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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust:
There's a smile where never a frown comes now,
And tears no more from these dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! And summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh, it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

I have always believed that farmers' families would possess more books if they only knew what to buy. Remembering my own perplexities when I lived fourteen miles from a book-store where anything but school books could be obtained, I fully appreciate the difficulty of making selections with no better guide than a catalogue and paid press notices—which are simply advertisements. Often was I disappointed in some long coveted, much-praised volume which I had patiently saved the "egg money" to buy, and which came by mail from some of the great publishing houses. It was mine, but it was an as yet untried friend. Would it realize my anticipations when I came to know it? Oh the delight of opening one of these packages! How would the book be bound, and what its paper and letter-press? Would it be a good "fat" one, or thin and stingy, spread out to make as much as possible? Only the genuine lover of books can realize the pleasures of book-buying, and let me whisper to you it is a pleasure that never palls.

Hoping to aid some lover of good literature to a worthy choice among the books, I purpose during the coming year to review briefly from time to time such volumes as I have read and enjoyed. Prices of books have decreased to such an extent that almost every family can afford to buy a few good ones each year, and thus soon

acquire a modest library, for the love of books, like other of our appetites, "grows by what it feeds on." I do not counsel much buying of paper covered books; they are flimsy, soon defaced and soiled, and the book-borrower seldom feels they are worth returning, so they are soon lost. Besides, a good book is a friend whose society one can enjoy again and again; once reading, like one squeeze of a lemon, does not exhaust its contents. I have owned a set of Thackeray's novels for fifteen years, and though they have been read again and again, when I have an idle hour I can spend it with the prince of satirists with as much delight as ever.

All the young people who have read Miss Alcott's books will be delighted with her *Life, Letters and Journals*, edited by Edna D. Cheney, which has recently been published. One's only regret is that there is not even more about this charming woman, who is as bright and entertaining in her letters and journals as in her books. We have here laid before us the life of the ambitious girl, the breadwinner of the family, who at twenty resolved to "make the family independent." She did so, and only those who read the story of her life, laid bare in her journals, will know at what a strain upon strength and courage. Her father was a dreamy idealist, pure and noble in nature, but impractical and visionary in the extreme, without the first qualification for making a living for his wife and four girls. Theirs was a happy, united family life, rich in the wealth of love and family affection, but "poor as poverty," and obliged to practice the plainest kind of living in connection with their high thinking. Mr. Alcott was a vegetarian and none of the children tasted meat till they came to maturity; Louisa notes in her journal that the idea that a vegetarian diet tends to tranquillity and peaceful traits in humanity is not realized in her own case, her impulsive disposition often getting the better of her. In fact, the children wearied of the boiled rice and graham mush which constituted their very simple diet.

Miss Alcott's favorite name for her father was Plato; he dwelt on a lofty height untroubled by such prosy details as flour and coals, and Louisa's definition of a philosopher as "A man up in a balloon, and his wife and family hold of the ropes and trying to pull him down," was born of her own father's peculiarities, and the experiences of the family in trying to keep him near enough to earth to know whether

