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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

TOO LATE.

BY CLARA BELLE SOUTHWELL.

Oh, why should we keep all our kindness
So selfishly all our own,
As though we believed in our blindness
It should not to others be shown.
Or perhaps, duty not all neglected,
We listen the low plaintive moan
Of strangers, grim sorrow's elected,
But forget the deep heartache at home.

There are hearts that are broken with losses;
There are hearts which with sorrow must cope;
There are hearts that are bearing dark crosses,
And hearts that are barren of hope:
And all these kind words we are giving
To them are both hopeful and true,
But those in our own homes are living
To whom our kind words are more due.

Of strangers we close watch are keeping,
And open our heart's door so wide,
While by our own hearth's friends are weeping
Whose tears might be easily dried.
But somehow, we all are forgetful
Of those to whom love should be given,
Till we find with hearts deeply regretful
Their sorrow has borne them to heaven.

The secret death never discloses,
With heart that most earnestly mourns,
We cover their coffin with roses
When we scattered their life-path with thorns.
Tho' hearts must grieve, eyes must be tearful,
And life cannot be always gay;
Show kindness to all and give cheerful,
A share of the roses to-day.

PINEAPPLES.

Pineapples are selling in the Detroit market at three for a quarter. They come up from Indian River and the "Land of Flowers" and as the advertiser said of his soap, "they're cheaper than going without." They join with the yellow-jacketed banana in competing with the strawberry of Michigan and Northern Ohio, and really deserve to hold their own against such "measley" berries as were in the early market. I bought a box of Sharpless in the Central Market the other day, paying fifteen cents because the fruit was so large and apparently fine. Before I reached home the juice was leaking all over my Sunday gloves, and the berries, when I prepared to serve them after the most approved fashion—with the hulls on and a little dish of powdered sugar to dip them in—proved to have been skillfully "doctored." The topmost layer was of fine large fruit; the next below it of good berries though not so large; below these layers every berry was half decayed, the best side

having been skillfully placed upward so that under a pretty critical inspection, such as I gave, they seemed sound. Those market women would cheat Aristides the Just, and he'd never know it till he got home. Every time I resolve that never, no never, will I buy anything on the market again, and yet I do, "and the old, old story is told again."

But to return to the pineapple, which is a healthful and digestible fruit when properly prepared. Choose a nice ripe one, and you may judge of its ripeness by its russet golden-yellow hue, and then attack it in the most approved Floridian fashion, as follows: Peel the apple, cutting inside the eyes, as each eye contains a sharp spear, which, if not cut out, penetrates the tongue or lip and makes the mouth sore. Then stand the pine on end on the table or board and wring off the top or crown (don't cut it off), and then cut down from the top to the bottom in thin slices with a sharp knife, and keep turning the pine around and slice to the core. Put the slices in a dish and sugar, if you desire, but *don't* put the sugar on until served, as it draws out the juices and injures the flavor of the pine. Almost every one puts on the sugar when the pine is sliced, but it toughens the fibre.

A pineapple makes as good a shortcake as strawberries. Any recipe for strawberry shortcake will answer for pineapple, but here is one which has been tested and approved: Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, two cups of flour and two teaspoonsful of baking powder. Bake in two layers, and spread the chopped pineapple between the layers after the cake is cold. The fruit may require a little sugar.

For preserves, pare and slice the apples and allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put a layer of fruit in a deep dish, then a layer of sugar, then more pineapple and so on; let stand over night. With a coarse skimmer take the fruit out of the syrup; boil the latter till it thickens, put in the fruit and cook twenty minutes, then put into cans or jars and seal. A few pieces of ginger root boiled in the syrup improve it to most palates.

I eat, occasionally, a sample of pineapple pie which is delicious though very rich and dyspepsia-provoking.

When the new cook sufficiently relaxes her dignity so that I dare invite her to disclose a professional secret, I'm going to ask her for the recipe. Then I'll tell the HOUSEHOLD.

BEATRIX.

AT LAST.

