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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TWILIGHT.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,  
Seen in the light of stars that long have set;  
Beloved ones whose earthly toll is over,  
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me, through the dusk returning  
I hear the echo of departed feet;  
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,  
"What is the charm that makes old things so sweet?"

Must the old joys be ever more withheld?"  
Even their memory keeps me pure and true;  
And yet from our Jerusalem the golden  
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

Peace! Peace! the Lord of earth and heaven  
knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife;  
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth  
But the pure river of eternal life.

Serve him in daily toil and holy living,  
And Faith shall lift thee to his sunlit heights;  
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanks-  
giving

Fill the calm hour that comes between the  
lights.

### SAN FRANCISCO AND GOLDEN GATE PARK.

New York and Boston on the Atlantic coast are the portals of this country on the east, and have taken on themselves dignity with age; but San Francisco is the limit of Westward Ho! and the depot at which enter natives of China, Japan and all the isles of the Pacific.

There is in this city a liberty and independence not found in any other place in this country, and the only city to which it can be compared is Paris, the gayest city in Europe, but San Francisco will soon outrival the gay city in its freedom of individual living.

After days of monotonous travel across the plains of the western States and territories, the sight of the city on many hills, rising out of the Bay of San Francisco, is a welcome greeting to the wearied tourist. Away in the distance to the right is Golden Gate, with the Presidio to guard its entrance, and opposite is the island on which is built the military prison, from which no unfortunate convict need hope to escape.

At the ferry dock is the terminus of Market Street. As all roads lead to Rome, all cable lines lead to Market Street. Here we have the cable system perfected in its original home. The extremity of those dwelling on the hills was the opportunity for the genius of one man to benefit many, and to-day all the people of this city bless

the man of genius and the men of money who provided means to develop the cable system.

Probably the smallest case ever in court was one between a patron of one of the car lines and the street car company. A passenger offered five pennies as payment for riding on the car. The conductor refused the sum and the case was settled in court in favor of the company, as nothing less than a five cent piece is legal tender.

Without doubt nine-tenths of all tourists are disappointed in the first contact with San Francisco. If the season be late winter or early spring, it is quite likely the heavens will be opened and rain pouring in torrents for days, but in time the rain will cease, the sun will shine, and in twenty-four hours dust will be flying in clouds, covering everything and everybody with sand. It is a glorious climate, equal to any demand of nature's freaks,

When the rains cease the land is a vast flower garden, with great hedges of Calla lilies in perfection of bloom that shame our one or two little blossoms. The rocks and hills are covered with California poppies, yellow as the gold of this golden State, and everywhere is the fragrance of the English violet, and great bunches offered for sale at only ten cents for five or six dozen flowers.

North Beach is old San Francisco, and many still cling to its memories, although its glory has departed. Telegraph Hill is losing its prestige and shows its decline in many ways, yet the view is just as grand as forty years ago, when incoming vessels from foreign lands were signaled far out and the news proclaimed to those in the city. North Beach being nearest Golden Gate was the landing place for craft, but commercial increase demanded more room, and now the city is entirely surrounded by a succession of docks. The entrance to Golden Gate is at times very perilous, and many times vessels are obliged to wait outside in a raging storm rather than attempt entering port through the narrow channel with rocks all around and below, for woe to the unlucky vessel striking a rock, as down she must go into the deep, deep water.

Here at North Beach is an old place of resort, dating back to 1855, when the search for gold drew men of all kinds, in all conditions; this was a famous rendezvous. Now all its glory is gone, and the old men who enjoyed its original grandeur still cling to the wreck, having for companions monkeys innumerable, of all ages, size,

and conditions. Many birds in old cages hang suspended from the ceiling and side walls, and one poor mocking bird looked disconsolate in the dirt of its surroundings. The bar at the extreme end of the hall is filled with old furnishing, and embellished by many sizes of walrus tusks. Every thing looked dead and deserted, but curiosity leading us nearer, the snarling bark of a lively terrier warned us to keep hands off. For over thirty years the cobwebs have ruled this abode and now hang in fleecy folds and fringes, covering ceiling and chandeliers to the very tips of the burners, and all dusted with the accumulation of years.

