

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### RECOMPENSE.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day  
By truth's own hand is driven;  
God never takes one thing away,  
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years  
This law of love and kindness;  
But without hope, through bitter tears,  
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret  
For some departed treasure,  
My sad repining heart was met  
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so,  
But time this truth has taught me:  
No least thing from my life can go,  
But something else 's brought me.

It is the law complete, sublime,  
And now with faith unshaken,  
In patience I but bide my time,  
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow  
May for the moment down me;  
Still back of it waits Love, I know,  
With some new gift to crown me.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### A SUNDAY'S OUTING.

"I shall expect you next Saturday. 'The preparations are all prepared,' don't fail me." Such was the imperative message which I received one April afternoon from Mrs. Thomas Langley, of Greenfield, better known to our HOUSEHOLD people as "A. L. L." of Ingleside. Wasn't it cute of her? She knows I dislike to disappoint people in their expectations of me, hence she was sure I would accept her invitation. To make assurance doubly sure, the laconic answer "Dinner for three on Saturday" was sent, and I was on hand promptly to help eat it. I'm not going to tell what we talked about that quiet afternoon, while the rain fell gently outside, turning the grass of the velvety lawns to a deeper emerald, and brightening the arbor vitæ hedge, the unbroken wall of green which is the pride of Mr. Langley's heart; nor how my hostess waxed a trifle sarcastic in tone as, looking at the sewing which lay in my lap, and on which I had not even threaded a needle, she said, "I'm so glad you brought your work!"

I have described "Ingleside" and its attractions several times in these columns, so this time I wish to tell about a visit paid Sunday afternoon to Senator Palmer's famous "Log Cabin," of which nearly everybody in the State and many out of it have heard, and which is located several miles from Mr. Langley's residence. The

extensive stock barns on the Palmer farm are a decided landmark, and the visitor enters the grounds through a gate always hospitably open, and drives down several farm lanes to a piece of woodland, through which six or seven miles of winding road have been cut, shady avenues whose quiet and seclusion must be delightful in June's perfect days, or when the foliage is painted in October tints. Rustic bridges here and there cross the track of a rill, so slight a silver thread as to make one half believe it but a pretense for a picturesque bridge. Taking the most direct road, we have soon a glimpse of the log house, a smoothed out and sand-papered imitation of the settler's cabin of pioneer days, and withal a most charming one. It stands on a grassy eminence, a perfectly kept lawn sloping away from it on all sides; an artificial lake— island studded—in front, beyond, pastures ankle-deep in lush grass, the belt of woodland we have just passed through at the left. At each end of the house is a chimney, built outside, of logs, as one sees them in the pictures of pioneer houses, so built because, like that of the Arkansas cabin of the story, it was so big that either the family or the chimney had to go outside. These chimneys make very commodious closets in the interior arrangement. There is a "lean-to"—the kitchen, after the approved fashion of early days; and the rain water barrel at the corner of the house is not forgotten, nor the keg of cider with a bottle in the bung-hole, slowly acidulating in the sunshine. The steep decline to the shores of the little lake, which is stocked with carp, is planted to young forest trees of many varieties, a majority of which were brought from Mr. Palmer's old home in Connecticut, as was also a carload of rocks, now arranged along the water's edge and upon the islands. Beyond the house is a miniature waterfall, "Cottrell's Cascade," where the water ripples and splashes over the stones, falling into a little basin and then tumbling headlong into the little lake. Among the stones are planted native ferns; their fronds were appearing and promise later to make the spot very pretty indeed.

