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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ONE WOMAN.

A little body, breezy, brisk,
And brave,—oh, but she's bound to whisk
The clouds from your horizon!
I'll swear she'd sweeten e'en the cup
Of poor old Job, and brighten up
Whate'er she set her eyes on!

The biggest heart since time began,
To magnify the good in man
Her eyes are microscopic;
While to her sister woman she
Is full of such sweet charity
She makes herself myopic.

To slander, those dear, dainty ears
Are deaf; and oh, her tender tears
Like holy dew of Hermon,
Fall on hurt hearts! She words no wile,
She never preaches, but her smile
Is better than a sermon!

With her the misanthrope forbears;
No melancholy views she airs;
The mists of doubts so scatter
Before her, hope darts up and sings,
And finds that with the scheme of things
There can't be much the matter.

Misogynists go back upon
Their life-long record, ere she's shone
Upon their paths a minute:
The pessimist forgets his "fad;"
The world can't be so very bad
With such a woman in it!

—Boston Globe.

If he was e'er an idol in your eyes,
And you still love him, is it safe or wise
To lift the critic's chisel to the form
You fashioned when love's dawning light grew
warm?

Each criticism from your velvet lip
Unkindly strikes away a jagged chip
Which leaves a scar to mar the symmetry
You looked upon and deemed divinity;
And scars, once made, forever must remain—
The perfect figure ne'er returns again;
And you, who heedlessly destroyed your all,
Will mourn your demi-god who was your thrall

OUR FRIEND AND OUR OTHER FRIENDS.

How natural it is for us to think because we admire some person very much, or dearly love a relative or friend, our other friends, as yet unacquainted, must like and admire her also, if circumstances will only operate to bring them together! We sound their praises, descant upon the graces of mind and person, perhaps take great pains to arrange for a meeting, expecting they will prove as congenial intimates as to us, and that the same warm friendship will in time exist between them. And how we are disappointed after all, when our desires are

accomplished and we can make them "acquainted," as we say. They "don't take to each other" at all; perhaps find nothing in common, are profoundly in different, or even repugnant to each other. Why, since we think so much of both and find so many congenial elements, cannot they be friends, as we are with each separately? Well, nobody knows. We only know our hopes fall dead. We learn that though "things equal to the same thing are equal to each other" in mathematics it is not so with human natures. The traits we love in two of our friends are by no means indicative of a mutual fellowship which shall unite them. For that reason, though we ought always to speak well of our friends, I believe it is wisest to refrain from especially commending one to another. Disappointment is almost certain to follow.

Our friend does not see our other friend with our partial eyes, and will probably wonder wherein lies the attractiveness we find. Is it not so? Have you not some friend who has warmly praised her other friend to you, extolled her beauty, her wit, her intellect? And when you met her, your eyes could discover no beauty above the average, her wit displeased, her talk was mediocre; there was no basis on which to found a liking. There is something deeper than we think in this mysterious affinity which draws two hearts together, and operates negatively with another pair. We don't understand it, we never may, but till we do solve it, it is wisest not to over-praise. We rouse others' anticipations to a point where they expect too much.

The plan of "paving the way" for an acquaintance which may ripen into an attachment and culminate in matrimony by exaggerated praise of the two persons concerned, each to the other, is often employed by silly people of a match-making turn, who are usually old enough to know that "made matches" almost invariably turn out badly. "I've got the loveliest girl picked out for you," addressed to a young man of spirit is apt to provoke an unchristian-like resentment and a decided prejudice against instead in favor of the young lady; he feels if he wants "a girl" he can do his own choosing. And no girl of delicacy and good sense will thank a

friend for "throwing her at a young man," so to speak; as if she were in mortal straits to marry. The knowledge that one has been presented to a young man for his consideration as a possible wife does not tend to a young girl's ease and self-possession; her modest instincts are affronted, and she feels like repelling friendliness rather than encouraging it. Young men have their own tastes in the matter of girls, and the girls their own opinions regarding young men. They will gravitate together readily enough and choose their affinities without the match-maker, who more often mars than mates wisely. "Do you know Mrs. — had the imprudence to tell me she had told Mr. — what a nice wife I'd make, and to want to introduce us! I spend most of my time when we meet anywhere trying to keep away so he will not be introduced, and I just despise her!" said a young lady to me only a few days ago. And I did not wonder at the angry sparkle in her gray eyes, nor the proud set of her little brown head. If you think two young people will prove congenial, don't spoil it by telling them so. Introduce them, manage to bring them together as if inadvertently, and they themselves will settle the question of attraction or repulsion far better than you can do it for them.