San Francisco has many parks in different locations, but Golden Gate Park is the crowning glory. In 1870 the State legislature passed an act authorizing the issuing of bonds to purchase, outside of the city, 1,040 acres of land for this park, and providing for its construction and improvement. Originally the tract was sand dunes, and the task of reclaiming them has taken long years of faithful work. First a species of grass imported from Holland is planted, followed by wild lupin, indigenous to the coast. The salt being sufficiently absorbed, hardy trees and shrubs are planted. It is not more than eight years since this became a popular place of resort, and now it is almost a paradise in some locations. The main entrance is two miles from the City Hall and is used for carriages only. There are three or four other entrances on the same side, reached by different lines of street cars. Not far from the main entrance is the music stand, where three afternoons each week a fine musical programme is furnished free to all, and those days crowds flock to see and hear. The Second Artillery National Band provides the music and numbers thirty pieces, well harmonized.

The Cable Car Company pay the band, and in return their cars are full to overflowing, and it is a profitable investment. Opposite the music stand is a monument erected to Key, the author of the Star Spangled Banner, which cost \$5,000, donated by James Lick. Very near is the Garfield monument, built by popular subscription. Not far in the opposite direction is the Children's Pavilion, built with money donated by Senator Sharon, costing \$50,000. Here everything is furnished indoors and out for the pleasure of the little ones, and all live to be happy and seem happy to live.

Sunday is the great day, and crowds



gather on that afternoon. Last March there were so many there at one time it was almost impossible for those in carriages to move about the space between the music stand and the conservatory. A policeman being asked as to the probable number at the park, replied "Ten thousand wimin and twenty thousand min and byes." The conservatory was nearly destroyed by fire about five years ago, but was rebuilt by the late Charles Crocker. The central dome is filled with tropical plants, living in tropical heat and moisture. From the main entrance to the ocean beach is a drive of five miles and one of great variety. First, great cultivation in beds of coleus and flowering plants in many beautiful designs, then the circle at the music stand, followed by terraced ground covered with plants and flowers; then rock bound drives and unreclaimed sand dunes on either side, until finally the ocean with its never-ceasing surf beating on the shore. There is a life saving station on the beach, but it is a lazy life the men lead.

At the terminus of this drive is Sutro's residence, high up on the rocks, overlooking the ocean and overtopping the Cliff House, also the property of Mr. Sutro. This ground was originally in the Presidio limit, but was purchased from the government by Mr. Sutro. While his house is only ordinary, the grounds for the size are not surpassed by any in this country. Everywhere floral designs, and there are over one hundred pieces of statuary in different parts, adding to the beauty. Mr. Sutro made his fame and fortune in the noted Sutro's tunnel, and like many other rich Californians, believes in giving the public an opportunity to enjoy the pleasure his fortune has purchased.

In the rear and overlooking the Cliff House is a semi-circular space enclosed by a battlement of stone. On the top of each turret is a figure or vase alternating, and in this space comfortable chairs are provided, that any who wish may rest and look off over the ocean with its moving craft of sailing vessels and occasional steamer. A winding stairway cut in the rock leads to lower land and to the Cliff House. Here are two wide verandas overlooking the nearer rocks, covered with the wriggling, always-moving seals, whose incessant bark, bark, bark has great fascination. Many an hour can be given to watching the moving mass of life, climbing higher and higher up the rocks, when two meet on the summit and fight for possession until both roll over and over into salt water below.

The expense of getting to and from the park is so small (only five cents each way by car), that the family of the laboring man can enjoy the advantages with as much freedom as the rich man who rides in his carriage.

Those to whom San Francisco is indebted for so successfully carrying forward the work of reclaiming and beautifying this park have evidently been faithful to their trust, and have given to the dwellers of this rapidly growing city one of the finest places of its kind to be found in this country.

MRS. M. C. HUYETT.  
DETROIT.

## ARMY HOUSEKEEPING.

He lifted a paper from the pile of "dead" exchanges which littered the floor, and with the rapid, all embracing glance of the practiced newspaper man scanned its contents briefly; and dropping it again, said: "An article on 'Dish-washing' really seems to be the most valuable thing in that paper!" And then, reflectively: "Speaking of dishes, reminds me how we managed in the army. Did I ever tell you? No? Well, our usual meal when on the march was composed of coffee, bacon and hard tack. A woman would consume twenty minutes' time washing the dishes she would use in preparing and serving as simple a meal as that. Now when we went into camp the first thing to be done was to build a fire and get some water. Each man carried with him two tin plates, a tin cup and spoon and a one or two quart pail. One of the tin plates, thrust into the split end of a stick, served as frying-pan. In this we fried our ration of bacon; then the hard tack was fried in the grease or gravy, and when the coffee was made, our dinner or supper, whichever it was—there was little variation in our bill of fare—was ready. Then we held the tin frying-pan over the fire to melt the surplus grease and run it off, and wiped it and the one on which we had eaten dry and clean with a piece of paper, or some leaves or grass, if we could get nothing better, and they were in trim to stow away in our haversacks. Our hard tack rations were nine biscuits per day, three for each meal. They were hard enough, sometimes, to stop a rifle ball, and sometimes inspired us with respect because of their evident antiquity, but if a man did not feel inclined to eat his full rations, there were always plenty of his comrades who were willing to dispose of the surplus. The hard tack was "fillin'"; much more so than fresh bread, which the boys had no use for as a steady diet. We drank about a quart of coffee at each meal, and strong and black it was; Rio, and of good quality. The government rations of coffee and sugar were always good, and whenever we struck a town, we could always sell our rations of coffee and sugar, if we would, for a good price.

