

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 10. 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A stitch is always dropp'ng in the everlasting knitting,  
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;  
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting,  
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay,  
I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,  
When the other boys were burning tar-barrels down the street;  
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,  
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.  
And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,  
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;  
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,  
First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled with a cough.  
"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet,  
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"  
Then she raps me with her thimble and calls me a young varlet,  
And then she looks so wo-begone I have to take it back.  
But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket—  
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep—  
And she lets the candle in my room burn away down to the socket,  
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.  
There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering;  
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;  
She always takes a fellow's side when everyone is battering;  
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go!  
And when I've been in swimming after father's said I shouldn't,  
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;  
It sounds as sweet as silver, the voice that says, "I wouldn't;  
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool!"  
Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,  
And I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—  
And who she is by this time there is no need of guessing;  
For there's nothing like a Grandmother to have about the house!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

### THE PICNIC CONSIDERED AS A REST.

The season of picnics is upon us, and in my mind I go back to those HOUSEHOLD letters of previous years, telling how needful for health of mind and body is a little relaxation for the farmer's wife, to get away from home, work and care; if only for one day. The theorist tells us with what renewed courage she takes up the burden of life again.

Now I wish to know if the average picnic fills the bill; especially for the woman who does her own work. I'll admit it pretty nearly does for the men and children; but how about the wife and mother, for whose benefit the day's outing is recommended? Let us give a moment's time to considering what a picnic means to her.

To all the usual work of every day of the week is added the making ready of various dishes which must be prepared with care to be nice when wanted; and the seeing that every article of the wardrobe of the different members of the family which will be wanted is clean and in perfect order to wear; then when the eventful day arrives, there are many extra things to be done in the morning, all the packing, helping the children to wash and dress, and perhaps their father; then her elf. Then the generous woman who has cooked food enough to last her family two or three days at home, is just as generous of her strength, getting the dinner in order to eat; and when things are picked up and packed up and she is once more at home, if there is enough that was left in the house with anything which was not devoured at the picnic, for supper, she considers herself fortunate. The next morning the old routine, only intensified by the interruption of the previous day; with another washing to make clean the tablecloth, napkins and towels, white dresses and skirts, and the boys' fine shirts may be needed for Sunday-school, and if not, this addition will make the next Monday's wash too heavy. There is no need of specifying the many ills apt to attack children after a picnic; I only ask, does it pay? Isn't there some better method of getting a change of air and surroundings?

I know there are many women who enjoy picnics, and they are not all those who carry a very little, and carry away the heaviest loads in their stomach, and sit around for others to do the work; we all know these are the exceptions, not the rule.

I think all women enjoy seeing their husbands and children happy and having a "good time;" many delight in the display of their culinary skill; and all enjoy the chatting and visiting over their work; but Does it pay? Isn't there something different where the same results would be reached, minus so much extra labor?

If some one of the members had not promised to give a sketch of their Literary Society, I would tell the HOUSEHOLD readers something of ours, which we all enjoy very much. It is both rest and recreation, to all except the member who entertains; and the one who writes the essay or learns the recitation; but these are not burdensome as the entertainment does not get around to the same member under nearly a year and a half, and the essays are several months apart, so the meetings are a rest and recreation to a majority of the members. We listen to a well written paper, a good recitation or two, a biographical sketch of some noted person, a "Spare Minute Course" pamphlet (Chautauqua), and a good selection by the reader; then a bit of discussion on some subject that is expected to interest all; a few questions asked and answered, then light refreshments are served. The programme is not so long but that there is an hour, or more sometimes, for social recreation, then we go home; and if we have not learned a little something new, and been refreshed and brightened up, the fault is our own; and I must say I like it better than a picnic. Now HOUSEHOLD sisters, tell me something that will make me love picnics, if you can; and don't wait until next winter; the case is urgent.

Keturah, it would not be surprising if we did have acquaintances in common, but do not think I have any in that direction, eight miles away.

I would thank Evangeline and Beatrix for their chapters on fish.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

It is a task, in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, to hang a quantity of cuffs and collars on the line. Yet they need the bleaching of the sun and the frost. Take a piece of white muslin and on it sew two or three rows of buttons, according to the size of your family. On these button the small things like cuffs, collars, etc., and hang them out. They are easily put out and brought in, there is no danger of damage or soil from clothespins, and you do indoors, comfortably seated in a chair, let us hope, what otherwise must be done in scorching sun or wintry blast.

