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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

POST MORTEM.

BY A. H. J.

Dear friends who gather round my form to-day,
While I have drifted far beyond your reach;
And in my hands and round my coffin lay
The best you have of flower, or thought, or speech;
This is my plea: None knows another's life;
The pit-falls that have caught another's feet;
The little strength to cope with larger strife;
The lack of grace to make one's friendship sweet,
So all I ask is this—say not with tears;
"She did too much; her hands are worn and thin;"
Yet speak not of the idle, wasted years;
Nor sadly whisper—"This, this was her sin."
It is too late for blame; too late for praise;
My heart can throb to neither if it would;
I only ask that round my deeds and days
You twine this thought: "She did the best she
could."
THOMAS.

THE WISH.

Should some great angel say to me to-morrow,
"Thou must re-treat thy pathway from the
start,
But God will grant, in pity, for thy sorrow,
Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart,"
This were my wish! From my life's dim begin-
ning,
Let be what has been! Wisdom planned the
whole;
My want, my woes, my errors and my sinning,
All, all were needed lessons for my soul.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"REMAINS MY WIDOW."

Usually I am quite ready to give a cordial assent to A. H. J.'s sentiments as expressed in her ever welcome letters to the HOUSEHOLD. But I must dissent from her views in her last article (HOUSEHOLD Feb. 25th), whose subject will be suggested by the title I have placed above. There may be instances where it is prudent, but it certainly is not just in a husband to limit his wife's enjoyment of their (not his only) property to the period during which she shall remain his widow. And ordinarily, I see only tyrannical injustice in his assuming the right to impress his authority and impose penalties upon his wife after he is dead; the chances are he has done enough of that during his life-time without continuing it after death. If he desires to protect her alike from fortune-hunters and adversity he can do so with perfect safety and security without the restriction, by investing their joint estate in such a manner that it will yield an income payable to her only. The limitation, "so long as she remains my widow," is

almost invariably less grounded in love than in selfish jealousy; the man would hold her his exclusive property, nil she will she, even after death separates them. She may have been burning incense all these years and he doesn't relish the idea that her worship may be transferred to another, but this much I can say—I never knew the masculine half of a truly united, harmonious couple to make such a provision. The man who has most faith in his wife's devotion trusts that devotion rather than a clause in his last testament.

It implies a lack of confidence in a woman's good sense and sound judgment for a man to be so anxious to continue a postmortem guardianship. Possibly he realizes his wife didn't show particularly good judgment in accepting him, and as she has grown no wiser through their years of companionship he had better consider her incapable and act accordingly, though it seems a pity he should give the feeling public and legal expression. But the real grievance, the actual injustice, lies in his assumption that the property he devises is unreservedly and entirely his, to dispose of at his individual pleasure. He thus ignores his wife's years of labor and economy—years during which she managed her department with the same industry and frugality he displayed in his. The resulting property is a joint accumulation; is it then right or just to the woman who has sustained the dual relationship of wife and business partner to assume it is all his to dispose of, regardless of her interest in it? Considering her simply as a business partner he couldn't do it; but he may, legally, because she sustains an even closer and nearer relationship!

I don't think that in either reading or observation I ever knew of an instance where a woman left her property to her husband "as long as he remains my widower." The stipulation seems to be an essentially masculine one. Yet if widowers, especially if men of property, are not as often "taken in and done for" by fortune-hunters of the feminine persuasion as are widows by those who wear whiskers, may I never push pencil again! Let an adventuress get hold of an elderly widower and he'll never know her little game till he's tied up in a hard knot. Then he's very likely to have a more exalted opinion of the

dear departed than he ever cherished during her life-time.

When a woman dies, unless she holds property in her own name the law ignores her children's rights in the joint earnings of herself and husband. He may marry again and Number Two make the money fly east and west and the house too hot to hold the first wife's children, and there is no help for it. The title to the property is vested in the husband and the children have no rights until he dies. When the man dies, the law intervenes and distributes his estate with alacrity and despatch. And the law is unjust enough, giving as it does to the widow only the use of one-third of the real estate in the earning and holding of which she has been a joint partner, but the law doesn't say she can only have it as long as she remains a widow—that little extra meanness is left for some men to add.

I always feel an added respect for a man when he does as did the late James G. Blaine—leaves his possessions unreservedly to his wife. What a wealth of love and confidence it bespeaks, what volumes it tells of oneness of mind, heart and purpose! What a compliment to the intelligence, ability and integrity of the wife! Not all deserve it, that is true; but more would be worthy if husbands gave more trust and confidence in business affairs to their wives. The noble mind does not hamper gifts with cramping conditions. But I wouldn't blame the woman whose husband would resort to legal measures to compel her to remain his "relic" if she married again while the soil was yet gray upon his grave.