he was eating pie or subsisting on philosophy. Much of the life of the happy March girls in *Little Women* was drawn from the experiences of the Alcott family. They had an ideally happy childhood, with their father for a teacher, and with the most loving yet judicious care directing their development. Not always can children of a larger growth say as did Louisa, in one of her good days at Fruitlands, "I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy;" we are more apt to be as she wrote at another time: "I am so cross I wish I had never been born." The family burdens were early laid upon her shoulders—in a letter to a sister she says "there's always so many things needed at home"—and she tried teaching and sewing, and even went out to service, writing her little stories and selling them whenever she could, overjoyed if she got a five dollar bill for one. It is almost pitiful to think of her struggles at this period, trying so hard to earn a little money for comforts for her mother and the dear ones at home, and making her own bonnets from the contents of a friend's rag bag, and her dresses from old clothes given her by her cousins. Her winter's earnings in 1855 amounted to \$120. Some of Polly's adventures in "The Old-Fashioned Girl" were her own when she set out for Boston in 1856, with all her worldly goods in her little trunk and \$50, her own earnings, in her pocket, bound to succeed if perseverance and industry were any good. The record of her life shows how true were her own words when she said it had all through life been her mission to "fill gaps." She was nurse and housekeeper by turns; now making a ball dress for the pretty May, and then writing a story to pay for the parlor carpet, concocting a pudding or talking philosophy with her beloved "Plato," but always working for others, never for herself. At forty, she had accomplished her purpose; the family were made comfortable, the artistic sister supplied with the means to develop her talent, and a modest sum in the bank for a rainy day. But she worked harder than ever. All depended upon her. She gave them of her strength and courage and vitality more liberally than of her earnings. Wants increased with the power to satisfy them, and though her own tastes were very plain and simple, she delighted in providing luxuries for those she loved and was proud of her independence. The constant demands upon her time and strength diminished without doubt the excellence of her literary work. The

incessant demands from publishers, which the requirements of the family compelled her to attempt to satisfy, coupled with the care of its members through long intervals of illness, forced her to write hurriedly and her stories were still dashed off at a white heat.

Hers was a hard life, full of its vigorous activities and the overwork that brought the breakdown at fifty-six, while her father's tranquil philosophy sustained him to the honors of an octogenarian. She was a true prophet when she said, after her success was assured: "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time; and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life."

In reading this life record, the thought occurs, how much of a son's or daughter's life is due the family? How much of one's own career should be given up to the claims of kindred? What is the limit of the reciprocal duties of parents and children? These are questions which are constantly arising in real life, and being as constantly settled all around us. What do our HOUSEHOLDERS think about them?

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has written a notable series of books upon the famous women of the French court, which has been translated into English by T. S. Perry. There are six volumes, which, curiously, have not appeared in chronological order. Taken in connection with de Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, they give a full and exact account of Napoleon, Josephine and Marie Louise, and the epoch of French history in which these personages figured. The books of M. de Saint-Amand should be read in the following order: Marie Antoinette and the end of the Old Regime; Citizeness Bonaparte; The Wife of the First Consul; The Court of the Empress Josephine; The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise; Marie Louise and the Decadence of the Empire. Thus arranged, we have a perfect epitome of the lives of these famous women, and new views of their characters and ambitions. Napoleon, whom most of us know only as to the hero of Austerlitz and the victim of Waterloo, and the exile of St. Helena, we see as husband and father, as man, not demi-god, as some of his chroniclers have made him.

Fate was unkind to the Empresses of France. The beautiful Austrian, Marie Antoinette, was martyred upon the scaffold, the illustrious victim of the great revolution. Marie Louise, her grand-niece, in her "happy days" was at height of unparalleled glory and renown. She took precedence of every queen and empress, even of her step-mother, the Empress of Austria; and her diamonds provoked the jealousy of courts. She was mother of a son who seemed destined to inherit his father's throne, and tenderly beloved by the man before whose frown all Europe trembled. Yet her glory endured but two years; her son, the King of Rome, whom Napoleon never saw after he was four years old, died at twenty-one, not even as Italian king or French prince, but as the German Duke of Reichstadt. And Mari-

Louise herself, who had worn the double imperial and royal crown of France and Italy, accepted gladly at the hands of the Coalition the insignificant Duchy of Parma, and in the same year in which the husband who had raised her to such glorious heights died in exile, contracted a morganatic marriage with Count Neipperg, to become, after his death, the morganatic wife of M. de Bombelles, a French *attache* of the Austrian court. All are familiar with the life of the beautiful creole who was Napoleon's first love, the wife sacrificed to an ambition which yet failed of fruition; and there is no doubt that Josephine loved her husband with an ardor and passion he never inspired in the cold blooded Austrian who felt and said, both before her marriage and in her widowhood, that she had been "sacrificed" for reasons of state. And surely there is no more pathetic picture in our own day than that of the widowed, childless Eugenie, who once ruled the world of fashion and society, almost forgotten in her poverty and exile, spending her time in prayer and the decoration of the tombs of her husband and son.