I have little respect for a match-maker. Her schemes often prove successful, and the young people her superior wisdom has decided will "make a good match" are half led, half coaxed into marriage. But if the union proves unfortunate and the couple are unhappy—as happens nine times out of ten—it seems as if she who maneuvered to bring it about would carry with her the consciousness that she had been instrumental in wrecking two lives and that the burden would lie heavy on her conscience. Marriage is quite enough of an experiment at best, even when the two are drawn together by the promptings of the heart; and it is assuming a great responsibility on the part of a third person to urge a step which makes or mars two lives. Howells handles one phase of this subject very nicely in his story, "A Fearful Responsibility," a book which I commend to the consideration of all women of match-making proclivities.

BEATRIX.

MOTHER'S DIFFICULTIES.

"The valley seems full of contentment
Which the mountain conceals from our eyes;
But when we have climbed the embankment
Its mystical beauty flies."

I think perhaps I shall strike a responsive chord in every mother's heart when I say the first few years of married life, during the bearing and rearing of children (combined with the various struggles incident to getting a start, paying for land, getting comfortable buildings and stock around us) are hedged in and surrounded with more difficulties than any which may come later in life. If they are not really the hardest years they surely appear so, seen through inexperienced eyes. Almost before the young wife realizes it she has a flock of little ones—three or five—and when one cries, they all cry, and when one is sick the rest get sick. And there is the work to do; it is more often the case there is no help considered necessary, than that a good strong competent girl is employed; fruit comes along in rotation; there are the hot days in August when the babies are getting their first teeth—it is small wonder that patience not existing in unlimited quantities flies out of the window and a fretful, discontented feeling takes its place. Oh! it takes such a little while for the sweet girlish look to leave the face; childbirth pains leave an impression; constant irritation brings the ugly little scowl between the eyes; the mouth droops, fine wrinkles come; less care is shown in wearing pretty dresses; no use to brush the hair, or wear ribbons, baby musses them so; the tired father is met with complaints; he knows, even though you do not say it in so many words, that the bright dreams you had of married life have not been realized.

"To marriage all the stories flow
And finish there,
As if with marriage came the end,
The entrance into settled rest,
The calm to which love's tossings tend,
The quiet breast
Love played the low prelude
Yet life began but with the ring,
Such infinite solicitudes
Around it cling."

Dear, little discouraged mother, you just began life that day you promised to "love, honor and cherish." It seemed like a page from a fairy story; the bright sunshiny day, the bevy of girls; the hosts of friends; the grave minister; the congratulations, the refreshments and nice presents—it was the glad fruition of all your hopes, hopes that you both had talked over so many times! There was the going away for the "honeymoon," the earth's population was limited to just "us two" for that brief period. There was the glad coming home and the founding of a new home. It reminds me always of a pair of birds building the nest. Then the furnishing of the new home! So many plans are laid—bubbles of hope—more pleasure is taken in their anticipation than in their realization; and in such a short time the new baby had been laid on your breast. There is

no joy that can equal it—that of the parents over the cradle of the first-born—the little bow-knot to tie your affections. There is a new stimulus, something better than you had known.

But every babe brings added cares; unless the very nicest discrimination is shown they get to be burdens. It looks like a thankless job—rearing children to have them turn against you in old age. You read in the paper of an old father and mother being put into the poorhouse by their first born. You must do your duty each day, prayerfully, tenderly, "trusting heaven humbly for the rest." There is no task so beautiful, no task which brings its own comfort along with it day after day as that of caring for the little ones given to us. Study patience if you haven't it. Satisfaction comes in the consciousness of well doing; there is pleasure in watching the little faculties unfold, the baby touch, the sweet lips, the cunning ways. Troublesome comforts all the way through, "bringing their own love with them." It is so natural to jerk them, and find fault with them and speak crossly, not fully comprehending the fault lies largely with ourselves; we are out of tune, the little one has to be made the medium by which we work off these bad feelings. Just stop and think. There will come a time—the years pass swiftly—when we will sit alone.

