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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

WOMAN.

Uncomprehended and uncomprehending,
The darling, but the despot of our days—
Smiling, she smites us—fondling us she flays.
Still madly loving us, yet still contending,
And proudest when her conquered heart is bending.

The most unyielding when she most obeys—
She is so fashioned that her face betrays
The struggle ended, long before the ending.
She's like a bubble borne along the air.
Forever brightest just before it breaks—
Or like a lute that's muted ere it wakes
In trembling ecstasies of love divine;
Woman is always just across the line
Of her own purposes. Beware! beware!

—Chicago Tribune.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the man who will
smile

When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years;
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE LESSONS OF A TRAGEDY.

For the past week the papers have been full of the terrible tragedy at Dimondale, by which little Nellie Griffin, a homeless waif from the State Public School at Coldwater, was betrayed to an awful death. The offender has been justly execrated. There is reason to believe that the crime was coldly premeditated, and that the murderer looked over the ground and decided upon the disposition of his victim's body before he obtained the custody of the child. He is now in prison, convicted on his own confession and sentenced to imprisonment for life; and it is to be hoped Executive clemency may not, after popular indignation has subsided and a few years have dimmed the recollection of his heinous crime, remit his punishment and release such a beast upon a much enduring public.

The Superintendent of the State School has been severely and rightly censured on all sides for the haste and carelessness manifested in allowing one of the wards of the State to leave the institution without the formalities and wise precautions provided by the statute in such cases. There is no excuse for such negligence. The Superintendent's "supposed it was all right" cost a life—yes, two lives, for a man behind prison bars for the remainder of his existence might better be dead. A day's delay, a little investigation, would have revealed the thin deception of assumed name and

altered residence, and the villain's base designs been foiled. In these days of telephone and telegraph there is no occasion for suppositions regarding matters of fact; assertions are easily verified, and the charge of culpable negligence must ever remain against Superintendent Newkirk.

We turn from the tragic fate of this friendless little one—her short, unfortunate life, unblessed by a mother's affection or a father's care, whose happiest home had been a State institution from whose sheltering walls she was to go, the victim of one man's indifference, and another's basest passions—with a sigh for the sin and wretchedness in the world. How grateful to God's mercy should those girls be who are safe in happy homes and guarded by loving parents!

But there are some lessons to be learned from the fate of Nellie Griffin by mothers and fathers and the girls. As I have said, the man who sent her away with a stranger of whom he knew nothing has been condemned in no measured terms. But are not some mothers, who stand in much closer relation to their daughters than Superintendent Newkirk to the inmates of the State School, almost as negligent as regards informing themselves about the young men who seek their daughters' society and are permitted to go out with them? How about the girls who go to parties with strangers stopping two or three days at the village hotel, perhaps riding several miles to the place where the party is held? How about the long evening walks with acquaintances made on the street? You may say "nice girls" do not do such things, but all girls were once innocent, and it is their mothers' business to keep them so, not by keeping them ignorant, but by warning them, in the plainest kind of language, of the dangers to which they expose themselves. Not all strangers are villains who would take advantage of a girl's imprudence, but there are enough of them to make discretion the best safeguard. And no young man whose good opinion is worth a rush thinks the less of a girl because he knows she is not to be "picked up" by any fellow—I use the word purposely—who wants a flirtation or something less innocent.

And mothers who have young daughters should caution them again and again to have nothing whatever to do with strangers; never to accept an invitation to ride or walk with a man with whom they are unacquainted, or accompany a stranger to any place whatever. They may refuse many well meant invitations, they may chance

also to refuse the one proffered with evil intent. Crimes against chastity are becoming so numerous and outrageous that it is not possible to be too careful of our young girls, and if error is possible, it is best to err on the side of safety.

Young girls and children should not be left alone in isolated farm homes where they may some day be at the mercy of those peripatetic individuals we know as tramps. A man may better risk his worldly possessions than his children, and the latter are at best poor protectors of property against an able-bodied man with malicious purpose in mind.