I can commend M. de Saint-Amand's books as interesting and entertaining reading for all. They furnish very pleasant media for becoming conversant with that exciting portion of the world's history in which Napoleon Bonaparte was the central figure.

BEATRIX.

A CHRISTMAS BOUQUET.

This Christmas Eve while "everybody" with his wife and children are crowding the several churches in this ambitious little town (Fenton) to behold and receive the fruit borne in abundance on the various Christmas trees, or the miniature sleighs and ships freighted in like manner, I remain with my friend, who is disabled by a broken limb and just now quietly sleeping. And I am not at all lonely, for on a table at my side are the faces of a number of old friends; not photographs, but flowers and leaves, just as I have had them in past days and hope to have again. But these came to me from the hand of a generous and thoughtful friend this very day, and I wonder if any of the many flowers I have given so lavishly ever gave such exquisite pleasure as do these to me! Have any I ever gave called up sweet, sad memories no words may express, of gardens with glowing beds and banks and trellises of fragrant bloom so delightful to friends and family? This bouquet was gathered from plants raised and tended by a loving hand, for they are as fresh and fair as pansies in early spring, although their home is only a sitting-room window and other nooks about the house where they can be made comfortable. Still there are few greenhouses that can furnish better specimens of White Stock, *Impatiens Sultanii*, Primroses, Begonia Rubra, and a pink variety. My bouquet has the leaves of Marshal McMahon geranium for border, and next a circle of rose geranium; those are the principal flowers in this collection, but to enhance the effect of delicacy, sprays

of linaria are trailing daintily in and out among leaf and blossom. These flowers and leaves are delightfully fresh and healthy, or I could not enjoy them so much; and a practiced, careful and tender hand has evidently tended them. Were they sickly or unclean only my pity would be extended to them. Marshal McMahon is better than many blooming plants when in partial shade; the margin of the leaf is then a golden yellow and next a zone of red-brown against pale green. In summer, in beds in a sunny situation, it is clothed in deeper hues and altogether lovely; as the florists say, "it should be in every collection."

El. Sec. speaks well and sensibly of the wrongs of children, let her or some other member of this establishment solve the problem of the ingratitude of so many children to their aged and helpless parents as we so frequently see notice of, for the too freely giving or withholding of tender endearments or indulgence will scarcely account for such unfilial and wicked acts as we hear reported far too frequently.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

[A leaf of the Marshal McMahon geranium Mrs. Fuller describes above was enclosed with her letter. It is indeed "gorgeous," the colors being brilliantly beautiful. A plant of it would be as handsome—almost—as a bouquet.—Ed.]

FRIENDSHIP, DUTY, AND LOVE.

"Ne'er yet was spoke a noble thought,
But that some soul did treasure;
Ne'er yet a noble deed was wrought,
But to some heart brought pleasure.
No sacrificing heart, I hold,
E'er suffered for another,
But that 'twas writ in words of gold
By angels hovering over.
For none things cannot be lost,
They are divinely given;
Methinks when Death's sea we have crossed
We'll find them safe in heaven."

The above beautiful words were copied from a religious paper loaned me by a dear friend. Sometimes on the spur of the moment we do deeds which we consider duties; for instance, speaking a few words to set another thinking of the great world beyond; a few kind words written conveying thoughts of love and tenderness for our welfare, how much comfort they bring some of us. I will never forget the kind and friendly notes sent me by my nearest neighbors in our old home. What a little joy of its own each one brought me! I know noble deeds cannot be lost; they are treasured up in heaven. Many times we think they are done in vain and are not appreciated, yet our Saviour says "Inasmuch as thou hast done it (a good deed) unto one of the least of these thou has done it unto Me." So let us take up our burdens with more cheerful hearts, knowing whatever betide us "Jesus doeth all things well." Let us strive to do every duty as it comes. At best we do many things we ought not to do, and leave undone many things that we ought to do, the mistakes of our lives are many, even though we do our best, but it is my earnest desire to do my duty at all times, whatever comes.

