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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

RAGS.

From many a worn and faded gown,
Many a coat that is old and brown,
From dresses that emptied the money bags,
Have the long strips come for the carpet rags.

The scissors will ply,
And the needles fly,

And the weary moments pass us by,
While we tear the gray that was Susie's best,
And demolish with pleasure Tom's old vest,
And then from a coat that is soldier blue
With one sleeve gone, where a bullet flew.

A tiny dress that Sam's youngest wore;
A cloak that you've doubtless seen before;
The curtains that hung in the parlor there
The winter that Abner married Clare.

Thus the swift hours go,
As we cut and sew,

And plan for a stripe that will make a show.
The various closets' strange contents
Are heaped about in a pile immense,
While the dust flies thick. (Though the rags
are clean,

There are always floating fragments seen.)

Cutting and sewing and dyeing the rags,
Winding and weighing, the slow work lags,
And the housewife's patience sadly goes
As, day after day, she grimly sews.

We fret and we fume
At the dirty room;

No peace till the carpet's home from the
loom.

But then—ah! then—what distinct delight,
With hammer and tacks to stretch it tight,
And walk, in a tired but blissful state,
On the 'hit and miss' conglomerate!

—Good Housekeeping.

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

I think all but two of Jannette's inquiries have been answered. I cannot tell her whether it improves pie-crust to stand an hour or two in a cool place before it is baked, but know that the makers of fine pastry always use icewater in mixing it, and roll it upon a marble slab to keep it as cold as possible. The object, in both instances, would be the same, I should suppose, but I cannot give what our old professor of chemistry used to call "the rationale," unless that by cooling the air imprisoned in the mass of dough its expansion under heat causes greater flakiness of the crust.

To satisfy herself of the difference between boiled and unboiled water, as regards palatability, let Jannette take a good draught of that fresh from the well, and then of that which has "boiled and boiled;" she will readily note the difference in taste. The late Charles Delmonico, a noted epicure in his way, once discharged a cook for incompetence, saying he "didn't know enough to boil water." Water contains

air, which gives it its refreshing taste; and this is expelled by boiling. Constant and continued heat increases evaporation, and by evaporation the mineral matters held in solution by all spring or well waters are rendered stronger and more noticeable. If you want tea at its best estate, see that the kettle is freshly filled and that the tea is made as soon as the water boils; also that after it is made it does not stand and steam and "steep" before being transferred to the tea-cups.

Huldah Perkins wonders why she is certain that Beatrix is "as neat as wax, and that all her belongings are kept in as dainty order and precision as the waxen cells of the honey-bee." I'll "fess up"; it is because she doesn't know me! A vision of the "top drawer" of my dressing-bureau—especially after one of my "transformation scenes" when I change from office dress to Sunday best in twelve minutes—would disenchant her. I know we all involuntarily "make pictures" of people of whom we hear, or whose writings we read; Fancy portrays and Imagination dowers them with form and substance, so that we have an ideal which to us represents the individual. We can hardly help this representation in our minds, but it has been my experience—and I am sure that of thousands of others—that the ideal image we have created bears not the slightest resemblance to the real, flesh-and-blood personage when the two are confronted. We are almost invariably disappointed; sometimes our ideal is excelled by the real, but more frequently it is the other way. I have been disappointed more than once, by judging by letters and sentiments and handwriting of the inward and spiritual grace as well as physical appearance, when personal acquaintance followed. And I do not doubt I have as often disappointed others; indeed I remember, with a smile at the memory, the blunt but evidently spontaneously truthful remark of a young lady, with whom I had once held considerable correspondence, on our introduction: "Why, you don't look a bit as I thought you did!"

Concerning that liquid stove polish which Dill A. Tory asks about in this issue of the HOUSEHOLD: I tried that once. I have have forgotten whose make it was, but I know I succeeded in spattering the zinc, daubing my hands and filling the house with a most disgusting odor, without accomplishing anything so far as the appearance of the stove was concerned. Then I "fired" the bottle into the alley, bought a package of "Rising Sun" polish, applied

it with the due *quantum sufficit* of elbow-grease, and contemplated the result with profound admiration.

