

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE LITTLE WHITE KING.

The king in his carriage is riding by,  
The little white king so fair;  
Robed in ermine and crowned with gold—  
Daintiest raiment his soft limbs enfold—  
Claiming obeisance of young and of old  
With right imperial air.

The king in his carriage is riding by,  
The little white king so sweet;  
And his loyal subjects linger to trace  
The winsome smile on the baby face,  
While humbly they sue for his royal grace,  
Who holds the world at his feet.

Make room, make room for the little white king  
The little white king so dear;  
For we hear with his passing a flash of wings,  
A far-off thrilling of sweet harp strings,  
And our hearts uplift to holier things,  
While heaven itself seems near.

—The Empire.

"How shall I a habit break?"  
As you did that habit make;  
As you gathered you must lose  
As you yielded, now refuse;  
Thread by thread the strands do twist,  
Till they bind us neck and wrist,  
Thread by thread the patient hand,  
Must untwine ere free we stand;  
As we builded, stone by stone,  
We must toil, unhelped, alone,  
Till the wall is overthrown.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

### BOYS ON THE FARM

I was quite interested in the "cause of the decline of population in the rural districts" as discussed by the Webster Farmers' Club and reported in last week's FARMER. Some of the reasons given for a decline are probably valid—or would be, if the decline was actual in this State, as it is in some of the Eastern States. I spent several weeks in New York this summer, and often in the course of my drives, observed tumble-down, deserted farmhouses, the small holdings having been absorbed by a farmer ambitious of owning more land and the former owners having "gone West" or to town. But I noticed the empty, abandoned homes more frequently in the vicinity of villages, and I saw the ruins of many a mill and blacksmith's forge, many a wayside inn and wagon shop—more of them than of deserted farmhouses. And I accounted for it easily, and I think logically, by ascribing the decay of these once flourishing industries to the centralization of manufacturing plants, made necessary by competition, which made these small establishments, once doing fairly profitable business and supporting a small force of employes, no longer remunerative. Hence

they were either given up entirely, or removed where better manufacturing facilities and cheaper transportation were to be obtained; and of course the employes must follow.

Most men, in discussing the question of "how to keep the boys on the farm" talk as if the boys were anxious to leave, while they—the fathers—were desirous to have them remain. I should like to ask some parents I know what inducements they ever offered their sons to stay on the farm. A young man of any ambition and energy will not stay at home to be practically ignored in the management of the farm on which his revenue depends, and see things run in the old ruts, every suggestion sneered at, every plan for improvements vetoed, and be subject to arbitrary dictation against his own better judgment. If a man wants his son to stay on the farm and the son is worth having stay, let him make a fair, square, business proposition, making it an object for the young man, and giving him something to look forward to besides the everlasting grind that takes the ambition out of a boy quicker than an attack of malaria.

Again, the owner of three or four boys and a 160 acre farm cannot expect those sons to settle down and make a living on an area he himself probably considered only large enough for himself when he began, and which he—wisely I admit—proposes to keep in his own possession as long as he has need of it. The young men look forward to a home and revenue of their own. The father cannot give it to them, they can not earn a farm save with long and persistent self-denial and economy such as the young men of to-day don't take to very kindly—what is there left for them to do only leave the farm and try to make a living in some other business?

It is more often the knowledge that it is a question of independence and business necessity for him to leave, rather than a repugnance to the farm or the country, that sends the boy to town. Three sons on a 160-acre farm are two sons too many, according to most farmers' ideas of size of farms, and so the two sons go. What else can they do? And if they all remained on the farms and became producers, would not a larger surplus of agricultural products bring about an era of still lower prices? Let them go to town, by all means. They become consumers of the products of the farm; they live as well as if they were on a farm; some of them grow rich and prosperous, and all of them are valu-

able recruits to the cities and towns, which thrive by the introduction of this new, vigorous, bound-to-get-a-living-anyhow element.

BEATRIX.