We were so fortunate as to meet Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cottrell en route, and Mr. Cottrell being manager of the farm, through his courtesy had the unexpected pleasure of a peep into the interior of this unique residence. The entrance is on the centre of the side, through massive oaken doors divided horizontally—a fashion which prevailed in the days when every man's house

was his fort as well as his castle—and into a hall where after one swift glance which comprehended the general effect, the first thing one noticed was a deer's head—a "stag of ten," so large his branching antler. This wide hall divides the lower part of the house into two large rooms, which are filled with antique furniture, consisting almost entirely of family relics. In the centre of the hall is an old-fashioned square stove—made without a rivet, the parts being lapped and joined—set in a shallow, sawdust-filled box. The ceiling is festooned with strings of dried apples, pumpkins, gourds, tresses of corn and bunches of herbs and grasses. Over the hardwood floor is laid the unambitious rag carpet; the spinning wheel and the flax wheel are there also; all the furnishings are quaint and old fashioned; the candlesticks, the ancient lantern which serves as a hall lamp, everything has a history. There is a cabinet filled with mementoes of the past, the glass doors of which are made of window sash from the old homestead, tiny panes deeply set in wooden framework. Eyes long since shut beneath

"that low green tent  
Whose curtain never outward swings"  
once stole a last fond glance at the queued and powdered lover as he rode away, or watched through blinding rain of tears the sable train that bore away the beloved dead. So goes the world, and we remember man in his pride and power is more perishable than his handiwork.

The carved oaken staircase is opposite the entrance; on the landing stands the old "grandfather's clock," built into the wall of the old house in the Nutmeg State, and rescued from the rubbish and cobwebs of an attic.

"Half way up the stairs it stands  
And points and beckons with its hands."

It ticked off almost a century, and now is respected and esteemed in its old age and decrepitude. There are four sleeping apartments up stairs, equipped with imposing four-post bedsteads, like those I can remember seeing in my girlhood, and which came from "down east," but which the iconoclastic spirit of progress long since ordered ignominiously sawed up for firewood. There were "valences" of "curtain calico," and apoplectic feather beds tucked up in patchwork quilts, one of which in particular, was a marvel of needlework in its fine quilting; antique "chests of draws" and spindle-legged wash stands, on one of which was placed what I took to be a tinderbox, and a little squat candlestick with a wax candle in it. An ancient



weapon known as a horse pistol, I think, was a formidable affair, and if by chance it missed fire, one had but to throw it at his assailant and it would prove more decidedly effective—if it hit him.

Space forbids mention of the many curious and interesting mementoes of the families of Senator and Mrs. Palmer which have been collected and thus fittingly housed. The lover of "the good old days" can contrast the utensils of the past with those of the present and strike a balance in favor of his prejudices, while those accustomed only to what we call "modern conveniences" will study these evidences of the ways of the world eighty or a hundred years ago, these samples of what a past generation prized as beautiful or useful or ornamental, with an awakened interest.

The new minister to Spain leaves behind his "log cabin," a charming residence on our most beautiful avenue, his Percherons and Jerseys and all his "agricultural interests." What wonder that he says: "Don't congratulate me; I don't want to go!"

BEATRIX.

#### ABOUT DRESSMAKING.

These fair days of spring turn my thoughts to garden making and bilin' soap, with longings for other antiquated things out of reach because they vanished with the years to which they belonged. I wish that one of the Beckys or Mary Janes of my mother's day, who came early in the morning with a green or black delaine dress, a change of clean calico and plenty of aprons, and who called mother familiarly Sarah Ann and father Henry, who took hold with a will and seemed to enjoy work, would answer my advertisements for "help." Alas! common sense is not more plentiful in a large city than elsewhere. A good cook for rent is not among existing things. I am persuaded that not one person out of a hundred who advertises for work is worth their board. Skill has no need of newspaper columns. This conclusion is the result of wide observation emphasized by recent experiments. If you want a thing done according to your own ideas, do it yourself. If you are not able, then pray for patience to bear botches. I will not repeat the stale servant girl story of the little maid who advertised for light housework and "go home at nights." By having breakfast ready in the morning, hiring the washing done, doing the cooking and baking myself, she was induced to adorn the house two weeks, but deserted us when we were all sick in bed.

