

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, AUGUST 17. 1889.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

QUERY?

I asked the morning zephyr,
As it played among the leaves,
Gently stirred the fragrant flowers,
Rustled in the new-bound sheaves,
If it knew some peaceful country
Or island without name,
Where "sugar trusts" had not been formed,
And "middlemen" ne'er came?
The zephyr whistled round my door
And said, "The place exists no more."

I asked the robin redbreast,
As he perched high in a tree,
Singing all the while his cheerful strain,
So comforting to me;
If in his flight he'd find a place
A fairy dell or grove,
Where woman did not warfare wage
With kettle, pans and pot?
The bird returned with strength nigh spent,
And panting said, "I haven't yet."

I asked old Sol as on he swept
Upon his daily round,
Emitting rays of broiling heat,
If he had ever found
A pleasant, flowery, leafy spot,
A country filled with shade,
Where "King Caloric" entered not,
And "pies'n" things weren't made?
He said, while dropping in the west,
"A soft snap that, t'would be all rest."

I asked old ocean, as its waves
Beat high upon the shore;
With spray and foam, with lull and moan,
And shells from years of store,
If in its rock-ribbed, lonely caves,
That never knew a range,
Womankind could emigrate
And have, at least, a change?
The answer came in echo clear,
"The men, dear souls, would starve, I fear."

The sun has never swerved from his course,
The air is in motion or still,
The tide comes and goes, and the pretty bird
Trills the song at his own sweet will,
Over and over and over again,
Does the mill wheel slowly turn,
The grain from the tiny seed has grown,
'Tis a lesson all may learn.

Then sister mine, pray be content,
Your burdens sweetly bear,
Life's not made up alone of shade,
Not all hard work and care;
There never yet was cloud so dark,
But what the sun peeped through,
"Tis love that makes the world go round,"
Song old, but always new.

Remember as we slowly pass
Adown the hill of life,
Linked heart to heart and hand in hand,
We have no time for strife;
Dispensing love and gentle words,
Our toil will be made sweet,
And all our self-denial here
Will lie at the Master's feet.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

SUMMER READING.

I haven't much use for the summer novel. It is almost as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore or the leaves of Vallombrosa. It is worth, generally, about as much as a handful of sand, or the drifted leaves under the feet of the belated tourist. It is as light and as unsatisfactory as the froth on the midsummer icecream soda, with even less sparkle and zest of flavor. Its chief use is to kill time, but it does it in a very dull way. I pray you avoid it; there is no health in it.

The mental and physical lassitude most of us experience during summer months excuses us from a strong literary diet. We want something amusing, interesting, not too profound and heavy so that it provokes the exertion of deep thought. Interesting and amusing are the adjectives which best express the most desirable qualities of summer reading.

To find my own literature for the season I turn from the new books on the book-stores' tables, scorning alike "the very latest" and the novel "everybody is reading" and from some stray catalogue, or from reading some review which makes me sure I shall like the book reviewed, I choose an author whose reputation is won and whose books are standard. This summer I have introduced myself to Blackmore, reading "Cristowell" and "The Maid of Sker." Both are charming stories of English life, and though the author is not great, in a literary sense, he is good. His humor crops out in deliciously quaint fashion; his characters are as original as Dickens', without Dickens' vice of caricature. Old Dr. Perperaps and Spotty, his daughter; Lady Touchwood—so like some American mothers of lesser quality in her blind affection for Dicky; the honest Caleb Tucker and even Mrs. Giblets, who pathetically inquires "Wherever would you be, sir, without you drew a line between wholesale and retail?" with the outlaw Guy Wenlow, John Sage, "who despised all flowers except cauliflower," the wicked George Gaston, the vicar who was everybody's friend, revolve round sweet Rose Arthur, her father, who found more pleasure in the budding of his peaches than in the privileges of his rank, the fine old Colonel Westcombe and his son Jack, about whose fortunes the interest of the story centres. Here is the Cristowell definition of ambition, "no more than a longer name for the itch. Every village man grew wiser by due

seniority; and no mind, while its father lived, succeeded to authority. Youth was kept in its place, and taught that the ear must take the seed of thought until the white hair shows it ripe; and women were allowed their due weight." Here is the definition of a "comfortable wife:" "She should be amiable, gentle, fond of little jokes and capable of making them when he wants them; well bred, and totally indifferent about dress—the new fashion I mean, and the rubbish some women study more than their behavior; also she ought to be diligent and thrifty, tidy, and particular to keep him to his meal-times, an experienced judge of bread and butter, and full of understanding about doors and windows, thoroughly warm-hearted, and not inclined to cough when she smells tobacco smoke."

