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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE SON OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of headache  
At the setting of the sun;  
The tender word forgotten,  
The letter you did not write,  
The flower you might have sent, dear,  
Are your haunting ghosts to night.

The stone you might have lifted  
Out of the brother's way,  
The bit of hearthstone counsel  
You were hurried too much to say;  
The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone  
That you had no time or thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness  
So easily out of mind,  
These chances to be angels  
Which even mortals find—  
They come in night and silence,  
Each child reproachful wraith,  
When Hope is faint and flagging,  
And a blight has dropped on Faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great,  
To suffer our slow compassion  
That tarries until too late.  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you the bitter headache  
At the setting of the sun.

### SPRING MILLINERY.

Easter came so late and April was so mild—after its introductory snowstorm, that the milliners have been busy as bees in apple bloom all the month. I do not really understand how spring bonnets came to be so intimately associated with Easter, but it is very convenient to have a fixed date when it is eminently proper to "blossom out" in brilliance and beauty with no fear of being accused of "rushing the season." But I fancy there might be found unthinking people who, asked what Easter means, would reply "Why, don't you know! Then's when we put on our spring clothes!"

Bonnets this spring are of the close capote shapes so long worn, only slightly modified. The crowns are lower, but the bonnets are no larger. The trimmings are arranged very much lower, so that in ultra styles they seem quite flat. The favorite materials are the fancy and open work straws, and fine braids; a few of the better quality of rough straws are shown, but are not in much request. There is a revival of the Neapolitan braids which were thought so elegant about fifteen years ago; these

are very desirable but are rather high priced, being marked \$2.50 and \$3.50. They are however very stylish. There are many novelties; bonnets of silk and passementerie in open patterns, of cutaway embroidery, and the like, which are worth from \$4 to \$8 for the bonnet alone.

Flowers, lace and ribbon are the trimmings, usually flowers and lace, or lace and ribbon. A very pretty, simple yet stylish bonnet of fancy straw combined with Neapolitan, was filled in in front with black net shirred full and had for garniture a bunch of dark red asters and puffings of dotted net, with ties of the net; this was marked \$6, but the home milliner could effect a saving of a couple of dollars on it. Another, of much the same shape, had a cluster of fine yellow flowers which much resembled lilac blossoms—though I never yet heard of a yellow lilac—with full trimming of lace edge about four inches wide. The lace made a fluffy, full, soft setting for the flowers, and was extended down the sides of the crown, straight, to where the lace ties which crossed the back of the bonnet met it at the points. These ties were of lace edge sewed together, with No. 1 ribbon run through the centre.

Nearly all these little bonnets have lace shirred in for face trimming; its softness and its dead black are universally becoming. One bonnet had a half inch band of jet around the inside, sparkling through the net shirred over it. A rather gay little bonnet which, copied in black, would do nicely for an elderly lady, was trimmed with a large bow of satin-striped cardinal ribbon, in the centre of which was a large jet ornament; the loops were pinned back to the bonnet with little jet pins. These loops, mind you, were not standing straight up, as if their mission were "to scrape the cobwebs from the sky," after a now happily gone-by fashion, but were arranged to give a broad effect. Satin-striped ribbons in all colors are very popular. Flowers are seen on everything, hats, bonnets and toques. What's a toque? Well, a sort of compromise between a hat and a bonnet; it fits the head like a hat or turban at the back, and in front resembles a bonnet; it is worn without ties and is one of the most popular and dressy styles for young ladies, being in fact, the intermediate style between the bonnet and the broad brimmed lace or straw hat.

