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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE CHILDREN.

The following lines have been widely quoted and often attributed to Charles Dickens, but were really written by Charles M. Dickenson, editor of the *Binghamton Republican*, while teaching at Haverstraw-on-the-Hudson.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of Heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from Heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old home in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups of the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet,
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed!

STRAWBERRY WEEK.

Between showers I dodged down to Dearborn one Wednesday afternoon in the height of the strawberry season, in response to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gulley to visit them. Dearborn is but half an hour distant from Detroit by rail, and almost before I knew it the brief journey was accomplished, and I stepped from the cars into Mr. Gulley's carriage for the ride to their residence, two miles beyond the village. It was a charming day; there had been rain over night to lay the dust, and the country in its livery of myriad shades of green was very beautiful. There is nothing I enjoy much better than a ride along a country road in summer, under such conditions. There is such an infinite variety of little things to charm and interest one. Whether it is the graceful abandon of a wild vine making its own way in the world, the symmetrical form of a tree outlined against the sky, a knot of wild flowers tangled in the long grass, or a robin rendering a few bars of his solo from his swinging trapeze—I find pleasure and beauty in it all.

We passed several handsome residences with pleasant grounds, among them the home of Mr. H. Haigh, and others whose names I do not now recall; and soon arrived at Mr. Gulley's residence, which is "the show place," and justly, of the neighborhood. In fact, I fancy one might travel far before finding another farm home so attractive in all its surroundings, and so well kept up in every way. Money can build a fine house any day; what can only be obtained by taste and skill, and the slow-moving yet constant work of time, is the beautiful lawns and hedges and well-shaped, stately trees which have been years growing. The house is large and pleasant; the carriage drive winds up to the vine-hung porch, and around to unseen stables; the emerald lawn slopes gently away on the south and west, and is framed by hedges of arbor vite and honey locust, the latter just making its young, yellow-green growth. Directly in front of the house is Mrs. Gulley's rosery, where many beautiful roses were in bloom, and a lot of young plants coming on finely. Bugs and slugs have dainty appetites; only the satiny texture and delicate flavor of rose-leaves will suit their epicurean tastes. These roses, however, were quite free from insect pests as shown by their healthy foliage, but the rose-bug had just appeared, and when he comes "he means business," Mrs. Gulley

said the most successful way of handling this pest she had as yet found was to knock him off into a dish of hot water; not being a Russian he doesn't like hot baths. Paris green and London purple are ineffectual, but I wonder why the kerosene emulsion would not be death to him?

On this lawn are growing some of the most beautifully formed and symmetrical evergreens I have ever seen. Their outlines are perfect; they are cones of verdure. "The art that doth mend nature" has assisted only by directing their growth; the lower branches curve upward from the ground so it seems as if the trees might rock on their central axes, like a conch shell on its rounded base. In a sunny spot in the centre of the lawn is a large flower-bed, which originally was intended to display the beauties of a number of varieties of coleus, but these being nipped by a late frost, had been replaced by other plants.

The history of this place, as Mr. Gulley told it me as we walked about looking at the growing crops, is interesting and instructive as an example of intensive agriculture. When it came into his possession, it was worn out—"too poor to raise white beans," he said. From that exhausted condition he has reclaimed it, till now its soil is that of a mellow and fertile market garden, producing large and profitable crops, the idea being, said Mr. Gulley, to produce large crops of whatever promises to prove most remunerative. Originally uneven, the grade had been slowly altered till its surface is as level as a floor. I hardly needed to ask if it were underdrained, the fact that all along the road the cornfields had been nice duck-ponds and that here the cultivator was going, was proof; but I was amazed on looking into the little bricked-up well at which the drains converged, to hear how fast the water was rushing into it, and passing on to the little stream which carries it away. Holstein cattle are kept on the farm, and winter dairying is practiced. Old Ykema, shorn of his horns, was led out for our inspection, a splendid great fellow, agile in spite of his bulk, and evidently of a frisky temperament as he attempted to play with Mr. Orrin Gulley, who handles him fearlessly yet with a certain stand-offishness, for Ykema has not yet forgotten he once had horns.