The day dawned much as usual. The east showed faintly pink, shaded into rose and crimson, tinted the few fleecy clouds with violet and gold. The fair crescent vanished from sight at the day god's coming. The faintest breeze sprung up, stirring the limp and lifeless leaves on shrub and tree. There was the glad refrain of the robin, the whistle of the quail, peans of praise from a thousand feathered songsters, the shrill tone of the chanticleer, the bleating of flocks, the lowing of kine—all nature with one voice ushered in another day. That there was something wrong on Farmer Goodspeed's premises, something out of the usual order of things, was painfully apparent. For the first time in thirty years breakfast was not smoking on the table when the morning chores were completed. Everything about the house was tidy and orderly; on the kitchen table stood the bowl of coffee ground the night before, a pan of potatoes pared, ready for the kettle, meat sliced, but there was no one moving about, only a dreadful silence. Lying on the bed, apparently lifeless, was the housewife and mother. It was the work of a moment to dispatch a messenger for the family physician and a telegram for the twins, Dorothy and Bernice, who were at boarding school; but before medical aid reached the farm house life had fled. It was called rheumatism of the heart, or stagnation of the blood.

The twins were a trifle put out at the imperative summons home, how could they leave in Commencement week! Probably it was a slight sickness, she would be up and around when they reached home; so alternately fretting and crying they got a few things together and boarded the train for their native town. The man who met them at the depot never told them the sad news, and it was when they drove up to the step to alight that the bit of crape fluttering from the doorknob told them mother was dead. The oldest son had come home from college, and with

Ted and Benny—the two boys who helped on the farm, made up the family. The good farmer was completely bowed down. Just finishing haying, expecting to go into the wheat next week, dear, dear, how unlucky! He never knew mother to be sick before; well, she wasn't sick now—stricken down in apparently perfect health. She got along so nicely with the housework, never hiring a stroke of work done: being alone, she could plan everything. True, it was considerable for one pair of hands to compass; often and often he had felt a thrill of pride at her executive ability. Beginning with forty acres and adding to it every few years, they now had three hundred good, fertile, productive acres, a comfortable house and outbuildings. The last forty that he bought last summer she had demurred at a bit. "Husband," she says, "we're getting old, we're past fifty; we don't want any more land. The children will soon be through school, the heavy expense 'll be over and we can live a little easier. Ned will be a lawyer in a year, Bernice a music teacher. Dorothy expects a position as teacher of German and English in the Seminary, that leaves Ted and Ben to help you. I will not have anybody, you see. The girls look down on housework, their hands are like lamb's wool. They make a sight of extra work when they are home vacation, and call the house an 'old rookery.' I sometimes wonder if we haven't missed it educating them so; it's turned them right away from us. I mind the time I rocked and tended them, and thought of the time to come when I would have two girls to share my labors. It seems a long while since they've thrown their round dimpled arms about my neck and kissed me tender and true. They find fault with my clothes and old fashioned talk. We done what we thought was for the best, Josiah; it may not turn out so. Seems as if we expect too much nowadays, hoping and hoping, and seldom realizing."

It was a big funeral; such heaps and heaps of flowers—callas and big roses and smilax—a costly coffin, a minister who spoke so comforting about motherhood—and self denial—and a reunion beyond the narrow river, and an invisible cord, and the sweet influence; 'twas just like the softest music, like the most beautiful poetry; it seemed as if one were flowing along on placid water with never a ripple or wave. The good farmer forgot his great affliction; he closed his eyes and imagined he stood in those green pastures. He saw the waving palms, he heard the praises to the Lamb. Stricken down in apparent health, so much better than a long painful illness (with its attendant bills and heavy expenses); just dropped in the harness, never had lost a day in thirty odd years; truly the ways of Providence are mysterious.

The neighbors said if a few of those

nice flowers had been strewn along her pathway in life it would have eased the burden wonderfully. They said she failed in judgment, giving the rest the ripe rich kernels and keeping the husks for herself. The path she walked never felt the warm rays of the sun—the broad full view—theirs felt the very best she had to give. These were vain regrets, sad reflections. If they had only crossed the borderland, brought a little of their fresh young lives into the narrow confines of that monotonous, humdrum, never ceasing round of labor, if only heart had responded to heart in affection and sympathy!

It is far better to love the mother while she is here, better to share the hard tasks so we may keep her longer. The face may be furrowed with deep lines, the hair silvered, the eyes dim, the hands brown and calloused; the old fashioned vernacular may jar on the nerves, but there will never be another breast like the one that cradled us in infancy. No other heart that beats so loyal to us. No patience so enduring. No allegiance so loyal as that the dear old mother gives us.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

BUTTER.