### "A WORD TO THE WISE."

Nothing more surely shows the culture and refinement of the family than the language used by the children. Many a child, well trained in other respects, will use inelegant and inaccurate expressions, and violate the simplest rules of grammar, with a freedom which would not be tolerated by the mother were the question one of table etiquette or drawing-room manners.

I should consider the fault in a child of eating with his knife, even, to be preferred to that of habitually using such an expression as "I hain't," "I seen," or a like error, inasmuch as the tongue is the most unruly member and is therefore the most difficult to control.

It is folly to wait until a child is old enough to enter even an elementary school, before beginning the task of teaching him correct use of the English language. "Use is second nature," and a habit once acquired is very difficult to erase. He is in the highest degree a creature of imitation; and as soon as he is able to understand, long before he can form his ideas into sentences, he is eagerly imbibing the opinions and modes of expression from those surrounding him.

It is an error to suppose that a child will more readily understand a coarsely spoken sentence than one in which grace of diction and perfect grammar are used. In reading him his twilight story select one in pure and accurate English. It is distasteful and distressing to see, in our best youths' papers and magazines, so many stories written in an uncouth language, supposed to be the dialect belonging to the province in which the plot of the story is placed. From a literary point of view they may be masterpieces, but wait until a child can comprehend this before giving them to him in unlimited quantities.

It is another great mistake to suppose that the small mind will be pleased with nothing but childish fiction. I have repeatedly gathered my three little ones around me in their small rocking chairs, a doll lovingly clasped in each one's arms, and read to them the old fashioned stories, and poems that will never grow old. I think I can awaken as much enthusiasm in their small hearts by a bit of history entertainingly told as I could by the time



worn tale of Mother Hubbard or Simple Simon. If I dared, I would whisper very, very low, that I do not consider Mother Goose's melodies absolutely indispensable in a family of little ones. Treason? I suppose so, but I fail to see anything very elevating or instructive in the dissertation on Peter Piper or Goosy, Goosy Gander.

"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined," and a child accustomed to hearing correct language and perfect grammar until he is six or seven years old, will not be likely to develop into a "slangy" girl or coarse spoken boy.

As the mother is—or should be—the closest companion during these early years, a great power of education lies in her hands; and in being particular to herself use chaste and beautiful language, she is imperceptibly giving to him a moral training as well as an intellectual accomplishment.

HANNAH.

GRASS LAKE

#### WAKING VISIONS.

I would interpret the "dreams" sent by M. E. H. in this way: These are Oriental word paintings with Christ left out; they may be seen any day in heathen lands where woman is either the pampered plaything of her lord and master, or his miserable drudge and slave. Christianize these lands and woman will stand where God intended she should stand, as man's equal, in some respects his superior; not only a helpmate for him but a help meet for him. I think it pretty much "bcsh"—all this talk about man's oppression. No doubt there are bad men even among those who hold good respectable positions in society, but there are also women with whom an angel would find existence a thing not to be prayed for. I don't think the ballot-box would remedy these things. Give woman the ballot and you impose the duty of exercising its privileges; surely we have duties enough already. With all due regard for the noble army of women who think otherwise, I cannot see how woman may be aided or politics purified by dragging her into their mire.

An interpretation of those dreams may be found by quoting the Syrian proverb, "There are three classes who have no souls, Bedouin Arabs, muleteers and women."

Beatrix is right. Let those of us who are mothers train the boys of the rising generation—yes, and the girls too; there is some danger of the girls of today growing up to believe that all their brothers are good for is to help them to shine. Any room is good enough for Hezekiah, he is nothing but a great boy with muddy boots. Now I think the boys should have just as good a room as the girls, with their pictures, their books and their belongings nicely arranged for them; the sweeping and dusting done for them, and then let them keep the room to suit themselves. But above all else give the boy conveniences for making his toilet in his room, then when he leaves home for a visit he will not come around the kitchen sink in his hostess' house in the morning, with the

explanation that he did not wish to make trouble by washing in his room.