There is a nice, well grown orchard on the farm, grape vines, and a big strawberry bed of Cumberland and Crescent. There are a great many interesting things to be old about the place, and the manner in

which it has been brought to its present state of fertility and attractiveness, which I have not space to write. It is enough to say it is a beautiful home, which any man might be proud to own, doubly so if in it he sees the results of his own steadfastness of purpose working to a definite end always held in view. A man can live and make money even if his dooryard is a calfpasture and the only path to his house leads to the back door; a tumble-down rail fence may require less trimming than a wall of living green, and the apple tree, beloved of Galatea, will show its good will by its generous bloom even if its trunk leans like the tower of Pisa and the codling moth pre-empt's every apple. But he cannot enjoy life as can the man who makes his home beautiful with nature's gifts of trees and flowers and fruits.

All too soon the pleasant afternoon came to an end, and as the bells were ringing seven I found myself again walking the familiar city streets, feeling as if I needed the big bunch of roses I brought with me to convince myself I had not been taking a surreptitious "forty winks." How strange it seems to us sometimes, to change our ordinary environments so completely, to throw heart and thought into the lives and surroundings of others with such abandon, and then return again to our own, to find everything unchanged, and realize that though we have seen and enjoyed so much, we have been gone but a few hours!

And the next Saturday found me at Ingleside, with our good A. L. L., spending a deliciously lazy day lounging on the piazza, with a basket of strawberries within reach, idly picking out the ripest and largest "to put in my mouf." Ingleside is the paradise of the birds; they build in the many trees about the place, secure from the sportsman's gun and the predatory small boy. A cat-bird took his stand in a tree near by and kindly continued his solos while I watched him through an opera glass. He had as many trills and roulades, as many airs and graces as a prima donna. He tiptoed up and down the branch, coquetted with an imaginary audience, flirted his wings and gave his tail a saucy bob, then sang

"Like dripping water falling slow
Round mossy rocks in music rare."

His solo ended, as if overcome by diffidence he flew to a branch a few feet away, shook himself, fluttered his wings, rested and looked about a moment, and then, as if responding to a demand for an encore, very deliberately resumed his former stage and his song. And how he did sing! His modest vest of quaker gray seemed almost to burst with melody.

I wonder who it really was who said: "Doubtless God might have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did!" I have heard it ascribed to Douglas Jerrold, Dr. Johnson, Sidney Smith, and one or two others who enjoyed the good things of life and crystallized them into sparkling epigrams and brilliant *bon mots*. What epicures some of those old fellows were! "Gluttons and wine-bibbers," too. But they were good judges of flavors, wit and beauty. I can fancy the

author of the above oft-quoted saying, dipping the strawberry of the period into his glass of Chablis, holding it up to let the light sparkle on the ruby flesh and pendant amber drop, then popping it into his mouth and under the inspiration of the luscious mouthful, delivering as impromptu the sentiment he had carefully elaborated beforehand.

Why did I put "Strawberry Week" at the head of this rambling talk? If Mrs. Gulley and A. L. L. ever report the onslaught upon the shortcake and the berries, you will see the fitness of the title. But I warn them the subject does not need and will not bear the slightest exaggeration. The truth is quite enough.

BEATRIX.

ANOTHER WEEK'S PROGRAMME.

In the HOUSEHOLD of June 15th J. Snip says she would like to have some of the "less smart women give another week's history." I would never think, no, not even *think* of being smart when Evangeline is anywhere near. Beginning with Saturday, I will tell you how we manage our work so as to have it all done up in the forenoon, for if there is anything I dislike it is working every afternoon. Of course where there is only one to do everything, and a large family it is different. Our family at present numbers five, but will be six in two weeks until Sept. 1st. When I say "we" I mean the lady who acts as housekeeper for my father.

Last night was showery and early this morning I was awakened by an extra hard shower. I thought to myself that as it was rainy it wouldn't be necessary to have breakfast as early as usual; and had taken one nap in which I dreamed of being on a very slanting roof looking at towers in the clouds. I was trying to think of a way to get off the roof without falling when I woke up and it was 5 o'clock, whereupon I arose, dressed and proceeded to cook the breakfast while Mary skimmed the milk for calves. Breakfast consisted of fresh fish, fried potatoes, bread and butter, doughnuts and coffee. The pet lamb having been fed, I proceeded after breakfast to feed, water and look after chickens, of which I have about ninety small ones. While I have been doing this Mae washes the dishes and attends to the dining-room, while Mary goes to churning; I then did the sweeping, dusting, bed-making, lamp-cleaning and then am ready to go to baking. I forgot to say that I kneaded the bread the first thing after breakfast, and put it where it would get light quick.

Before going to baking I went on an errand to a neighbor's and then went to work in earnest. I baked two crusts for cream pies, cream cookies, ginger cookies, and bread and a steamed dried apple pudding for dinner. Mae made the cake, pared potatoes for dinner, mopped and shortened a dress skirt. Mary took care of her butter, washed the milk dishes and put a piece of ham boiling for dinner.