There was a bouquet of fresh onions on the dinner table, and at tea time the butter served us had an unmistakable onion-y taste. It was so pronounced in flavor of *Allium cepa* that I decided to emulate the example of the worthy "Miss Dawson," who "always ate dry bread in strange houses, not having confidence in the butter." A careless servant had without doubt set the onions in the refrigerator where the butter was kept. "Easy enough to get feet and hands with bodies attached," as Mrs. M. C. H. once said, but not so easy to find somebody with what old Bartle Massey called "a headpiece" that can think and be heedful.

Butter of all things is most sensitive to and quick to absorb odors. A butter dealer condemned a package of nice looking butter consigned him as of unusual excellence, because, on sampling it, it had a smoky flavor. He had the curiosity to trace the origin of the defect, and learned the cream had been warmed on the kitchen stove where green wood was burned, and the fire smoked, and thus the smoky flavor was accounted for. Yet people will keep milk and cream in a cellar with cabbage, onions and potatoes, codfish, ham and soft soap, and wonder why the resultant butter will not sell for twenty-five cents a pound the year round!

Even where the butter is made with the utmost care and a fine flavor secured, the consumer who does not know how to handle it or is careless in that respect, will spoil its quality by leaving it where it will get soft and thus soon become rancid, or will leave it exposed to the air, or will put it in a re-

frigerator with beefsteak and cabbage slaw and boiled ham—and onions. Then of course they complain butter will not keep, etc.

Nothing we eat should be kept more carefully covered than the butter jar. Lay a cloth wet in brine on the butter, putting it on carefully to cover all the surface, and replace it as carefully every time you have occasion to go the jar. Over the jar spread a towel, over this two or three thicknesses of clean paper, on this a board or something which will keep the paper in place and prevent it from being accidentally removed. Never let it get soft and hope to harden it with ice, etc., it has lost in quality and flavor by softening.

If you keep butter in a refrigerator, keep it in a stone jar and closely cover it. Then do not put anything which has a strong odor in the refrigerator if you can help it. Onions, radishes, cabbage, can be folded in a wet towel and will keep fresh thus as long as they are healthful. Steak or meats should be covered. The refrigerator which is built into the modern residence nowadays has two parts entirely disconnected at pleasure, one especially for milk, cream and butter.

Butter can be kept cool by putting it on a plate, the plate in a pan or bowl turn water into the pan and invert a basin or smaller pan over the butter. The water must not touch the butter.

As illustrating the truth of what has been said about the proneness of butter to absorb flavors, the story is told of an eastern butter-maker, one of the very best in the State, who, sending a beautiful sample of butter to a new customer, placed upon it a few sprigs of parsley. The golden product was very attractive, and the parsley was artistically displayed, but upon testing the butter, it had absorbed the flavor of the parsley, and was to that extent damaged. The "embellishment" of the butter was abandoned thereafter. B.

TRY Edna's way of canning fruit. It strikes us as calculated to give excellent results. It is the most like the methods of commercial canners we have ever seen given for domestic use. She will forgive us for telling the HOUSEHOLD what she says about it in a private note to the Editor: "I have had so many compliments since putting up fruit by this method that I feel sure those who have never tried it will be pleased. I have thoroughly tested and proven to my own satisfaction that it is the way to can fruit to have it look the nicest and taste the freshest. It is certainly an easier way than stewing the fruit, then filling the cans."

M. M. M., in a postal which was mislaid, says cold lye can be added to the hot grease in her directions for making soap, published in May, without harm. She says: "You will not find the splutter of consequence."

LIFE ON THE FARM, THOUGH TOIL-SOME, SHOULD BE HAPPY.

I have just been reading the paper "Talking Up and not Down," by Mrs. L. B. Baker, published in the HOUSEHOLD, and I want to say that I am in full accord with the sentiments therein expressed, and with the view taken of the farmer's life and surroundings; and I want to emphasize, if I may, one or more of the prominent thoughts there expressed.

Yes, it is an unfortunate habit, with many, to speak of the farmer's life as a ceaseless and thankless round of toil and privations—a life crowded with labor, with little or no chance for rest or recreation, which labor supplies but the bare necessities of physical life. This condition may, to some small extent, exist, but I'm sure it need not to a large extent. So many have never learned how to make the *most* and *best* of what they have, or *may* have.