"To think of such a wife makes a man's mouth water," answered Mr. Short."

The story of "The Maid of Sker" is told by the old fisherman David Llewellyn, who said he "understood everything in the world except women." The sand storm which buried Black Evan's seven sons was a historic occurrence. I think I liked "Cristowell" rather the best; and when I next want a book I shall get "Lorna Doone," said to be the author's best.

I have discovered that the way to enjoy Howells is to read his books aloud. Somehow one appreciates his wit and satire, the delicate humor of his character painting much better. I read "Dr. Breen's Practice" with a friend and thoroughly enjoyed it. Mrs. Maynard and Miss Gleason are types of women who are very numerous; one, so unreasonably contradictory, or self-engrossed, that one longs to shake her into a jelly—since she has not character enough for anything else; the other, one of those dear souls whose yearnings for the indefinite uplifting of women make them amusingly "gushing"—one of the women who talk volubly about things they do not comprehend. Howells is not really amusing, it is only his way of putting things, and bringing out people's peculiarities that provoke smiles. To get the fullness of his satire, the deliberate intention of reading aloud is necessary.

Mrs. Oliphant's "Country Gentleman" is a quiet story, without particular incident or interest. It depicts the life of English women of the middle class, those who busy themselves in looking after the concerns of the neighborhood, who, because of

their own ignorance of actual life, are ready to judge out of hand, and invariably measure other people's corn in their own baskets. To the "County Gentleman's" sisters a difficulty in the parish pretends the end of the world; and Minna and her Rev. Eustace are so abominably conceited, so priggish and narrow-minded, that one longs to knock a little human charity and fellow feeling into their hearts, as well as into that of the jealous, selfish Country Gentleman himself.

But the book I have read with most interest is "Donovan," by Edna Lyall. It is a semi-religious novel—I see it recommended for Sunday school libraries, and I dare say had I known this before buying the book I should have decided not to take it, for like the old lady at our boarding-house, I "don't like my religion and my love-stories mixed." The book is almost the converse of "Robert Elsmere." Elsmere began as an orthodox believer, and found the beliefs of a lifetime uprooted and destroyed by the influence and arguments of an unbeliever. Donovan begins as an atheist, made so by his unloving and unloved childhood and the unchristian life of the professedly religious persons whom he was unfortunate enough to meet. Then he became an agnostic, and from this point, by the truly beautiful example and the arguments of his good friends Dr. Tremain and Charles Osmonde, became able to reconcile science and revealed religion. Poor Donovan experienced sadly enough the truth of the proverb "Give a dog a bad name and hang him;" the eminently respectably religious neighborhood in which he lived avoided him as one having the plague, because he was too honest and sincere to profess what he disbelieved, and hence he suffered misapprehension and wrong. An overstrained sense of honor prevented him from righting himself in the eyes of those dearest to him. I am inclined to question the nobility or even the right we have to suffer grave injustice because of the selfish sin of another—as did Donovan through Stephen Couston—when the false impressions thus conveyed to the minds of those who love us give such pain and misery as they always must.

BEATRIX.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Why is it that some people become so "possessed" of inquisitiveness that they are willing, nay anxious, to sacrifice the future happiness and well being of an innocent child to their morbid, foolish curiosity?

A child may be adopted into some good family, where from the love and care by which it is surrounded, the most favored of home-born children could not be happier. It may have found this home too young to remember or know of any other, and secure in its environments dream not that the affectionate care by which it is surrounded is not the outcome of natural parental affection. One would suppose that any thoughtful and well disposed person would rejoice in the happiness of

such a fortunate waif, and seal their lips in the presence of any whom youth or garrulity might tempt to reveal ought that would startle into doubt, or explain away the trust and love of the little one for its foster parents. Unfortunately, there are many who if they would scorn to say anything to a child so situated, will not hesitate to speak freely of the matter before their own and neighbors' children, knowing, as they must, how sure the little ones will be to retail the story. The natural openness and candor of a child, as well as the burning desire to show their importance by exhibiting their knowledge of personal secrets, will impel them to talk of such matters.

The person who undertakes the great responsibility of caring for, training and educating the child of others, needs, and should receive, all the aid that kindly sentiment and good common sense can guarantee.