Train the boys and girls to help one another; educate them side by side, and old time prejudices, if any yet remain, will disappear. For my own part, the world and the men in it have accorded me all that I deserve, perhaps the more so that I never felt that God designed me for any "lordling's slave."

I had a dream myself the other day while taking a nap on the couch. I was the wife of a man who never raises any garden vegetables, believing it cheaper to buy. I had made my breakfast of pork with fried potatoes and felt that a change would be welcome for dinner. So calling Azariah I requested him to drive round by neighbor L—'s and see whether squashes were ripe and secure a dozen good ones. After I had waited two hours I saw him returning with a load of beans. He stopped at the gate long enough to call out that the bugs destroyed their vines and they could not spare any. Calling Hezekiah I ordered him to take the pony and go immediately to another neighbor's and see whether they would have fifty heads of cabbage to spare, and bring one back at once for dinner. I also saw my better half getting ready to go to town and requested him to procure a dozen bunches of celery. At ten minutes past eleven Hezekiah returned with the announcement that he found on the way there that a herd of cattle had broken into our corn and he had been all this time getting them out, and with the air of a martyr he said he did not care whether he had cabbage or not. I tried to feel resigned, and went to work to get the meat and potatoes ready for dinner, thankful that I had made some apple pies; just got it all ready when the man of the house returned and I called for the celery. "Oh, a fool of a tree peddler pitched on to me to buy a lot of berry bushes. I told him it was cheaper to buy our berries than to raise them, but I couldn't shake the fellow off and so I forgot all about the celery." I was too much disappointed to scold, and was just about to cry when "Mamma, come, wake up; dinner is ready," said my dutiful daughter Kezlah. I rose bewildered and went to the table, where I found a bountiful dinner; and I realized that the man whose wife I am believes in a garden. We had from said garden on the dinner table that day potatoes, cabbage, raw tomatoes, celery, and for dessert watermelon and muskmelon, also beautiful Diana grapes. Our dinner was good enough for any one, and I cannot think of any part of it but the sugar, salt and pepper that was not produced on the farm; so I propose to teach my boys that it pays to have a garden and not to let it grow up to weeds in a busy time.

Mrs. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

An easy way to cook pumpkin is to wash it and set it whole and unpared in the oven, at moderate temperature. It will gradually soften. When it is so soft that it yields to the touch take it out and scoop out the inside with a spoon, putting through a colander to take out the seeds.

#### A NEW CORRESPONDENT ASKS A WELCOME.

I have been a reader of this cheery little paper nearly two years, and have often felt as if I must say something. I thought I would answer M. E. H. in regard to the "three dreams" but was busy and the days went by, and then Beatrix expressed my sentiments exactly. I think women generally have things about as they want them. If they do not it is circumstances, not men, who are to blame. I know there are exceptions. Some women are oppressed by mean, stingy or lazy husbands; and so are some men by extravagant, bad-tempered or jealous wives.

I have often wondered if Bruno was married yet and how his sister managed. If she was one of the good girls we read about she would stay and be the ministering angel of the household, but as she is a flesh and blood woman I think she had better make her home elsewhere—for a while anyway. If I was left to take care of myself I wonder in what way it would be done! I could not give music lessons, trim bonnets, make dresses or do washings. Guess I would try to be a companion to some nice old lady who would want me to read to her and write her letters. I could do that. I felt sorry for "Mrs. Joe" last summer. I think I know her. Silas and I and one of the boys went huckleberrying one day and we went to Mr. Joe's marsh too. I am sure that we kept in the path, shut every gate, put up every bar and left things just as we found them. We saw men lying under the trees in their front yard but supposed they were visitors. I do not wonder Mrs. Joe was provoked, I would be too. Next summer I would put up a sign saying "No loafing in the front yard." I would keep one comb and brush on purpose to lend, and they would have to do as long as there was one tooth in the comb and one bristle in the brush. When the last tooth and bristle had gone the way of the others I would offer the handle with a sweet smile and say "That is the best I can do." If Beatrix says I may come again I will.