I am surprised when I see people in the prime of life, and in the full possession of their faculties and powers, looking anxiously forward to the time when they will not "have to work." Why! I feel that if I live to see that day it will be a sad day to me; for in honorable, useful and beneficial activity is our greatest and highest happiness found; it has ever been thus since Adam and Eve were placed in the Garden of Eden, to "dress it and tend it."

I am sure that farmers and their families might enjoy much more than they do, if more time and attention were given to wise planning, and careful forethought; but this seems to be the hardest work for some to do—to plan and systematize—and, as I have said, this is where many make their greatest failure, and when I see how at haphazard some men arrange (if it may be called arrangement) and perform their work, I only wonder that more do not entirely fail in their seemingly one and only object—making a living—and among those who succeed their success, at best, is but a meager one.

As I ride by some houses, I can but notice the lack of comforts which it would seem might in most cases be secured. The house looks dreary, a cold place in winter and a hot one in summer—no cozy porches or cool shade trees—no flowers (save dandelions and thistles), and very little about it to cause the children in after years to remember it as "The dearest spot on earth, my childhood's happy home," which picture, hung on memory's walls, ought of right to be a beautiful heirloom to every farmer's son and daughter.

But I'm glad to know that better times are here for the farmer and his family; the many labor-saving appliances for the home and the farm give opportunities for reading, thinking, planning for social good and for more culture of

mind and less of muscle; but here and there we find a man who either fails to see or does not care to see, these open doors to a better, broader life, and the only hope for such is to induce him to join and attend the Grange, Farmers' Club or kindred organizations which are doing so much to aid and advance, and thus be swept along with the tide of progress and finally anchored in the harbor of agricultural prosperity and home enjoyment. J. T. DANIELLS.
UNION HOME.

A RHAPSODY.

It was always a mystery to me who first put fruit between two layers of dough, baked it, and baptized it pie. Now I'm perplexed by another conundrum of the same nature: Who first dropped a lump of ice-cream into a glass of soda water and ate it out with a long-handled spoon? There is a handsome block of houses in this city built of ice-cream soda—the profits of it, I mean; and the man who built the block is selling this particular delicacy at the rate of hundreds of glasses per day. Indeed, he claims to have sold 9,000 glasses one sultry Saturday in May. At five cents a glass his weekly receipts aggregate hundreds of dollars, and though the business is not all profit, by any means, he is making money in spite of the fact that every drugstore and candy bazar deals in the same wares. You see it happens to be just the thing that strikes the tired and thirsty mortal, especially of the feminine persuasion. It is both "meat and drink." It is refreshingly cool, and while you eat and drink, you have a few precious moments' rest and rise with fresh courage and decidedly lower in temperature. Women are perhaps the most faithful patrons, with men a good second. I've seen women partaking of it when the thermometer was painfully low. Men indulge in the festive fizz, but generally express a preference for ginger ale, especially since the W. C. T. U. said it was naughty. It is surprising how nice things do get just as soon as somebody "resolves" that they are "pernicious."

They tell me there are places in our lovely State where the fizz of the ice-cream fountain is never heard, and ice-cream soda, like plovers' eggs and aspic jelly, something the people hear about but never know. How I pity them! I would not forego the delight of spending my five cents and standing treat "just like a man," for a great big bunch of rural delights. You say "What's yours?" you know; and your friend says pineapple or chocolate or strawberry or sarsaparilla, and instead of saying "Two beers" you say "Two coffees," and you throw down your quarter as if you were going to say "Keep the change!" to the b—— waiter girl, but you think better of it and don't; and you sit and chat and com-

ment on other women's clothes and feel that you don't care if they *do* look at your new China silk—it's just as stylish as anybody's, and you feel benevolently inclined toward everybody, from the silk-shirted dude with his hat on the back of his head to the errand boy with a bundle who sprawls over two chairs and looks as if he'd like to lick the glass but daren't. And you think you'd really like another round, it's so cool and comfortable, but you know it's not quite correct, so you go away hoping you'll meet somebody who will steer your all too willing feet toward another point of joy and cream and say "Have a glass?" In short, in a mild and feminine way we dissipate with this harmless beverage as do men with their stronger fluids. I suppose it is evidence of our "emancipation" and "advancement" that we take so kindly to this aping of masculine ways, isn't it? BRUNEFILLE.