When I lived on the farm, tramps were my most frequent callers, as many as seven having stopped at the house in one day. I am amazed, now, at my own recklessness. I was alone most of the time during the day, not even a dog or a dinner-bell to summon help if help were needed, yet I never knew what it was to fear them. Perhaps that was the reason I was never molested. I remember the greatest scare I ever had very well, even to this day. I sat in the sitting room, my apron full of carpet rags I was sewing. The outside kitchen door opened and a large-sized cold wave made itself felt. I jumped up, catching my apron and the rags together and went to close it, supposing the wind had blown it open, though such a thing had never happened before. On the threshold stood a villainous looking man—jail bird, as I knew by his short cut hair—it was before all men wore their hair a la convict. The unexpected apparition startled me dreadfully but I managed to say "What do you want?" "Something to eat." I learned early in my experience that the easiest and safest way to rid myself of such callers was to feed them, so I cut some slices of bread and meat, glad of the opportunity to possess myself of a murderous looking butcher knife, and thus armed I felt bold enough to give the intruder a little lesson in manners along with his "cold bite"—"Next time you stop anywhere you better remember to knock instead of walking right in; it's a little more polite." He said "Yes ma'am; thank ye," so meekly that I was ashamed of my terror. But I could not help the fit of trembling which came on after I had securely barred the door behind him. I think now, were I where such callers were frequent I should keep a small gun of the revolver pattern handy and learn to use it in case of an emergency. I should not think a man would be comfortable, knowing that while work calls him to a distant part of the farm, his wife and children may be assaulted by some unhung scoundrel, worse than a wild beast.

BEATRIX.

A MOTHER'S PERPLEXITY.

I am glad that there is one woman brave enough to make an open attack upon the subject of "free entertainment." I am happy to state that in my long list of sins I can only point to one of that kind set against my name. Although that was committed in the days of my youth, and I was well received in the home of the stranger where I was sent to get a free supper, lodging and breakfast, I had not been long in the house when the ridiculousness of my situation dawned upon me. And I made a solemn vow that if that sin of impudence could be forgiven I would never let it be repeated. Nor has it. Now, I would like to give just one experience of mine as hostess:

There was to be a musical convention in our town, and I was looking forward to it with great anticipations. I found a young girl to stay with the children during the session, thinking by living plainly during the time I could manage nicely. A day or two before the opening of the convention, a lady called and asked me how many I could entertain. I began to feel ashamed of my selfishness, and felt guilty because I had not thought sooner that of course there would be strangers who would expect entertainment, so I told her I would take two. Of course I felt somewhat discouraged, for my plan for plain living must be changed to one of continual feasting. Two young ladies were sent me, and I foolishly consoled myself with the thought that under the circumstances they would of course make themselves useful, and I could attend the convention. Next morning I arose a little earlier than usual that I might be able to get my morning's work done in time for the first session. As the young ladies did not put in an appearance when breakfast was ready, I gently rapped on the door and told them breakfast was waiting. They had been awake for an hour or more, running around the room and laughing. My husband was anxious to go to his business, and I was watching the clock, mentally calculating how much work an ordinary woman could do in an hour if hard pressed. At length after another hour's delay they made their appearance, still giggling. They finished their breakfast in time to put on their hats for the forenoon session, leaving me with everything to do, and not a word of regret. At noon it was the same, and in fact every day was only a repetition of the first. One day they came to me and asked permission to bring two or three of their friends to dinner. What could I do but consent? I was "in for it" and was bound to do it well. Husband sent up chickens for dinner, and I prepared as nice a dinner as I could. Just as I was taking the chickens from the oven, the girls came rushing in for some things they had left in their room; they said, in answer to the question I asked them as to whether their friends would be there soon: "No, we have concluded to go with them." Well! I began to feel glad that the next day would be the last. Did I attend the convention? No! I did not even get my nose inside the door. And

such a room as they left! Well, I had better stop or I shall say more than I ought. During their stay at our home, they laughingly told me they could neither of them sing much—they did not care a cent for learning, they only came for a good time. I did not dispute their word. But after they were gone, I held a brief communion with myself, and this was the question up for discussion, "Has it paid me?" When I thought of my weary body and the great disappointment I had borne, for the sake of two frivolous girls having a good time, I answered "No," with a capital N.

As I consider the HOUSEHOLD a good place to go for advice, I have for some time been trying to muster sufficient courage to bring to its members one of my troubles. It may seem to many of you a simple thing to be troubled over, but to me it is becoming a serious question. But I will "state my proposition" and rely upon the generosity and good sense of the HOUSEHOLD band for a solution of the problem:

I have a family of five children, do my own work, have a large house to care for, and not very good health. Every mother knows what it is to prepare several children for school every morning, then, when they are gone, with their noise and confusion, she looks about her in dismay, especially if they are a little late. There are so many rooms to be put in order, so many beds to make, and the thousand things that will crop up to be done. I usually make a rush for the sitting room as soon as they are gone, and hurriedly put it in order, then back to the kitchen to finish the work there. Just then, in come two or three of the neighbors' children, saying, "Mamma says we can stay and play with Nellie," our youngest. Oh dear! I think, how can I endure it, but as "Mamma" sent them what can I do? The sitting-room is soon changed to a Bedlam, and when dinner time comes they leave their playthings they have brought with them, and go home to dinner. I hurry away the dinner work, hoping to get time to lie down a few moments to quiet my nerves, before beginning my sewing, when they come trooping back with an extra child and a dog. They march in, throw caps, scarfs, cloaks, mittens, rubbers, and playthings in every direction, walk over the couch and chairs, help themselves to whatever they wish and stay until tea time. Three of these children often come before my children are dressed in the morning. There is not a room in the house where I can go and be free from their intrusion. I asked a friend to-day what she would do under such circumstances. She said: "You are too indulgent. I should send them right home. The mothers know that you seldom let your children go to their houses, and never in the morning." They are neighbors whose friendship I prize, and would not wish to do anything to cause an unpleasant feeling. But I know I must do something. The care of my own children is more than my strength will bear at times, and my nerves and strength will not bear this extra strain much longer, but how to manage this

thing is what troubles me. I have lived over twenty years very near neighbors and have never had a word of trouble, and would rather bear what I do than to have any now. I thought by keeping my own children strictly at home it would have the desired effect. But it has not.

D. E.

A CHATTY LETTER.

Is it not strange now much more we enjoy personal gossip than the very best of "preachment!" When I think about it, I remember Thomas Carlyle's saying "The proper study of mankind is man," and he exemplifies by telling how much more interested we are in our neighbors' outgoings and incomings than in things of much more real importance. That is the way I explain our interest in Bruno and his sister; I am fully convinced in my own mind that Bruno's Sister is a sensible woman, and does not need Uncle Joe's or the neighbors' advice or commiseration. I think there is a place for every one in this world, but not in the house with a sister-in-law or a mother-in-law if one desires the most friendly relations; so you see, of course I'd think she was sensible, and in the right, when we think just alike on the same subject. Then there was Beatrix's "Chat with the Critics." Well, I cannot do that justice, so will say nothing, for she knows my mind.

I have never kept a diary, but for several years past I have thought I would. I know it would be very interesting reading to me, should I chance to live twenty years longer. My days are anything but monotonous; and they are not half long enough for what I wish I could accomplish. Why don't I, then? Want of time is one of the greatest reasons; I should wish to write so much to make it intelligible reading twenty years hence.

In the last HOUSEHOLD of 1890 there was a "New Caller" who signed herself Ignoramus. Oh do not take a name so belittling! I know it is not because you really think it suitable to you. And as far as those detestable log houses go—a good nice house is a comfort, but it is not the house which makes happiness. I have heard many people, in their latter years, say, when they had a large nice house and well furnished, that they have never taken so much comfort as when they lived in the little log house. They then had youth and ambition and were looking ahead anticipating the new well-furnished house and all its accessories. It is not wealth or fine things that make happiness; the real germ from which happiness grows is in our hearts; it grows and buds and blossoms under almost any circumstances. Though the size of the blossom may be influenced by circumstances, yet the fragrance is more delicate and lovely if the flower is undersized rather than oversized.

With Harriet, of Homer, I think we cannot be too careful of our use of the "King's English," nor in the practice of etiquette at table and in all our relations with one and another. If we can not remember the authorized rules of etiquette, we can avoid

giving pain purposely, or trying to be thought smart because we dare give a pointed thrust in the dark. We can all do as we would that others should, and that is the foundation of the finest manners and of etiquette.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

A FEW THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A DAY'S READING.

Beatrice's call for more copy has reached my ears, and to-day I take up my pen to add her what little I can. It seems to me to be a hard matter to find a subject on which to write, which would be interesting to all, so I will write on what holds the most interest for me just at present. I have been reading, to-day, many old poems, some from noted writers, and others from those more obscure, and was much entertained thereby. One thing claimed my attention as never before. Through all the verses there seemed to me the same thread of thought, perhaps because I sought for it, and all seemed to give to the reader the same advice as plainly as if each one had said:

Taste only the cup that is sweetest,
See only the things that are fair,
Here only the music completest,
Let not your heart harbor a care.

All this looks very nice on paper, and if it only could be done life would be but a time of pleasure, where now there are often deep sorrows. One can not choose from the wayside of life all the roses and never gather a thorn.