"Alone in the home, who would dream it
Or think that it ever could be,
When my babes thrilled the air with love notes
That had meaning for no one but me.
A house of stark stillness and silence
Is this when I think of the rush
Of childhood's swift feet at the portal
And of childhood's sweet spirit of trust."

Let us never brood over our lot as a hard one—harder than some one's else. Each day brings its duties; it was so intended. A busy life is better than an idle one. Take time to read to the little ones; tell them stories, manufacture them for the occasion; walk out with them; romp and play sometimes; it will keep you young, you will lose the fretful feeling, and a time will come when viewed through wiser eyes—these earlier years of married life, tending babies and westing with poverty—will hang on memory's walls as the brightest, happiest days of all.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Well, September is with us again, and our season of canning, pickling and preserving is nearly at an end; and I think we will all breathe a sigh of relief when we can say that is the last. And there is another cause of relief for me. I have not been forced by circumstances to take a hand in any picnics this summer; and the season is now so far advanced I feel I can venture to draw a long breath, and not be obliged to watch my tongue in fear it will say picnic, and this little spark kindle into a flame.

I often wonder if those literary societies which were in a state of commo-

tion a couple of years ago have got settled down to business and prosperity.

Our society (and I think the same is true of our neighboring societies) is steadily improving as the years go by; we are sailing serenely through our fifth year; and I am glad to say that each year is an improvement on the preceding, and that of course means that the members are becoming a little wiser, not only in literary lines, but in learning, it may be slowly but surely, to express their thoughts intelligently in public; and what is of quite as much importance, to think intelligently upon subjects not particularly connected with the fit or fashion of a dress, or the children's ailments, or new recipes, or the best methods of canning, pickling, or preserving, though these are by no means neglected. Perhaps the best and most important good gained is that the ladies are learning to judge others and their motives more as they expect to be judged. I believe every woman is conscious of more good motives than any one but her very nearest friends ever give her credit for. It is natural for woman to give her whole heart and much the larger share of her strength to her own immediate family, and it's members think the mother and wife nearly perfect models of excellence. The woman who lives almost wholly in this atmosphere in time believes she is always right, and of course her way is the way; and she intuitively supposes every person of good judgment holds the same opinions as herself. How many women does she ever meet whom she thinks possessed of as good judgment in the management of children, or expenses, or her household generally as herself? I'll venture to say there are not many in her neighborhood.

In these societies, in time, every thoughtful woman learns to know herself better by studying herself and by comparing herself with others, and also to know others and give them their just dues in her judgment. I do not say all women, but I think the large majority attain to this sooner or later. I would not have you think I am trying to make out that our society is made up of women better than the average. No, they are human, and like other women they do not all think alike, and if a few talk a little too much and that not complimentary of the absent, some do not repeat it, and if some one else does, the third party quietly ignores, and I am sure they are all much improved by the discipline.

I am not telling you all this for the sake of telling of "our society," but to encourage the organization of societies in every country district; as Beatrix told you a few weeks ago—"organize a literary society as a means for prevention of gossip."

And now is the time to begin agitating the subject. Let some one in the neighborhood make a tea party, invite as many as is convenient to entertain,

and while at tea ask who will join in the enterprise. Then another name a day and invite those who wish to join to meet at her house to organize. Make a beginning if there are but half a dozen; the thing is infectious, and you will soon have as large a membership as you will wish. At your first meeting you can decide by vote what kind of work you can do best at first; whether it shall be a ladies' society, or include the whole family, men, women and children; and how often you shall meet, whether in the afternoon or evening. Make but few rules at first; in time you can adopt a constitution and by-laws and learn parliamentary practice.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

SOAPINE.

I sing the praises of Soapine. Nobody has approached me with a bid for my valuable autograph attached to a testimonial; no manufacturer's agent has tendered me a box, either of Soapine or at the theatre: on the contrary, this is the spontaneous outburst of a heart filled with philanthropic desire to benefit my fellow humanity by the recommendation of a beneficent fairy who works miracles under the euphonious title of Soapine.

Soapine is a powder put up in a box about the size of a bar of Ivory soap and costs five cents. A tablespoonful in a pail of hot water produces a "suds" which would delight a washerwoman's heart, and which has a magical effect upon flannels. I don't know what it is made of; I don't care. There is ammonia in it, to that the sense of smell bears witness.