I would love to welcome "Hopefull" back, she was such a good correspondent. The dear little HOUSEHOLD grows deare

each year to me. I was sorry to see a controversy with regard to the dress reform, but cannot help but agree with our Editor, as I would not like to see women arrayed to be conspicuous or mannish. I cannot like what was once worn in Ohio when I was a little girl; it was the awkward looking suit called Bloomers. Now I do not wish to call down the ire of Belle M. Perry or Ella R. Wood on my head, for I like their writings very much, there is a great deal of good in their articles, but let us all work in unison and love, knowing life is only a few short days compared to eternity.

WOLVERINE.

MAYBELLE.

FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS COMPARED WITH CITY LADIES.

[Paper read before the Union Farmers' Club of Union City Dec. 11th, by Mrs. Marion Watkins, of Sherwood.]

By the word city in my essay, I have no reference to Sherwood, Mudsock, Union City, Hodunk, Burlington, Abscota, Tadmore or Athens. So if there are any ladies present from these different places, please take no offense from my comparisons.

I think there is no class of women that are harder workers, and work more hours than farmers' wives and daughters. And yet I think they are the healthiest, the happiest and the most contented class. Some may think it is because they are ignorant and simple-minded. But such is not the fact. It is more particularly because they enter into their work with a good spirit and cheerful manner, and find they are well recompensed for their labor in many ways. Take for instance the care of milk and butter, the care of chickens, helping in the garden; every day brings pleasure in the fond anticipation of the future profit and comfort from such labor. The canning of fruit, quilting of quilts, getting ready for winter in general pays well in the comfort and pleasure the worker realizes from her labor. Even the hard work of cleaning house pays in the pleasure and satisfaction she feels as she sits down to read or rest. And as to baking and cooking, if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, certainly the farmers' wives ought to have perfect control of their husbands' hearts, and I believe they do as a class. I can think of no work they have to do for which if they would go to work at it in a cheerful manner they would not be well recompensed in some way, either in love, health, wealth, comfort, pleasure or satisfaction; and these in return bring happiness and contentment. Then why should people call our life lowly when it brings to us the greatest blessings of life, and accomplishes the greatest aims? It is not lowly; we are proud of our work.

The only cause we have for complaint is we have too much of it to do; it does not afford us the leisure we would like to have to cultivate and improve our minds, and again we do not think we are duly appreciated. Farmers' wives always seemed to me like the busy bee gathering sweets as she goes along. Somebody is benefitted by their having lived.

I would like to mention some marked points of difference between farmers'

wives and daughters and city ladies, which I think are in favor of the former class. While we are plain they are vain. We work, they shirk. While they are the best dressed, we are the most blessed. While they are living in strife, we are enjoying life. While they are gossiping about their neighbors, we are happy in our labors.