Did I say we had a small boy around? He is a help and no mistake, for he "topped" the onions, washed the carriage

and cleaned out a mammoth flower bed in good shape, and had an appetite for dinner. Dinner consisted of boiled ham, fried fish, potatoes, bread, pickles, butter, and the steamed pudding eaten with cream and sugar. After dinner, dishes washed by Mary, chickens taken care of by myself and then we get ready to go and help decorate the school house for the Children's Day exercises and to practice. All this is done, and we are tired when we turn towards town for the mail. It is late when we reach home, but supper is ready and chickens are to be fed and eggs gathered. Also a hen and chicks to be cared for. For supper we have cold ham, pickles, bread, butter, apple sauce, and cream and ginger cookies.

Father is taken with a hard chill on his way home from town and goes to bed sick. The boy waters and grains his horse while warm, whereupon I take the rest of the corn away and march him (the horse) up and down the yard for ten or fifteen minutes. So ends the day by writing for the first time to the HOUSEHOLD, while sitting up to wait on the father.

M. E. H., who knows but that we may have acquaintances in common? I live only eight miles from Albion. If this is not tossed into the waste-basket, "maybe" I'll call again.

CONCORD.

KETURAH.

A CLOUDY WEEK.

(Continued.)

We slept half an hour later than usual this (Thursday) morning, and I knew when I woke that I should be just that far behind my work all day. Somehow the only ambition I have between the hours of four and five A. M., is to get a few moments more to sleep. After breakfast things were in a dreadful snarl; I made Lou wash the dishes, but more to break her in than anything else, for I don't think much of help that has to stand on stools; then there was the churning, the poultry to attend to, the children to get ready for school, and in the midst of all the bread sponge threatened to run over. I do think there is a sort of contrary sense in dough, for it is sure to stay down when you are in a hurry for it to rise, and puff up in no time when you can't attend to it. Just as I was molding mine out this morning Simon run in looking wild and told us old Speck was chooking to death. There was a stampede for the barn, and I followed as soon as I could free my hands, but she was dead when I got there, and Simon was scolding Phil because he didn't cut up her potatoes. Seems to me nature might keep up a better average. Last year potatoes were high, scarce and about the size of hickory nuts; and this year they are so plenty and cheap they are fed to cattle, and large enough to choke them to death. I presume I should have scolded Phil if Simon hadn't, but as it was I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and took his part. We can't expect much judgment from a boy of his age. He cried, and so did I a little, but I slipped a good chunk of maple sugar into his dinner pail to soothe his feelings. They all

wanted to stay at home to see Speck skinned and buried, but I started them for school, rather late, and looking rather rough, for the trouble quite upset me, and I kept wondering what bad luck would come next. Speck was one of our best cows, averaged over a pound of butter a day right along, and was related to the cow father gave me when we were married. It beats all how a man hates to let a woman have the comfort of owning anything. I have always claimed that that cow's calves ought to belong to me, and didn't give it up without considerable protest, and what some people might call mild quarreling. Simon got pretty mad one day, and said if he should marry a dozen women he'd never have another cow thrown in.

The man Simon hired yesterday came before dinner, and a hard looking subject he is. I don't indorse all A. H. J. says, but I took her advice and gave him a separate towel. He uses tobacco on the outside as well as inside of his face, and keeps his sleeves rolled up all the time. I wish I could manage to have him roll them down at meals, for I really can not relish my food beside him. He is called a good worker and help is scarce, so we hardly dare take any chances of offending him, but I can't bear to think of having him in the family all summer; with Phil too, just the age to be influenced by everybody.

Well, I finished the ironing, and steamed a big dish of rice for supper. That is one of the dishes the children always sing out, "Goody! goody!" over; sometimes I think because they eat all the sugar and cream they want with it. We have been hearing about the flood at Johnstown, but didn't realize much about it till our paper came to-day, full of the awful details. Simon read them to me this evening while I mended, and I declare I can hardly sleep for thinking about it. It seems wrong for us to be so comfortable while we know of such misery. I looked at the children asleep, and felt glad to know that whatever evil befell them they were safe from floods. Hunt pond, the only water hereabouts, is a mile away and most dried up.

(To be continued.)

THE FIFTH "WEEK."