Right here I want to revoke what I have said about treating measles with heat. I had two patients. The first I roasted. Result, she is not well after two months, with impaired eyesight. The other I gave all the cold water called for, kept the temperature of the room moderate, and in ten days she was going back to business. The cases were exactly parallel in the beginning; both originally in good health, the attack coming on the same, etc., etc.

A dressmaker followed the measles, and verily the last was worse than the first. She was also an advertisement. She was a very tall English woman who looked quite gen-

teel on first appearance, but my heart sank when she laid off her long cloak and disclosed a lank figure clothed in very broad red plaid, a badly fitting basque with puffed sleeves. Instinct told me she could not make a dress, but benevolence prompted me to give her a trial. I lived to wish that I had paid her and said good morning before she commenced. It might be useful to some one to tell how she spoiled my basques. I had bought patterns with curved fronts. She laid the edge of the pattern at the neck on the edge of the goods and then cut it straight, which left the darts too far back. She must then have taken it up under the arms. When I ripped them one side was four inches larger than the other and the darts were wholly unlike. She had taken up the curved part of the side back at the arm-hole until it did not measure an inch. This seam and the darts, of an authentic pattern, should never be altered. She had added to the length of the sleeves, put them together at random, and they consequently turned round, making the seam on top of the arm. This need never occur if in adding length the pattern be notched as it should go together and the extra allowed both top and bottom. Most of the patterns we now buy have these notches. I would not advise anyone to try to make the new style sleeves without a good pattern, nor to wear them unless possessed of considerable grace.

I have been worn out with bustles and have been making experiments with the steels and find them quite comfortable and not heavy if arranged right. Two reeds will take up about four inches and length should be added to the top of the back breadth and most of it right in the centre, so that the slope seems rapid and somewhat pointed. I also sew the shirs on sloping, say five inches from the top in the middle and eight inches from top, at the sides, for the first one. The second I sew straight across, ten inches from the first, measuring from the centre. The best patterns for skirts have very little slope on the gores and the front gore is almost straight. Skirts cut this way hang back nicely when the reeds are adjusted. In making the long plain back drapery, the breadth should be shaped off at the top like the underskirt, or it will be shorter in the middle. I have not been able to get the knack of the straight pleats over the reeds. They will fall apart, and tacking shows, so that I have been making a box pleat at each side and gathering with three shirs. This can be tacked a few places in the folds and requires less than half the goods. I leave the skirt open about five inches on each side instead of at one side and thus avoid all gaping at the placket.

I want also to say a word in favor of the corset. I do not believe that a corset in itself is damaging. I bought a "Common Sense" corset recently. It has no steel in front and no bones, consequently I am compelled to have a stiff bone in every seam in my dress except the side body. I always put one between the last dart and the next seam and one in front under the buttons. Now if that is not equal to any corset, then I don't know. I was quite converted to the Mrs. Jenness Miller dress, but on trial found

it very troublesome to make and requiring a certain style of beauty to wear. Few women look well without some extension in the back, so she allows reeds. As for supporting garments on the shoulder, I do not believe it can be done unless the whole dress is made very loose and therefore without form or curve. If one does not mind the broad appearance given to the back, the present style of straight drapery without a bustle, and a loose corset will meet the desire for ease and comfort as well as anything women wear.

If I had not written so much I would tell about the lecture of Mr. Talmage, "The School of Scandal." How much I admire and reverence a man with the talent to summon so vast an audience as assembled to hear him lecture! There is nothing in this life more to be desired than brains—brains that will not only instruct others but make money to live comfortably and do good.