One of these old poets also told me to-day that joy never slumbered. If I would I might keep it awake; and I stopped to wonder if he really could have believed that when he wrote it. I wondered if he never had a sorrow, or is the realm of the poet's mind governed entirely by pleasure?

I wondered if ever he had trusted a friend and found him untrue; or if no one he had ever loved had "walked with Death" and passed onward leaving him standing here alone, or if ever he had cherished a beautiful dream and awoke to find it a sad reality. I wondered if he had never sought some bright prize, and it had seemed to move onward as he approached it, or worse than that, if he did gain it and found it a curse instead of a blessing, and was led to exclaim in his bitter disappointment:

'Tis ever thus with every prize,
No bubble glitters long,
And streaming tears from mortals' eyes
Tell not so much an unwon prize
As disappointed ones;
And deeper he the sorrow finds
Who most hopefully runs.

When a writer tells us to see only what is fairest, I always want to tell him that we can't help it; we may not see the thorn on the rose stem, but we know it is there and can feel it, and I for one would not do it if I could. What cowardice it would be to shun all the dark and hard ways of life and those not the best for self! Sometimes I have thought—who has not? that the path of my neighbor's life is so much smoother than mine, but it may be I am much more favored than he and do not realize it. Life is not all clouds, neither can I make mine all sunshine. Sisters, do

you think it can be done? We can and should make the best of everything, but I have yet to find a life that is all roses.

I have found life a mixture of sadness
And pleasure and laughter and tears,
And trials and heart sighs and gladness,
And longings and hopings and fears.
But always they all are so blended
These goblets of bitter and sweet,
That life with some one of them ended
Would somehow no seem all complete.

MARSHALL.

CLARA BELLE.

THE CHINESE LILY, AND THE PASSION FLOWER.

I have never known a Chinese lily to bloom a second time, and so far as I learn the Chinese look for bloom but once from the same bulb. If planted out in the garden in spring they will remain sound like other bulbs after forcing, and in autumn start up with fresh strong foliage, but in no case with bud and bloom. The bulbs will multiply, but whether they will live and flourish outside a greenhouse, in our Michigan climate, I cannot say. I will try the experiment, and with a degree of confidence in success, as the Narcissus family is remarkably vigorous and hardy as well as floriferous. I know of no better flower for use or more pure and dainty than the Paper White Narcissus; and there is no branch in the cultivation of flowers that gives more satisfaction or sure success than blooming bulbs in winter.

The Passion vine does not require heat, moisture or richness of soil in extreme, but will bear heat better than cold, so we may not, taking the seasons together, hope to keep it in Michigan cold winters in the garden. I have kept one of the most hardy of the varieties, *P. carulea*, or Blue Passion flower, which has beautiful blossoms, two years, but the third was an extremely cold season, and that, with many other treasures of orchard and garden, succumbed to the cold. I think if one were planted in a box and removed to a cellar in winter it would do well. They are very common in many varieties in the Southern States and some bear edible fruit.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

One morning last fall I was awakened by the not unusual sound of rain-drops, and realized with dismay that it was Monday, and I must go to my school. There was no help for it, so I pinned up my skirts, put on rubber boots and with a grip in one hand and an umbrella in the other, started for the station. That part was not bad; but when, after ten minutes' ride, the conductor helped me off the train into a mud-puddle, and I took a survey of the landscape before starting out to walk the mile which lay between the station and the schoolhouse, I felt discouraged. Those who call a rainy day in the city gloomy, have surely never been in the country. The rain came in a steady, exasperating down-pour, and, looking at the gray, lowering sky, it was difficult to believe that "behind the clouds the sun was still shining;" and, indeed, it did not help matters much if it was. In town you can not see quite so

much of the sky, nor miles and miles of sodden earth, dotted here and there by low, wood-colored houses; and you usually have a few companions in misery, but here not a soul was to be seen.

But the clock at the station reminded me that I had no time to linger, and besides the road was rapidly approaching a condition that would render boats the only safe conveyances. Mud! I never knew what it was until that morning. Ever since I have wondered why Virgil or Dante did not add to their descriptions of the punishments of Hades that of continually walking through mud with dry land ever receding. Certainly it would be worse than rolling a stone up hill to have it fall back. Probably they never spent a rainy day in the country; or else they had good roads in Italy.

Once I stuck so fast that I began to wonder if the contents of my lunch-box would keep me from starving until people began to stir out again after the deluge. The only living being that I saw was a cow. She looked at me with great melancholy eyes, as if she would have liked to say, "It is a rainy day," and I felt grateful that she couldn't.