Evangeline's "Week" has created quite a sensation among the HOUSEHOLD readers, judging from appearances; some have passed quite severe criticism and expressed doubts as to how so much could be accomplished. I, for one, was very much interested in the article and think it all possible, if, as one has said, she is healthy, has good help and every convenience to do her work. All I envy Evangeline is the good things she had to eat.

If one finds it a duty to work, some of the time might as well be put in in cooking, so as to give your better-half dyspepsia and think you will not be the only one worn out. As to adding to household cares feeding calves, tending garden, etc., I think that is more than woman's work.

I have never contributed to the columns

of the HOUSEHOLD, but will try and give my experience for a week. If the bill of fare is not very elaborate, according to my experience and observation it is about the average for farmers in general.

I will begin with Saturday. There have been nearly two weeks of almost steady rain and we have fallen into the habit of taking an extra nap. This morning is no exception, so it is six o'clock before any one is stirring. By the time chores are done breakfast is ready; it consists of baked potatoes, warm biscuits, coffee, cookies, jelly, fried pork (freshen, dip in milk, put in a hot spider, fry quick, turn often); and sugar syrup—the head of the house has a sweet tooth and thinks this one of the essentials to a meal. Milk for two calves is skimmed and put warming for the "small boy" to make use of after breakfast, and milk strained. Dishes done, cookies are made by this rule: One egg, two cups sugar, one cup cream, one of butter, half teaspoonful of soda and pinch of salt, nutmeg. Pieplant and custard pies are made, bread sponged (salt-rising), butter worked, sweeping done, beds made; bread is made into four loaves and twenty-five rolls; take a piece of dough, shorten, roll thin, cut same as for biscuit; put a little piece of butter on each and fold edges together; they are light and baked in time to cool a little for dinner, and every one disappears. Three sheep-shearers appear, which makes eight for dinner, as our family numbers five and a baby.

For dinner we have mashed potatoes, ham, butter gravy, butter, rolls, apple jelly, pear pickles, cookies, pieplant pie and coffee. Dishes are again washed, things put in order, layer cake with cream filling made; then we sweep, dust and arrange parlor bedroom after company.

Supper at six, consisting of new bread, butter, custard pie, cream cake, cocoanut cake, canned huckleberries, tea and sweet cider. Still raining. After supper the sheep are finished, work done up, milk skimmed and strained; in the evening all take a turn in adding the number of pounds of wool and finding an average weight, which proves to be nearly eight and one-half pounds per head.

Sunday morning; cloudy, with frequent dashes of rain. Breakfast is prepared: baked potatoes, pork, milk gravy, cookies, bread, jelly and coffee. The work is hurried up, for we intend going to church, as it is "Children's Day," but it looks so rainy until nearly time to go that only part of the family venture. The exercises are very nice. They take dinner with a friend and do not return till afternoon; the rest take a short ride and make a call. The FARMER is brought and contents of the HOUSEHOLD eagerly perused. Hickory nuts and walnuts, with reading, pass away the evening until ten o'clock.

Monday. For breakfast; potatoes, ham, bread, pie, cookies, syrup, coffee. Looks very rainy, and as everything seems at "odds and ends" conclude not to wash, something quite unusual. The work done up, butter is worked and packed, beds made, chambers swept and dusted, churn-

ing done, pie baked, two-quart can of pieplant stewed, and bird cleaned.

Dinner; ham, mashed potatoes, jelly, warm biscuit, syrup, radishes, pieplant pie, tea. Dishes washed; bouquets for parlor made, one of pæonies and one of pansies; then all go to town, butter and eggs carried, groceries and other necessities purchased and we return. One cannot always suit their own convenience about some things. Bread has to be baked. The music teacher arrives and the "small boy" is "put through" for an hour. School will soon be out, then there will be more time for practice.

Supper is ready; bread, dried beef, cream layer cake, huckleberries, fried potatoes, tea. Dishes done, eleven chickens are caught and cooped; milk taken care of. The *Youth's Companion* is read aloud and some patching done.

Tuesday's breakfast is warmed potatoes, fried pork, bread, coffee, spiced currants, cookies. When the morning's work is out of the way we go at the washing, which proves uncommonly large; a pie is made. Any one acquainted with babies knows they are not always good when most wanted to be, so it is twelve o'clock before the clothes are all on the line. Dinner consists of ham, boiled potatoes, custard pie, pork cake, bread, pickled pears, tea. After dinner, while rocking the baby to sleep, I read a story and indulge in a short nap. Work done up, some of the clothes are folded and an attack made on the ironing, when company comes, a young lady friend, who stays to tea. The time is short but is pleasantly spent. Supper at six; warmed potatoes, radishes, dried beef, bread, cookies, jelly, huckleberries, fruit cake, tea. Company leaves soon after. Supper work done, and the remainder of the clothes are folded and sprinkled. A new paper comes, the news is looked over, and I help about the music lesson.

