

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE EMPIRE GOWN.

Take a large sized table cloth,  
Stitch two sides together,  
Run a pucker round the top  
On a ribbon tether.

Cut some arm holes near the neck,  
Put the belt below them,  
Just to touch the shoulder blades,  
So as not to show them.

Let the skirt be flowing loose,  
Like a sail that's flapping  
In the vagrant southern breeze,  
Mast and yard arms tapping.

Tack some buttons up the back,  
Two are three are plenty,  
For you know an Empiro gown  
In the waist is scanty.

Put some lace upon the neck,  
Sew it there or pin it—  
Then, to make the gown complete,  
Let the girl get in it.

—Washington Critic.

### THE FLOWER SHOW.

Detroit had a flower show the first week of the month, which was conducted on a large scale, and scored what all unite in calling a magnificent success. Over thirty thousand people visited it, and the receipts at the door were in the neighborhood of \$9,000, while the receipts from the sales of flowers and fancy articles at the various booths amounted to about \$7,000, netting the twenty charitable organizations represented about \$500 each.

The exhibition was held at the Detroit rink, which has the largest floor space of any building in the city available for the purpose. Three sides of the building were occupied by the twenty booths, and cut flowers and floral designs were ranged on tables on the fourth side. Among the designs were some very elaborate pieces; one represented the seal of the Preston National Bank, a circle over four feet in diameter, worked in scarlet and white geraniums and yellow rosebuds, the lettering being in purple violets on the white. In the centre was an acorn in white rosebuds, with the cup of sweet alyssum. One of the most striking and showy designs was a lamb, nearly life-size, in white rosebuds and spiræa, with a shepherd's crook in scarlet carnations, on a background of ivy leaves. The fine, feathery spiræa imitated the fleecy appearance of wool very well. The Board of Trade sent a truncated pyramid of white roses and carnations, surmounted by a sheaf of barley, which was perhaps as unique and graceful as any-

thing exhibited in its line. Some very fine cut flowers—notably roses—were shown, and two fine displays of orchids were made, one by S. Taplin, of this city, the other by a gentleman from Cincinnati.

The centre of the rink was devoted to growing plants, laid out in beds with walks between, as if they were growing there. One of the most beautiful was filled with azalias in full bloom, a mass of the richest color daintily set off by a fringe of ferns. Another bed was devoted to tropical plants, among them a twelve-year old palm from Taplin's which stood head and shoulders above its neighbors. Still another space was filled with hyacinths in pots, in solid phalanx, and all in full bloom. Many were the expressions of admiration over a bedding design, made by B. Schroeder, the pattern worked out in alternantheras, sempervivum, and other plants used for such purposes.

But the greatest interest centred about the booths, presided over by pretty girls and fair matrons, dressed in brave attire, some of them wearing Empire dresses in which they looked "too sweet for anything." These booths represented various charities, and each selected a flower as its emblem, and which was sold for the benefit of the charity. It would be impossible to describe all the booths and their decorations, so I will mention several of the prettiest.

Over the Bethel booth was suspended a three-masted, full-rigged ship in miniature. The ladies in attendance wore heliotrope dresses made in nautical fashion, with sailor hats trimmed with heliotrope, and heliotrope was the flower sold. The interior represented the interior of a ship's cabin.

One of the most unique booths was that of Grace Hospital, a pagoda built of palm-leaf fans; roof and supports were completely thatched with fans. Rose hued shades shed a very becoming light upon the young ladies, who sold red and white roses and jellies and other articles useful or convenient in a sick room.

The Home of Industry—a charity designed for the assistance of discharged convicts, had a cottage made of brooms and thatched with broom corn; articles sold were made by convicts in the prisons of this and several other States, and included not only all sizes and styles of wisps, but also many fanciful and ingenious articles. Violets were sold here.

The Industrial School booth was a rustic cottage of hemlock bark, with a dormer window with tiny panes of glass, and doves

resting on the roof. Mignonette and prim-roses were the flowers sold.