It would seem that self-respect and delicacy would prohibit interference, and a feeling of gratitude that a forlorn waif was surrounded by comfort, and was being trained for usefulness, rather than left to grow an idler, or burden, or worse, in life's field, would intensify such conclusions. It seems, instead, as if some very proper people in a general way, have an intolerable itching to interfere in such cases. I have heard the remark, "The child ought to know, and I will tell it if the people do not." Why ought the child to know? If it ought, why is it the business of outsiders to meddle? The child is happier while in ignorance. Its natural trust, confidence and love go to its parents, and it is a shock to have its trust rudely broken, and many times the result is disastrous to the child, and most painful to the parent. People who are so officious rarely stop when so much mischief is done. The child is questioned in all the minutæ of its privileges, restraints, and surroundings; remarks are made, doubts suggested, comparisons instituted, until the little mind is alarmed, put on the defensive against imaginary injuries; and a spirit of rebellion is aroused which puts parent and child in an antagonism, painful to both, but most injurious to the child. To any one who feels this itching, I would say, "Conquer it." Better the child suffer some injustice from supposed parents than to be roused to rebellion by a knowledge that will work him greater suffering.

If the children of natural parents were as keenly watched, with jaundiced eyes, there might be found cases of as glaring injustice, and often less of love and self-sacrifice to the parents. A little girl, whose doting affection claims me as her very own "auntie," spoke of the relation in presence of two ladies. One smilingly listened and commended, while seeing the mistake; the other put the child through a catechism as to how it could be, tried to convince her it was not so, excited and angered her, but without shaking her loving faith. Why not let such innocent delusions alone? With riper years they will be gradually dispelled, without a rude shock to tender

hearts or robbing them of a sweet faith and trust, so helpful and soothing to their tender years.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

THE MISADVENTURES OF THE B— FAMILY.

(Concluded.)

Ye terday morning the B— mansion was taken by storm, its citadel carried by a sault. Cousin James, his wife, his three children, his wife's sister, two trunks and a carpet bag were deposited on the piazza twenty minutes before dinner. "It never rains but it pours." "Thought we'd run out and make you a little visit; can't stay but a week. Nicest time in the year in the country, isn't it?" said cousin James, affably, as he gave Bruno a cigar from his coat pocket and took one himself from a Russia leather case. Bruno said afterward that it was the "rankest weed" he ever tried, about "two fer five," he guessed. I noticed he didn't take but two or three whiffs before he tossed it over into the lilac bush. Cousin James noticed it, too, for he said, "Don't you smoke, Bruno?" I was glad to hear Bruno reply unconcernedly, "Oh yes, I enjoy a good cigar," with a slight emphasis on the "good."

Going to "stay a week!" Three hired men, and threshers coming Monday! My heart went clear down into my boots when I thought of it. You will not wonder that I end my chronicle of our misadventures here, and kindly draw a veil over the tribulations of the week. Those children will be the death of me. Algernon Sidney, the youngest, has already been rescued from the top of the windmill derrick; Maud Ethelinda has chased two of my little turkeys to death and broken up one of my setting hens; while Arthur Augustus had a set-to with Dick, the old ram, which I guess will induce him to accord to that patriarch the veneration due to his age. I have sent to town for Jamaica ginger and paragoric, for colic or cholera morbus will surely kill some one of the trio, the way they stuff on green apples and anything else they can chew. In the meantime I pray for patience and remind myself a week cannot last forever.

For the benefit of those who have criticised me so severely as "unwifely," etc., in my statements, and have pitied "poor Bruno," I would request them not to be so previous in their conclusions, and say I have nowhere given them occasion to marry me to Bruno, who is as yet one of those unappropriated individuals known as old bachelors.

For myself, permit me to subscribe myself simply

BRUNO'S SISTER.

A MAINE woman exterminated ants which were very numerous and annoying in her house by stirring a tablespoonful of Paris green into some molasses, putting it into two saucers and setting them in the runways of the ants. No dead ants were seen around, and the ant colonies were evidently completely exterminated, none ever being seen around the house again.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

[Paper read at the Oxford Institute by Mrs. Lucy Swift of Flint.]