DETROIT.

A GOOD WAY TO CAN FRUIT.

Clean and wash fruit as for stewing, but instead of putting into a kettle, fill the cans as full of the fresh fruit as possible, jarring the can to pack it in; place the cans in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water, cover closely and let steam till the fruit pricks easily with a straw. I have found that berries will cook enough in from twenty to thirty minutes; peaches and pears take from forty-five minutes to an hour, and cherries about forty-five minutes. Have a thick syrup boiling hot to pour in as soon as the fruit is cooked through; make it by allowing one cup sugar and half a cup hot water for each quart can. Let stand two or three minutes before screwing on the top, then turn the cans bottom side up and leave them till cool. I have canned fruit this way for three years and have never lost a single can.

It is well to have some extra fruit steaming at the same time as that in the cans, for it shrinks enough in cooking usually to allow of putting in more fruit before filling with syrup. For instance, I fill four quart cans full, then another two-thirds full, and use that to fill up the other cans. I wish every lady who is at all sceptical about this method would do as I did, try three or four quarts this year and—I was going to say mark them—but it won't be necessary, for you can certainly tell them from the stewed fruit by looks and flavor. EDNA.

HAMBURG.

THE fine "gilt-edged" butter which is taken to the Boston market from the large dairy farms in the adjacent country, is wrapped in cheese cloth rather than the paraffine paper. The small prints command the highest prices. Here is a hint for butter-makers. Where butter is packed in tubs, they must be thoroughly soaked in brine before being packed, otherwise the butter will stick to the tub and its removal is a matter of difficulty.

HOW I TAUGHT NUMBERS.

The day that I called up the primary class for a first lesson in numbers, I wondered how in the world I should go at it. When I began the study of mathematics, I had to learn a certain number of combinations or separations daily and recite them by rote without missing a word, in precisely the manner that ten years later I learned to conjugate irregular French verbs. Consequently, I hated arithmetic, and do to this day.

But perhaps my own instruction helped me in teaching by showing what to avoid. Certainly the number class soon became my favorite, and all the children liked it as much as I did. Indeed, it was rather difficult to keep the older pupils from acting the part of audience during that recitation.

My apparatus were very simple; strings of buttons, wooden toothpicks, pieces of bright colored paper, several rulers of various lengths, and a pack of ordinary playing cards constituted my whole outfit. The last mentioned article did not fail to excite profound horror in the minds of some of the good people in the district, although I considerably removed the kings, queens and jacks, hoping thereby to lessen the shock. However, the cards were very useful in assisting a ready perception of different numbers. Holding several cards in my hand, I would show them one by one, changing them as quickly as possible, and asking, "How many spots?" nearly always calling on a particular pupil to answer. I do not believe in simultaneous recitation. Then from recognizing the number of spots on one card, they learned to tell how many on two, three, or four cards; how many three spots they could find in nine spots, and how many two spots would make eight spots. Of course this was only an occasional exercise, a resource when the class was not quite up to the mark in attention and interest.

Number stories were a part of each recitation, and very funny some of them were. The vague idea children have in regard to value were often illustrated, as in this: "If I buy a gold watch for five cents, two gold watches will cost ten cents." They soon learned to tell stories readily, and were always very eager about it.

After they had learned about inches, feet and yards, it was a favorite exercise to measure different objects in the room. Sometimes I showed them a book, box, stick, or any other convenient article, and allowed each one in turn to guess the dimensions. When all had guessed, I would measure the article, or as a special favor allow one of them to do so; and how anxiously they awaited the result! After a few trials they became quite expert in judging. In fact, I was careful not to express my own opinion about it, for it would have been very mortifying to have the little dots of six

and seven come two or three inches nearer the exact measurement than myself. From little things we went to larger, and before school closed we had measured the blackboards, windows, maps, and even found the length and breadth of the room. With all this there was constant drill in changing from one denomination to another.

After teaching them the table for time I tried to give them a practical idea of the duration of seconds and minutes. The first pupil whom I sent out of the room to stay a minute was back in just twenty seconds.