I like to wear soft fine all wool flannels, but under the manipulation of the Madonna of the Tubs who graciously condescends to superintend the destruction of my wardrobe these all wool garments undergo a shrinkage as astonishing as the diminution of the assets of a bankrupt firm when the creditors try to realize upon them. Nor do I alone suffer. As a matter of current history, it is told that a set of flannels which in their first estate fitted a man of nearly two hundred avoirdupois grew by degrees so "small and beautifully less" that they were handed down a graduated scale of wearers, each washing sending them to the next smaller in size in the family, till the seven year old rebelled, declaring them "too tight." But they were not, presumably, washed with Soapine.

Listen, while I tell you how to use Soapine, and incidentally, how to wash flannels, as I have learned how, for these fine flannels I affect I wash myself in the stationary bowl in my sleeping room: Have ready a sufficient quantity of clean lukewarm water, water but a degree or two warmer than the room, and which feels moderately warm to your hand. Dissolve Soapine (in hot water) according to the quantity

of water, a small tablespoonful to a pailful of water is plenty; put in the flannel and gently squeeze and press it in the hands. Do not rub. The dirt comes out as if by magic. Use a second suds of the same temperature and a little less Soapine, and turn wrong side out in this. Rinse in clear water, still of the same temperature, and dry in a warm room. The goods will be beautifully soft, white, and not perceptibly shrunk. If you use too much of the powder they will be yellowed. The Soapine, the tepid water, the drying without change of temperature, and the continuous process—no stopping till they are wrung out and hung up—all undoubtedly help, but as the results with Soapine and the same method of washing are better than those with soap, by the same process, I am inclined to ascribe some of the good work to the powder.

Soapine is also excellent for washing woolen dress goods, the material coming out soft, clean, and not full up, as is apt to be the case when soap is used. Those who have used soap-bark as a detergent say Soapine is as good, if anything superior, and more convenient to use.

BEATRIX.

THE BICYCLE FIENDS.

My hands were in the dough one morning when there was a loud, peremptory ring. It took a few minutes to get to the door and there was a neighbor's boy. "I want a bicycle, Sister Gracious; please buy some baking powder!" It was forty cents a can, much more than I can buy for it by the quantity, but to gratify the lad I bought a can, and I didn't want it, for I had plenty. Well, the work was done, and I was catching forty winks on the lounge when another ring. A dear little girl was at the door. "Please! please! Sister Gracious, buy a can of baking powder, for I want a bicycle so much!" Not a word said about the merits of the stuff; but I couldn't resist that pleading face and bought the can. A young lady who lives next door came the next morning with the same request, and because she was a dear friend. I bought one from her. That made three cans on the pantry shelf, and each time I felt imposed upon, for I could get the same quantity for less price at wholesale, and why should I help buy bicycles for my neighbors' children? They kept coming, six children the first week of the summer vacation, and then I had to cry "Hold!" all along the line.

Should mothers let their children be such nuisances! And isn't it bad for the children, especially little girls, teaching them to be bold? Also, isn't it too hard work? One hundred and fifty cans have to be sold to entitle the seller to a bicycle, and that, with so many children tearing around begging you to buy, must come hard on the little ones. Nine out of ten fail to sell the required amount, but in their eager-

ness the first few days they manage to dispose of a good many cans, and the makers of the baking powder reap the benefit.

What do others think of this plan? Should the merchants and manufacturers employ children to dispose of their wares?

SISTER GRACIOUS.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It's so much easier to keep the table always "set." Each meal seems half ready when we commence, if the table is in readiness. I liked the plan of a friend where I visited last season, and have found it very satisfactory in my later experience. That was a farmer's home and the hostess said: "I have so many chance guests that I never could get along with my work alone if I didn't keep my table in readiness and then I never make any changes for company." Her plan was to keep the table spread large enough for two extra beside the family, without seeming crowded. She had three children and two hired men, her aged father, her husband and herself to cook for, yet she did it all so easily by systematizing everything.