REBECCA.

HOMER.

[Of course you may come again. Is not the HOUSEHOLD the most hospitable of families, with its latch string always out? Nothing makes its Editor so happy as plenty of letters—B.]

#### VISITING.

The prospect of a hearty welcome brings me again to the HOUSEHOLD ranks. Sickness in our family has kept me very busy of late, but our little paper has proved a comfort in time of sorrow and trouble. Three weeks ago we laid away another of our treasures, our youngest, our baby boy. I can sympathize with those who have losses and trials; it seems hard to have a repetition of ours of one year ago, but we know it is all for the best.

What a lovely time our friend A. L. L. is having on her trip away to Alaska and up the Columbia River!

Ungracious' letter on going visiting



tempts me to tell about my visit last Friday. It was not on velvet cushions in a palace car, nor yet on board a stately sailing vessel, or in an elegant carriage. Oh no; I was seated on a wide board on a single wagon without box. Our horse brought from the dear old southern home furnished the propelling power; myself and a friend set sail (and quite rapid sail too, for she is a horse of extremes, either running or plodding). We reached our destination in a short time. The house of our beloved hostess was not such as we see in the south. It is a log house, but the warm, hearty greeting we received was as good as gold. The kind, smiling face of my dear friend did me good before listening to her voice. Oh how many times I've thought since then, if all were like sweet Mrs. R—, with a kind loving word for every one! Such women are rare indeed, but when we know them their very presence gives us strength and encouragement; their Christian character elevates and convinces us of the nobility and refinement to be reached by cultivating the habit of always speaking kindly of every one.

Perhaps "Ungracious" is right that the primeval forest, log houses and neighbors going visiting are things of the past, but for me I would rather ride behind an ox-team or walk three or four miles feeling sure of the welcome I received at the log house of my dearest friend, than visit in an elegant brick or brown stone front of modern times. I find many excellent people here who (with myself) detest gossip and with whom one can converse intelligently and gain instruction. Who of our HOUSEHOLDERS have read "Without a Home," by E. P. Roe? I have just finished it. A friend loaned it to me. We have some very fine, well educated people, even here in the woods.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

#### ABOUT BULBS.

The article on bulbs in the HOUSEHOLD a few weeks ago was of special interest to me, because I tried it last year, with results so satisfactory that I think of banishing all other plants this winter. But I want to ask Beatrix about lilies of the valley in the house. Last fall I read various wise things about their culture indoors and tried to profit by them, but only one green leaf ever appeared and that soon withered. Should they be kept warmer than other bulbs?

My hyacinths were most satisfactory, one white one sent up three blossom stalks. A double yellow narcissus and a yellow parrot tulip were fine also.

Can some of the HOUSEHOLD readers tell me how quinces should be pruned? Much? or little, and when?

The HOUSEHOLD is a valuable little paper for housekeepers and I hope its days are to be long in the land.

JACKSON.

A. R. DEPUY.

[Lilies of the valley must be allowed to suffer a good freeze or two before being grown in pots in the house. Perhaps our correspondent tried to force immature pips. If the pips were strong and healthy and had had the foretaste of winter which

is necessary to them, we see no reason why they should not have grown and bloomed. They do not require more heat than other bulbs.—ED.]

#### YELLOWSTONE PARK.

(Concluded.)