Numbers can be made an excellent test of a child's powers of observation. In trying to illustrate the fact that ten times nothing are nothing, I asked the class—made up entirely of country children—how many teeth a hen has. The answers were startling. Some said a dozen, others twenty, and still others, mindful of their lessons in oral physiology and evidently believing all bipeds to have the same characteristics, decided on thirty-two. They promised to find out for themselves before the next day, and doubtless there was great commotion in the poultry yards that night; but the result was highly satisfactory. One of their home tasks was to find out how many toes a cat has, and I am inclined to think from the appearance of the hands and faces, that Madam Puss objected to these investigations in the pursuit of knowledge.

In the spring I utilized the dandelions which the children brought me by distributing them among the pupils of the class, and having the children give to each other; always telling about it. Like this: "I had three dandelions; Annie gave me two, Emma gave me one and Frank gave me four. Now I have ten dandelions." Almost anything would serve the same purpose, but the dandelions were novel and therefore interesting.

Many other forms of drills and exercises came in use during the year; and I found that it always paid to study up a new "number game."

PORT HURON.

E. C.

CANNING MAPLE SYRUP.

The making of fine maple syrup, eleven pounds to the gallon, is a profitable business at \$1 or \$1.25 per gallon, and the "sugar-bush" is often the most profitable acre on the farm. An abundant supply for home consumption is usually well appreciated, and may be canned and kept indefinitely by the following method, given by W. J. Chamberlain in one of our exchanges. He says: "The best syrup-makers now seal cold in self-sealing tin gallon cans. The cap is cork-lined, and as it screws down it draws this cork snugly down against the top rim of the filling-hole and makes it air-tight. The can is first filled full while it stands on a table, and then is held up by its handle with your left hand, so that the weight of the

syrup will "bag out" the bottom of the can to full capacity. Then, with your right hand, you fill the filling neck or hole *even full*, and while the left hand still holds the can up, the right hand screws on the cap tight. Thus all the air is excluded, and as the syrup is cool, it never shrinks or leaves a vacuum in the can, or makes it cave in. Then the can is set down, and the cap screwed as tight as possible with a pair of large pliers. It is the judgment of those who have tried both hot and cold sealing that the latter keeps the flavor as well (if done as described), and gives less risk of the souring or fermentation of an occasional can."

The syrup should be strained through flannel to take out the grit—which is carbonate of lime and silica—and which is arrested by the nap of the flannel. Try putting up a few cans for summer use with warm biscuit.

In connection with the Waseca Chautauqua Assembly, to be held at Waseca, Minn., July 1st to 22nd, Mrs. W. M. Hays will establish a cooking school, and give a series of six lectures, to be selected from a list of twenty. Mrs. Hays assisted Mrs. E. P. Ewing in her cooking school at Chautauqua, N. Y., last season; and is one of the two women who hold a college degree in domestic economy, and is authorized to place the letters M. D. E. after her name. It is one of the evidences of progress that more attention is every year being paid to the best methods of preparing food, and that our dependence upon good food to furnish active brains and robust bodies is being recognized by courses of instruction under skilled teachers. If such instruction could reach the rank and file, the wives of the laboring classes, and teach them the importance of and how to prepare cheap, palatable and healthy food, we believe the result would be not only a great saving of valuable food materials but also a perceptible reduction in the ranks of the intemperate.

Useful Recipes.

JAM.—Excellent jam may be made from the small fruits in from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes from the time it begins to boil, according to whether the fruit was picked in dry or wet weather. This jam will not slice, but forms a jelly-like mass, rich in fruity flavor. The following is the recipe: Take half as much sugar by measure as there is of the fruit after it is thoroughly crushed; put the sugar in the stove oven where it will get hot, but not discolored. Put the fruit over a moderate fire, and stir it from the bottom. When it has boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, if very juicy, add the hot sugar, continue to stir until the whole has boiled ten minutes, when it will be done, and should be put in jars and sealed at once.

PIE-PLANT IN SYRUP.—Peel and cut in two-inch lengths fresh rhubarb; place in a porcelain saucepan with enough sugar to sweeten. Put the saucepan in the steamer, cover close and steam until the juice is extracted, then lift the rhubarb out with a skimmer; place the syrup over the fire and boil until thick; return the pieces of rhubarb, boil for a minute and set away to cool.