DAFFODILLY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

#### FARMING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Having selected the very best looking of A. L. L.'s photographs as probably my own, I feel it a duty to return the compliment. A. L. L., while I adjust the camera will you please look at that spot on the wall and wink as often as you want to. While this negative is developing I want to make a few reflections. Strange, is it not, the mental pictures we form of those we have never seen but judge by what they have written. Truer pictures perhaps of their real selves than if merely of the outward form. Yet I have always odd ideas of the persons themselves that I don't get from their letters. For instance, why am I certain that Beatrix is, to use the old expression "neat as wax," that all her belongings are kept in as dainty order and precision as the waxen cells of the honey bee. Possibly her penmanship suggests it. Or why do I read Daffodilly's letters, with the impression strong in my mind that she is possessed of rare personal beauty. She certainly never said so. But the negative is finished and here is the first print from it: A lady exactly forty-four years of age, though she doesn't look it, for her life has been a happy, easy one. Tall, with bright black eyes, weight 180. A keen judge of human nature, can see through shams of any kind, is fearless in standing up for what she believes to be right. And now where does this impression come from, that she is not exactly a working farmer's wife like most of us? But these are outward things, the real, the inner life, where the soul dwells in its own isolation, only A. L. L. knows.

Do the Michigan farmers themselves read this paper? If so here is a suggestion for them. If you have left since the election a lot of gummed slips with your name on, which your friends didn't require to paste over the other man's name, put them on the handles of all your tools, especially if you live in a borrowing community.

I think northern Michigan is a beautifu



country; that is, the hardwoods (nobody admires its pine choppings), and I very much like my own home here. I have got rid of a good many ideas of this country that I brought with me from the Western Reserve, Ohio, nine years ago. The climate is not so very different from that much farther south. Our winter begins in November and ends in April, and it did there. I do not think it is any colder. But it is different in one respect, and in that consists the very worst feature of this country. We have such an immense amount of snow in winter. The roads have to be snowplowed frequently, or they would be impassible. Some of our neighbors think they prefer the snow to the Ohio mud, but I certainly do not. We consider our season short and so use seed of the early varieties, but I always notice in the papers the coming of frost in central and southern Michigan at the time of our first frost in the fall here. We supposed we could not raise corn, but that is a crop that has never failed with us yet. The farmers here are feeling discouraged, for last year there was a terrible drouth, and many of them want to exchange farms of 80 or more acres for places of 40 or 50 acres farther south, if they knew where they could.

People who never saw Northern Michigan think that the ground is barren and poor. It is not. It hardly can be with the leaves of the thick hard wood trees falling and rotting on the ground for hundreds of years. Improved farms with good buildings and more or less land cleared, can be bought for \$10 to \$25 per acre. In wild lands the school lands are the cheapest, can be had in good locations for \$4 per acre. The women here are contented and would not willingly give up their homes; it is the men who want to go to Washington territory, Oklahoma and Dakota, probably from the American restlessness that makes foreigners call us a "nation of emigrants." I would much rather live in northern Michigan than in the far west, if under the necessity of buying where land is cheap.

Our root crops of all kinds are much better than in Ohio. Even if our crops generally are not as good as in southern Michigan, they certainly pay a better interest on the money invested in the land than where land is \$100 and upwards per acre.

We settlers here are not doing as well as we might. With several thousand sugar maple trees on our farms and ready market for syrup at \$1 per gallon, only a few of us make enough for our own use. This is a good country for sheep, pasture unlimited, but there are only eight in this township. There is not a hive of bees in the county, though white clover grows wild and the whole country is white with the bloom of berry blossoms. That reminds me, if Geo. E. Hilton will mention what county Fremont is in he may hear something to his advantage. I am not going to write to him without knowing the county, while there are eight different Fremonts in Michigan. [The particular

Fremont in which Mr. Hilton resides is in Newaygo County.—ED.]

If there is any more information I can give to Bess, write and let me know. Address Huldah Perkins, Pioneer, Missaukee Co., Mich. There is much more to be said but this letter is already too long.

HULDAH PERKINS.

#### MOUNT VERNON.

Of course a visit to Washington meant a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon. It is generally known that this place is now owned and managed by an incorporated society of ladies, known as the National Mount Vernon Association, the executive committee consisting of one member from each State, known as regents. These meet once a year to transact necessary business. Mount Vernon lies 16 miles below the city, and at present 200 acres of land are owned by the Association. They also own the boat which plies between that point and the city. The boat leaves the dock at 10 A. M., returning at 3:30 P. M.; fare, including admission to the grounds, one dollar the round trip. To illustrate the cosmopolitan character of the visitors, a census was taken on the boat at the time of our visit, and there were found among about one hundred passengers representatives from 34 States and Territories.