To discover that we are not an ignorant and simple-minded class, you have but to test us on the common topics of the day, on things of interest to the country, and the good of mankind, and you will find we have read, and are as well and perhaps better posted than most city ladies. Our arguments may lack the elegance of speech and grace of style which the city ladies seek to cultivate. But I think our points of good sense and real merit will more than balance these. Then again you will find it easier for farmers' wives and daughters to move into a city and learn city ways and manners, than for city ladies to move out on the farm and learn the useful work and sensible ways of an economical farmer's wife. For it requires much wisdom and skill to fill the place of a farmer's wife, and it takes time to learn it, too. Then again you may take a farmer's daughter and a city bred girl and place them in the same school, in the same classes, with equal chances, and at the end of three years the farmer's daughter will come out ahead more often than otherwise. A professor in one of the Ann Arbor schools said to an uncle of mine: "I don't see why it is, but I may coax, encourage and urge my pupils along the best I know how, and the girls will come in from the country and be prepared for college sooner than I can possibly get my classes ready." I think one reason is, those having such grand opportunities for education scarcely ever seem to appreciate them as do those who have to make a great effort and some sacrifices for such privileges. Then again, those always living in the city have their time and attention too much taken up with amusements and surface education, such as how to look, dress and appear well socially, and how to draw, paint and dance by rule; while country girls take up these last branches as a sort of amusement and often excel in them. Be the reasons what they may, I think the professor gave the country girls quite a compliment. So I see no reason why we should feel inferior to any other class of women. We have equal talents with the rest, and why should we not improve them; and to be convinced they have been improved, you have but to compare the farmers' wives and daughters of fifty years ago and to-day. No class has progressed faster, and they are still progressing. And I think the time is coming, when instead of our being looked down upon as an inferior class of women, we shall be looked up to as a superior class. And it rests with us if we so desire it, to help bring about that state of things. And as early teachings make strong impressions in after life, let us commence now and instruct our daughters well in the ways of common sense, teach them economy, and to bear the duties of

life uncomplainingly, and give them such other chances for education as our means will permit; they will make better and more prudent wives, better mothers, and be more ornamental to society. There is no danger of too much education, it gives greater power for good purposes and increases our happiness. We know not what places our daughters may be called upon to fill. A farmer's daughter has been a president's wife, a senator's, general's, governor's, doctor's, lawyer's, minister's, wife of the President of the Farmers' Club, wife of the member of the State Legislature. But if they are never anything but honest farmers' wives we may consider our daughters well settled in life, for farmers' wives are granted many privileges now; they are allowed to join the farmers' clubs, institutes and other farmer organizations, and hold offices and take an active part in the exercises, a great privilege not granted city ladies.

I saw a farmer's wife's complaint in the MICHIGAN FARMER, saying that poets of all ages had written of the farmer and his occupation, but who had ever heard of one who sang the praise of a farmer's wife. I looked for such a poem but could not find one. I found one saying "The Farmer Feeds Us All." It did not go on to mention that the wives did the cooking; but they do. I would like to drop a few words of encouragement, but I am no poetess.

Although my thoughts will many times go drifting off in simple rhymes,
I wondered why we had been slighted,
And thought the matter should be righted.
I think it very strange indeed,
That we should meet so poor a meed.
We are but farmers' wives, that's true,
And plenty work we find to do,
For it requires much tact and skill,
The place of farmer's wife to fill;
And many owe the farmer's wife,
For all the comforts of their life.
Then why need we from duty shirk,
'Tis no disgrace for us to work.
An object true, we have in view,
'Tis for love's sake, and good to do;
And for this labor we are blest
In many ways of happiness.
The city belles you will often find
Are of a discontented mind;
They want to have the prettiest hat,
The costliest cloak, and all of that,
They want to outdress every one,
And unhappy are when they're outdone.
I know we lack the ease and grace,
That in the city bred you trace;
I know we lack that winking smile
Those many artful tricks of guile;
I know we don't keep up in style,
Because we don't think it worth a while.
We can find better work to do,
With much less strife, and nobler too.
What though our hands with labor soil,
We win a recompense for toil,
What though our faces plain and tanned
We can respect and love command;
We boast of hearts as true and warm
As those that beat in fairer form;
We've willing hands for others' needs,
Can do as kind and loving deeds,
Can cheer the sick, and sooth the mind,
As those with manners more refined.
Then if adversity's firm clasp
Should seize on us, with iron grasp
And nearly crush us, we would find
The friends to whom we had been kind,
Would swarm around us, not afraid
To give us comfort, lend us aid,
To raise us from despair and grief,
To cheer our hearts, and give relief.
Warning words are these to keep,
Just as you sow, so shall you reap,
A few more words I would like to tend
Before I do my essay end.
Husbands, don't be so stingy of your praise,
You never were in counting days,
Don't be afraid to let us know,
When we do well just tell us so;
Just keep on courting all your lives,
Don't court the girls, out court your wives.
You'll find you will the gainer be,
We'll harder try to please, you see,
Then we'll not ask for minstrel's lays,
Or poet's many songs of praise,
To encourage us in useful ways,
For 'tis a good work and it pays.
Then we'll be contented with our task,
What more can any woman ask?