The Zoar Asylum's lilies of the valley were for sale in an evergreen bower; and the Hebrew Widow & Orphan Society's booth was a boudoir in the Louis XVI style in white and gold; the young ladies in attendance were dressed in white and sold white carnations. This was one of the most admired booths because of its spotless whiteness and the beauty of its decorations. The Women's Christian Association had a rustic bower thatched with great branches of snowballs (paper), and the Thompson Home for Old Ladies was profusely decorated with pink roses, the front being a trellis literally hung in roses (paper), while pink roses in pots and clusters were sold inside, as well as fancy articles made by the inmates of the Home.

The national colors were represented at the headquarters of the Ladies' Relief Corps by red and white geraniums and blue forget-me-nots. Stands of arms and flags formed the decorations and gave a military air to the booth, where the ladies sold souvenirs of Southern battle fields.

The booth of the Open Door Society represented a pansy in its purple and gold decorations, and in the shape of the front, and pansies, and fancy articles on which this flower formed the decoration were on sale by ladies robed in purple and gold. Next to this was a booth hung with festoons of the foliage of the orange tree and decorated with clusters of the fruit sent from a Florida orange grove. The orange blossom, beloved of brides, was there also, and the grape fruit and the lemon and the lemon-ade. There was also the blossom of the banana tree, the only one I ever saw, and quite a curiosity. It looked like an inverted cone of brownish-red petals lapped by shorter, narrow calyx leaves, and under this dark-hued envelope was the bunch of bananas in embryo, the little "banans" being about three-quarters of an inch long. The proceeds of sales at this booth went to the support of the Day Nursery. The canopy of St. Luke's Hospital booth was a great big tulip, fashioned of more substantial material than flower petals, and beneath it some very attractive young ladies sold the courtly tulip in its gay petticoats.

"Everything goes" when charity pulls at the purse-strings, and the roses and carnations blushed a little redder than their wont at the prices put upon them. One of our "gilded youth," conversing with some friends, held up a cluster of six or seven tulips, saying, "Why, these cost me four



dollars!" Let us hope he did not have to "stand off" his washwoman in consequence. "Trifles light as air" cost you a quarter, and three cents' worth of tissue paper and paint sold for a dollar, and when you possessed it, it was a case of "don't know what on earth to do with it." I would not like to say the actual value of the goods sold approximated one-half the selling price, but the money was "for the good cause" and no one seemed inclined to cavil at prices, especially when named by a pretty girl in an Empire gown and a very enticing smile.

And such crowds! One's only chance to get a good view of things was to go at about the hours for meals, when the rush abated a little. At other times, all one could do was to drift with the human tide, at its mercy. It was a good natured, amiable crowd, one that bore being squeezed and pushed with equanimity; and the managers say that not a flower was stolen or a plant mutilated during the exhibition. The fat woman whose breadth of shoulder helped block the narrow passage at the head of the gallery staircase and who, to a request to step back and "let the jam break up," replied "I-wont-budge-one-step!" between set teeth, learned that 235 lbs. avoirdupois is but a feather-weight against the momentum of such a crowd, and though she succeeded in making herself disagreeable, she did "budge" several steps at last.

And they do say we shall have another flower fair next April, sure.

BEATRIX.

#### IN BEHALF OF THE CORSET.

I have waited some time for some one to espouse the cause of the much maligned corset. If no one else will, I must. Perhaps A. H. J. and May B. think "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Now here is the point, or at least one of them: What constitutes a beautiful form? I never heard any one call a straight stick a form of beauty, or a log five or six feet long and two or three feet thick; but a thing having symmetrical curves or proportions may be designated as beautiful; therefore a human form without curves but with sharp angles is not beautiful; you will frequently see this build of persons with convex shoulders and concave stomachs, but this style is not considered a model of beauty. Here is where a good corset, well stayed, is a comfort, as well as a means of beautifying the form. The bones of a corset will not interfere with any needful position (in company at least); and for the woman whose waist is only a deep wrinkle the corset is a necessity. An underwaist will not keep the form smooth without wrinkles, unless there are bones in it. I can not see why bones in the corset are more objectionable than in the waist, but I can see a vast improvement in the form of the corset over that of the underwaist. I cannot see why one is more unhealthy than the other. The waist is held up on the shoulders, and some of the corsets have a broad strap over the shoulder for the same purpose; straps can be attached to any of them. And as far as lacing is con-