There is a great variety of large hats, in straw, fancy braids and lace. The two former are profusely trimmed with plumes, clusters of tips and long ostrich plumes

being used together. Flowers are also used with lace, and indeed one may see all three, flowers, feathers and lace, on the same hat. They are faced with lace, either plain net or that with an edge wide enough to give an irregular effect around the outline of the hat; this lace, if it please you, is never put on plain, but is shirred full. One wide hat of this description was made of lace edge shirred inside and out over a lace frame; under a big cluster of ostrich tips on one side began a fall of lace cascaded across the crown and down the other side. A toque that was gay enough for a squaw, was of black straw with the brim covered with shirred net; on this was massed a wreath of vivid scarlet poppies, large as life, veiled under one thickness of net; the trimming in front consisted of a huge cluster of poppies with a background of net. At the back, pointing forward over the crown, was a fan-shaped arrangement of stiff quills. The poppies were made of silk and were beautiful imitations, but somehow the toque was not a success. Large coaching hats are of straw, velvet faced, and literally covered with long full ostrich plumes. The immaculate dude, fresh from his handbox, who was inspecting millinery with the air of a connoisseur, exclaimed as he twirled one of these, in gray straw and velvet, with plumes shading from gray to white, on his forefinger: "I do like these coaching hats—with a fresh young face under them." And I wonder if he meant to convey a hint to the *passee* maiden of some thirty odd summers who was patiently trying on, one after another, a large collection, none of which seemed to have been made for her.

Children's hats are quite large; wide rims, or those narrowing at the back, which the trimmer pinches into various quaint forms and adorns with bands of ribbon and clusters of tips, six or eight in a cluster. Misses wear pokes, wide brimmed hats, or those which roll on one side. One of the prettiest misses' hats I have seen was perhaps the simplest; a brown openwork straw, faced with an inchwide band of brown velvet around the edge inside, and a series of butterfly bows in satin-striped ribbon two and one-half inches wide, set on so as to not quite touch each other, entirely surrounding the crown except on the left side (on which the brim rolled a little) where was a cluster of brownish-yellow flowers and loops of ribbon. A navy blue poke was faced inside with blue velvet with a wreath of palest pink almond blossoms for face trimming, and a small cluster



among the bows that constituted the outside trimming.

Blue seems less in favor than usual this year. Very gay colors are worn and very much of them. But, except for the young people, good taste dictates modestly inconspicuous hues, especially above those faces that have lost their freshness, or are plain though youthful. One of the leading colors is a very trying shade of green—the green of a pea-pod, which the milliners use with quantities of vivid scarlet, a daring combination somehow suggestive of lobster salad. Now nature has an infinite variety of shades of green, and suits the hue of foliage to the tint of blossoms, every time; she makes no mistake. And with the yellow-green pea-pod she combines the deeper green of its foliage and the peculiar white, which seems to have a suspicion of green about it, of the blossom. BEATRIX.

#### THAT TRAGEDY.

One of my little misses often amuses herself by reading her book through backward, and as I think of that tragedy and its causes I think we are, like her, enjoying (?) it backward. The last chapter up to date is the trial of a man in the courts for assault with intent to kill. The chapter before details the crime; a lover shoots his sweetheart because she will not marry him as she has promised. Turn back the leaves and the next chapter is the love chapter, where she was wooed, loved and promised to love without intending to fulfill the promise. Why? There can be but one reason, she wished to have the attentions that loving young men bestow upon the maidens they admire. Rides, parties, picnics, lectures, festivals, operas, are unattainable enjoyments to many girls if a beau does not provide them. I witnessed the preceding chapter, and will continue the story backwards by telling you about it. Once upon a time I went calling just before an important election. Noted speakers were in the field and all were interested, none more so than the boys and girls. A speech of unusual interest was to be made that evening. At one house the mother, daughter and daughter-in-law were planning to go; but the lordly young farmer hitched one horse to a single buggy and took his wife. "The rest did not want (?) to go." Too much trouble to hitch two horses to a double buggy. At the very next house Mrs. F., a woman of forty, mother of five children, was anticipating the pleasure of hearing that address. Her outings are not many, and that evening was not one of the few. Mr. F. drove one horse and took the hired man. Too much trouble to hitch up two horses. As the day was closing I halted at Polly's just for a word with my pretty fifteen year old niece, Kate. She meant to go to the meeting, her father was going, it was too far for him to walk, he would have to hitch up. She never had heard a political speech and she was going. Her eye was bright and her cheek flushed with anticipation.