BEATRIX.

MOTHER-LOVE.

It has been a long time since last I wrote to the HOUSEHOLD. Perhaps I should not have summoned courage to enter again but for El See's assertion in regard to mother-love. To my mind there is no purer, nobler love than that existing between mother and child. We may love our husbands dearly, as much as we may think it possible for us to love anybody, but when the little babe, that is a part of our own self, is laid in our arms, there springs up another love—a love that will grow as our little one grows, and in a thousand little winning ways twine itself around our hearts. I love my husband dearly; he has always been very kind, and many times denies himself for the sake of giving me pleasure. I also love my little boy dearly and truly, and, unlike El See's friend, I could not choose; but should He choose to call one of my loved ones, I should try to be resigned, knowing that "He doeth all things well."

I think the most touching sorrow I ever witnessed was the young mother as she bent over the confined form of her first-born. Kind friends tried to comfort her by pointing her to One above who gave her her treasure, and who also had power to take it away. In a measure they succeeded, but the light seemed to have gone out of her life forever. Almost equally as touching was a scene I witnessed a number of years ago. There were three little ones, the eldest not more than ten years old, gathered around the confined form of their mother. As they gazed for the last time on the lips that had opened only to bless them, as they looked for the last time on the arms that had cradled them in infancy, their childish hearts seemed almost bursting in agony. Who shall say that their angel mother has not guided their footsteps, for all three have now grown to womanhood, and no purer, nobler types of woman can be found. To my mind, the love which is reciprocated between mother and child is symbolic of our Father's love which He giveth His children.

Will anybody remember and have a kind word of welcome for

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

[We are glad to welcome "Bonnie Scotland" to the HOUSEHOLD again. She has been long an absentee.—ED.]

AN ANSWER TO EL SEE.

I would say to El See, I have been a reader of these columns but a short time, therefore knew nothing of her surroundings in life. If I have added one drop of sorrow to her cup of affliction, no one regrets it more than I. My motto is love and kindness to all, but I must maintain my principle. But I cannot account for the position she takes. I read an article from a woman in the northern part of our State that to me was really astonishing. She thought it would be useless to extend the right of franchise to women for they all would vote as their husbands did. She knew she would for one. If all women were like her, I say withhold the right. But I thank my Maker for giving me the power of reason to discern wrong from right, and not leaving me wholly dependent. If my husband should think it right to set evil before our children must I think so? Ah no; I could not, though it be in opposition to my husband's principle. I would agree with her that home influence and eternal vigilance are the only safeguards we have even while our children are under our guidance. But they go out in society at a very tender age, with so much evil set before them on every side that the most thoughtful of them may be led astray. It has been wisely said that our dooryard fence is the dead line that our children pass at the peril of their souls.

I should blush with shame to say the law gives perfect protection to me and mine. Does El See think our laws gave perfect protection to the heartbroken mothers of those young girls at Lansing who were found by the police in a den of shame, and carried home with a stain indelibly stamped on their young lives? Are those death-dealing saloons that dot our fair land a protection to our children? I know the name of woman is not always synonymous with purity, and all that is wicked the work of the other sex. Does El See remember that in a former statement she sought to shoulder the most of crimes committed on to men's trying to get something for nothing, which is not justice to our brothers, as there are scores of criminals who are not men, and will be so long as our laws open so many vile avenues for the unwary. I, as much as she, respect our brothers who are worthy the name. I am not a man hater, or would I be his menial. I would not seek to usurp his rights; I would walk hand in hand with him in freedom. I would not care for the ballot if it were only our intelligent brothers who were allowed to vote; but our laws allow all male population who are twenty-one years of age to vote, whether they are men or merely wear the human form.