cerned, the person who is determined to reduce the number of inches around the waist will do so whether she does it by lacing a corset, or making the underwaist two or three inches too small around, so that is no argument against the corset, but rather for it. The laces run through smooth eyelets, and with the different motions of the body and arms slide back and forth, giving where there is most strain. A great many persons wear those corsets which have a section of coiled wire under the arms, which gives with every breath.

In defending the corset, I decline to recognize its relationship to that article which needs tongs to handle it with. If those same persons wore underwaists, do you not think they would be equally foul?

I am not bigoted, but will readily yield my allegiance when any one can show me something to take the place of the corset which is better in all respects.

I would like to know if A. H. J. uses no whalebones, featherbone or steels, in or on the seams of any of her waists or basques?

ALBION.

M. E. H.

#### LOOKING BACKWARD.

I wake with a vivid picture before my mind, and a terribly homesick feeling at my heart. How I wish for the artist's skill that I might limn the picture on canvas, and for a power of utterance equal to the expression of tender faithfulness that filled my heart! Neither is mine, and 'tis folly for me to try to show so much as a shadow of either to the understanding or sympathies of others. But I am going to try:

Imagine a long low valley bounded by hills north and south, and rolling away into woods and fields and small hills east and west. In the midst of the valley two roads cross at right angles, running one north and south, the other east and west. And this crossing of these roads is the centre of the township; thus it was that the little hamlet with its dozen houses, its "tavern," blacksmith shop, which did duty as post-office also, tile works, cider mill and school house was named "The Centre." The D. & M. R. R. trains whirled past in full view a half mile to the east, and the north and south road was one on which travelers paid toll at various gates as they jolted over its always loose planks, or later bowled smoothly along over its evenly macadamized bed. Oh what wonderful things used to pass along this great highway in those slow going old days, when people all along the line could see the elephant, and the whole menagerie for that matter, as it wended its weary way from town to town! I often wonder as I witness the grand street parade of some "biggest show on earth," if the children who behold it enjoy it as much more as it is greater than those that we in our childhood saw pass, per necessity, along that old "turnpike," while a pair of stout arms—father's, Uncle Dick's or some good neighbor's, held us safe from all harm! Possibly, for supply does develop capacity. But then I know that I don't enjoy these as I did those. And then going to the

show! Oh, that good Uncle Dick! He always took a full load of youngsters to the show, and he saw to it that we were kissed by Tom Thumb, and went into all the side shows. And I used to think that he sang sweeter in prayer meeting and prayed better and had all the more religion for having done so. And now that he has "risen to worlds unknown and beholds Him on His throne," I don't imagine that he drinks from the fountain of life from a smaller cup because he gave to us children so much satisfaction, and saw that we had a good time going to many a show.

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

#### MORE ABOUT OUR LIBRARY.

I promised a long time ago to tell something further about our library. We moved into it about the first of February. The building stands on the corner of a pleasant country road, in the shade (or will be next summer) of a group of elms.

It is painted in shades of cream and brown, with occasionally a dash of red on cornice and moulding. A large double window is placed in each end of the building, and one each side the entrance door, which is protected by a short porch. The inside is finished with beaded ceiling of Norway pine, well oiled; while the book shelves are painted a pretty shade of red, which contrasts well with the ceiling. The windows are provided with shades. At one end of the room is a square, polished oak table for the use of the secretary, and at the other end another for the use of the librarian. Perforated bottomed chairs provide seats for the weary, or for the members during business session.

The total cost was about three hundred dollars, nearly all of which has been paid, and the remainder is fast being raised by means of socials, which are held every few weeks at the homes of the members. Refreshments of various kinds are served. Music, games and conversation pass away the time. A charge of ten cents or more, according to refreshments, is made and adds several dollars to the fund in the treasury. We also have had several donations of money from individuals who wished to help us.