Well, I missed her and the next day with angry tears she told me the reason. The hired girl wanted to ride to the village and

that made the little buggy full, and pa said it was too much trouble to hitch up two horses, and, added the spirited girl, "I'll ride now with the first man that asks me. I won't stay at home always; if pa won't take me somebody else may." I shall never tell the wise words I said to her, for they had little effect. When neighbor Smith said to me a few months after, "I wonder what makes Kate ride with Jim Jones so much," I gave her an evasive reply but sorrowfully reflected on the case. Jim Jones is old and disagreeable, but he has a fine team and carriage; and he is more than willing to hitch them up whenever Kate will consent to ride with him; she need never miss an entertainment if she will let him escort her. What wonder that she goes? She is not thinking of marriage, but only of the day's enjoyment.

I have solved a mystery. Girls ride and flirt and try to enjoy the society of young men in every way their inferiors, because fathers and brothers find it too much trouble to hitch up two horses. Everybody marvelled that sweet Alice, with the best of mothers and most honorable of fathers, fell into the dark path that led to a sad death in a far off hospital. I think I understand it now. In her young days neither her father or brothers ever hitched up one horse or two to take her anywhere; she caught a ride or walked, if she went to church, singing school or social, until the inevitable beau appeared. His "rig" was fine but he was bad, and the story ended with a broken-hearted mother and the eminently proper and selfish father and brothers were disgraced, but they never suspected why. AUNT PRUDENCE.

#### A WASHINGTON TRIP.

I had the pleasure of a trip to Washington last month, and think perhaps a little talk on the subject may interest the HOUSEHOLD.

Our route was by the Michigan Central to Buffalo, thence over connecting lines by way of Hornellsville, Elmira, N. Y., to Waverly, Pa., where we struck the famous Susquehanna river. Following the course of the Susquehanna river from Waverly the country grows more rugged and broken, the hills more lofty and precipitous, the mountains in the distance more clearly defined. At Wilkesbarre we reached their foot, and a second engine was added to the train of four palace cars. Then the mountain climbing commenced, and up we go, ascending in one direction, then another, through natural gorges or giant cuts, taking all points of the compass, but always rising higher. Mountain scenery was new to us, and its inspiring influence was fully felt. Finally we were directed to look down an open gorge of the mountain, and there at our feet, only three miles distant, lay the town we had left sixteen miles back. We were now at the summit, and leaving our extra engine we commenced the descent into the valley of the Lehigh. Down grade we go, and find it more exciting than the rise, as one realizes the changes more fully. Often the sharp scur-r-r of the brakes shows the

force applied to reduce the speed, and gives one a vivid realization of what might be if anything gave way. But when the foot of the mountains is reached and the journey along their base begins on the margin of the rushing, roaring Lehigh, then the true sensations of the scene force themselves on the traveller. Hitherto the experiences have been so constantly changing that one was carried away by the novelty, and no time was given to analyze one's feelings. But now the mountains tower above you, sometimes sheer cliffs of jagged rock, of fantastic colors and formation, rising thousands of feet, now perpendicular, now sloping away in broken lines, peak showing above peak as the outline momentarily changes as you rush along. Sometimes a mountain spur is hewed off to give room for the double track laid on the river's brink, at other times they draw away leaving a little glen at the foot. Laurel makes green many slopes, miners' cabins nestle in the crags, the open pit and piles of debris mark the location of iron and coal mines; and everywhere is shown the charm of nature's grandeur.

On we go, crossing and recrossing the river, as the mountains encroach upon or recede from its brink, following its tortuous windings, looking out of the windows to catch glimpses of the front or rear of the train, as the sharp curves seem to double it upon itself; often feeling as if the cars were running on one wheel, and were sure to dash into the river, or against the mountain. So reach after reach of the river's windings open before us, each seeming more wildly picturesque than the last, when suddenly we are in cimmerian darkness, and realize that we are truly under the mountains. Emerging again, we notice that the water is dripping from the car as if we had passed through a smart shower. This is repeated several times in the journey, through tunnels of varying length.