"When a man carries his housekeeping outfit, three days' rations, his bedding and extra clothing on his back, not to mention his equipment of arms, he is apt to reduce his stock to the lowest possible limit. Every ounce in weight is felt on march over all kinds of roads and sometimes over no roads at all. Each man usually carried an extra pair of socks, and the putting on of these constituted our preparation for retreating. Those worn during the day, wet through as they generally were, were washed out at the stream or pond if we camped near one, and if they dried by morning, all right; if not, on they went again and the dry ones we took off went into our haversack. At Gettysburg we threw away our blankets and camped under our rubber blankets, and mighty cool sleeping it was too, more than one frosty night. Two men camped together;

one blanket was spread—rubber side down, on the ground, perhaps in the mud, and we crawled under the other. It's no great wonder that so many old soldiers have rheumatism and—ah, excuse me,"—and he was gone.

And I fell to musing on the simplicity of the soldier's outfit and his primitive way of living, so narrowed down to the barest essentials; and to the difference between it and modern housekeeping, which grows more and more elaborate and finical every year. Why, the woman who would keep house according to the theories of the writers on domestic topics in the majority of our housekeeping publications, might spend her own time and that of half a dozen maids in putting on the frills, so to speak; in niceties of serving and doing, well enough in their way, but too much—I say emphatically *too much* for the average woman who presides over a home, with its multifarious duties. The old adage "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well" has been construed too literally by our good housekeepers, many of whom have died, worn out in early middle life, whereas by sparing themselves and saving their strength they might have lived to a good old age. To those who insist on the most painstaking care about every detail, I say, Spare us! It is not all of life to be clean. Between the camp-table and epicurean mahogany there is surely a golden mean, in which due regard is paid to neatness, to exactness, to propriety, while leaving us a little time for the cultivation of the immortal part of us, which is, after all, that by which our place in another world is assigned us, rather than by the perfection of our housekeeping.

BEATRICE.

## A NEW CALLER.

I live in one of those detestable log houses, but I doubt if some of our lady HOUSEHOLD readers take more real comfort or are any happier than I in my log cabin on the hill. To be sure it looks rough and uncomely on the outside, but the comfort is not there. My neighbors say when they come to visit or call on me, (for I am an invalid most of the time) "How cozy you are here! one would not know to look at your rooms inside, but you had the best of houses." Truly the exterior may look mean and rough, but if the inside is clean and pure what matters it? We have not long to stay in this world, and if we are clean and pure and good, we have a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I am seeking such a home.

I like the HOUSEHOLD very much, and it is the first paper I look at when the mail comes on Saturday night. As we live five and a half miles from the office we get our mail but once a week. I find much to cheer and help me in the little paper. I often wish there was more of it, but husband laughs and says that is the way with women, they are never satisfied. I should like to know if the men are?

I can cook if I cannot write, and as the Editor asks for recipes I will send some not requiring milk. Will someone tell me how to keep the keys of an instrument clean and white.

WILLIAMSTON.



## MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas has again returned, that grand old holy-day, which for centuries has gladdened the heart of all nations. It is ever a fresh delight to the young, and to the aged brings many fond remembrances of other days. It is a season of general rejoicing and festivity. Throughout the world there is a stir of expectancy and preparation to keep this time-honored feast, which comes to brighten our winter, to bring joy to life, good cheer and family gatherings and tokens of love and esteem. Christmas is truly the children's festival, the happiest day of all the year; to be anticipated with pleasure, and remembered with joy. The words "Merry Christmas" are full of meaning, testifying anew to the beauty and holiness of that character which the day commemorates, and with power to cheer and warm the lonely heart. Even at this glad season of rejoicing there are many sad hearts; adversity and sorrow overshadow many homes. As they look out on the dreary landscape fond recollections return of the happy Christmas time of other days before reverses came or loved ones were called home to that home whose happiness is eternal. "But we must not on this day throw a gloom over the children" is the thought of every fond parent; so the merry-making goes on, alike in palace or cottage, the world over. And as we strive to make the children happy with love's offerings the heart grows warm and glad, and knows no weariness as we plan the little surprises to gladden the hearts of our loved ones.

