also economical. My husband procured at the poultry dressing establishment in the village, a barrel of hens' feathers, at a cost of thirty-five cents. These we washed thoroughly, putting them through the wringer, and spread on the chamber floor to dry. When quite dry we put them into a bed-tick, taking care to spread them very evenly, and then I proceeded to tie them as you would a comfortable, only not quite so close; as the result I have a mattress of which I feel proud, and others beside myself pronounce it very agreeable to spend the night on. When done it weighed thirty pounds, although one would not think it so heavy, as it is not very thick.

And I also wish to tell you how I make delicious apple sauce, which my husband pronounces better than preserves: Take any nice apples and pare; if large I quarter, if small I halve, and drop into hot syrup, cover and let stew until tender, but on no account stir. I only stew a few at a time, with little syrup, so when they are done, and cold, there will be scarcely any syrup in the kettle. Dish into sauce dishes, sprinkle with sugar, and dip on top a generous allowance of whipped cream—or thick cream not whipped is nice—and you have a dish of which you will feel proud.

I believe with A. H. J. in regard to the corset, and hope she will continue her siege against them. And I shall certainly try some waists made after her plan, for I believe they would be splendid. I agree with Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, that we have enough bones inside us to support us without borrowing from the whale.

Hoping my call is not too long for the first one, I will close, with long life to the HOUSEHOLD and its Editor.

TECUMSEH.

VENI.

AN IRONING BOARD.

Is there one of the HOUSEHOLD readers who would like to know how to make a board for ironing shirt bosoms on? If so then this letter is for her. Material needed, a short board (hard wood if possible) and an old oyster can or any other scrap of tin, and some screws. The board should be planed and of the following dimensions: Length eighteen inches, width eight inches, thickness one inch; cover this with bleached muslin, drawing it very tightly around the board so there shall be no wrinkles, and with carpet tacks fasten it firmly. You will also need a strip of board eight inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick. Notice the length of this and the width of the other are the same, eight inches. Now from the tin with an old pair of shears, cut two strips four inches long and three-fourth of an inch wide, rounding the ends. Place the length of the smaller board close to the width of the larger one, which will make the whole length twenty inches, turn

turn these upon their edges and fasten together with the tin and screws. Of course with a nail you will have to puncture holes through the tin for the screws to enter. Cut another piece of tin ten inches long and one inch wide, bend in on each side about a quarter of an inch and hammer down, this will prevent its cutting the hands. This piece of tin is to be fastened on the other end of the board, like the bale to a pail. In order to do this, first bend the tin in a half circle and at each end turn outward about an inch of the tin to put your screws through. This handle will serve to hang it up by, and also to button the neck band around to hold the shirt in place.

When you are ready to iron, slip the shirt on the board, button the band around the handle, turn the smaller board upward and the lower end of bosom, or if that does not reach it—the shirt—tuck in between the two boards, and turn the smaller board down. If properly done this will draw and hold the bosom straight while being ironed.

I am not a first class artist, but if you can not understand this description without a drawing, I will send one to any address.

JANNETTE.

CURTAINS.

Mill Minnie asks what material will be suitable for pretty, cheap curtains in an old-fashioned farm-house where there are no blinds. Also, how should they be made, full double curtains opening in the middle, or looped from one side, and what trimming, if any, and how put on.

We assume the windows will be rather small and probably placed pretty well up from the floor in an old-fashioned house; also, that they will be provided with plain Holland or paper shades. Now no art can convert an old-time farm homestead into a Queen Anne cottage, so we want the furnishings to be in harmony with the house. I think there was nothing so suitable and pretty for just the purpose which Mill Minnie would serve, as the simple embroidered Swiss and muslin curtains which alas, went out when the imitation Nottingham lace became so cheap—and common. But these cannot be found now, and next best is the dotted Swiss, which in this city can be bought for 40 cents a yard, 1 1/4 yards wide, or 25 in narrower widths. The dots are generally a little larger than a nickel. There is a cotton canvas, or scrim, at 25 cents, which is pretty for that purpose; and then a great variety of scrims and muslins with open-mesh stripes at from a shilling to 20 cents. They are narrow however, nor would they do up so well as the Swiss, which, though more expensive, would prove in the end the best investment. A pretty way to trim the Swiss would be with a three-inch ruffle, straight, gathered enough to flute or crimp nicely, and made of plain Swiss. The 25 cent canvas scrim would be pretty with a border of drawn work, or a ribbon run through a space where threads have been pulled, while the open-mesh scrim would need no trimming, unless one wished to add a lace edging. If common, seven-cent cheesecloth were chosen, a plain band of oil-

boiled Turkey-red calico, or three bands three-fourths of an inch wide, set on their width apart, would make a neat decoration. Cheesecloth makes very soft, pretty draperies when new, but people will starch it when it needs doing up, and that spoils it.