Our voters, some of those who are called intelligent men, should never offer their votes. They never try to inform themselves; their leisure time is spent in gossip and trashy literature. They merely know what ticket they vote. I think people should know what they are doing in matters of such great importance before they tip the balance either way. I cannot re-

frain from speaking against evils, although it grieves my dear sister and she calls it a tirade against our brothers. If women helped make our laws with like results, I would speak in stronger terms against them than I now do. But they are not sanctioned by all women. There are some noble-minded women in America, and every office they are allowed they have filled with honor worthy the name of woman. If woman's privilege to hold office was not limited, I think she possibly might be governor of our State.

That mother love question seems to annoy El See. I think, from her writing, it is a subject she cannot know anything about. She thinks it would be harder to lose a husband than a child. I would ask who does not think so. It would not take the second thought to answer that question. It was cruel in her to take such a loving, tender-hearted being as she did for a test. The poor creature's eyes filled with tears at the thought, and her reason must have forsaken her for the moment or she could not have looked on her friend as the destroying angel. I believe we should love our husbands as well as our own lives. But there is a place in a true mother's heart that none but a child can penetrate; a feeling that knows no waking until she is a mother.

M. B.

—♦—
 "A BAD PRACTICE, I PRAY YOU
 AVOID IT."

Among the hints given in a recent number of the HOUSEHOLD was one concerning the carefulness necessary in mixing baking powder and flour thoroughly. Here is an experience in that line: While ill I entrusted to hired help the making of cake, and such an odd cake I never saw. If I had a class in geography and wanted them to see a correct representation of the earth's surface, I would get said help to make me another cake—a mountain, a volcano with lava running down its side, hillside and valley, and here, if Lake Superior were dried up, I might think would represent its basin. The second cake came out of the oven in the same condition, and I determined to learn how myself; so while the third was in process, I happened into the kitchen just in time to see the baking-powder going toward the batter of sugar, butter, eggs and milk, and I hurriedly said, "That is baking-powder, and I always put it in the flour." In went the baking-powder and out came the words, "I always use it this way," and the third cake came from the oven like unto the other two. I think I have learned the secret and hand it over for the benefit of the HOUSEHOLD readers, for I believe in sharing with them everything new learned concerning housework.

A few days ago I received a visit from one of those women known to be so neat and particular that not even a fly ventures into her parlors without first wiping his feet on the doormat. Of course the general theme was house-cleaning, and she imparted the astounding information that she never has used a drop of water upon the wood-work in her sitting-room. Yet everybody remarks the beautiful appearance of

the wood-work; it is not painted but oiled and varnished. "What do you use if not water?" was asked. "From the painters I learned to use a brush for cleaning the wood, and procured for that purpose a round paint brush, and now I use nothing else for a duster; every crevice is reached and all dust removed." Nevertheless, I must use water, for there are finger marks and many other marks in this house that will not come off by using a brush only; but I shall try the brush for a duster.

JANNETTE.

—♦—
 QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I am another housekeeper who has been benefitted by the little paper, and am glad that all have it now who subscribe for the FARMER, and if any one gets it who has no use for it (it is fair to suppose that there are some bachelors on the FARMER list) why I hope, instead of throwing it aside, they give it to some one who does need it and can appreciate it; so many good recipes and suggestions ought not to go to waste.

Some time ago there was great inquiry about things to fill dinner pails, and I thought then I would send my recipe for ginger snaps; like the little girl who said she was "such a dreadful put-offer," I neglected to do it but hope it will prove acceptable now. There is no shortening, and they are easily made. Give them one trial anyhow, and when you bake them use the under side of your dripper instead of the inside; in other words, turn your dripper bottom side up, have a little cloth to grease it with each time, and you will be surprised how much easier it will be as well as having better shaped cookies. I was told to do it, and tried it, and then wondered why in the world I had not thought of it myself.