Her plan about the table was to put on a clean tablecloth every Saturday after dinner and turn it every Wednesday after dinner. She used large tray cloths on the opposite sides for herself and husband, and little mats elsewhere. All were provided with napkins, and if by accident anything was spilled a doyley was put over the spot before the next meal and it looked as though it was placed there for additional ornament instead of from necessity. The children were instructed to be very careful and tidy at table, and if the men were in especially dirty work a cheap napkin was put over the edge on their farther side of the table. I never sat at a farmer's table where everything was served so nicely and with so little apparent "fuss." Her guests never feel that they have dropped in on the wrong day or that their visit has caused too much extra work to overbalance the pleasure of the occasion.

I made a veal loaf yesterday, and as I do not remember to have seen a recipe like it in the HOUSEHOLD I will enclose it. When mixed, if one does not choose to bake it all she can save out enough for a meal, to be made in little pats, with floured hands, and fried in butter. Either way is equally good, and for picnic or traveling lunches it is unsurpassed. It should be chopped at the butcher's.

If those who think it too much trouble to mix crust for a fresh pie every morning will try preparing enough for two or three, but only baking the one, then put the balance of the dough in a cool place, covered from any circulation of air, they will find it very easy next morning to just roll out a crust and bake a fresh pie, and it's ever so much better than if baked the day before it to be eaten.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

ABOUT PICKLES AND PRESERVES.

The fruit season is a busy one for the housekeeper. It is her harvest. With what satisfaction she surveys the rows of cans and jars of pickles in her store room! How heartfelt the sigh she breathes when the last cover is "tied down" and the last quince out of sight! You don't know how it is until you've been there. Cans, catsups; jellies, jams; preserves, pickles—what a trouble this eating makes us, to be sure! Never mind; we will forget the work and only think how good they taste, next winter.

"What makes you put 'em all in salt and water, mamma?" asks the little girl who is "helping mother" with the chow-chow, as with willing but awkward fingers she cuts up the green tomatoes. "Oh, I dunno. 'Cause the recipe says so, I guess," replies the mother. Do try to answer a child's reasonable questions in a sensible manner. Don't you know how much more interesting a thing is when you understand about it? But perhaps you don't know yourself.

All sour pickles, and all sweet pickles not made of ripe fruit are soaked twenty-four hours in a brine, the usual proportion being a cup of salt to a gallon of water. The use of the brine is to draw out the acrid or strong flavor of the unripe fruit or vegetable, leaving the pulp ready to absorb the vinegar and spices which make it palatable. The process of removal is hastened by packing with layers of salt, letting stand over night and then pressing to extract the green juice. The first vinegar into which green pickles are put usually draws out more of this acrid juice and should be poured off, thrown away, and fresh vinegar added. Then the pickles will keep without fermenting.

The vinegar is quite a feature in putting up pickles. Cider vinegar is unquestionably the best; it is worth two prices above the ordinary article found for sale in the grocery stores. One can have plenty of it—if apples are grown on the farm—simply by taking a little pains. And it is a great deal better than any "short method." Fruits and vegetables should be fresh and firm. The best of vinegar will not revive stale or wilted stuff and make it into crisp pickle.

Ripe cucumbers make an agreeable pickle. Cut them in lengthwise strips; pare and remove the seeds, scraping the inside. Let them stand in cold vinegar over night. Throw this away, cover with fresh vinegar and allow sugar in the proportion of two pounds to a quart of vinegar and an ounce of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. Tie the spices in a muslin bag, and boil the cucumbers in the vinegar until they are tender.

A good proportion for sweet pickles is four pounds of sugar to seven pounds of fruit, with a pint of vinegar, an ounce

of cinnamon and half an ounce of cloves. The pickle looks nicer if the spices are tied in bags and removed after cooking, though spiced currants are delicious where the ground spice is used; spiced gooseberries also. The bags of spice should be burned; the boiling vinegar has extracted their flavor; if you don't believe it, taste them.

Sweet spiced peach, pear and plum pickle is delicious when the fruit is pared and quartered and cooked down till the syrup is almost as thick as preserves. Skim the fruit out when it is cooked sufficiently and boil the residue to the proper consistency. If you have spiced vinegar left after using out the fruit, save it to put into the mince-meat. People will accuse you of putting brandy in your pies, but you can plead "not guilty."