Verily, "History repeats itself." 456 B. C. Cincinnatus was called from the plow to dictate to the Roman Senate, and a few days ago an obscure, inoffensive woman, quietly plying her domestic arts, was commanded to appear before this assembly and tell it what she knew about common schools. The similarity is strictly confined to the incident, not the individuals. Cincinnatus is said to have donned his robes, and meekly followed his messenger. But alas for the woman! She sought out an old treatise upon the subject, fully expecting to find there all the matter she would require. The sin of plagiarism seemed slight to her as she studiously plodded over page after page of those sublime theories, searching in vain for a practical idea, or a sound, logical point. She next repaired to an educational assembly, and again confronted the old stumbling block, theory. Her last resort was to interview a professional teacher, and he told her that "Really he could not say, until he had given the matter some thought." And then it was that this woman put on her spectacles, took her pen in hand, and what she knew of common schools I am going to tell you.

The topic, fully defined, covers more territory than I propose to traverse. I am not going to begin with the State Board of Education, and come growlingly back, through all the red tape; nor am I going to molest the city and village schools. It is to the schools in the country I desire to call your attention. I would like to ask of you what interest you have at heart (spiritual matters aside) that you hold nearer or dearer than the education of your children, and I hear you answer, "None!" Again, what interest do you so grievously neglect? "None!" Is there a man present who if he owned a valuable colt would put it into the hands of a stranger for training, and never concern himself as to the methods employed in the work? Is there a woman here who would loan a stranger her diamond brooch, and to all appearance be unmindful of it? And yet each day you send out the priceless little lives entrusted to your keeping—send them into these training schools, knowing nothing of the trainer. What right have you for this sublime faith in teachers?

The ranks and files are full. But those fitted by natural endowments and proper culture for the position are largely in the minority. A man thoroughly conversant with the matter once told me that "forty-five per cent of the teachers in Michigan ought to be thrown out." Yet if they can come up to the required standing in their text books, they are all right; when alas that is but one of the many requirements conducive to a thorough teacher. "But," says one, "what can we do?" Let me tell you what I would have done, if I could.

Next September I would have every father and mother attend school meeting. I would have the school board made up of persons who would give the best atten-

tion to the work, let them be male or female; and I would strongly advise that every school board have at least one lady officer, and especially in districts where lady teachers are mostly employed. I went to our Director once with complaint that our reading classes were on the retrograde, and that the teacher's attention should be called to it. He promised to see her. Time went on and no improvement. I went to him again and he said: "I have had my face fixed to speak to her a number of times—but somehow I couldn't do it." Now why he could not, involves a magnetic problem that I am not called upon to solve in this paper; but I firmly believe that a lady director could have approached her without trouble. I am going to advance no theories that I have not seen in practical working.

In Genesee County we have one lady director, and as far as I can learn, she has been a success. She has cared for the sanitary condition of the premises, as it has never been cared for before. The school property has been guarded; the teacher's attention called to proper ventilation; and then she goes to the school often, cheering and encouraging both teacher and scholars. But no one person can do it all, and the cloud that hangs over the woman's work is this, that she can get no interest aroused in the other patrons of the school. She said to a little boy a few days ago, "I think your mother must be very proud you are doing such nice work this winter." A troubled look was upon the child's face as he answered, "I guess mamma doesn't know it." And that is true all over this broad land, "Mamma doesn't know it." Oh ye foolish mothers, how are you ever to answer for this great sin of omission? Don't you know that the scholar of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow? That just as these pliant little minds are moulded to-day, just so you will find them to-morrow? And the grave necessity of knowing that this work is well done must be clear to you all.

We are menaced by another evil, that I believe could be averted by a thorough building up of our district schools. Our children are drifting away from us! And why? Oh, you see our schools in the country do not suffice, and we must needs send the children to a city for a few terms. And with what results? Nine out of ten come back discontented. They have been there just long enough to mistake glitter for gold, the false for the true. They come back to tell us that they believe they were intended for something better than farming. And so they go away from us, leaving the broad acres and the productive industries, to engage in some of the already crowded avenues of livelihood; many of them to ignominiously fail.

Just now the educational departments are agitating themselves over the township district system, which means to do away with the district boards, and place the work in the hands of three, or five, elected township officers. Then they will move our district boundaries, build or repair our school-houses, levy the taxes, equip the school rooms, visit the schools, hire the