I would not use poles for such simple draperies, nor on such small windows. Get your big brother, or a carpenter, or somebody, to saw out for you as many pieces of board as there are windows, each piece being about two inches longer than the width of the window, so that each end of the board will project about an inch beyond the casing. Have it about six inches wide in the middle, curving to a point at the ends; and paint it, cover with white paper, or even with old cotton cloth tacked on; nail the straight edge to the window casing, against the wall, run a shir in the top of your curtains, leaving a standing ruffle 2 1/2 inches wide, run in a shir-string, and tack your curtains to the board; part them in the centre and loop back gracefully under El See's ropes or ribbon bands, and—there you are! One of the prettiest little farm parlors I was ever in, had curtains put up in this way, a neat ingrain carpet, cane chairs and a comfortable lounge, and the furnishings struck one at once as being in perfect harmony with the low, rambling, time-beaten house, which was like Washington Irving's in being "as full of angles as a cocked hat."

BEATRIX.

INDIVIDUALITY IN BELONGINGS.

I don't know what those who believe in the "one towel enough for two" or half a dozen, would say to what I have just been reading on the subject of one bed none too much for one person, by Dr. Felix Oswald, who is one of our most eminent eastern physicians. For my own part, I would as soon wash in the water another person has used as wipe on the towel he—or she—has consecrated to his own use. Fastidious? Well, perhaps; I was "brought up that way." A community of belongings may do for some people, but—excuse me! Dr. Oswald says: "Our congregation beds are a sad barbarism. The effect of the direct communication of disease germs by tainted respiration is by no means confined to the development of pulmonary disorders, and in the course of months a sickly child is almost sure to transmit the diathesis of its ailments to all its bed fellows. A child can be accustomed to sleep on the lightest pallet, but that small bed should be his own. Farmers have, in this respect, the inestimable advantage of elbow room, preferable even in the shape of barn room and woodshed room, to the stifling closets of a city tenement. Yet how rarely is that advantage appreciated?"

Think for a moment of how children are often crowded "three in a bed"; how they are put to bed with the old grandparent, who has "lung trouble," or catarrh, or bronchitis, or at best by a low state of vitality robs the younger and more robust of a portion of strength by that subtle electrical receptivity brought on by personal contact?

—My ideal sleeping apartments for a family

ly would consist of large well ventilated rooms, with a single bed or cot for each occupant. Each cot should be furnished with a woven wire mattress for summer, covered with a thick cotton comfort or mattress, to be supplemented by a hair or husk mattress in winter. Such beds would be light, cheap, convenient, easy to handle—you can pick one up in your arms and walk off with it—and the bed-clothing could be thoroughly aired and beds remade with little trouble. There would be no light sleeper disturbed by the restlessness of some sturdy one who "plays horse" by night as well as by day.

Somebody will rise up to say this will make too much washing, but I do not see it so. The same number of pillow-slips will be required, since each has one pillow, and the sheets for such small beds must necessarily be enough smaller, so no more cloth is really washed.

I entirely agree with A. H. J. in her reference to the "family comb." To me, one's toilet appliances should be held her own peculiar property, to be handled by no other person.

DETROIT.

L. C.

YOUTH AT EIGHTY.

[Read before the Farmers' Institute at Oxford, Oakland Co., Feb. 28th, by Mrs. A. H. Johnson, of Thomas.]

The most of us here to-day have passed the care-free joys of childhood, the romance, folly and possibilities of youth, and from the central plane of middle life look forward to old age. What are we going to do when we reach it? If we reach it, I should perhaps say, as none of us know whether our work here will be finished to-morrow or reach out into the future for half a century. But while we should bear in mind the possible brevity of life to make us tender and considerate of those about us; anxious to do to-day what the hand may not be able to do to-morrow; we should never let the thought paralyze our ambition to make the best of our abilities; or defer plans for an extreme age. As a rule, the farmer works too hard while young and too little when old. At the rate he drives himself he knows he will break down at fifty. What then? Why, he will conclude he is too old for any enterprise. Nothing is worth while any more; even false teeth and a good suit of clothes would probably be left to benefit some one else, and he settles down to a sluggish existence, wherein he eats, sleeps, figures up interest, tests the many varieties of patent medicine, and waits for death. Rural life gives us many advantages for physical and mental health and longevity; fresh air; quiet intimacy with nature's beauties, and occupations which more than any other leave the mind free to wander at its will. Yet we seldom find among us a cheery, bright old person. But when we do, I think that we always find him interested in something outside of himself; that he has something to live for, something to do, somebody to love; for these form the talisman of perpetual youth. Action is life. The untaxed muscle becomes weak, the idle mind dull, and among all the causes of dissatisfaction with ourself