Wednesday. Feel a "little old" but know there must be something to eat. Baked potatoes, pork, radishes, coffee, pie, bread and jelly make up the breakfast. Work is hurried up to commence ironing; pies are made. Dinner; mashed potatoes, new pieplant pie, pork, spiced currants, bread, poached eggs, tea. After dinner a plain cake is made, ironing finished, butter packed, and a letter written. Supper; pieplant sauce, bread, huckleberry pie, cake, warmed potatoes, tea. We all attend a lecture in the evening.

It is rather late Thursday morning before we are up. Prepare a breakfast of warmed potatoes, pork, bread, pie, cucumber pickles, fruit cookies. After breakfast, bread is baked, churning done, pieplant stewed, house put in order; a caller came in during the time. For dinner, boiled potatoes, pork, rolls, radishes, creamed rice pudding; cream pie made: yolks of three eggs, white of one, cup sugar, teaspoonful lemon, two of vinegar; bake; take the two whites beaten, as much sugar as desired, put on the pie and set in the oven to dry, but not brown; it is delicious. Two chemises are cut out and a little Gretchen dress, a little done at a Mother Hubbard nightdress, the

yoke had been embroidered with a cluster of water-lilies. We do not find very much time now for fancy work. Supper consists of new bread, warmed potatoes, cream pie, cold pudding, dried beef, pieplant sauce, tea. After tea we drive to town.

Breakfast Friday morning consists of baked potatoes, meat, bread, spiced currants, sponge cake, fruit cookies, coffee. Beans are looked over and put to soak, dishes done, cookies baked, lamps filled and cleaned, bread pudding stirred up, cracker pie made as follows: Five crackers, cup sugar, cup hot water, half teaspoonful tartaric acid, cinnamon. Bill of fare for dinner: Baked potatoes, pork, beans, bread pudding, pie, bread, new, sweet apple pickles. After dinner a caller. Butter is packed, some nails bronzed for pinning back curtains, machine work on a little waist is done and the skirt to a dress made.

There is a commotion heard; the men have come up and want supper immediately. Everything has to "whew" for a few minutes, and supper is hurried on the table. Bread, syrup, cookies, cracker pie, cold pudding, beans, lettuce with sugar and vinegar. Just as we sit down a friend comes in and an extra plate is added.

I think J. Snip's request for "some less smart woman's history" is fulfilled, for I find the work, as compared with Evangeline's, is "beautifully less." VEN.

LAPEER.

PET ECONOMIES.

Our HOUSEHOLD is a source of pleasure and profit to its readers. It is so eminently practical that there is no trouble to put its precepts into practice.

There are, however, a large number who would find obstacles in the way of improving the plainest directions given by some of our most notable writers.

Imperious want, dire privation, smother the desire and ambition of many to follow out the tempting descriptions given of good, toothsome fare. A famous recipe for a much vaunted dish begins: "First catch your hare." Now, I am sure there are many so unfortunate that to catch the hare is beyond their means, and they may have to substitute—well, chicken. It does not follow that a home need be unhappy because sparsely furnished, or the table plainly supplied. So that actual destitution does not prevail, (and even that is a relative term) the home may be happy if health, heart and hope dwell there. My pet economy in theory and practice has ever been to make the most and best of available resources. So friends, I would say if you have not the chance of the hare, or yet of the chicken, don't lose your heads planning how you would cook the one or the other if you had it; but give close attention to the "pork and taters," and vary the dishes possible with these, and such simple adjuncts as you may possess.

If you cannot afford to have dish towels of crash or damask, just wipe your dishes on any clean rag you may possess, and watch that the dishcloth is clean too; no matter if there is color in either, so that it

is not washing out to dye the water or dishes. If you are hurried with work of greater importance, it is no sin if you use them without hemming.

Then don't use up every spare moment of your life in "fancy fixin's," whether it be piecing quilts, knitting or crocheting fancy pieces, or crazy silk stitching. Or further, in tucks, ruffles and furbelows on the little folks' clothing. I know the last is a great temptation, for the little blessings do look "so cute" in them, but save yourself for their sakes. If one has leisure, then I have no word of condemnation for any of these employments. It is true economy to use up pieces left of clothing made up in the family, but where time is money or more than that, health, they should be used in large patterns, if at all. Print, scrim and challi are very cheap, and spreads are cheaper than patchwork.