To return from this digression, or looking back over the route, I will speak of the Upper Basin. Here, perhaps a hundred yards from the hotel, on a mound of geyserite, is located "Old Faithful," the most celebrated of the geysers. The mound is twelve or fifteen feet high, with a cone rising four or five feet higher; perhaps six or eight feet in diameter. Once in sixty-five minutes, day and night, winter and summer, true to its name, its work is on exhibition. Its eruptions begin with a few warning jets, then up goes a column of water the size of the crater, to the height of 150 to 200 feet. Jet after jet follows, and as each is falling while the next ascends higher, it gives the effect of a regular cascade. Soon the force of the eruption abates, the height of the column grows less, until in about five minutes it has settled to repose, except the dense clouds of steam that hoarsely hiss for some time longer. When the eruption is seen at sunrise, it is especially fine; as the sun's rays strike the rising water and steam, a thousand broken rainbows are formed, making a dazzling picture. Most of the geysers in this basin, of which there are 26, have their cones rising from terraced hills or mounds, formed of layers of deposit. There are said to be over 400 springs and pools; many of these are of rare beauty in color, of immense depth, and of crystal clearness of water. Sometimes several geysers will be playing at the same time; the earth is full of rumbling sounds and a quivering is felt, not reassuring to weak nerves. New geysers have developed since observations have been taken, and some have closed. Several of the most important geysers have pools near them, which are called "indicators," as the disturbance of their waters gives indication that the geysers will soon be in action.

Among the most notable of the geysers in this basin are the Sawmill, which works with a harsh, burring sound; the Grotto, a cone of wonderful formation of arches, cells and pillars, all encrusted with a dazzling beaded lustre; the Fan, which plays in diverging jets; the Riverside, which shoots a curved column into the river; the Beehive, whose hum suggests an immense swarm, and which though small, sends a column of water 200 feet high; the Sponge, a strange formation, unlike any other, of the color of a new sponge, and with indented and perforated walls; the Castle, whose immense crater simulates the form that gives its name; the Lion, Lioness and Cubs, a group of two large and two small geysers; the Giant and Giantess, two large and active geysers; the Grand, so called from its frequent and long continued action; the Turban, a curiously formed cone; the Oblong, whose crater is 30 by 50 feet in size; and the Splendid, a new geyser that plays from several openings

in the formation, but without any cone, and throws its stream at a sharp angle, instead of upward.

There are many others of note which we did not have time or strength to visit. Some springs are mere cells in the formation; others have basins of unknown depth, and vary from five feet to 100 or more in diameter. The paint pots are found in several localities, are of various sizes and colorings. There are others that are only of a whitish-gray color, and are called "Mud-Puffs." I heard the theory advanced that this is the first stage of the geyser; that its agitation gradually settles or throws over the sediment that makes the paste, and the forces below gradually clear it, until a clear spring or a spouting geyser results.

Morning Glory spring is a pool twenty feet in diameter, and its shape and the clear throat-like center, together with its beautiful coloring, make its name singularly appropriate. Artimesia spring is 60 feet in diameter, gently overflowing. The formation round this spring is unlike any others we saw; much harder and greener in hue. In many places one might start to see an object of interest, the formation seeming quite dry, when a geyser would "go into business," and one would have to wade through hot water several inches deep in depressions. I saw several ladies who in such a case had to be lifted over these sudden rivers, but luckily for my husband, as I am not of fairy-like dimensions, I was provided with rubber boots; yet I was fain to step quickly, as the heat made itself felt through their protection. We stayed one night at Lower Basin hotel, and another at that of the Upper Basin.

Returning, we took our way some distance by the same road as we came, then struck easterly over the mountains. It was a heavy up grade for some distance, but much of the way through natural avenues of fine timber, whose grateful shade and rural beauty made the drive one of pleasure. On the top of Mary's Mountain, at an altitude of 18,500 feet, lies Mary's Lake, a pretty sheet of water, half a mile across, fed by winter snows and mountain springs, with an outlet forming the head of the east fork of the Firehole river. This stream is aptly named, as the geysers and springs do much to furnish its waters. Following a plain for some distance, we descended the mountain by easy stages, passing Alum Creek, (a very disagreeable tasting water,) and Sulphur Lake, a greenish water, with banks showing deposits of crude sulphur. At the foot of the mountain is Trout Creek dining station, a canvas covered hostelry, kept by Larry Mathews, who served up a most appetizing lunch, amid bouquets of beautiful wild flowers, and spiced with overflowing flashes of ready Irish wit. The road from here winds on through the beautiful Hayden valley, the main object of interest being Sulphur Mountains, which are several miles from Trout Creek. These are a group of hills, two or three hundred feet high, full of craters or fissures, out of which issue vapor and water. There are several springs of con-