RECONSTRUCTED BEDQUILTS.

When I read Huldah Perkins' way of repairing old bedquilts I thought I would give mine. I use my old dress skirts; those that are good after the waists are worn out. Make a lining, put on a thin layer of batting, then the old quilt and another thin layer of batting, then the outside, tie and you have as nice and soft a comforter as need be asked for. New cloth can be used if desired, but I think the old can just as well be saved instead of throwing it away.

Have any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD ever tried freezing pumpkin after cooking it for winter use? It will keep just splendid and can be prepared in a short time.

Now that Christmas is past all can settle down to the daily routine of work. I suppose all the readers of the HOUSEHOLD enjoyed Christmas; I did for one. I attended a wedding and saw a dear friend take upon herself those sacred marriage vows. It does seem as though it were all a lottery, but we hope and trust that hers may be a lucky ticket.

DELTON.

DOLLY.

RAMBLINGS.

I am in a talkative mood just now but without any particular topic on which to discourse, so if no one objects, I'll just ramble awhile in the gallery of "talk made easy." In looking over the last HOUSEHOLD I came across a new member. She showed her card with the name "Ignoramus." I listened to her pleasant chat, in which content shone brightly under such circumstances that only calm courage with help from the Master could have made it possible. I do not allude to the "log cabin." Home is what we make it, be it in palace or cabin. But when one "is an invalid most of the time," and yet can get true content from ordinary or extraordinary surroundings, it is a misnomer to bear the name of "Ignoramus," for only the wise can be able to attain to that high position. And our new friend shows that she has set her mark high. She is most welcome, and I, for one, will gladly try the promised recipes.

Then Huldah Perkins wants a ghost, and declares "any kind of a spook welcome." Perhaps if she pushes her investigations far enough, she may find "dark spirits and light, white spirits and grey," and become a veritable resident of Spooktown. I fear that immense load of talk she told of, that she has kept bottled up so many years, has got soured, bursted its bounds, and saturated that "spirit board" with a vitiated compound, shown by the "bad spell" she speaks of, and the want of veracity displayed.

I hardly know whether I would like her way of mending quilts. I am afraid they might grow to be like the boy's trousers that the mother mended in a similar style. Whenever a hole came through she slapped on a patch large enough to cover it, and in process of time the pants became warmer, certainly, but so heavy that the boy could not carry them.

"Why do children learn bad sooner than

good," inquires A. H. J., and Grandpa answers: "It is inherent in human nature." Ah! me! I suppose it must be so since so many declare it, yet in the nature of many little ones love shows before hate, or ugliness. Witness the smiles on the baby face when mamma comes, and the stretching of the tiny hands for her embrace. Evil is a plant of natural growth, certainly, but so is good. The Divine Artificer never allowed the work He pronounced "good" to be given over entirely to the enemy. Good and evil are often only relative terms; as the same thing in different degrees produces the opposite qualities. To be firm is good, to be obstinate, evil. To be economical is good, to be miserly, evil. On the other hand to be generous is good, to be wasteful is evil.

I will not urge the matter farther, as some irate HOUSEHOLDER will very likely rap my knuckles for being thus venturesome. "Aweel," I'll call again some day. Good bye.

A. L. L.

MAPLETHORPE.

THE MAGAZINES.

In compliance with the request of M. E. H. of Albion, as regards the peculiar features of some of the leading magazines of the day, would say I have been a reader of *The Arena* since last April, and fear the courtship will end in a wedding, for it presents the live questions of the times by scholars who do not fear to write the truth, and every page gives food for thought hours after reading it.