## HOME TALKS.

Reading "Our Daily Bread" in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 27th, reminded me of the promise I made to write of my outdoor work. It is first of all to get out into God's free air and sunshine, and drink in its health-giving properties. Hundreds of dollars are expended for "Compound Oxygen," advertised so largely for nervousness and wasted energies. A little effort on our part will secure it gratis. It is free and abundant in the country. The desired effect is not obtained in corset and slippers; swinging in the hammock; but in some pleasurable employment. I know there are those who will say they have sufficient activity indoors. True; I have often felt so weary with my forenoon's work indoors that I would go with laggard steps to the garden, get interested clearing out weeds, sowing seed, transplanting, or whatever needed to be done; forgetting my weariness, thinking the while "We will enjoy this vegetable or that choice variety of fruit in its season. It will be so healthful and fresh, and a luxury withal." The mammoth berries I have picked this summer are recompense, surely.

The frost took half my strawberries, which does not often happen. The scarcity gave the better relish to those left us. The currants we are having yet for tea. "We all do like good things to eat." What is more refining or elevating to the senses than fruit or vegetables temptingly spread before us during the hot sweltering months of summer? I scarcely taste meat when I can get them. I went out to spend the day last week, to visit and call on neighboring farmers a few miles away. The complaint was made at meal time, "It is so hard at this time of the year to get up a meal!" I did not find it so. I did not wonder when I found they had no fruit or vegetables. The garden was planted entirely to potatoes. The man of the house must have pie three times a day; what the good wife had to do it with was a mystery to me. On this particular day a neighbor had sent in some cultivated berries which were made into pies; I would have relished mine with sugar and cream. I would consider it a poor meal indeed to set before my own family potatoes and meat alone, without one or two vegetables from the garden. I mean dinner of course, with fruit or pudding for dessert.

I do not mean to say I do the entire work of the garden. Oftentimes I find on returning from a day's drive the long rows of vegetables nicely cultivated out with the horse or else hoed by the "gude mon." He well knows there is nothing will better please the "better half" than to surprise her with such kindness. I think I can say with truth, that from one to three hours each day have been spent out of doors since the first of April, when weather would permit.

In April I took one hour each morning caring for the mother hen, hatching her chicks. These are kept separate from the other fowls in the henhouse. A sufficient number are saved before giving the eggs to

bring out all together. In my chicken park I have now nearly three hundred chickens hatched the first week in May, all healthy and ready for the three meals a day they get. I can now give my family a treat of plump spring chicken. They also find ready sale. This constitutes part of my outdoor work also.

I extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Davis. The acquaintance of E. L. Nye has been very agreeable indeed. We will be glad to learn of her experiences in founding a happy home.

I am now after Beatrix's "sweet Sunday bonnet." I am one of the ten who have a claim on it. From the very first appearance of E. S. B.'s recipe I tried it, found it so valuable I have used it ever since, I have given it to many others also. Our family consists of three households, and all use it. I have often thought I would like to know more of the good benefactor. She is deserving of those "words of praise and appreciation." I will not "forget to speak them."

NEW YORK.

HOME-LY.

---

 THAT BREAD RECIPE.
 

---

Beatrix begins to tremble for her "sweet Sunday bonnet," so many have claimed it because of their fidelity to E. S. B.'s recipe for bread. It is certainly gratifying to learn that so many housekeepers, to drop into idiomatic English, "know a good thing when they see it." Will the ladies draw lots for the bonnet, or shall it be dismembered and each claimant have a scrap? Mrs. C., of Kalamazoo, was the first to present her claim; she says:

"I write to say that I know of one housekeeper besides myself, and think I know of several others who still make bread after E. S. B.'s recipe. I am afraid Beatrix will lose her bonnet, but please let me have it—before we need our fall bonnets. By the way, what has become of E. S. B.? So good a bread maker must have many other good things for us. I have often wished that I could thank her personally for that recipe. I am getting tired of a steady diet of "weeks;" I imagine that it is much easier to put some of those elaborate meals on paper than on the table."