The climax is reached at Mauch Chunk, known as "the Switzerland of America." Here on one side of the stream is the bold bluff, almost flush with the stream, rising perpendicularly, frowning and rugged, away almost it seems beyond sight, while on the other the heights trend away, making an amphitheatre, where a pretty station house and hotel stand, with a small number of houses scattered about. The architecture is simple, as in keeping with natural surroundings, but there is an incongruity in their presence to the tourist. It seems as if nature were aggrieved by their presence. We were told that a town of several thousand inhabitants lay back in the mountain recesses, but only a little hamlet was visible. It is a noted summer resort, and is said to be very healthful, and must be very pleasant to an admirer of nature. A cable road known as the "switchback" conveys tourists to the very top of the mountain, from which the view is only limited by the power of vision.

So overpowering were the emotions called up by the grandeur and sublimity of the enchanting views, that it was with a feeling of relief they were left behind and scenes more commonplace were gladly



welcomed. Yet the feelings of admiration and awe engendered by those scenes are often renewed by Fancy's force, and dreams sometimes bring distorted images of the same grand creations.

Should any member of the HOUSEHOLD visit Washington, I would advise the Lehigh Valley route, and plan the passage by daylight.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

#### ONE WEEK.

(Continued.)

No one felt like getting up this morning. I imagine, for the alarm failed to rouse the household, and six had come and gone before the first one rose. Work is demoralized when such a thing occurs, but we did as well as we could. Bread was mixed, coffee set on the stove, potatoes chopped and stewed in cream and butter, sausage fried, pancakes made and sugar melted for syrup. The whistle from the mill blew long and loud, for not a log was on the log-way to begin sawing. The train brought up two flat cars for lumber and left them at the mill, and I suppose when Philander saw what was to be accomplished, so that the noon train could take the cars back, he vowed a vow that not another evening this whole winter would he be guilty of "being up."

Everything was in a "muddle" indoors, with about one hour and one-half less time in which to operate. After the bread was molded into the tins I made two apple-pies from Greenings—my favorite apple. While these were baking I made a batch of doughnuts after Beatrix's recipe, only I add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; then cream puffs were made—our little folks like them so well. One-half pint of boiling water, two-thirds teacupful of butter (pack it in close so there will be no less), when at the boiling point add one and one-half teacupfuls of sifted flour, when it cleaves away from the pan nicely turn it into five well beaten eggs, and incorporate thoroughly. This should make twenty-one, dropped in small teaspoonfuls on well buttered tins. Have the oven hot, allow about twenty minutes for baking; they will rise, be uneven all over and entirely hollow on the inside. Be sure they are done, else they will fall and be doughy; do not pile them while hot. For the filling take two teacupfuls sweet milk, set in hot water; into a bowl put one teacup granulated sugar, yokes of three eggs, tablespoonful cornstarch, mix thoroughly, then thicken the milk with this, stir and do not allow it to curdle, only thicken; flavor with what you like best—vanilla is nice—set away to get cold. Cut a hole in the side of the puff, run the knife half way around, fill with the custard and lay the top back. Try them if you don't believe they are good.

Now the bread goes into the oven—six loaves. When this comes out, two tins of molasses cake go in—made from one of our HOUSEHOLD recipes. A basin of beans is picked over and put cooking, parboiled with a spoonful of saleratus; when two-thirds done they are poured into my new

bean dish, such as Boston beans are baked in; it is as high as a two gallon crock of grey stone ware, has a handle on, a neck, and little cover that fits inside. I do not cook pork with beans this winter, I salt them, add a little brown sugar, and after the dinner is on the table, take the upper grate out of the oven, put in the beans and there they stay until supper-time, and they are browned all around the top, sides and bottom, and are simply delicious. I should dislike to have this bean jar broken, I like it so well.