The Forum is good, just as good, but presents its subjects in a little different light, more in favor of the present system, but deep and strong.

Harper's is a good and popular magazine; to me it seems but the echo of what I have read since my earliest recollection.

CHARLOTTE.

R. R. P.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE mica in coal stoves can be cleaned by washing with vinegar and water, though we have found diluted ammonia a most excellent thing. Apply with a woolen cloth. Let the fire get low before you attempt the cleaning.

To clean hair-brushes, put a tablespoonful of ammonia into tepid water, dip them up and down until clean, then dry with the bristles down. In place of the ammonia, they may be cleaned by using a teaspoonful of soda. Keep the backs of the brushes out of the water.

HENRY STEWART tells an exchange how to make a delicious cream cheese. "The milk is set in shallow pans and at the end of twelve hours is moved carefully, without disturbing the cream, on to a stove where it is warmed until the surface 'crinkles' or moves in a shrinking-manner. The pans are then set back again for the cream to rise fully. The latter is then quite thick and tough; and in the condition of 'clouted cream.' The cream may be rolled up and lifted off in a mass with a flat skimmer. It is then put in molds,

usually oblong square, about four inches long, three wide and two deep. They are bottomless and are placed on a clean napkin or cloth laid over a straw mat. A cloth is laid upon the cream and a light cover of wood is placed upon it, with a very light weight to make it compact. In 24 hours the cheese is firm enough to move, and is fit to eat, having a very rich flavor with enough cheesy taste to make it a cheese. The heating coagulates the albumen in the milk, and this rises with the rest of the cream and gives it its larger bulk and toughness. Probably the albumen adds something to the flavor as well, and this is exceedingly delicate and pleasant."

AMONG the Editor's Christmas remembrances was a branch of mistletoe, that parasitic plant so famed in legend and song and so inseparably associated with a Merry English Christmas; and interesting because of its manner of growth upon trees, and its prominence in the religious ceremonies of the Druids. In England it grows chiefly upon apple trees; in the southern part of this country establishes itself upon various deciduous trees. It is an evergreen, with thick yellowish-green, obovate leaves, and clusters of small one seeded berries borne in the forks of the branches. The berries are a soft, milky white; they have the opalescent softness of the moonstone. An old English custom, so ancient its origin and significance have been forgotten, gives the gentleman who can discover or decoy a lady under a mistletoe bough at Christmas the right to a kiss; and a fraction of the branch bestowed upon the Editor figured in the decorations of a Detroit home on Christmas Eve, and sundry lads and lasses of kissable age had a great romp in consequence.

Contributed Recipes.

SAUSAGE.—Ten pounds meat; one ounce saltpetre; one ounce pepper; three ounces salt; one tablespoonful sugar; one tablespoonful summer savory; one tablespoonful powdered sage; one teaspoonful ginger. Reliable.

BRINE FOR HAMS OR BEEF.—One hundred pounds meat; seven pounds salt; four pounds brown sugar; four ounces saltpetre. Dissolve the salt, sugar and saltpetre in sufficient rain-water to cover the meat; skim thoroughly, and when cold pour over the meat. Hams will be thoroughly salted in six weeks.

CHICKEN SALAD.—One chicken, weighing four pounds, boiled until the meat will drop from the bones. When cold pick off the meat, carefully separating from the bones and skin; chop moderately fine. Chop enough cabbage to make the same quantity as the chicken. Mix lightly with two forks. Celery can be used if preferred. Make the dressing as follows: Rub the yolks of eight eggs into four tablespoonfuls of soft butter; three tablespoonfuls of made mustard; half teaspoonful cayenne pepper, and a teaspoonful salt. Add two thirds of a teacupful of thick sweet cream and half pint sour vinegar. Mix very thoroughly, set over the teakettle top and stir constantly until it is as thick as whipped cream. When it is cold mix lightly through the chicken. Pile it in a salad bowl, but do not pass it down. Delicious.

EVANSVILLE.