Will some one tell me how to make good lemon extract from lemon peel—that equals the manufactured extract which we use so much of, and which swells the grocer's bill so rapidly especially during the ice cream season? Also, how to keep zines bright.

I have heard there is a liquid stove polish which is applied similar to our liquid shoe polish, but cannot find it in our market. Has any one had any experience with it? if so, please tell us of it. DILL A. TORY.

CHARLOTTE.

—♦—
 ICING FOR CAKE.

Seeing Jannette's query relative to boiled frosting for cake, I wish to give her my way. I have tried several methods, and find this superior to any I have yet tried. I don't like boiled icings, for they crack and scale when the knife is passed through them, and it takes an experienced hand to tell when it is cooked just enough. It is necessary to use confectioners' XXX sugar, such as is used for soft candies; any grocer will know what is meant, it has no grain. Take the white of one egg, measure it, and add the same quantity of water, stir in sugar enough, a little at a time, till thick enough to spread with a knife. This sugar, before the advance in price, cost ten cents a pound, and fifty cents' worth iced ten cakes nicely.

GLADYS.

DOWLING.

ONE WEEK.

(Continued.)

We were a little slow about rising this morning, but as it was Sunday there was no great haste. It was raining, and continued to do so all day, holding up about half past five, to allow the smart young man to visit his best girl. It seems a little strange to have all the children sick at once. They are made comfortable, and breakfast is got under way. We want something appetizing; coffee is made, potatoes pared, sliced thin and fried in hot lard, beefsteak pounded and broiled, eggs scrambled, toast made and buttered, a tin of molasses cake baked, it will be just cold when we want it. The children have some bananas with their toast, which is made soft with cream, sweetened a little. Beds are made, things set in order; bird taken care of and when everything seems done it is eleven o'clock. We have a call from our gentlemanly telegraph operator, who has rather a sloppy walk. But it makes a break in the dark, lonesome day. I select some pretty little stories and verses for the baby, dress her dollies for her. For Raymond there is the story of the Bible. I have never been sorry that I patronized the book agent who canvassed for that book; as a general thing, they are a nuisance. But when I send him to the shelves for a book, when I am going to read to him, in nearly every case this is the book he brings. Well, I read about Samuel, about Jesus walking with his disciples, and about Paul, and an hour is filled in. He joins Evis in a nap and I read to Fannie. I have an elegant book, "Life in the Holy Land," by Chas. W. Elliot. It describes at length all these countries, the people, etc. I read here and there in this. A story in the *Youth's Companion*, a few chapters in Mill on the Floss, and it is time to commence dinner.

I was highly pleased when the men came home from town last evening, with a market-basket containing something good for dinner to-day; there was a fresh white fish just the right size for baking; a bunch of lettuce, bananas, and two cans of Lima beans. The fish is cleaned and laid for a while in salt and water; bread sufficient is crumbed fine, one egg beaten and added, a little salt, pepper and sage; it is then moistened with melted butter. The fish is drained, the inside well rubbed with salt, then stuffed and strings tied around to hold it together; some thin pieces of shingles are laid in the bottom of the dripping pan, the fish laid on, a little water turned in, the fish is dusted with flour; bits of butter stuck around over it, and it is ready for a good hot oven, requiring an hour and three-quarters or two hours for baking, as it weighs five pounds or more. There is nothing so bad as underdone fish, it should be cooked thoroughly. Potatoes steamed; drawn butter gravy turned over chopped boiled eggs; beans heated and seasoned with cream and butter, lettuce with sugar and vinegar. Tea, bread, bananas.

We all like our dinner to-day, for it is something new and unexpected. After the

"wreck" is cleared away I find I have two hours which I may possibly call my own, and I do not lose much of it, for these hours grow small by degrees, and beautifully less as I grow older. I get my books and read, husband is called away in the meantime. As the day begins to fade I draw my chair up to the fire, for I always think this is the pleasantest time in the whole day. The hour "atween the lights," when the baby climbs into my lap, Raymond creeps close to my side and Fannie hovers on the outskirts. And now they want me to tell them about Sunday, and I do in my imperfect way, for perhaps it does not mean to me what it does to the professed Christian, who as he winds up the "ravelled sleeve of care," Saturday night, looks with delighted anticipation for the next day, when, the world shut out, he will hold intercourse with Heaven.