The mansion is situated on a high bank, a graveled drive leading up the slope from the wharf, bordered by a plank walk. Part way up a ravine breaks the bank, where are several weeping willows from the tomb of Napoleon. The new tomb is on the brow of the hill, a plain brick structure with wide, arched gateway having double grated iron gates. Inside is plainly visible the marble sarcophagi containing the remains of Washington and his wife. His name, with the American shield, is sculptured on his coffin; on his wife's, "Martha, consort of Washington." Fresh wreaths of flowers rested on each. Human nature was shown by the rude crowding and jostling of some to obtain first place at the gates, and one young miss, from whose composition reverence seemed excluded, with a smirk, boisterously advised her escort, "Take off your hat, George, in the presence of the Father of your Country." The inner gate of the tomb was locked and the key thrown into the river when all was placed in order after the removal of the remains to the new tomb, to prevent the inroads of that shameless vandal, the "relic" hunter. Near by are four plain marble monuments to the memory of relatives of the illustrious dead.

The mansion is of wood, two stories high, with an attic of four rooms lighted by dormer windows. The rooms have been restored as far as possible to their condition when occupied by Washington; some things remained, some have been returned as donations, others have been duplicated. Visitors pass in through the main rooms and halls, though barred doorways prevent ingress to the most historic rooms, but all can be easily seen. Each State, as far as possible, has assumed the care and preservation of a particular room, others some outside building. Michigan has re-

stored and protects the old tomb, now guarded by an iron railing. There are, I think, 16 rooms in the mansion, which is 90 feet long by 30 wide. On the east front is a portico reaching up the two stories, supported by heavy columns, giving a fine effect. The well near the door, with its windlass and bucket, furnishes splendid water as of yore. Arched, covered passages lead to separate buildings at the back, such as kitchen, milk house, etc. The old brick barn has been renovated, new roofed, and will stand for years to come.

Intelligent, pleasant guides are ready to show or explain whatever you ask about, and watch that no damage is done. Signs everywhere forbid breaking or defacing, and a fine of five dollars is levied on any person caught violating rules.

On leaving, various relics in the shape of magnolia leaves, shells, small plants from the greenhouse, etc., are offered at your own price; photographic views are offered for sale, a lunch at the dairy can be had, and in such ways the necessary funds to pay expenses are procured.

I have gone more into detail in this case from the belief that all will feel a lively interest in anything connected with the home of Washington. I will not give a description of the rooms, as I fear to weary the HOUSEHOLD. The situation of the house is very commanding, and the view from the portico is beautiful. It was a day to be marked with a white stone for me; indeed, it was the realization of a life-long dream. All steamers passing Mount Vernon toll their bells, a fitting requiem for the noble dead. The evening after, we went to a promenade concert at the Pension building, where the inaugural ball was held, and the grand decorations were still in place. Imagine a room 316 feet long, 116 feet wide, 148 feet high, with two rows of pillars 25 feet in circumference, equidistant from each other and the ends; two galleries all around the sides, with ceiling, walls and pillars all covered, hung and twined with bunting, banners, streamers, flags, flowers, ropes and banks of green, and lighted to noonday brightness with white and colored electric lights, and you may gain a faint idea of the fairy-like scene. A pagoda-like structure perhaps 40 feet square, two stories high, erected in the centre, banked in green relieved with flowers and flashing with myriad colored lights, formed a place of concealment for the Marine band, whose enchanting music is of world-wide fame. The tiled floor was comfortably filled with a good-humored, well-dressed crowd, and the kaleidoscopic, moving panorama of human forms in gala dress made a picture to hang on memory's wall.