For dinner we will have steamed potatoes, beefsteak, cabbage. "How shall it be cooked?" I asked of the pert miss, half through her teens, who knows just what she likes, and how she likes it. "Oh! cooked with cream and butter, mamma," so it is chopped fine, boiled tender in the granite iron kettle, water drained off, cream, butter, salt and pepper added, and dished immediately. I was obliged to cut the new bread, and two loaves vanished like snowflakes in the river.

I had promised my little boy for a long time that I would go to school with him, so as the day was fine and not very cold I got ready. How vividly my school days loomed up before me, especially when a sweet little girl with flaxen hair braided down her back, passed the water! I was surprised to learn from the teacher that I was the only visitor she had had this term, and it will close next week. That funny way exists now-a-days of staying at home, and finding all manner of fault with the way our children learn or do not learn. We do not have sympathy enough for our teachers; we expect they will do more for our children than we do ourselves. While they will pick up phrases and learn some naughty actions from playfellows, their principal habits, behavior, etc., are learned at home. "Home manners will stick," you know. It is quite a trying place—that of the district school teacher. The Director thinks that owing to the superiority of his position his children should have an abundance of leniency and forbearance shown them. The Treasurer thinks that "being as how" he keeps the one thing needful—money—his boy should be shown partiality; and the Moderator sides in with one or the other, knowing that the majority rule. The teacher either has no government or else has too much; the children don't read as they ought, pronounce their words "so outlandish," the long sound of "o" in dog, or long "o" in God, log, etc.; its all newfangled and "they never teach'd skewl so when I was a boy." This thing will keep growing worse and worse until there will be a school board composed exclusively of women; and even then, oh dear ladies, will everything be peaceable and quiet, on velvet? Let's help the teacher all we can, for she has it hard enough. From nine until twelve, from one until four, a bustle, hum, buzzing, the same thing over and over, with an occasional headache, and innumerable bad feelings; for we are made of the same material, whether we earn our bread and butter or do not. Home with a troop of children. Some wrestling,

some walking sedately, some exercising their vocal powers with "Chickey, get your hair cut just like mine."

I felt about fifteen years younger when I dropped into my home about five o'clock. A calico wrapper had been cut in my absence. Ironing nearly done and our kitchen treated to its first coat of paint; its to be peach-blow this time. Eggs were hunted by the children, forty-five in number. Supper consisted of beans; pressed beef; mustard; canned tomatoes; baked apples, warm, with sugar and nutmeg; bread; molasses cake and yellow cake with fruit in it; cheese; tea, boiled eggs. As I cleared away the fragments, which were few, I wondered if we lived to eat or ate to live, and fervently hoped that I could bake through so that no one should starve. Dishes washed and placed in the cupboard, potatoes pared for the morning meal, I played "Old Maid Cards" with Raymond until he was sleepy. The rest were resting or talking, with the exception of Philander, who was giving his undivided attention to a cigar.

(To be continued.)

#### OUR SUMMER VACATIONS.

About this time of the year the most of us are called upon to "brace up" to another season of toil. The winter has given us more or less of leisure; but now come the hired men, perhaps a girl; chickens, calves, pails and pails of milk, all of which bring daily work and care to the farmer's wife. In looking forward to the weeks of toil before us we should make plans for our vacations. The word may suggest a traveling outfit, the sea-shore; the mountains, and weeks of absence from home; but these are possible to very few, and ours must be picked up all along the route of daily tasks. While our tastes differ as much as our forms and faces, we have the common need of something which will serve as a vacation; it may be a half-hour at music, a few pages of a book or paper, a ride, a walk, or a visit with a bed or box of flowers; but no woman should think for a moment of walking day after day in the treadmill of housework without a pause for one or more of these rests for body and mind. They need cost nothing but the time, and that will be more than made up by the freshness with which we return to our tasks. Let us say, "Wait" to the morning work and go out into the dewy beauty for a ten or twenty minutes' vacation, somewhere, somehow. After a busy forenoon shut the door upon the dinner-table which represents such chaos and desolation, and take another. If possible, find a third in the cool evening and drop the burdens of the day into the calm deep beauty of the sunset, into the good-night twitter of a bird, or whisper them to the moonlit face of Mother Nature, and fall asleep, feeling that we are her children and she will care for us.