Sunflower, of Pewamo, writes:

"I have just finished reading Beatrix's article in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 27th. Now Beatrix, I can assure you in regard to bread making by E. S. B.'s recipe, that I know of at least half a dozen families who are making bread by her formula. I tried her method when first published, and it was so satisfactory that I have followed it ever since. It is so little trouble too, and that with me is quite an item, having to make about twenty-one loaves a week, and doing the work alone for ten in the family. Maybe at some future time (when the eighteen months old baby is asleep) I will tell the *HOUSEHOLD* readers some of my schemes in the economy of time and strength."

Here's a more determined claimant, the saucy Kitsy, of Ceresco:

"I'll take that bonnet, if you please. I made preparation after E. S. B.'s recipe the day after the *HOUSEHOLD* containing it was received, and the bread was so satisfactory and the process so little trouble that I have used no other since. Never mind paying the express charges, but send the bonnet quick; I do hope it will be becoming."

## CITY SOUNDS.

"Te-e-e-do! Tee-e-e-do! Tee-e-e-do!" (translated, potatoes) "Ras-ber-ries, fine red ras-ber-ries, only ten cents a quart," come up to my window in most unmusical tones as I sit down to write, and the hucksters pass on with their one-horse carts shouting their "Tee-dos and ras-berries." Now comes up the sound of a milkman's rattling call, and happy shouts and laughing of a score of little ones out for their afternoon play on the lawns and about the yards close by. Here comes a rag man tooting his rattling tin horn. Oh the rags of a large city! Judging by the rag men's carts that pass through the streets each day, and the loads they carry, rags are an important article of manufacture and trade.

"Sweet-corn! sw-e-e-t-co-r-n! ap-p-u-ls! ta-ters! pears!" on goes the cart. Ah, yes, that is the butcher's cart now at the door. I must run down and take the pressed beef and pork chop that I ordered this morning, for there is no one in the kitchen.

"Nan-os, nan-os, ban-nans," and the dirty little Italian with his handcart of tropical fruits, most of them in a state of semi-decomposition, trundles by. What's that? It sounds as though the noise was a part of the business. Yes, of course. The gasoline man. Thank fortune I don't have to buy it to-day.

"Huck-le-berries, black-berries! fine red and black raspberries! ap-puls!"

Yesterday I bought a peck of apples for twenty-five cents; they were Astrachans and some hard green ones mixed. I sorted them, and of the Astrachans made some pies. But they were a bad lot, and I thought "How much better fare the swine on the generous old farm so far as apples go than do I!" But I'm going down and see what I can get on the market some day.

Another rag man with a two-horse cart. Ah, he bears himself like a king in a coal scuttle. Another milkman's rattle, and the customary yelping of "that dog over there," which dog Abraham, as he sits in the door of his tent smoking at the close of the day, grimly swears that he will "buy." And I know by the blood in his eye that he will not suffer much longer from the bark of beast. From across the street comes the song of bird. Some lunatic canary! And next door some one is banging a piano, while over, under, through and around all these sounds is the steady, unbroken roar of the city's streets, ever conspicuous and definite, amongst which are the sounds of the street cars. At first, coming from my quiet little nook in Flint, it seemed as though the noise would deafen me; and I did not see how I would ever get so that I could converse on a car or sidewalk without screaming. Perhaps I do scream. I converse at any rate, and don't feel so deaf as I did. But this continual rattle, clatter, call, din, roar and bustle, though I never can like or be indifferent to it, is less fatiguing to me than it was four weeks ago, when for "better or for worse" I became a part of it.

DETROIT.

E. L. NYE.



THE MISADVENTURES OF THE  
B— FAMILY.

(Continued.)

Yesterday morning one of the neighbors came for me to go huckleberrying with her. We had made it up the day before, though Bruno was going to begin harvest. But things would not be in full swing for a day or two, so I decided to go, and left a substantial lunch for the men, with promise of a more substantial supper. The swamp is over on the north forty, and only a wood road leads to it. The tramp through the woods was rather pleasant, but for the mosquitoes which were both numerous and hungry. If you have never been in a huckleberry swamp you have a new experience to live for. This swamp is small, but big enough to tire one's self to death in. We pushed aside the briar roses on the edge, and with a prayer to be delivered from snakes, ventured through the thick gray moss—they call it spagnum, I believe—which was almost knee deep and more elastic than sponge, into the middle where the berry bushes were. The swamp was dry, which was a mercy, but the sun was hot, and the scraggly tamaracks gave next to no shade at all. I presume the Lord had some use for the tamarack or He wouldn't have made it, but I am sure nobody else knows what it is good for. We picked away till our pails were full and it was two o'clock, when we decided we knew when we had enough and would go home. Going out, we were struggling through the tree-roots and "hummocks" when Kit gave a little scream; I thought of snakes and jumped, of course, and over went my pail of berries. I had two-thirds of a notion to leave them there, I was so disgusted, but I scraped up most of them, only I had eight quarts instead of ten after this little episode. And it wasn't a snake after all. The huckleberries might feed the birds for all me, if our farm was only large enough to grow small fruits on. But it isn't. There doesn't seem to be even room enough for a row of currant brush. On the garden and small fruit business Bruno and I are eternally at variance. More than once I've been sorely tempted to hire a man to come and set out fruit, and attend to it every spring. But there are difficulties. I don't know if the fault is in me or the difficulties, but they are too many for me and we go on in the old fashion. It is always going to be cheaper to buy than to grow such things, but when buying time comes there's never money to spare. And anyway, what are six or eight quarts toward a family supply and for canning?