Amid all the joy and brightness of this glad day, let us ever keep its real meaning in our hearts. All its glory and blessedness cluster around that lowly manger, where Christ became the Saviour of the world, putting off his kingly robes and clothing himself with poor humanity. These wonderful scenes of our Saviour's birth and infancy have been the highest theme of poets and artists, and through all these ages they have concentrated their best gifts to do honor to the babe in Bethlehem's manger. The echo of that glorious anthem "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men," which the angels sang, seems to whisper of peace and love and happiness on each return of this sacred anniversary. We should, like the wise men of old, bring precious gifts, we should give our hearts and lives to His service.

We should have our Christmas work (our emblems, mottoes and gifts) serve as object lessons to demonstrate these holy truths. Our Christmas lights which gleam out so brightly on the darkness, tell of one who is the light of the world. "He lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Christmas flowers and trees tell of a land where flowers never fade. Christmas gifts laden with love may illustrate the love of our Heavenly Father, in the gift of His dear Son. Yet there are many homes where the story of the Christ-child is unknown. In many homes there will not be great feasts, nor costly presents. But wherever we are or whatever our con-

dition in life, it is possible that Christmas may be made a day of joy to each of us, trying to make it a day of joy and happiness to others, remembering that "when we minister unto the least of these little ones, we minister unto Him."

We are nearing the close of the year. How has its work been done? Some of us are closing years of study or school life, others a year of labor in office, workshop, stores or farms, others amid household duties and family cares. It matters little what our work has been or where we have been situated, if we have been where God willed and have worked in His name. We shall soon leave the old year with its record of loss and gain, of hope and fear, joy and sorrow behind us. God requires that which is past. In God's invincible law the future brings forth the fruits of the past. "Whatsoever ye sow that shall ye also reap." The year may die, but not our deeds. "No act ever dies." What we have thought and said and done will follow us through life. How very important that we sow good seeds in our youth. Youth is the time for improvement, as well as enjoyment. The days are passing rapidly into weeks, the weeks into months. The sands of Time are continually flowing on; there is no pause from the cradle to the grave, time is ever urging us on and on to the completion of our work. "When time shall be no more" then for us begins "eternal life." Oh may we all sow seeds of love and truth and honor, of kindness and unselfishness, that we may not reap a harvest of vain regrets and useless longings. May we so use the graces of heart and mind that our lives may be a blessing to those around us, exercising toward all mankind that charity which suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, is not easily provoked. May we all so live that when our summons home shall come, we may all keep Christmas "in the palace of the King."

CADMUS.

MAGGIE RAMSDELL.

## A GHOST WANTED.

Ever since I was a child anything bordering on the supernatural has had an especial fascination for me. I had read when ten years old those two old books, "Night Side of Nature" and "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World" with intense interest; and it has always been a disappointment to me that I could never see or hear anything mysterious and unexplainable, when I would have made any kind of a spook welcome. But this winter I am communicating with the invisible world through a spirit board (a kind of planchette) in a way that exceeds my expectations. I am surprised at the sentences spelled by invisible fingers, and more surprised that nobody here but myself takes the slightest interest in it. One says it is "nothing but electricity." So is a telegram, but when the tick of the machine spells words and sentences you are apt to conclude there is intelligence at the other end of the wire. "Mr. Perkins" is inclined to think that it is the humbug of the medium. As I am the medium myself we will pass that opinion by with

silent scorn. Others say the influence of our own minds writes the sentences. I have been inclined to think so myself, but there are facts that point the other way. For instance, a neighbor and I were trying it one evening when the spelling was atrocious. It might have been the spirit of Josh Billings himself. My friend was disgusted and left it. But on after thought, knowing that neither my friend nor I could have spelled in that style, it seems as if there must have been a third person present. Occasionally "they" don't tell the truth, but as I have known spirits still in the flesh to tell lies I don't let that disturb me. Possibly it may be true that laying aside the body at death does not affect the spirit and our lives may go on, under better, happier conditions in "the world that sets this right."