I hope our effort may be the means of inciting others to go and do likewise, and in few years have a library of great benefit to the community in which it is kept. Get your books first, a few at a time if necessary, then provide the building.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

#### EASTER EGGS.

As it is near Easter I will tell the HOUSEHOLD readers how I decorated Easter eggs. I first made small holes in each end and blew out the contents. I then put cord through the holes and painted them all different, in oil colors, pale blue, pink, green, bright orange, vermilion and crimson lake; while still wet I sprinkled freely with diamond dust. When dry the cord is replaced with narrow ribbon, the color the eggs are painted.

G. F. O.

ANN ARBOR.



## ONE WEEK.

(Continued.)

Wednesday morning dawned clear and cloudless. Breakfast was prepared; coffee; slices of cold beef warmed in brown gravy; fried potatoes, buttered toast, rusks and doughnuts. After breakfast came the usual morning's work, with the addition of churning and baking ginger cookies. I got the cookies together so they could cool sufficiently to mix; one coffee cup of molasses; one of granulated sugar; two-thirds cup of boiling water, turned on a tablespoonful of saleratus; two-thirds cup of melted butter, or half lard and half butter; teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt; when cold mix soft, roll moderately thin. The butter was not long coming, for the cream-jar had stood in the pantry over night, and the cream was therefore of the right temperature; we had nine and three-fourths pounds of butter from three gallons of cream, all skimmed just as the milk was turning sour. Our cows are fed cornmeal, which I think produces more cream than bran feed; then too they have all the potato parings, and turnips and apples. I am wondering if apples are really good for them, they certainly increase the flow of milk, for after the apples had been sorted over the other day, a small tub of poor speckled ones were fed to them, and that night the pails were running over with milk, an unusual occurrence. After the cookies were out of the way a roast of beef was put in the oven, a kettle of beets put over to boil for dinner and pickles. Fannie got a cheesecloth comforter ready for the frames, she took a measure and marked the squares with a lead pencil, four inches apart both ways, the top was pink, the under side blue, it was tied with blue worsted.

Dinner consisted of roast beef, mashed potatoes, sliced beets, pickled apples, coffee, bread, and steamed cherry pudding with a boiled sauce. After the meal was over I was just stowing myself away with Evis for a short nap, when in came Philander, completely out of breath, with the astonishing intelligence that he had promised to take dinner to five Irishmen, who were cutting block-wood in the woods. I tore myself from the arms of Morpheus and proceeded to fill a basket, threw in things promiscuously, bread and butter, rusks, doughnuts, cookies, mince-pie, cold pudding, roast beef, baked beans and apples. It has been several years since I have fed Irishmen, but the memory of the great "dinner pot" of potatoes that we had to cook for them still remains fresh and green, for I never saw one yet that did not have the national love for that esculent. This excitement drove all sleepy feelings away, and I helped get the comforter on the frames. This batting that we have excels all other that I ever saw, it is twenty cents per roll, and each roll contains one and one-half pounds; it does not seem like batting, it is more like down, and makes such light, soft comforters. Tying is a little slow at first, as we cut the worsted in short lengths and lay on the spot to be tied, then thread our needles with knitting cotton and run through the cloth and tie the ends

over the worsted, it stands up in a little tuft, and the cotton is cut close so it does not show. The clerk where the material was purchased told me that was the way mother did, and I consider him quite a jewel to take notice about it. I was dreading this task a little, for I saw one tied once and it seemed like a tedious job; the worsted was threaded and drawn through the cotton, and I seldom missed breaking or bringing through a bunch of the batting. This was finished and the edges turned in and hemmed over, and it is certainly very lovely; this makes eight new comforters that we have tied this winter.