I was awfully tired when I got home, but there was the lunch to clear away and supper to get, and then the usual routine of milk to skim, pans to wash, and bread to sponge. I make butter by the old way, shallow setting in tin pans, but pride myself on making a pretty good article all the same. I haven't the new-fashioned helps, but manage to salt with brine when the butter is in the granular state. When I began keeping house, I hated to take care

of milk the worst of anything about the housework; now I like to do it. One day I took a basket of butter to town, and while the clerk was weighing it, I saw the "big man" of our town walk up to the scales, look at the butter, smell of it, inquire who made it, and order it sent to his house. I could not hear the price he was asked, but I got an idea just the same. The next week I called at his office and asked him how he liked my butter. At the close of our conversation I had a contract to supply a certain number of pounds per week, at five cents above market price, quality guaranteed; and I finally succeeded in arranging for the sale of all our surplus in the same way. I kept my customers by never delivering any that was not up to the mark, and always took pains to deliver it looking nice. Our cows are grades, but they are good ones; our cellar is cool and well ventilated and we have good water. Pretty soon I got into the way of selling eggs on the same plan, so I very seldom had anything of that kind to trade off. One day when I had a caller Bruno came in bringing a hatfull of eggs he had found in the clover field. They were a little too ripe to use, and I told him to throw them away, when my caller said dip them in vinegar and it would clean the shells so they would look and feel like fresh eggs and I could sell them. I guess she saw Bruno did not quite approve the scheme, for she added, "They'll be as good then as half the eggs are they ship to the city." But Bruno carried the eggs out with him.

This morning I was "all full of bones," I suppose because of my climbing round in the swamp yesterday. I had the baking out of the way by half-past nine, and sat down to look over my berries to can, when Bruno came in and said one of his men had disappointed him and he wished I'd come and drive the machine for awhile. Luckily, I had everything ready for dinner—potatoes pared, meat cut, and the cucumbers in a pan of water, so I put on my sunbonnet and climbed up on the reaper. With all the jolting—for I was not heavy enough to get the "spring" of the seat—I'd rather run the reaper in the fresh air and sunshine than cook in a little kitchen with a hot stove as a neighbor. All the sympathy goes to the "poor men" who have to work so hard in the "hot sun." When they come into the dining-room, kept cool and shady for their comfort, they seem to think the women got the dinner right there and have quite a snap. They'd have a change of heart if they could stand in the kitchen where the work is done, for awhile. Of the two, I really think I would prefer a sun-stroke to a "stove-stroke."

Round and round we went. I like to watch the yellow grain standing so straight and sturdy till it falls over on the table, and as I turned the corners "clean," I couldn't help thinking how strange it was that I was so perfectly competent to manage the horses before the machine, yet could never be trusted to drive them on the road. There's something remarkable about it.

At eleven o'clock I went to the house and got dinner; I was out in the field again at

two o'clock, and my berries were looked over and canned after supper.

(To be continued.)

## STINGY HUSBANDS.

So much has been said about farmers preaching economy until it amounts to stinginess, that I will relate a short conversation I overheard not long since in a store.

The wife of the proprietor came hurriedly in and asked for some money. No notice was taken of the request until it was preferred the third time. "Come, I am in a hurry, I want some money." "Well, how much do you want? What are you going to get? I am pretty short this morning." She replied. "I want a pair of shoes, some dye stuff, and meat for dinner; the shoes I could get for one dollar, but I cannot find a fit." Thereupon this generous husband put his hand deep down in his pocket and drew out some change, she held out her hand and he counted out the munificent sum of thirty-eight cents. She closed her hand and started out laughing (not a pleasant laugh) saying as she went, "Shoes, dye stuff, and meat for five, out of thirty-eight cents!"