siderable size, also; and a little stream fed from these sources runs from the base, leaving its sulphurous deposits. The smell is awful, and one does not want to linger. I think there is enough crude sulphur there to disinfect a world, if properly utilized. One could not blame the Teuton of whom the tale is told that going ahead on horseback to explore the way to a new home, while the ox team, driven by hisson, followed, found a hot, gushing sulphur spring sending its odorous fumes abroad. He hurriedly rode back, and meeting his team exclaimed: "Shakie, you Shakie, you turn dot oxtteam right square round; for I dells you hell is not two miles from dis place!" Passing these, we hasten on and about five p. m. we arrived at the Grand Canyon hotel.

Mt. Washburne, the highest elevation in the park, 14,000 feet high, was visible; as were the Three Tetons, snow crowned, 120 miles distant, and the Hoodoo mountains 50 miles away. The Yellowstone range was near by, many peaks mottled with snow. Such were some of the surrounding features shrouding the picture about us. Here is the culmination of sight seeing, but how shall I attempt description!

The river is a beautiful, rapid mountain stream, often broken into vexed currents by rocks. Just above the gorge or canyon it is about one-fourth of a mile wide. But the earth yawns, and down it flows. Farther, and it drops 140 feet sheer down, all broken and foaming. Hear its moaning protest! But on it must go. Follow along the banks. It is so far down below you it seems only a shivering ribbon of silver. But the earth is trembling! What means this, and that ominous roar? Follow on. The wall of the abyss is so ragged and rocky you cannot get to its edge just here. Through the trees you get glimpses of vexed and boiling waters, tumbling in spray and foam—down where? You cannot see, but walk on. Ah! here is the place. A portion has broken out of the wall here and fallen, leaving a rock-supported jutting point, with timber growing on it, to which you can cling. Yes, when you get out there you *must* cling. Your eyes are dazed, your ears deafened, and your brain falls for the moment to comprehend the scene before you. You look beneath. Oh! what a fearful sight! down, down 1,500 feet of nearly perpendicular descent of broken, jagged rock. Be careful of your clasp. Keep your footing sure. One slip, one misstep, one careless move—good bye. But the river! you thought it had reached the bottom of the gorge? It had at that point. But the gorge has deepened. With a roar that discounts the thunder or the cannonade of battle, again it drops a depth of 360 feet. Do you wonder it utters loud groans? Torn and broken, dashed into spray and foam, it falls on rocks, to be again tossed and battled, and sent forward in the gloom. Far away, so far below us we can only trace it as a silver streak or thread, often entirely lost to view by the overhanging rocks, it stretches. This canyon is twelve miles in length, and from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep, averaging 1,500 feet. It is

nearly a half mile across, the banks some times perpendicular, sometimes shelving, always precipitous. In places the broken slides have settled down, leaving the trees still standing upright, but hundreds of feet below. On these eagles have built their nests, and with a glass you can see them wheeling about and feeding their young, who with loud outcries await their coming. But with it all you are oppressed with a sense of danger. The awful depth grows on you, you feel as if the yawning abyss beckoned you over. The thundering, plunging river is ghostly in its whiteness in the deep gloom below. But recover yourself. Step back and look around. See the setting of this marvelous, awful picture. Ice and snow, glacier and hot spring, have been at work for ages, chiselling and sculpturing and painting the rocks of that infinite abyss. There are pillars, domes and castles, there are spires and turrets; and they are all aflame with brilliant color. They are not simple rocks, they are painted battlements and gorgeous banners. There are yellow and red, orange and crimson, brown and gray, while at the base is the deep emerald green of vegetation. Some rocks stand white and cold, others flush with the warmest color. The most glorious sunset in its panoply of clouds could show no more brilliant coloring. Cascade creek comes in with a fall, in several steps, of altogether about 50 feet. This is so small, but all adds to the arranging of the picture. But at last we turn away and breathe a sigh of relief. The view is so grand, so awful, it tires the brain to contemplate it. And after all, how poor is language to describe such a scene! Go you and view it, and then try to tell what you have seen.