Any husband worthy the name will rejoice to see us making the least instead of the most of our burdens, and so shifting their weight as to leave some strength for cheerfulness and vivacity. After all, it is



not so much the essential as the show part of our work which wears us out, the feverish ambition to whiten our clothes-yard as early on Monday as our neighbor; the extra polishing; the constant pursuit of dust, the ruffles, the drapings which refuse to take on grace; the endless trimming without which we feel instinctively we must take a back seat among housekeepers. Let us remember that while housekeeping is good, homekeeping is better, and self-keeping is the best of all; for unless we have strength of body and mind how can we help ourselves or others?

We are familiar with the story of the man who searched around the world for Happiness in vain, and returned home to find her smiling in his own doorway. If we enjoy all we can of each and every day, we may make the fair Dame's acquaintance in many an unexpected way. We shall come to build less and less upon the vague time when we "are rich," and perhaps pity Mrs. Astor, for she can never realize how sweet a cabbage tastes when one has watched and tended it from the seed to the table; or how fair a flower is when one has fought frosts, bugs, weeds and drouth for its life.

But don't forget the vacations. Do not wait for them until the work is done, but let the work wait for them just as often and long as possible.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

#### PORK AND THE PORK BARREL.

I do not wish to criticise May B.'s article on the pork barrel, but will try to give you my idea on that subject. I think the pork barrel is just as necessary and just as good economy as the garden. No doubt many of my readers are catching their breath (my husband among the number). Now let me convince you doubting ones, if I can, that I am right. If the family is small, and like ours, eats but little salt pork, a two hundred pound pig well fattened will be about the right size; this pig would have sold last fall for \$12 at the highest. Now how many times could you go to market with that \$12? If you averaged twenty-five cents a trip, you could go once a week for forty-eight weeks, then there would be four weeks that you could not go on that \$12. You would have no lard, only what costs you one shilling per pound, and ten or fifteen pounds are used up so quickly; forty pounds of lard is a small amount for a farmer's family if they are fond of fried cakes and pies; and forty pounds represents five dollars, nearly one half what that pig brought.

That pig, kept at home, would have furnished at least fifty pounds of such pork steak and ham as you have paid one shilling a pound for, which amounts to \$6.25, and the roughest part thrown in, which is good eating when boiled. Then you would have twenty-five pounds of spare ribs; I do not know what the price of these is, but they are worth a good price to me, with the tenderloin, and the rest of the back bone and its thick, white, sweet meat. The legs, cut off as high up as you wish, you can throw into the pork barrel on top of

the side pork and leave until spring; then put them into some clear cold water after scraping them white; next morning put to boil in plenty of water, cook tender; while hot put into a crock of good vinegar, and you have a delicious supper dish—so long as they last.

After the meat is all cut up I go over it, cutting and trimming it here and there, rounding the hams and shoulders, putting the fat trimmed off into a pan to be tried up for lard, the lean into another for sausage, and nearly all the thin pieces, those which are "a streak of lean and a streak of fat" go into the sausage. I can easily make twelve or fifteen pounds of sausage; then all the thinnest pieces of fat, and in fact all that I think will not be needed as salt pork goes into lard. This, with the leaf lard, the chops and what can be got from the head, will make forty or fifty pounds of lard, at one shilling per pound, over five dollars' worth.

There will be enough side pork to make one layer up on edge over the bottom of the barrel, and I think a little more. Now when a boiled dinner is wanted here is the first thing and the foundation in the cellar "without money" or time running to town, and for your baked beans also. Then when the city visitors come out, no worry what to get for them, but trip to the pork barrel, fry the salt pork, make some delicious cream gravy, and they will be "all right" as well as us.