there is none more prolific than the intuitive knowledge of dormant powers for good. We have plenty of proof that age and decrepitude may be made strange instead of synonymous terms. In the old world two premiers have passed their "threescore and ten." M. DeLesseps at eighty-nine mourns the failure of his Panama scheme with all the abandon of youth; and Rosa Bonheur, the great artist, at sixty-seven, has had brought to her fields in France a herd of wild horses from our plains, and works five hours per day on a picture of them which she expects to make her masterpiece. On our own shores, Bancroft, born with the century, takes his morning canter on horseback, no matter what the weather, and spends the remainder of the day at his desk hard at work on a history which he will require several years more to complete. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who tells us that for a dozen years, while her family was small, she seldom ever read a newspaper, can, in her age, cross and recross the ocean to take a captain's part in the suffrage movement of two continents. And that wonderful man, Peter Cooper! Harder worked, more meagerly educated in his youth than any of us! Did he think that what had done for him was good enough for others? No; up to his ninety-fourth year he opened wider and wider to the poor the doors of science, art and literature; and to-day extends from his grave to thousands the priceless boon of education. We read that on the eighty-ninth birthday of this noble man, he received from the Institute which bears his name the honorary title of L. L. D. And in response he made a brief speech which he closed by quoting from memory twenty lines of Pope.

So it is possible to be young at eighty. Our limbs may be weak; our voices tremulous; our eyes dim; but if we keep awake our mental powers, our sympathies and affections, we mass within our immortal selves the power of perpetual youth. The great world may never hear of many of us. Few can become historian, artist, architect or statesman, but each has his little world wherein his part may partake of the nature of all these. If within this narrow circle he does, as the little girl said of her doll, "his sawdust best," no one can question his nobility of purpose, but all must come at last to pay that homage which our beloved grey-haired Whittier claimed from his friends, to

"Read between the written lines,
The finer grace of unfilled designs."

INFORMATION WANTED.

There was in the little paper a year or so ago, a way to mend cracks in stoves, but it did not say if it should be done when the stove is cold or when it is in use, as at this time of year. It was salt and coal ashes. Will any one who can, tell me the exact process.

I would like to ask Evangeline if her recipes are all tried ones. We do not believe in buckwheat either, but I make wheat pancakes just as we would with buckwheat, only use an egg, two or three times a week.

This leaving enough of the batter to start with is much nicer than to begin afresh every morning. If you like carrots, boil and chop rather fine, do the same with white onions, then stir together with a fork (not to mash them), plenty of pepper and salt and a little butter; in the spring it is a nice dish; serve hot.

If A. B. C. will punch holes in the pail in which her plant grows, about one inch from the bottom, and put hot water in any dish the pail will set into, and wet it from the bottom instead of top, I think the buds will come in time. A cactus wants rest the same as so many other plants. I put mine in a cold room all winter, they have the light and I water at long intervals, and as long as they do not freeze they are all right. Last spring from the same kind of cactus A. B. C. mentions we had some 35 or 40 blossoms.

Yes, A. B. C., I use baking powder with molasses and no soda; it is just as well.

ANN ARBOR.

S. F.

PRESERVING BEEF.

J. B. Jones, of Otisville, wishes a recipe for "preserving beef so it will keep through warm weather." The usual brine "pickle," which converts fresh beef into what we call "corned beef," is the only means we know of whereby meat can be kept over. Any of the usual recipes for "corned beef pickle" will do this if care is taken to keep it sweet by scalding occasionally. Should the meat by chance become a trifle sour, the fault can be corrected by putting several pieces of clean charcoal into the kettle while cooking it. Salicylic acid has sometimes been recommended as a preservative, but is usually considered deleterious. Perhaps some of our readers who have good, tested recipes for beef pickle will kindly forward them to the HOUSEHOLD, for Mr. Jones' and others' benefit.

Contributed Recipes.

WHEAT CAKES.—One pint sour milk or buttermilk; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful melted butter; one egg; one and a half pints wheat flour and a little salt. Stir the soda into the milk until it foams, then add the egg, flour and butter, and last of all one tablespoonful molasses (sugar will do.) If you try them you will find them delicious.

CORN CAKE.—One egg; two tablespoonfuls sugar; one cup Indian meal, two cups flour; two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; half teaspoonful salt; three tablespoonfuls melted butter, and one pint sweet milk. Bake in gem pans, or in a square tin, as preferred.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two teaspoonfuls sour milk; one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water; one tablespoonful molasses; half teaspoonful salt; three teaspoonfuls graham flour; one teaspoonful clean, fresh snow stirred lightly into the batter before baking. Drop in spoonfuls on a buttered tin or bake in muffin rings.

ROLLS.—Two quarts flour; one tablespoonful sugar; four tablespoonfuls melted butter; one teaspoonful salt; one teacupful of yeast; lukewarm water to mix to a dough stiff enough to knead. Let rise over night, then knead and let rise again. When light, place in a chopping-bowl, and with a sharp chopping-knife cut fine, then mold together and let rise again. When very light form into rolls. Let rise one hour and thirty minutes in warm place, the last time only, if in summer. Brush top of each with a little melted butter, or hot milk, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

MILL MINNIE.