"If heaven be ever felt below
'Tis when such hallowed calm as th's
Doth shed its radiance, and bestow
Sweet foretastes of celestial bliss."

The word Sunday is derived from the heathen worship of the sun; that of Sabbath from the Hebrew, memorializing the creation, redemption and final restoration in heaven. At the time of the English reformation Sundays and holy days stood upon the same footing, as days upon which no work, except for good cause, was to be performed; church was to be attended, and all lawful amusements indulged in. But a distinction soon grew up. Industrious people had but little time to spare for such days, and those who were more scrupulous prescribed a strict observance of the Lord's day. In 1595 it was placed on nearly the same footing as the Jewish Sabbath; every kind of amusement and pastime was prohibited. James I. issued a declaration which was read in all churches, making it lawful after divine service to dance, have archery and other games. In the session of 1621 an act was passed for the better observance of the Lord's day. One writer says: "The Sabbath day is the savings bank of human existence. It is the cheering green oasis of life's dreary destiny of toil; and like palm tree shadows, oh! how welcome in its shelter and repose, as full of heaven's peace and strength we issue from its sweet asylum, and resume life's journey rejoicing." It is a God-send to the poor man. Our mechanism is such that incessant toil would soon wear out the body, worldly care would rust and corrode the spirit. The flame of love is renewed, as the family reunite around the fireside. Heaven designed it as the great restorative of humanity. I recently heard a divine recommend to his congregation the cessation of any thoughts or conversation that were not religious. I must profess little sympathy with such rigid austerity and asceticism as would denounce pleasant conversation, even though it be worldly in its nature, as a desecration of the day.

We cannot control our thoughts only in a measure. To a reasonable extent recreative as well as religious exercises should fill the homes. Jesus told his disciples that the "Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath." There is no better

way to study the Creator than in the book of Nature.

"It is a day that gives us glimpses of the spirit world.
The guide to lead us on the road to our eternal home,
Which like the visioned ladder once to slumbering Jacob given.
From heaven descending 'o the earth, leads back from earth to heaven."

I always think too much of sweet palls on the palate, too much good may be as hurtful in its nature as not enough. And what did I do when I was a little girl and Sunday came? Oh! father and mother were Presbyterians. Sunday morning, ten o'clock service found us in our seats at church, the sermon was always an hour and a half long; it ran up to "ninetly" and "finally, my friends, in conclusion;" Sabbath school at noon, afternoon service, and I invariably went home with the sick headache. There will always be unconverted souls, for we should not need any reapers if there were no harvests, but the day has gone by when the body must be tortured for the sake of the spirit. I had rather sit at home and read a good sermon, than sit and listen to a string of anathemas hurled at the unbeliever. There are so many ways so see one's duty, so many ways of being good. We have numerous pleasant Sabbaths at our home; rainy ones are a little lonely, and sickness makes time drag. We must have healthy minds and bodies to enjoy life. In the evening I read one of DeWitt Talmage's sermons. Text, "Ye are all of one blood," no one goes to sleep during the time. We eat apples and as I tuck the children up, voice the hope that

"Not a single eye will open
'Til the break o' day comes round."

(To be continued.)

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Then there was the great white "tavern," with its high swinging sign and three front doors all in a row, with ball room and long dining room, two places where linger many happy childish remembrances. For here we were often allowed to see the "dancers dancing in tune" or out of it, perhaps, and to hear the heavenly sounds emitted by much cat-gut much scraped. We were often carried through a quadrille, and always to supper. Ah me! The Arabian Nights fall short of the fact as our imaginative perceptions sized up the charms and glories of this, then new, old world. I don't imagine that an inaugural ball would create in our minds a tithe of the "unspeakable delight" now that we found so abundantly then in one of those simple "balls" at that little country tavern. Of course not! Why should it? We know now that 'tis all a lie. We thought then in the ruddy glow of the early morning that 'twas all true. And that was happiness.