I have no fault to find with the rag carpet. It seems to fill an aching void in a farm house. If it costs more to make than one could be bought for, if well made its wearing qualities discount such considerations.

Some of our sisters have so many ways of using dry bread, I sometimes think I have made a mistake in always having made it a study to avoid having any, or at least to keep the amount to a minimum quantity. I like good bread, and with care it can be kept several days without being dry. It is well understood in our family that a slice will be cut when wanted, rather than to leave one to dry.

I have seen pork fried until there was nothing left but scraps. They were brittle, but tasteless, unless left swimming in the drippings, when they were disgusting. I speak in the plural, for to me it was no longer pork, but scraps. Of course, if people like such cooking it is their business, but if they are so "desput fond of scraps," as the story goes, they might find a golden store in saving the scraps after rendering the lard. If any one, wedded to the belief that such cooking takes off the greasy taste of pork, will once try the plan of cooking it quickly over a brisk fire, giving it constant care till it is well cooked through, neither burned or dried, then taken at once from the fat and served, I think they will find a sweet, juicy morsel, as different from the greasy chips referred to, as good light bread is different from that so overhastened that it is "too firm" for teeth or stomach.

To those who might wonder how I ever get along without dry bread, I would say I find rolled crackers answer well for crumb use; and that pancakes and puddings can be made nicely with flour. If I had a loaf of bread too long on hand, I would dip it in water, put it in a brisk oven ten or fifteen minutes, just long enough to heat through; thus renewing it, rather than go through the slower process of converting it into new forms.

I am no advocate of "fancy dry goods box furniture," but where chairs are few, small boxes, cheaply covered, make presentable ottomans, and a lounge could be made of one of suitable size.

INGLESIDE.

A FLORAL LETTER.

The Fraxinella (*Dictamnus*) is, I think, a plant well deserving the care it requires in cultivation, which is not much when the plants are once well established. The roots are exceedingly hardy, and although a herbaceous plant the stalks are woody and strong, never requiring support of any kind. It blooms the first of June and the flowers remain fresh a month or more, exhaling a refreshing aromatic odor like pine, agreeable to most people. I have no perennial plant that attracts equal attention from visitors, as it is very showy in bloom, of fine, upright form, the flowers being in large racemes, striped and shaded red or purple on white. The Fraxinella has always been considered a botanical wonder, because of its gaseous exhalations. If the plant is covered awhile and a match lighted near it the gas will start into flame readily. All florists find the seeds of Fraxinella very hard to germinate; no method has yet been discovered to hasten germination; six months or a year is required for the seed to sprout. But we learn to wait for so many of our aims and hopes to be realized, that this is only a trifling delay, and patience in waiting and repeating attempts are some of the salutary lessons learned in floriculture. Sow the seed in some out of the way corner and turn over them an old tin dish with the bottom partly out, this will help to hold moisture. If seed is sown this month or next it will be up and doing next spring, and will grow strong and healthy ever after, with no trouble from insect pests.

After so fair and early a start in spring weather, it is rather discouraging at present to be dampened and chilled to the bone as "June, sweet June" is playing us this year, and if it continues some of the choice seeds hurried into the ground may never show up. However, seeds of perennials as a rule are slow in germinating, no matter what sort or variety they may be, but are well worth all expense or delay in the flowers they bestow in early spring before the annuals are above ground, and are just in time for Memorial Day to combine with flowers from shrubs and late bulbs.

I am not usually tardy and never reluctant in answering questions addressed to me, but although this letter was seasonably commenced, I found myself in a tangle of obstacles in shape of spring gardening and city visitors. I will now say to Beth that there are varieties of Cactus that do well in partial shade, as *Epiphyllum* or *Opuntia* varieties, securing them from damage by sun or strong winds. Choice, well grown specimens I would hesitate to trust to the outdoor changes of sun and storm. The 10th of June is as early as tender things like Cactus, Tuberose or Tigridia should be transplanted.

I am wondering to-day why pæonies only of all the floral tribe should possess fragrance like the rose. I have a number that do; one, a dark rose colored, semi-double, that could not be detected with eyes shut. These Chinese varieties are so different from the old style red with sleepy odor, which were highly prized before we knew the dainty *Tenuifolia* with single and double flowers, and others too numerous to mention, but exceedingly sweet and beautiful.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

A. L. L.

FENTON.