There has been a large box on one of my closet shelves for several years. Regularly every cleaning house time has it been taken down, dusted off, cover removed and contents noted. Something very precious you think? Well, I don't know; much valuable time was wasted on it, I can bear testimony to that. The box contained pieced blocks. There was the "flock of birds" quilt, pink calico and white muslin; then an "album" quilt, two others that do not seem to have a distinct individuality, nine patch, some with curious corners. The white was getting decidedly "jaundiced," so at odd times I set them together, bought new linings, and I feel proud of my pile of bedding. The box has been cremated, and there's an empty place in the closet. One day the little boy was ailing and had to stay in doors, I was at my wits' end to amuse him, finally he wanted to piece some blocks, out came the piece basket, and I cut blocks and he sewed, and you would scarcely believe it, but we pieced about forty nice blocks, four squares in a block, this I have set together with pretty print and tied and it is "his quilt;" he is proud as can be of it.

Tinkle, tinkle, I hear the bells; the men have come. We seldom commence to get supper until they come, for there are so many chores at the barn to be done. Bill of fare, cold beef, baked potatoes, canned gooseberries, cheese, orange cake, apple butter, bread, rusks, pickles. We are in the midst of supper when company comes for the evening. The dishes are gotten out of the way, bread sponge stirred up. I have a two quart tin pail that I keep especially for pancake material. I let it get empty about once a week, sometimes oftener if the weather is not very cold. I fill it nearly full of thick sour milk, and into it put stale pieces of bread; if there are none I slice off the end pieces, for I make the acquaintance of men sometimes who will reach a good ways to avoid a crust. These will soak soft and can be mashed fine, and owing to the yeast in the bread will be much nicer than when the cakes are made without it. Each time I take some out I put in more milk; sometimes an odd piece of cake goes in.

"What is your opinion," I asked one of the ladies during the evening, as butter making was being discussed, "should cream be added to the cream pan or pail under twenty-four hours before churning?" "Oh!" was the answer, "I always skim my

milk up close the day I churn, put it all together, let the churn mix it. I use the dash churn." Another said she skimmed all the milk the night before, stirred the cream thoroughly, and guessed she got all the butter there was. Another said she saw an article in one of the papers advocating the strangest method of making butter: put the cream in a stout thick bag, tie it well, put this bag in another bag, dig a hole in the ground and bury it—not too deep—leave it twenty-four hours, then resurrect it and the bag will contain nice butter; the buttermilk will have been absorbed in the ground. Who is going to try that? I for one; it hardly seems possibly that one would see such a result, does it? I like the barrel churn, it is much easier than the dash, but I have never used a thermometer in the cream. In the summer the cream is taken from the refrigerator, half frozen sometimes, and churned, it comes out in hard balls—I mean the butter—and it is a job to work in the salt.

(To be continued.)

## JANNETTE'S QUERIES.

The articles given from time to time in the HOUSEHOLD by Beatrix upon styles, kinds, qualities and prices of materials used are of more value to me than the fashion sheets. In her recent article on black dress goods she devotes considerable space to silks, and I find myself wondering if the great point of difference between the country woman and the city woman is not in the wearing of silk. We of the country have no calls for the wearing of silk to state dinners and receptions; and if we had what a condition it would be in, after riding several miles—all dusty and creased and crumpled! If we could only have street cars and the privilege of standing and grasping a strap it might answer. But fine woolen goods will always be my choice, so long as the odorous particles of new mown hay present in the inspired air fall on the olfactory epithelium and ascend to the brain; so long as I am permitted to hear the squealing of the pig, and to see the skipping of the lambs upon the hillside; in short, so long as I am permitted to remain a country woman, I do not want silk. Let no one say "sour grapes," for that would be crushing.

I desire information upon a few points, and if the ladies will be as prompt as was Mrs. West in answering the query in regard to churns, I will be as much obliged to them as I was to her.

In making frosting by boiling the sugar can it be made soft and not hard, and how? Has any one learned to use, satisfactorily, the hemmers sent with the Singer sewing machine?

Is there any reliable commission woman in Detroit who would make purchases for those living outside?

What makes some folks' butter streaked? To what are white specks in butter due, and how remedied?