Then there were the magic lantern shows, the poppet shows, and all the line of entertainments of that sort that more or less frequently held forth in the ballroom, and to which we were almost invariably taken—our first glimpses of that wonderful fairy land so dear to every child's heart.

But I know now, though I realized it not then, that there was sin and sorrow and suffering on every hand, the same as to

day; aching hearts, breaking hearts, cowardice, treachery, deceit and evil habits, the same as to-day. But thank God for the plan that gives to each human life its period of childhood! Make it long and pure, and sweet with joys and harmless, loving illusions; so that when life's bundles are bound this one shall be fadeless, thornless.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

WOMAN'S WORK UPON THE FARM.

[Paper read by Mrs. William Hutchins at the March meeting of the South Jackson Farmers' Club.]

What is woman's work upon the farm? Is it any different from the work of other women who keep house? Yes; it is part of the farming. There is no other business that requires the united efforts of husband and wife as does farming, none in which woman proves herself so complete a helpmeet for man. No farm can be carried on successfully or extensively without hired men, and these bring into her home a work entirely different from that of any other class of women. She simply keeps a boarding house without directly receiving any pay, and at the end of some seasons when drouth or frosts or some of the many dangers our crops are subject to have made havoc, we truly feel ourselves poorly repaid for the weary work of the long summer. Yet have we done more than our husbands, or brothers or sons?

No true woman asks for a happier task than that of administering to the wants of those she loves, and in no way can she do this so well as in making a pleasant home and adorning it tastefully. I sometimes think that in the giving up of so large a part of this innate desire of womankind, comes the greatest trial of the farmer's wife. Her work upon the farm is so exacting it cannot be put off; punctuality about meals is a positive necessity; milk and butter must be attended to with perfect system to secure a good article for the table and for market, and in the execution of these duties she is often robbed of the time she would love to pass in the training and caressing of her dear little ones and attending to their personal wants. On the other hand, how much better is her lot upon the farm, facing all these difficulties, compared to that of many women in cities who are obliged to work for the whole or partial support of their little ones, leaving them in the morning to be gone all day. This you say comes only to the poorer classes. Perhaps so; but are we rich? Not until we have sufficient fortune to enable us to live without labor of any kind. We are prone to compare our situations with those of the wives of millionaires, and here arises much of the discontent among us. Let us consider it fairly. We are more independent than they. Our husbands feel and know that we are their business partners; they cannot (or should not) say *my* business, but *our* business. It would be impossible for them to carry on the business of farming without us. The raising of wheat and corn and hogs is profitable, and the work is directly done by men hired for that purpose, but does it not also call for extra as-

sistance from the farmer's business partner, and necessarily make her work the harder?

Further than this and aside from the work in the house, is there anything unladylike in a woman's assisting her husband in his work in the field if necessary and she has the time? I think not; and women who prove themselves equal to all emergencies are the ones who do their duty best. Let women accept with pleasure the fact that this is a working world, and that happiness can be found in the ranks of workers. Every married woman should keep house and do her work as easily as possible without neglecting it; keep her mind well informed; get time or make time to read each day, and read only good instructive books and papers. It is the duty of every true woman to meet with calmness and determination the duties which lie in her pathway and execute them cheerfully, and possess with each additional year of her life a finer portion of that quality so admirable in woman—home-keeping. In Whittier's "Among the Hills" is described an ideal farmer's wife, to grow into the likeness of whom it may well be the ambition of every farmer's wife or daughter. She need not stop to ask, "Am I doing man's work, or woman's work?" but may say "It is my own work."

SOME THINGS I WISH TO KNOW.