Wishing that you all might have "been there to see," and assuring you of my pleasure in telling you "all about it," I bid all a courteous good day.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

A REQUEST is made for the name and address of any person engaged in silk culture in this State.



## ONE WEEK.

(Continued.)

Saturday morning, and I feel constrained to cry with my friend Fritz, "By shimeny! dis ish the highest cutting up of the men folks that has ever come under my opservation." In the first place Philander has gotten up with the first streak of light for two mornings, hitched up the colts and circled around the country. Ostensibly it was to notify different parties that on certain days they could haul on logs and have them sawed, but I can see through that; he don't like to milk those heifers that have appeared at the barn, for he knows they kick and who can wonder at it! Well bred cattle with long pedigrees ought to do something out of the natural order of things. One hired man came down with measles, lung fever, pneumonia, mumps and I don't know how many more of the "ills that flesh is heir to," and went home last night; another went away to be gone over Sunday, so our force is considerably diminished. I have been up all night with Raymond, who has the mumps, so I use what strength I have remaining on a lump of dough, which I knock about on the moulding board until it is in a smooth mass, set it away to rise, chop some cold lean ham, beat eggs, make a ham omelet, steam oatmeal, fix creamed potatoes, coffee, cookies, crackers, and breakfast is ready. Into the frying pan put a cup of cream thinned with milk, a big lump of butter and salt; when it boils up turn in the boiled potatoes, sliced very thin, cover up and let them simmer; they should be moist, and are delicious.

When I was a "girl" I spent some time in Chicago; one day we were lunching at a tony restaurant, had broiled chicken, brook trout, lobster salad and creamed potatoes. The elegant widower at my left said with a killing glance, "When I find a lady who can cream potatoes as they did at the Bay, where a party of us used to go pleasuring, I will at once offer her my heart and hand. Can you?" I caught a glimpse of a ring on my left hand and conscience bade me answer "No." Put that down as a lost opportunity! Philander comes dashing in just as we are getting about the table; he has kicked up a dust, and got such an appetite as only a morning ride will induce; and I feel like telling him that I never would mention dyspepsia again if I could pack away such a lot of provisions. Table cleaned, bread moulded into the tins, two loaves; cake made; three cups of dough, two and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, all kinds of spice, and a cup of chopped raisins—use tea or coffee cups; two mince pies and one custard, dried corn washed and put soaking, a ham put over to boil; horseradish grated, a tin of apples pared, halved, cores dug out, sugar sprinkled over, a little nutmeg, a little water, and when the oven is empty they will be baked; I like them warm. Apples are not keeping at all, and one must use them, not only to save them, but because they are healthy. I steep some saffron tea for Raymond, put a bran poultice on his throat, soak his feet and tuck him away in

a fresh bed, give him hot lemonade for a drink and he dozes nearly all day.

Six beds are made, sweeping done, dusting; fresh papers put on some of the pantry shelves; cellar stairs cleaned; dining-room windows washed; four large hams sliced down and packed in jars and lard run over—a job which has been long talked about, but now actually acheived. I open a two quart can of stock, add some vermicelli, curry powder, a little grated potato, salt, and color it with a caramel made of a spoonful of sugar melted and then browned down, not burned. This soup, with mashed potatoes, sliced boiled ham, sweet corn, bread, tea and custard pie make up the dinner, which is ready quarter past twelve. John is the only man here, as two loads of wood went to town to-day. After the dinner work is out of the way, John finishes painting the kitchen; the iron sink and pump are treated to a fresh black coat, the wood work of the sink—a handsome red, the two doors and window frames are the same color—and wood box the top is whitewashed and side peachblow.