teachers, and in fact run our business entirely. They tell us that the welfare of our children demands this. The friends of the system say that "the petty school board impedes the progress of education." They bring statistics to prove that in many districts, term after term, for years, neither officers or patrons enter the doors of the school room. They claim that only about ten out of fifty go to school meeting, the chief object of that ten being to curtail expenses, and who also fail to put into office the most capable ones for the work. They even report one director who can neither read or write, and a host of others not far ahead. Have we come to this state of affairs because farmers, as a class, are inferior? No! It is no uncommon sight to see a man of splendid intellect guiding the plow, or gathering his grain. It is nothing unusual to hear the voice of the farmer in the legislative halls, and in truth there is no eminence in this country that the farmer has not reached. Then how are we to excuse him for this gross neglect of a duty that should stand paramount to all others? And the great wish of my heart to-night is, that all farmers who have allowed their brains to get gummed over with fine wool, or stuck full of registered bristles, would go home and look into this matter. Miles Standish tells us that "What we would have well done, we must do ourselves," and if you would be sure that your children reach the goal you desire, then you must look to the work yourselves. There are earnest, capable women here to-night, whose homes are in the rural districts, and let me say to them, "There is much ye can do, why stand ye idle waiting?"

There should be literary societies in every school district. It is a very easy matter to lead the young in this direction. In the district where I live, there has been such an organization for the past two years. The woman who founded it is in no wise a gifted woman, but she went earnestly into the work and builded better than she knew. I wish I had time to tell you of its good results and of its grand developments. I read an article a short time ago that condoled with the farmer and his family, because of their want of culture, and I thought if in every school district such a work as this could be carried on, there would be no need for such condolence.

If the ladies who contribute so ably to the papers, would lay by the pen and work "in the shadows where they are," they would accomplish that which would go down even to the tenth generation. "One person to throw water is worth forty to cry fire." If there are any present who will attempt this work, if they will address Box 852, Flint city, our secretary will gladly send out our order of business, and a few programmes that might aid one in their organization.

Once more in conclusion let me urge you to throw off this apathy that has so obscured your mental and moral vision, and go to work for the best interests of the young in your midst; and if St. Peter doesn't open the door for you with greater alacrity than he otherwise would, then he is not the St. Peter I take him to be.

ALL DAYS BRIGHT DAYS.

Good afternoon! Here I am again. What's this I have with me? Why my dear little three months' old baby! Isn't he a darling? You didn't know about him, did you?

I have something on my mind again, and when my mind is burdened with something, I never feel easy until I have relieved myself and had my say. It all started from these Weeks we've been enjoying. They set me to thinking. Now Evangeline's sounded unusually rose-colored, but do you know why? Don't you suppose Evangeline has her own particular, private little troubles and annoyances? What housekeeper has not? But like a wise woman, she "remembered only her joys."

I am afraid Simcn's Wife had a little bit of wicked intent in writing her week. (Pretty cute of her though, wasn't it?) And the difference in the two was the difference in the way of telling. Well, it led to such a monotonous succession of "weeks" that I for one was glad when a halt was called. But really, I wondered if our little paper was to become the medium through which we communicate all our little grievances to each other, instead of what I believe our Editor means it should be—an interchange of nice little helpful ways of doing things, and friendly chit-chat. No life is one perpetual sunny day. The clouds are often there, but why talk of them? The more we dwell on them the bigger and blacker they grow. Don't let us fall into the habit of relating all our little misadventures. Don't let us take our little paper as a receptacle for all our domestic rubs.

Let us help each other.

There, I'm through now. I'll take my baby and go. No mother who reads this will fail to understand the joy that has come into my life with this little blue-eyed mite of humanity. He's such a comfort. The joy of having him makes up for all the "rainy days."

ALBION.

OUR CHILDREN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Most of us who have come to years of maturity can look back to some youthful friendship which has influenced all our after life. Unconsciously to us, then, the effect of a stronger personality than our own made its impress upon our character for time and eternity. Tastes were controlled and inclinations fixed through the power of companionship—a power we can never afford to overlook or underestimate. How very essential it is then, that those of us who have the guidance of children during the most difficult age, which generally embraces the years between twelve and sixteen, should look well to the intimacies then formed? These friendships may not be lasting, nevertheless they leave their mark. They are apt to be tropical in warmth while they continue; confidences are exchanged with greater freedom than the mother—who should be by right her daughter's chosen confidant—receives, and

through which lies her best means of leading her young daughter in those paths of innocence and purity she would have her tread. It is astonishing—discouragingly so sometimes—to see what havoc a silly, frivolous, empty-headed girl can make in a coterie of simple-minded, quiet girls, who often seem almost fascinated by her grown-up airs and graces, and her chatter about dress and beaux. True, there is nearly always a reaction—the recoil of a pure, correctly trained mind from one educated in a different school; and the evanescent friendship ends in a sad disappointment to the more thoughtful girl, who if no greater harm is done her, has learned her first lesson in distrust, and the bitter lesson of misplaced confidence. She is disappointed and chilled, and apt to resolve to rely upon her own judgment hereafter, especially if she finds certain unpleasant resultants from following the advice of her "dearest friend." All too rarely does she turn to her real "best friend"—her mother; too often a certain false pride and shyness intervenes and she finds it difficult to give her confidence, which is but another name for a free exchange of thought, to any person. And if not disappointed in her friend, she is drawn away, further and further from her old sweet, natural self, until she is as frivolous as her false friend.