Never before had I been so glad to see the schoolhouse; my umbrella was soaked through, my boots heavy with a vast amount of real estate; and, in short, I answered perfectly to Mantalin's description of a "demmed damp, moist, unpleasant body."

It rained steadily all day, and glancing occasionally from the window I could see the water in the ditch at the foot of the hill rapidly rising, and the adjacent field becoming a lake. I took my geography class to the window and gave them a practical lesson on the divisions of water. There is nothing like making use of materials at hand.

Perhaps others were thankful to see that day come to an end, but I think no one could have been more so than myself, when, safely returned to my boarding place, I could light the lamp and draw the curtain on the dismal scene outside.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

AN OPEN LETTER TO A YOUNG GIRL

"May thy joys be as deep as the ocean;
Thy sorrows as light as its foam."

I read this and many similar wishes from friends, as I turn the leaves of your autograph album; then I look into your face, fresh, fair and rounded, with that intense reality of the beauty of youth which comes to one only when her mirror begins to reflect wrinkles and grey hair, and the hands lying in her lap take on a strange resemblance to those of some aged person she used to notice in her childhood. Ah, it is a good thing to be young with so much of life before you; but I like to believe that the years which take away so much will leave us more; and that no one should really wish to cancel the space between childhood and the present. "But oh, my lot has been so hard," sighs one. "I have had so much trouble, so much pain; and have made so many mistakes." Yes; but the blessedness of them all! How conceited, how impatient of others, one who has

never made a mistake! How thankful for health is one who has never been sick! How shallow, how like a wax-figure, one who has known no trouble! We may imagine it, and think we know what other hearts have suffered, but we never really do unless a similar pain comes to us. No joy, no amount of sunshine, can do for us what the sharp blows, the heavy burdens, the dark days will if we are only strong enough to read their lessons aright. You know that beautiful "Katrina" of Holland's who,

"Had grieved, had hungered, struggled, kissed the cheek of death,
And ranged the scale of passions till
Her soul was deep, and wide, and soft with sympathy;"

and had found at last "peace like a river." What is the wild mirth, the quick anger, the fickle intensity of youth, compared to this blessed peace which we see coming into some faces year by year; beautifying the plainest features, defying Time? And so, my young friend, I can not repeat the wish of others for a life of perfect sunshine for you; but only ask that whatever sorrows, pains and burdens the future holds for you may be bravely and nobly borne.

THE MAB.

A. H. J.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The recipe for soda biscuit alias baking powder biscuit is the same the world over; and I have it from the best cookbook authority that one half pint of milk is enough for one quart of flour. But I have found out it is not, and always take just as much as I need to make the dough easily; then I warm both flour and milk in winter, and hurry about making them from start to finish; then if the baking powder is good there is no such word as fail, unless you forget to have a good steady fire, and both oven doors shut.

Another fallacy is, that in making pie crust every thing must be cold. Now my best success comes with having flour, lard and water all a little warm.

Some time ago a lady interested in art asked for information in regard to copies. Above all things do not use poor copies. If not sure of your own ability to judge between good and poor, write to one of the leading Detroit art stores telling them what you want, or if your fancy turns mostly to decoration, the Art Interchange or Art Amateur both furnish much valuable information.

AUNT YORKE.

INFORMATION AND INQUIRIES.

Seeing Azalia's inquiry in the HOUSEHOLD of Jan. 31, thought I would give my way of removing fruit stains from table linen. Just before putting in the washtub pour boiling water through until the stain is quite dim, then put in the tub and wash. This has always proved satisfactory for me.

Last year I purchased a packet of canna seed from Peter Henderson & Co., planted in a hot bed and kept moist. After being in two months the seed was as hard as when planted, with no apparent signs of growth. Will Mrs. Fuller or any one else who can please tell me how to pro-

ceed this year? I have not given up yet, but wish to try again. Any information will be very thankfully received. Please answer through the HOUSEHOLD, as others may be similarly situated.

HUBBARDSTON. FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

TELL Azalia that boiling water will take out berry stains, and vinegar will remove ink stains usually, by soaking the stain. I took a large spot of ink out of my rag carpet just by washing with the vinegar, but think there is a difference in inks; if nothing else will do try oxalic acid reduced a little. Would like to know if tea gowns are worn as much as usual, do not see as many here; give colors, combinations, style of making, etc., and oblige

CHARLOTTE.

ME.