To come down to things mundane, do you know what to do with bedquilts that are nearly worn out? Get together all your woolen pieces. They need not be new. Commencing at one end of the quilt sew them on in crazy work style, sewing one piece on the edge of another and through the quilt, then turning them down in the log cabin way. Having the pieces rather large you can cover one in a day. Then with a lining on the other side and tied like a comforter the old quilt looks well and is warmer.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

## WHY DO CHILDREN LEARN BAD SOONER THAN GOOD?

The above is an inquiry made by A. H. J. in a late HOUSEHOLD. I answer, simply because it is inherent in the nature of every human being born into the world to develop the bad in his or her nature before the good. Evil is a plant of natural growth and comes spontaneously, like brambles and thorns, thistles and weeds. Children do not have to learn to be bad; this comes without any effort; but it does require an effort to be good, and so children have to be taught to be good. Shun the evil and choose the good, is a Divine injunction that every mother should constantly impress on her children, not merely by precept, but by example. The mother cannot be too careful in watching the very first development of the bad in her child, and check the same or divert it into a different channel that may produce the fruit of good; for an all-wise Creator has implanted in every human nature these faculties, and tendencies for some wise purpose. Were no bad to be developed in the child, the mother would not be called upon to exercise her patience, decision of character and other Christian graces. Were the good only developed, life would become monotonous. Were no weeds to grow the farmer would become indolent. The bad comes to the front first, so as to attract attention and call for immediate action. The faults and frailties of others are usually the topics of conversation and gossip; their good traits are seldom mentioned. "The good that men do is frequently buried with them, while their evil deeds survive them."

MUSKEGON.

GRANDPA.



## WINTER CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I keep my plants. They are thirty-two in number, including hanging vines. We keep them on a table in the bay window, and although the room is not plastered, I hope to winter my treasures safely. At bed time we move the table near the fire (have a large sitting-room stove and keep fire all night). I put those plants that require a trellis or tiny ladder, one on each corner of the table, the four supports form a foundation for a sort of canopy top, which is made by spreading two or three large newspapers over them; then over all a large warm shawl, tucking it well in on all sides. A young friend recently suggested putting the small hand lamp turned low among them, and I intend trying it when the mercury gets to zero. No doubt our southern Michigan friends imagine we are experiencing very cold, unpleasant weather up here, but it has been very nice thus far; we are located very pleasantly on a road where there are a great many passers-by.

There are some pleasant encouraging things here; people are coming in and settling and building themselves comfortable homes, for which we are much pleased; nearly all have proved to be kind and good, a comfort to each other. We intend organizing a Sunday school in the spring and hope much good will be derived from it. Truly "the truest happiness is found in making others happy," and friendship cheers the heart, but faith in friendship is the noblest part.

I rejoiced at hearing from Evangeline again. Now we want our cheerful little Bonnie Scotland to return, her letters bring a gleam of sunshine when perused.

Who washes by the kerosene method? I for one, it saves many hours hard rubbing. Please tell us more about training our children. I have no desire so great as to bring my two little ones up to be an honor and blessing to the world.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

[Will it be safe to put the lamp among the plants as Maybelle proposes? Will not the fumes produced by a lamp in such a small and enclosed space injure the foliage? Somebody who knows please speak right up in meeting, before Maybelle's cherished plants are injured.—ED.]

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

*Good Housekeeping* says green tomato pickles can be kept through the winter in a brine made of two gallons of vinegar, three gallons of rain water; one half pound of alum dissolved in hot water, and three quarts of salt. The tomatoes can remain in this until spring, if desired, and then be freshened and put in spiced vinegar.

Don't burn a kerosene lamp turned low in your own or the children's sleeping rooms. It vitiates the air and exhausts its oxygen; and promotes languor and headaches. Horace Mann once said: "Seeing

the atmosphere is 40 miles deep all around the globe, it is a useless piece of economy to breathe it more than once." Yet we do it—in our sleeping-rooms.

An exchange advises us that it is a popular but erroneous notion that cucumbers are indigestible, and insists that it is what we eat with them, not the cucumbers themselves, that makes the trouble. The cucumber consists principally of water, and its cells are of very rapid growth. The vinegar and pepper eaten with it are aids to digestion, if not taken to excess.

In arranging the extra blanket or pretty cheese-cloth "dozer" on the foot of the bed, fold it so that if required during the night all you have to do is to reach down, grasp the upper fold and draw it up over you. To do this lay it in three folds—more if necessary—back and forth in a pile, with the edge of the last one, which will be the end of the blanket, toward the head of the bed. It is a little thing of course, but little things make up the sum of earthly comfort here below.