Treat these friendships which you cannot approve with great care, mothers, if you would have them brief and the least harmful. Open opposition and condemnation will often defeat your purpose. Put obstacles in the way of visits and *tete-a-tetes*, but see that they are pleasant preventives—tasks will not answer; treats and pleasures are admirable. Make your daughter more than ever your companion, and with subtle art contrast her would-be intimate's faults of character with truer standards. Be patient and persevering, so shall you win yet more of daughtery love and confidence.

BEATRIX.

HELPFUL HINTS.

In my article in the HOUSEHOLD of July 20th some one made a mistake which I would rectify, as some of my friends might think I told a story. I have but six in the family and four beds to wash for.

Mrs. Bruno, did you ever think how you would feel if Mr. B—— would air all your failings to the public gaze? "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," also of failings. We are none of us perfect and don't like to be told of our remissness; I know I don't. William never makes me account for the money I spend; if I wish money and my purse is "full of emptiness," I take from his (if there's any there) and he considers it all right. Why should I not? I help earn it. I often work more hours a day than he does. My work is different but it helps. I make the butter that buys the groceries, and try to save and care for things in all ways.

There are so many ways of saving in time and strength as well as money. When you go to the cellar, take a market basket if you have many things to carry, then one trip will do for all.

If you wish to keep your hands white

during new potato time, use your iron dish cloth to scrap potatoes. It cleans them quick and prevents all stains.

Laurel Vane, doesn't Mr. Vane ever complain of dyspepsia through eating so much cake and pie for tea? I think pie is hurtful eaten at night. I will some time tell some of my other ways of saving—I have many of them.

DEBORAH.

WILDERVILLE.

If you have straw matting on any of your rooms, do not use a broom on it, the strands will be worn out in a short time if you do. Use a bristle brush with a long handle, and brush the matting the lengthwise way of the strands, that is, from selvedge to selvedge; in this way the dust is removed more perfectly. To wash the matting, put a tablespoonful of ammonia into a pail of soapsuds, wash the matting with a cloth and dry it with another, using but little water. If the matting is once wet through it will be discolored and never look so well again. If it has turned yellow, wash with salt and water. Matting does not need washing often.

Useful Recipes.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Half cup of butter; one cup sugar; half cup milk; one and two-thirds cups flour; whites of two eggs and yolks of three; one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder or one of cream-tartar, and one-half of soda. One and a half squares of Baker's chocolate, and put it into a saucepan over the teakettle with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of water. Stir until smooth and glossy, then add to the above, mixing well. Flavor with vanilla. Bake carefully, as this cake is more apt to burn than that made without the chocolate. Frost nicely.

CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH CREAM FROSTING.—Cream one cup butter, add two cups sugar, then the flavoring of vanilla; then stir in three and a half cups flour with three teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted in it; then the beaten yolks of five eggs and the beaten whites of three. This will make two loaves. For the frosting, boil fast a cup of fine granulated sugar and half cup of water until it threads in dropping from the spoon. Test it often in order not to cook it long enough to granulate or candy. When done cool the mixture a little and then beat until it is creamy and white. Spread over the cake, and when it is cold cover with a coating of chocolate mixture made by breaking and melting one square of Baker's chocolate with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of water.

CORN SOUP WITH CHICKEN.—Cut the chicken and put it on to cook with three pints of cold water. Skim, if necessary, when it begins to boil, add a teaspoonful of salt and cook slowly until tender. Then drain the chicken and cut it from the bones, cutting the meat in small pieces. Cut the corn from a dozen very fresh and tender ears and put it into the broth, which should be boiling. There should be a quart of broth. Add the cut chicken and boil twenty minutes. Then add a quart of milk in a little of which a heaping teaspoonful of flour has been mixed to a smooth paste, and a tablespoonful of butter. Let it boil up, add more salt if needed and a cup of cream, or a big lump of butter, let boil up and serve.