We stayed at the hotel that night, and after another look at the wonders around, left at ten a. m. We arrived at Mammoth Hot Springs that evening, stayed until after dinner next day, when we left for Cinnabar, reaching Livingston the same evening. From there the return journey was over the same route as outward bound. After a pleasant and uneventful journey from that point, we arrived at home, tired in mind and body but with pictures of many wonders to hang on memory's wall. We had traveled nearly 8,000 miles; had met with no mishap or accident; had never missed a connection; had pleasant weather and good health; and with grateful hearts to the Providence that had watched over and protected us, we again settled down in our pleasant home, to talk over, arrange and digest the new ideas gathered.

MAPLETHORPE.

A. L. L.

A VERY fine jelly is easily made from grapes or currants by putting the fruit into a stone jar, tightly covered, putting this into boiling water and keeping it at that point until the fruit is steamed; it is then strained and the juice measured for jelly in the usual way. But the juice requires less boiling than where it has been diluted with water, not over six or eight minutes before the hot sugar is added, and none at all after, but it must be stirred until the sugar is dissolved.

WE have received a letter without signature or date, but postmarked Ypsilanti, which contains some poetical lines probably intended for the HOUSEHOLD. Evidently the writer has forgotten the newspaper rule that all communications must be accompanied by the name of the author.

AMELIA asks: "Can you give a description of Gail Hamilton, describe her height, color of her hair, style of wearing it, how she dresses, etc.?" No; we have no information relating to Miss Dodge on these points; nor can we direct you where to obtain it.

D. D. HURLBURT, of Mason, inquires where catsup bottles can be obtained. We have not been able to find out. The housekeepers' furnishing stores neither have them, or can tell where they are to be found. A lad at one of the stalls of the Central Market, bottling horseradish with the aid of a dirty forefinger, said he would sell bottles at two and a half or three cents each, but refused to tell where they were bought, only vouchsafing the information they were not bought in Detroit. Nor were we more successful in obtaining information for Maybelle relative to clay for modeling. None of the dealers in artists' supplies had it in stock; and only after much search we found a place where the manufacturers of plaster-of-paris images and centre-pieces used it in their business but had none on hand. Write to J. A. Dunsmore, Director of the Detroit School of Art, who may possibly be able to tell where it may be obtained.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Half pound butter; half pound sugar; half pound flour—browned; one and a half pounds raisins; one and a half pounds currants; half pound citron; six eggs; one teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and mace; one cup molasses; half gill brandy. JUNE.

**CREAMED POTATOES.**—Take a pint or more of sweet cream, according to quantity of potatoes needed. Bring to a boil, and thicken with flour as for gravy. Salt and pepper to taste. Add cold boiled potatoes sliced rather thick. Let heat through thoroughly and serve.

**SARATOGA CHIPS.**—Heat lard as for frying cakes, or the regular fried cake fat will do but is not so nice. When smoking hot put in raw potatoes sliced as thinly as possible. Stir to separate the slices, and let them fry until crisp, not longer. They should be light brown and very brittle. Take out with a skimmer, salt, set in the oven while you fry more, for if you like them as well as we do, it will take a number of fryings to keep the dish filled. ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

**BREAKFAST ROLLS.**—Take two quarts of flour, rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar and one of salt. Scald one pint of sweet milk, and when partially cooled, put in it half cup of yeast. Make a hole in the flour and pour this in, stirring in very carefully just enough flour from the edges of the little wall to make a very thin batter. If this is done after dinner, at early tea-time it will be light, then knead it well. It requires no additional flour. When thoroughly light, roll out and cut with a large biscuit cutter, butter and fold like a turn-over, and set them over night in the cellar, where they will rise slowly and be ready to bake for breakfast.

JEANNE ALLISON.