I have often read of saddle-bag chair tidies, will some of the ladies send directions for making them, also directions for drawn work.

Have any of the HOUSEHOLD readers had experience with different kinds of milk cans? I have been having a tank made and am undecided what kind of cans to get. Have had some experience with the Cooley can and like it very much, but am told there are others much better; and that skimming the cream from the top is better than drawing the milk from the bottom of the can.

I have tried some of Laurel Vane's recipes and find them excellent. I like her way of giving the exact quantity of flour. Nothing is so exasperating to me as a recipe for bread or cake which says "Add flour enough for a good batter or make about as thick as pound cake." Now I should have to learn how to make a pound cake first. An old housekeeper with superior judgment might guess it just right, but where one would get it right twenty would fail.

Did Ella R. Wood think Huldah Perkins was in earnest about cleaning house while the snow was on the ground? I thought she was joking.

AMELIA.

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

I will say to Jannette I have used the hemmers to the Singer sewing machine satisfactorily, as well as all the attachments. I had some trouble with the ruffler, but a drop of oil in the right spot made that all right. I have used my sewing machine over four years and have just broken the first needle. I would ask for no better machine; it cost me eighteen dollars, in-

cluding the FARMER, which has long since become a household necessity. Every housekeeper ought to have a sewing machine.

What makes some folks' butter streaked is because the salt is not worked in sufficiently to touch every part, as the salt deepens the color of the butter.

White specks in butter (by some called false butter or cheese) are due to a dry, hot air blowing over the milk, drying the surface of the cream so that no amount of churning will convert it into butter. I found this out by experience. The use of a creamery would prove a sure remedy.

I should consider the HOUSEHOLD Editor a reliable commission woman in Detroit.

I have several kinds of cactus and wish Mrs. Fuller would tell me which would be the better way, to keep them in the house through the summer or put them out doors; they were all slips last fall but two, those I have kept in doors.

I would like to ask if the author of "One Week" is an old or new contributor? If an old one, are we allowed to guess who it is, and will the one who guesses right be entitled to a chromo? If so I say Evangeline. At all events I hope she will tell us how she comes out making butter in the ground. I have heard of planting seeds in the moon, but never before heard of making butter in the ground.

Do any of the HOUSEHOLDERS raise okra? if so is it as good as asparagus? I mean to try some this summer, as the asparagus does not last half long enough.

What has become of Anti Over?

BEES.

DILL A. TORY's recipe for ginger snaps, referred to in her letter, somehow failed to materialize when wanted to be put into type. Whether she forgot to enclose it or it was lost by the Editor is an unsettled question. Try us again, Dill, and we'll be more careful.

Contributed Recipes.

CINNAMON ROLL.—A piece of light bread dough; one egg; four spoonfuls sugar; roll out half inch thick; spread with half cup currants, one spoonful sugar and one of cinnamon; roll up like jelly cake; let it get light, then bake.

SWEET LOAF.—A piece of unrisen dough the size of a coffee-cup; when light work in two eggs half cup butter, and one cup sugar, a little ginger and cinnamon. Knead well; make in a round loaf; let get light; then bake a delicate brown.

HASH ROLLS.—Chop cold lean meat until fine; add an equal quantity of cold chopped potatoes and bread crumbs soaked in milk; season to taste with salt and pepper and a little butter; mix well; make in rolls three inches long and half as thick; brown in the oven.

LANCASTER PIE.—Chop cold meat until fine; season with pepper and salt; spread a layer of bread moistened in hot water in the bottom of a deep dish; then a layer of the meat, then a layer of mashed potatoes; continue the meat and potatoes until the dish is full, having potatoes on top. Bake through and until brown on top.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—One cup sweet milk; two cups sour milk; two cups meal; one cup flour; two eggs; half cup sugar; two teaspoonfuls soda; one of salt. Beat well; steam one hour.

LAUREL VANE.

WACOUSTA.