Is pie-crust any better if allowed to stand an hour in some cold place?

I have heard it claimed by some high authority that the water in a tea-kettle should never be allowed to boil and boil, but if you would have delicious tea make immediately when the water first boils. Is this true, and what is the philosophy of it?

JANNETTE.



## LIFE ON THE FARM.

[Paper read by Mrs. F. H. Read before the Richmond Farmers' Institute, Feb. 6th, 1889.]

(Continued.)

Statistics say that during the fiscal year ending June, 1888, the government disposed of 16,819,760 acres of the public domain, under the homestead pre-emption and forest land laws, making more than 1,000,000 new farms of 160 acres each; and during the last eight years emigrants from Europe to the United States have numbered 4,250,000, and the best portion of this immigration has not halted until it has reached the prairie homes in the west. What an influence must go out from these homes into the great world! The home training and the school must do the great work of development, we know, for this is an age of progress, new discoveries constantly being made and old methods discarded.

History tells us our best and most famous men, loved and honored as our greatest benefactors, once traveled through the valley of poverty and discouragement, and gained success only by patient, earnest striving; and from our western homes must the world look for new life, strong muscles and active brains to recruit the ranks.

It is truly said the farmers are the backbone of the world, and are constantly sending out from their homes on the farm the best educated sons and daughters, who are making for themselves cultured homes all over the country. With our grand schools and colleges on every side, so richly endowed, we can find no excuse for ignorance; and the educated farmer has appreciated this fact and taken advantage of it. To be a successful farmer to day calls for the education our agricultural colleges are particularly adapted to furnish, and it is hard to find a man to-day who does not realize that the better education he has the better work he can do. \* \* \* \* \*

Happy the home, whether on the farm or elsewhere, in the busy mart of life, where the father and mother gather the children around them, and interest while they amuse and instruct them. Too often we know does this fall upon the mother largely; too often for the father's good. In no way can they photograph their image better upon their children's hearts, to go with them through the strife of toilsome years than in this, for

Far back these various voices come  
Tho' long the years have grown,  
And sound uncommonly distinct  
Through memory's telephone.

From such home influence may we not look for noble, earnest living that shall bring this grand world of ours a little nearer to the better and happier home above? \* \* \* \* \*

Life on the farm, like life everywhere, is largely what we make it, and depends much on how we take it. One of our best public women says: "I wish the women of the world would call on the men to give up this wild, ungovernable chase for more money, and govern themselves accordingly. Who is the happier for such extravagance in dress, furniture, useless decorations, grand equipages? Are they not usually procured at the expense of the moral and physical nature? Are we any better or wiser for

this? Is there not more health, more contentment, more kind feeling among the sensible laboring class, than among those who are giving their lives to accumulating fortunes? And if more people were to set the example of a simple and well ordered life, might it not largely save the young who are tempted into such extravagance as is now the bane of life?

Some of my friends did take alarm  
That I should write of "Life on the Farm."  
I might have been a farmer's wife,  
And happy all the days of my life.  
For once, in my youth, long, long ago,  
I had a "right smart" farmer beau,  
I might have been his wife you see,  
But the merest trifle prevented me.  
If you will listen you shall hear.  
He did not ask me. The reason's clear.

## HOME TALKS.

I would say to May B. that the farmers in this vicinity have the pork barrel. It is too much of a necessity to go out of style. It is not for a daily resort, but a piece-out, or I might truthfully add, a relish from a surfeit of fresh meat. We have the nice sugar cured hams and the beef barrel besides. We have gotten into the way of growing much of our fresh meat. Through the warm months we kill lamb or mutton; with the ice and the refrigerator we keep it sweet until used up. If extremely warm we sometimes make brine and pickle one or quarters.