*Good Housekeeping* counsels the avoidance of patent shoe dressings which, especially the cheaper qualities, crack and ruin the leather. There's nothing goes ahead of the old-fashioned oil-paste blacking applied with a brush, so far as preservation of the leather is concerned. A little pure oil or glycerine rubbed into the leather is better than the patent dressings, and will generally restore the appearance of the shoe.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Good Housekeeping* tells how rubber cement to mend rubbers, etc., may be made: Procure of a dealer in dentists' supplies five cents' worth of red rubber. Cut it into bits and put into a bottle; cover with chloroform, which will dissolve it. Apply with a mucilage brush. Do not leave the bottle uncorked a moment, and apply the cement as rapidly as possible or it will harden. If there is a large hole, a piece of rubber dam, also bought of a dealer in dental supplies, may be fitted over the hole, secured with a few stitches and brushed over with the cement.

A PREPARATION which will clean kid gloves quite satisfactorily is made as follows: Put into a three-pint bottle one quart of benzine, one ounce of ether, one ounce of chloroform and half an ounce of jockey club perfume. Shake and cork tightly. To clean the gloves draw them on and wetting a sponge or a piece of flannel rub first the soiled places. Take a clean rag and wet the entire glove with a little of this mixture from the top of the fingers till perfectly dry. Then slowly and carefully work the gloves off the hands and hang them in the fresh air for half an hour. All odor will by that time have disappeared. The fluid gives the gloves a lighter color, but also leaves them soft, and if properly done free from streaks and from the odor sometimes caused by perspiration. The fluid, however, must be used with care and not near an open fire-place or lamp, as it is very inflammable.

The recipe for this sold originally for \$5.

At a recent fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, an unusual amount of space was given to women's handiwork. The first exhibition of the society was held in 1837, at which 262 entries were made by women, all being of work devoted to home purposes, but none of commercial value except Dunstable bonnets. More and more attention has been given to women's manufactures, until a separate division and a large space has been set aside for them, under the supervision of Mrs. Marion McBride. This year a class in cooking was conducted before the visitors at the fair, and other interesting features were presented. A Vermont lady sent an immense braided rag rug, which sold at a good price and brought orders for some smaller ones. Some braided husk mats would also have found purchasers had they been for sale. Home made jellies of exceptionally fine quality sold at 30 cents a glass; and home made evaporated apples, prepared by a twelve year old girl, attractively put up, would have found a ready sale. The apples were nicely pared, cut in rings, sliced thin and dried without change of color. Nobody wanted crocheted lace, but aprons, baby socks, crocheted skirts for ladies and infants were quickly disposed of.

## Contributed Recipes.

I HAVE a few recipes which I have found excellent, especially at this season of the year, when fresh eggs are so expensive. I have tried them for three reasons, their simplicity, they are not expensive, and their superior keeping qualities.

**LEMON CAKE.**—One egg; one cup sugar; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups of flour; butter the size of a walnut; two teaspoonsful baking powder. Beat thoroughly; bake in three layers. Filling: Grated rind and juice of one lemon; yolk of one egg; half cup sugar; one tablespoonful of cornstarch; beat and pour boiling water on until the consistency of thick cream. Frost with the white of the egg.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—Four cups flour; two cups of sugar; one and a half cups sweet milk; one cup butter; one teaspoonful soda; all kinds of spices, especially cassia buds. Boil the milk and butter together, pouring over the sugar and flour. Fruit: One bowl of dried apples, soaked in cold water over night; in the morning chop fine and simmer with one cup of molasses and half cup of sugar until well cooked; add one cup seeded raisins and bake until it will not stick to a broom straw, and you have two nice cakes that will keep for months and can be served with sauce for pudding if desired.

**SUET PUDDING.**—One cup chopped raisins; one cup chopped suet; one cup molasses; one cup sweet milk; two and a half cups flour; three teaspoonsful baking powder. Steam three hours. Sauce: One cup sugar; half cup butter, (creamed); add one egg, well beaten; three-quarters cup boiling water. Beat until it creams. This pudding will also keep for weeks and is just as nice steamed over, a perfect comfort when friends drop in to dinner unexpectedly. Should these recipes meet with favor I have a few more choice ones if desired. [Send them by all means.—ED.]

GRANDMA.

DAVISBURG.