For preserves, the fruit must be neither over nor under ripe, but "just right." Not soft nor hard, but just fairly mellow. Then cook in the sugar syrup till clear, or till you can pierce it easily with a straw, skim it out into cans or jars; boil the syrup till it is thick, and turn over the fruit. I like preserves, hence I bless the McKinley bill which gives us twenty pounds of sugar for a dollar, and robs the "pound for pound" rule of all its terrors. The sugar is cheaper than the fruit nowadays.

Quinces and citrons are about the last fruits—if the latter can be called such—to be manipulated. I do not care much for citron preserves and never make them up unless the supply of fruit is pretty scanty. But quinces are good for an "every day sauce;" they are not very expensive, I mean. You need to handle them just right if you can them or they are hard and comparatively tasteless. Whether intended for canning or preserving they must be cooked soft in clear water, for they are made hard by being put into a sugar syrup at first. Pare and core the quinces, cutting them into quarters or eighths, according to size; weigh. Put the parings and cores into water and simmer till soft, strain and return the water to the stove. Cook the quinces in it (a few at a time) lifting the pieces out carefully as they become soft and laying separately on a platter. When all are done, allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and make a syrup with the water in which the quinces were cooked. Boil and skim; return the fruit and simmer slowly until the preserve is a rich red color, which will require from forty minutes to an hour. Take the fruit out into jars and turn the syrup over it.

Quinces and sweet apples are good "done up" together. You will need no more sugar than for quinces alone. When the quince is done, take out and add the apples—you will need to cook them slowly, a long time, perhaps two hours. Then fill the jars with a layer of quince, then one of apple. This pre-

serve is better after it has stood a month; the flavor of the quince has then permeated the apple. The round quince is said to be better for preserving than the pear shaped.

Quince jelly is often made of the parings and cores, but is not as nice as that from the whole fruit. In making any jelly, boil the juice of the fruit nearly as long as is necessary—usually twenty or thirty minutes—before adding the sugar; then, when the sugar is added it has but to dissolve, boil up and be skimmed, and be boiled from five to eight minutes to be ready to "set;" and will be lighter in color and more delicate in flavor than by the other process.

Peach jelly is so difficult to make and get hard enough to be respectable that I have given up trying to make it.

DETROIT.

L. C.

Contributed Recipes.

VEAL LOAF.—Three pounds of veal and one pound of fresh pork chopped very fine; two cups of cracker crumbs; two cups of sweet milk; three eggs; butter size of one egg, with pepper and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly, or knead like bread, with floured hands, and bake two hours. E. L. SEE.

ROMEO.

WHITE PUFFS.—One pint of milk, half cream; whites of four eggs whipped stiff; one heaping cup of flour; one cup of powdered sugar; grated peel of half a lemon; a pinch of salt; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat until the mixture is light, fill buttered cups one-third full and bake delicately brown. Turn out, sift powdered sugar over them and eat with lemon sauce, whipped cream and jelly, or sweet cream and nutmeg.

JELLY PUDDING.—Two cups of fine stale bread crumbs; one cup of milk, half cream; five eggs beaten light, whites and yolks separately; one teaspoonful of baking powder. Fill buttered cups half full of the mixture and bake in a rather quick oven; twenty minutes should be sufficient. Turn out of the cups, cut the side open and fill in a tablespoonful of jelly or preserve of any kind, pinch the edges together and eat with cream and sugar. To be served warm; delicious.

GRANGER PUDDING.—One cup of thick milk; one-half cup of brown sugar; one-half cup of molasses; one-half cup of butter; two and a half cups of sifted flour; one teaspoonful of soda; one cup of raisins; one cup of currants, one-half cup of citron; tablespoonful of all kinds of spices mixed. Steam one hour. Eat with a boiled sauce. Good without the fruit. Sauce: One teaspoonful of sugar; one-half teacup of butter; one tablespoonful of corn starch; white of one egg, beaten stiff; tablespoonful of wine or brandy, rub smooth and add boiling water until the proper consistency.

BOILED LEMON PUDDING.—Two cups of dried bread crumbs; one cup of beef suet shredded fine; four tablespoonfuls of flour; one-half cup of sugar; one large lemon; yolks of three eggs and whites of two; one cup of milk; teaspoonful of baking powder. Boil one and a half hours in buttered mold, or steam; eat with wine sauce. Good.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.