One sews on a new calico dress; another makes two pairs of drawers on the machine—the new Singer works like a charm. I cut out three night-dresses—Mother Hubbard—for myself, and when I get them made will make fourteen nightdresses made since October. Three underskirts are torn off and one commenced. Fannie gets the mail from the office and I get the bottom of one nightdress made, and seventeen buttonholes worked. Supper at six; fresh bread, cold boiled ham; horseradish; bread; cake; oranges cut up with sugar; scrambled eggs; tea. Fannie and Evis show the same symptoms as Raymond, and by nine o'clock both are sick. I make some long bags (out of thin cloth) that will come up well under the ears, fill them with raw onions rubbed soft, moistened with alcohol, pin them on, and make up my mind for another night's vigil. Outside the rain is dropping, freezing as it falls, the monotony only broken by the cries of the children as alternately they call my name; and almost instinctively the word mother trembles on my lips, the longing for her fills my heart; just as I wanted her in childhood, in girlhood, I want her in womanhood; want her advice and assistance with my little ones. I am thinking of the many times she sat as I am now sitting, taking care of her children, soothing pain, bearing with their peevishness, bidding us be hopeful and patient in trouble, joining in our mirth and happiness. It has been twenty-four years since the coffin lid closed between her face and mine, but there have been many times in trouble, sorrow, sickness and suffering when I have called vainly for her; for never by word or touch have I felt her presence, and I would have given all I have or hope to have, for a pressure of her hand, for the sound of her voice. But the night which seems interminable wears away, it is striking four, the children sleep soundly and I drop down beside them in a sound sleep, knowing that there is "no night but hath its day."

(To be continued.)

## FOR JANNETTE'S BENEFIT.

It is a long time since I last wrote to the HOUSEHOLD, and during that time I have found so many helps that when I took up the little paper to-night and saw Jannette's requests, I thought I could answer some of her questions.

In making boiled frosting, the hardness of it depends on the length of time the sugar is boiled. I boil it until when I draw a fork through it, it will "hair."

I have a Singer machine, purchased through the FARMER, and I have never had any trouble with my hemmers. I think they do equally as good work as any other hemmer.

In my butter-making experience I have never had any trouble with streaked butter unless for some cause it was not thoroughly worked. I always salt my butter as soon as it leaves the churn (I wash it in the churn), and then let it stand two hours at the least—more will not hurt it; then I work it until the butter-milk is entirely out. If it is worked too quickly after salting the salt will not have dissolved, and when it does your butter will have streaks.

I think white specks are caused by some conditions of the air, for I have frequently had them when I set my milk in pans, and never when the milk was in a creamery, or in cans where the air did not touch the milk.

I would say to Bess that if she will take chaff and put a layer two inches deep in bottom of the box, then set the eggs in on the small end so they will not touch one another, cover the eggs with another layer of chaff and so on until the box is full, next winter she will have as many good eggs as she put down fresh ones.

There was a recipe given in the winter for frosting without eggs. I have mislaid the paper and forgotten the recipe; if some one will repeat it for me they will greatly oblige  
TOM'S WIFE.

KALAMAZOO.

## Contributed Recipes.

**FRUIT COOKIES.**—Two cups sugar; one cup butter; two cups chopped raisins; two eggs; half cup sour milk; one teaspoonful soda; spices of all kinds to suit the taste. Mix and bake same as other cookies.

**SUGAR COOKIES.**—One cup sugar; half cup butter; half cup sour cream; half teaspoonful soda; two eggs; season to taste. Mix soft; roll thin and sprinkle with sugar.

**MOLASSES COOKIES.**—Two cups brown sugar; one cup butter; one cup molasses; half cup cold water; two teaspoonfuls ginger; two of soda. Boil all together; when cold mix stiff, roll thin, cut and bake.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.

**WHITE CAKE.**—Two cups granulated sugar; half cup butter; one cup sweet milk; three cups flour; whites of four eggs well beaten; three small teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted with the flour. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream; stir in the milk and flour, a little at a time, the whites of eggs last. This makes two cakes in square tins, 8x12, and if frosted and cut in squares, with an English walnut meat or a bit of clear jelly laid on each, you have something very nice for any festive occasion.  
GLADYS.

DOWLING.