So you see, dear ladies, that it is not only farmers' wives who have that hardest task in life, to make three dollars do the work of five, for this man was no farmer. On the contrary, to all appearances he is doing a flourishing business, none better in the town. I felt that I would have tossed the money in his face, gone home and hung out a shingle bearing the inscription "Washing done here." But then I am only a farmer's wife, and of course this would not do for a lady in town.

One thing I will say to Polly; when I get to be a pathmaster I will devise some plan to keep the dock out of the public highway, as I see it growing rank and thrifty in many places along the road. No doubt it is cut once a year, which only grafts it into sending forth instead of one seed stalk, four or five, but I will have it cut at least three times. Once in making the tour of Pine Lake (by land), I was much surprised to see the road just lined with great thrifty dock, both yellow dock and burdock; and in one place the barn opened to the road, and the fence on each side was buried up in it.

If there is one of the HOUSEHOLD members whom I envy more than another, it is not the one that has the most good things to eat, but she who has seen Evangeline. I wish I had a cousin living thereabouts, or was entitled to a HOUSEHOLD album. Dare I say that I have the Editor's photograph nicely framed, and hanging where she looks down on me every day. Evangeline will never know how I enjoy some of her letters.

"A Cloudy Week" I ascribed to Polly, and I think she served us a shabby trick when she signed herself only "Simon's Wife!" How do we know who she is or where she lives?

Bess.

PLAINWELL.



## A VISIT TO A LUMBER CAMP.

I should hardly find time in these busy days of haying and harvesting, berry-picking and canning, to send some copy to the *HOUSEHOLD*, only that now we are speaking of accomplishing a large amount of work in a short time, I want to tell you of a woman who prepared from raw materials—nothing ready made—a good dinner for one hundred men, in four hours. Last winter I accompanied my husband to a lumber camp, and while he was transacting his business I went into the camp kitchen to get warm. Camp buildings are usually large, low, log structures—two large buildings with one roof over both, having a covered passageway between, large enough to drive a team through; one building is for the sleeping-room for all the men, the other is the dining-room, with one end partly partitioned from it for a kitchen. In the dining-room there is nothing superfluous. Tables of rough boards, no chairs, benches instead; one permanent tablecloth of oilcloth; the table service of the cheapest, strongest materials. But the food is abundant and various, and usually well cooked. This kitchen was presided over by a Scotch woman of fifty, a "dacent body," a widow whose only son worked in the same camp. I judge she had not had another woman to talk to in a long time, for she made the most of me. I asked her if the work was not terribly severe for her. "Oh no," she said, "I work now like a machine, it is the same day after day. But the first day here I own I was discouraged. You see the cook they had got mad and left one morning, and by the time they got me here it was two o'clock in the afternoon. They had taken everything that was cooked out to the men for the noon lunch, and there was nothing ready for supper. I own, when I thought of the hundred men working all day in the woods with an insufficient lunch, coming in for their supper at six, I sat down, threw my apron over my head and cried. Then I thought of them with pity, some of them my own countrymen, not long over, one, my own boy. Then I went to work. The chore boy had washed the dishes, put everything in order, filled the boilers and had the fires going."

Right here I will tell you the duties of a chore boy in a lumber camp, a boy that is not old enough or strong enough for work in the woods. He gets up at two, lights up and builds fires—three or four of them—wakes the teamsters at three, who must be up before the rest of the men to attend to their teams. Then the men, who must be through with breakfast and ready for work at the first streak of daylight. He must furnish wood for all the fires, cutting, splitting and bringing it in himself, though he sometimes has a man to help saw. The rest of the time he helps the cook, washes the dishes, prepares the vegetables, sets the table, keeps the sweeping done and the lamps filled, and must be ready at any time to do anything a chore boy could be called on for. But let Mrs. Duncan finish the story herself:

"I had the chore boy cut up a quarter of

beef and get it into the boiler, and while he was peeling potatoes and turnips I put to stewing the evaporated apples to have them ready for pies. Then I made the bread by mixing flour, baking powder, milk and water, mixing it soft and pouring into tins. It makes passible bread on an emergency, and I made it first to have it cold enough to slice. Then having had the lard already over the fire I made two bushels of doughnuts." I must have looked my surprise at this statement, for she added. "Oh, I didn't cut them out with a scolloped tin with a hole in the middle, and turn each one four times with a fork while frying. They were fried in this" indicating a stewpan the size of the top of an ordinary stove, (by the way, two cook stoves were in use in this kitchen) "and I cut the dough in strips with only one twist to each one, and they are put on this big skimmer and put in the fat at once and taken out at once. That was an easy job, it was the pies that took the most of my time. There is no hurrying them. The real secret of my getting the work all done is not doing unnecessary work. Those apples for pies looked clean and were taken from a clean box, so they went straight into the water to boil; you would have washed them in two waters and looked at both sides of each piece. If I had done that way my men wouldn't have had their supper. But they had it on time. The beef was boiled tender and beginning to brown, so I had it taken up and made gravy in the boiler. The chore boy had ground the coffee and that was made the last thing, and it was a good meal for hungry men." "You seem to make no distinction in your meals, you have pies for every one." "Yes, men always like pie, you know." "How many does it take for one hundred men for one meal?" I asked, out of curiosity. "Just fifteen of this size," indicating an ordinary round pie tin, "Hardly ever varies."

I have translated her Scotch into English, but this is just what she told me.

I suspect "Simon's Wife" to be A. H. J., but don't suppose I shall ever know if my impression is right.

To another correspondent, it was not Fanny Fern who first used the expression, "Total depravity of inanimate things," though it sounds like her. It was Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the *Atlantic Monthly* twenty-two years ago.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

## THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

In L. C.'s criticism of Ven's week she thinks it harder to prepare the food Ven cooked than that Evangeline prepared. Well, I do not know about that. It takes but a few moments to make a pie, and a cake can be made and baked while one is preparing a meal. I do not think cookies at all extravagant; it does not take much more material to make 75 or 100 cookies than it does for a large cake, then think how long they will keep, while after a cake is cut it soon dries out. Perhaps Ven's

family is fond of "pies 'n things;" I know some men who do not think a meal complete without one or both are on the table. And again, any one living on a farm knows there is a time after the winter vegetables are gone and before the summer ones are grown, that they have to depend on the potato and baked victuals. How often at this season we hear housekeepers ask, "What do you find to cook?" Some think farmers' families ought to be supplied with the earliest fruits and vegetables; they do not take into consideration the great pressure of work that comes at the time a garden ought to have care. Why it would take one man nearly all the time to fight the bugs and weeds, so no wonder the garden is sometimes neglected. Nearly every farmer I know tries to have early vegetables, but as they are not market gardeners and do not make it their whole business, so fruits and vegetables are in the city markets before theirs are hardly in bloom. Pray do not think I advocate this state of things, for I do not; if there is a way to better it I will be glad to know.

Like A. L. L., I never have any dry bread; if there chances to be a piece left I do not consider it a waste if it goes to help feed the pigs or calf; then there is the family cat that has to eat. Nor do I think it wasteful if every bit of food left from a meal be not made over into something for the next, using enough eggs, butter and milk and other ingredients to make something entirely new, besides the time spent in preparing a mixture nine out of ten would not eat. If there is anything left I had rather warm it over in its natural state. I am one of those who never doubted Evangeline's "week" was an actual experience. I think she must be a woman, who, when she starts to do a thing does it instead of considering what would be a better way, and finally putting it off altogether.

Give us your hand, Polly, let's "shake!" I am with you in regard to road-making, and when women get their rights I will help put you in pathmaster.

WACOUSTA.

LAUREL VANE.

RUB out peach stains with clean cold water. Boiling water is best for stains of other fruits.

## Useful Recipes.

LEMON SNAPS.—Three cups white sugar, three and a half cups cream, half cup of water with the juice of two lemons; three eggs, one teaspoonful salaratus; salt to taste. Roll thin and bake quickly.

PICKLED STRING BEANS.—Boil in slightly salted water until they can be pierced with a fork, then drop into vinegar. In twenty-four hours they will be ready for use.

GREEN CORN FRITTERS.—Grate green corn from the cob until you have a quart. Into this stir a large spoonful of melted butter; a pint of fresh milk; half a teaspoonful salt; two tablespoonfuls of flour and three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately till very light. Fry in boiling lard.