Recapitulating, if we reckon on fifty pounds in hams and shoulders, twenty-five pounds of spare rib, fifteen of sausage and fifty of lard, and allow twenty pounds for the legs and all waste, there will remain forty pounds to class as salt pork. These figures are not exact weights, but my estimates according to my best judgment. Have I convinced you that no farmer's cellar should be without a pork barrel? And is this the only thing in which many farmers merit the vulgar sounding old saying of "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung."

M. E. H.

ALBION.

#### PICKLING EGGS.

One of our correspondents recently inquired how eggs may be kept through the summer for sale in the fall. One way, perhaps the simplest, is to pack them in salt, and keep them in a cool, dry place. Salt is very deliquescent, and for the best results the egg box should be stored in a dry place.

A process endorsed by the *Scientific American* is as follows:

"Having filled a clean keg or barrel with fresh eggs cover them with a cold solution of salicylic acid water. The eggs must be kept down by a board float on which rests a weight sufficient to hold it on top of the eggs, and the top covered over with a cloth to keep out the dust. If set in a cool place the eggs will keep fresh for months. To make the salicylic solution dissolve a tablespoonful of the acid to each gallon of water (dissolve the acid first in boiling water); in a clean airy cellar one brine is sufficient for three months or more.

The salicylic acid can be obtained for about \$2.50 to \$3 per pound."

The liming process, as practised by P. H. Jacobs, a well known writer on poultry matters, is the following: "Take 24 gallons of water, put in it twelve pounds un-slacked lime and four pounds salt. Stir it well several times a day, then let it stand and settle until perfectly clear. Then draw off twenty gallons of the clear liquid. By putting a spigot in the barrel about four inches from the bottom you can draw off the clear liquid and leave the settlings. Then take five ounces bi-carbonate of soda, five ounces cream of tartar, five ounces saltpetre, five ounces powdered borax and one ounce powdered alum, mix and dissolve in a gallon of boiling water, which should be poured into your twenty gallons of lime water. This will fill a whisky barrel about half full and a barrel holds about 200 dozen eggs. Let the water stand one inch above the eggs. Cover with an old piece of carpet, put a bucketful of the settlings over it. Do not let the cloth hang over the barrel. As the water evaporates, add more, as the eggs must be covered with the lime mixture."

If you have an old stone churn or jar, out of use, you can paint it a bright pink, a dark red or blue, and while the paint is fresh throw against it fresh, clean, sharp white sand. Enough will adhere to the paint to make a novel and pretty finish. The ears and a band around the top and bottom may be left unpainted, and receive a coat of gold paint. Thus ornamented the jar is ready for use as a receptacle for shovel and tongs, or for the store of grasses and spoils from the woods gathered in summer.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**ELECTION CAKE.**—Two cups sugar; one cup sweet milk; half cup butter; four eggs; four cups sifted flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; one cup nutmeats; one cup chopped raisins. Flavor to taste; beat a long time; bake slow.

**SNOW CAKE.**—One and a half cups sugar; one cup flour; one teaspoonful baking powder; whites of ten eggs beaten until stiff. Flavor with lemon.

**WHITE CAKE.**—Whites of five eggs; two cups sugar; half cup butter; one cup sweet milk; three cups sifted flour; two large teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, put in the milk, then the eggs beaten until stiff; add the flour and baking powder; beat well. Bake in loaf or layer. It is very nice.

**GOLD CAKE.**—One and a half cups sugar; half cup butter; two-thirds cup sweet milk; yolks of five eggs; two cups flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Flavor with vanilla.

**MOLASSES CAKE.**—Half cup molasses; half cup sugar; half cup warm water; one egg; quarter cup butter; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful ginger; one and a half cups flour.

**CREAM CAKE.**—One cup sugar; three eggs; six tablespoonfuls sweet cream; one cup flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in layers. Beat two-thirds cup sweet cream and half cup sugar until stiff, flavor with vanilla, spread between the layers and on top.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.