MISS HATTIE RIX, of Williamston, sends samples of cotton goods colored red with Perfection Dyes, which have a good color and one which would be bright and showy carpet or rug. One piece had hung for in a three weeks in the south window of a room, and though the color had changed a little it could hardly be said to have faded. Washing, says Miss Rix, has positively no effect on the color. Woolen goods had been dipped before the cotton, otherwise the color would without doubt have been brighter.

I HAVE often thought it was selfish to receive so much help as one does from reading the HOUSEHOLD, and return none. The one great reason that I have not attempted to return help, was because I felt that I could not. Others could do so much better, that I have settled back in a lazy, selfish way and let them. Lately, however, I saw where I could help some one. I found among the questions that have been asked, a few that I could answer. I have been troubled with chilblains several years, and my heart goes out in sympathy for all those afflicted. This is the recipe that cured mine: Take one part camphor gum and two parts lard. Heat as hot as can be borne and rub the afflicted parts every night. In a short time the chilblains will disappear. I have been very successful in removing berry stains from tablecloths by pouring boiling hot water through the stained spots.

RUTH.

OWOSSO.

MARY, of Saline, writes: I am not able to say how the cucumbers are prepared that are found at the grocers, but I have, and will give Azalia, a formula, which, if carried out, will furnish an excellent pickle: One gallon vinegar; one-half ounce ground cloves; the same quantity each of allspice, cinnamon and black pepper; one ounce each of granulated sugar and alum, a little horseradish root. Put the cucumbers into this cold. To remove stains from table linen, I always use sweet milk. Soak the spots awhile, then rinse out in clear water and we have no further trouble with them; they all disappear, berries, coffee, tea, or what not. It is also as good for ink stains as anything, to my knowledge. Have just been reading a sure cure for chilblains and sore feet. It is to use a

strong solution of alum water, hot as can be borne, soak the feet a long time and keep adding to the solution.

VERA and S. B. C. corroborate Mary's directions for removing ink, by advising that the ink stained article be soaked over night in sweet milk.

FRAGMENTS.

I believe that every housewife in this broad land feels that she has an experience similar to that of her neighbor—an accumulation of stale bread and cold meat, bits, fragments, too good to be thrown away, and not sufficiently entire in appearance to place before her family. There are innumerable ways and methods by which they can be utilized and the most delicious dishes compounded of them. After the Thanksgiving feast, the Christmas spread, the cold fowl, oysters and rolls clog on the palate, and the very last one is invariably fed to the dog, cat and chickens. Perhaps some of the following recipes may prove valuable to many readers of the little HOUSEHOLD.

THANKSGIVING HASH.—Pick all the meat from turkey and chicken bones and chop it moderately fine; cover the bottom of a baking dish thickly with bread crumbs; then a layer of equal thickness of oysters; season with salt and pepper and bits of butter; then a layer of chopped turkey, alternating until the dish is filled, with the top covered with bread crumbs; add a cup of cream sauce or the brown gravy of the turkey. Bake twenty minutes, and serve in the dish in which it is baked.

BOSTON BROWN HASH.—Chop cold beef, bits of steak, roasts or stews; mix with it an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes; season with butter, salt and pepper; a half cup of brown gravy or hot water, and bake in a tin or bake-dish half an hour.

CORNERED BEEF HASH.—Chop one pint of cold cooked cornered beef and one pint of cold boiled potatoes; put in a frying pan with a lump of butter; pepper; and add half a pint of stock or water, and one tablespoonful of chopped onions. Stir continuously until hot, no longer; and serve with buttered toast.

CECILS.—Two cups cold cooked meat chopped fine; add the yolks of two eggs; a tablespoonful butter; two tablespoonfuls of stale bread crumbs; half a teaspoonful of onion—if liked; one teaspoonful salt and one of pepper. Put in a frying-pan and stir until hot; when cool form into balls the size of a walnut; dip in beaten egg; then roll in bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard or butter. Serve with a sauce as follows: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan; when hot add one even tablespoonful flour. Mix until smooth; then add a gill of sweet cream and one gill of stock. When it boils remove from the fire and add the yolks of two eggs, a little salt and pepper, and it is ready for the gravy boat.

POTATO PUDDING.—Boil and mash six good sized potatoes; add to them one well-beaten egg, salt and pepper; heat and line a bake-dish sides and bottom one inch thick. Chop any cold meat you may have—several kinds mixed will answer; season well, and fill the dish with plenty of butter; cover over with the remainder of the potato and bake twenty minutes. Turn it out on a platter when served. This is one of the nicest ways of serving warmed-over meats.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.