Col. Curtis, of Kirby Homestead, told the farmers at one of the State Institutes which I attended, that he had a fine lot of lambs last summer. He told the butcher to come over and look at them; but as he only offered \$2 50 apiece he would not let them go. He began feeding a small quantity of grain each day in the pasture, and soon received \$5 each for them. He sold them to his wife and "boarded it out." A good way, I say. We seldom get good lamb or mutton from the butcher's cart or the market. The home-grown is much more tender and juicy. During the winter months we consume one whole beef animal, fresh and cured. We have a butcher come to the house to kill and cut up. When ready to pack we select what we wish to keep fresh, then "mother" must prepare the pickle or see that it is ready. The meat must be thoroughly cool and unfrozen. I use the following pickle: For beef, four quarts fine salt; four pounds brown sugar, or A sugar is better; four ounces saltpetre to 100 lbs. of meat. The saltpetre must be pulverized and mixed well with the salt and sugar, dry. Sprinkle between each layer as you fill the barrel; use no water. Apply a weight—we use an apple press. In a short time the juices will exude and a pickle is formed which will preserve the meat indefinitely. I have used no other for years. The meat is never too salt or dry.

I will also give my pickle for hams: Eight pounds of salt, two quarts of molasses, one-pound of soda, one-fourth pound of saltpetre, to 100 pounds of meat. Dissolve in water enough to cover the meat; remove in six weeks. Do not use more salt than the recipe says, and the hams will be just right, tender and sweet.

The wood lot on the farm contains a large number of sugar maples in close prox-

imity to each other. Every spring two hundred of these are tapped for the family supply of maple syrup. The way it came about I told the boys if they would do the work I would furnish the necessary fixtures, pails, pans, etc., so we could have pure, unadulterated syrup. Each year we lay in a store of thirty gallons or more. We make but little sugar. We have many calls for it and could receive one dollar per gallon for all we could spare; but as the time is needed for the spring work on the farm, as soon as we are supplied, and what we wish to give away made, the pails are gathered, cleaned and stored. I had made, for convenience of keeping, ten gallon cans, with handles and small aperture for filling with a screw, similar to a kerosene can, sealing it tight. These are used from year to year and keep it nicely; I use glass cans also. We are through this work in March, this year. Many a gallon is used by the young people during the making and throughout the year for treats to their young friends, in wax, sugar or candy. It does them good, and the elderly people enjoy it also, even grandmother joins in the merriment.

The next home work will be papering and cleaning, after which I will tell the HOUSEHOLD friends about my outdoor work.  
HOME-LY.  
N. Y.

BESS wishes to know if any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have tried to preserve eggs through the summer to sell in the fall when prices are higher. Any information will be gladly received.

LADIES ordering goods through the HOUSEHOLD Editor must make allowance for postage if they wish packages sent by mail. Packages by express may be sent C. O. D. Care will be taken to transmit by the cheapest method. Give full address and state if there is an express office at your station.

THE *Chicago Inter-Ocean* pays a deserved compliment to the excellence of Evangeline's article, "Something for Breakfast," published in the HOUSEHOLD of Feb. 23rd, by giving it a place in its columns, but "lays itself liable" to the charge of piracy by changing the heading, omitting the first paragraph, and giving no credit whatever. If anything is worth stealing, it is worth a good deal more when honestly obtained.

## Contributed Recipes.

SALLY LUNN.—One quart flour; one pint milk; one egg; half cup liquid yeast; tablespoonful sugar; three tablespoonfuls butter; teaspoonful salt. Heat the milk blood warm, add the yeast, stir this into the flour, beat well, and add the beaten egg. Let the batter rise three hours, beat thoroughly, and turn into a buttered pan. It should be about an inch thick, and be allowed to rise until double its original bulk, which will require about an hour. Bake half an hour in a quick oven. This is Miss Parlos's recipe and is very nice. When this is ready to turn into the pan, we often dip it out in spoonfuls, they will rise until they touch each other and are easily broken apart. The batter may be baked in gem pans and muffin-rings, if desired.

BUNS.—One cup sugar; one cup yeast; one pint milk, and a little salt. Let this rise, then add one cup sugar, one cup butter, one egg, and one cup West India currants. Make into little cakes, let rise and bake. These are favorites of mine and very nice. Try them, please.  
MILL MINNIE.

FOREST LODGE.