I would suggest that, if a man wants to do the square thing by his wife and domestic business partner, he recognize the value of her service by setting apart one-half the estate as her interest, independent of his disposal; then let him make such disposition of his own share as he pleases. Let him bear in mind she has spent her years and strength with him and for him; that her earning days are over; that while life and its possibilities are before their children, they are behind her. Laws are for the many and may—often must—do injustice to the few. If a man is courageous enough to make a will, let him not be more ungenerous than the law.

BEATRIX

A MARSH-MALLOW ROAST.

Whittier has given us a charming picture of a winter evening devoted to ale, nuts and apples; popping corn, roasting chestnuts, nearly everything that at once gratifies the appetite and furnishes amusement is familiar to us in song and story; our Editor once fell into a rhapsody over her glass of ice-cream soda; why has no one sung the praises of a marsh-mallow roast? If you have never enjoyed one "you have missed half your life." For an evening of unadulterated bliss, procure a big box of marsh-mallows; arm yourself and a congenial friend or two with the longest-handled toasting-forks that you possess, and establish yourselves by an open coal fire. Of course you will burn a few at first until you get the knack of it, and also you will cover yourself from head to foot with the sugar; but that is part of the fun. Then how delicious the marsh-mallow looks as it swells and swells until it as large as a baking-powder biscuit! How carefully you tend it that every side may be the same delicate shade of brown! Finally, when it has reached the required state of perfection—provided it does not tumble off the fork at the last moment, with the pure perversity of inanimate things—what rapture to allow the creamy nothing to literally melt in your mouth! Surely the ambrosia of the gods was like unto roasted marsh-mallows! Jupiter was famous for knowing a good thing when he got it.

The five little pigs which adorn the box-cover are symbolical; for you keep toasting just one more mallow to see how it will turn out, and after it is toasted it must be eaten. But when at last you are not to be tempted by the creamiest and puffiest, throw the sugar that is left in the box on the coals and end your evening by a miniature conflagration.

PORT HURON.

E. C.

MANNERS FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. A. Do asks our teachers to help us teach our children manners. That is right, and I think all careful, interested teachers have their hands full teaching manners, personal cleanliness, etc., aside from ordinary school work.

Though there are many exceptions—do you not think that parents, too often, neglect their children's manners? I notice that children who are taught to say "yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'am" to their teacher never forget to say it to others. Then so many parents speak of their neighbors as "Bill Jones", or "John Smith," instead of "Mr. Jones" or "Mr. Smith." As a matter of course their children address people in the same terms.

Let us teach the boy to raise the hat when to do so marks the gentleman; to stand until the ladies in the room are seated, also to offer his chair to his elders, to allow a lady to enter a door

first, and to precede her through a crowd.

Then there are those little things at table that show the contrast between the man of culture and the boor. Teach the children the proper use of the knife, fork and spoon. (This calls to mind an acquaintance who—though she occasionally went in the *first* of society—practiced using her knife for carrying food to her mouth. Once, upon the departure of her domestic, she cast the blame upon her daughter-in-law who, as is customary, ate with her fork. "The girl," she said, "was not used to so many airs."

Allow the "young idea" to speak at table—it gives an ease of manner; but do not allow him to monopolize conversation. And above all, teach your sons, as soon as they are old enough, to wait upon others at table, in the absence of the head of the family. If trained in this at an early age it becomes an easy task, and when they take their place as head of their own table, in after years, they will not (through lack of confidence to perform the task) bid others to "pitch in and help yourselves."

ST. JOHNS.

CASSANDRA.

SPRING SEWING.

It is a most excellent idea to utilize the lengthening days of March, when east winds and "slush" do prevail out of doors and one feels luxuriously comfortable with the coal stove blushing furiously, in looking over last year's clothing, deciding what shall be made over, what will do for combinations, what is hopelessly past redemption, and putting in to order that which is still serviceable. How glad you'll be, for instance, when some day you find spring has really come in earnest, to think your jacket is neatly bound, the button-holes worked over and the lining mended! Skirts and underwear, too, all ready to jump into when you are sure you can't stand flannel garments another minute, give cause for gratitude.

There's no more unpleasant task than to mend the bottom of an old dress skirt, especially now they are worn so long. But how virtuously economical and righteously tidy you feel when the job is done! If badly worn, put on a strip of new canvas, or face it a quarter of a yard deep with the material of the skirt lining. Instead of using braid for binding, buy a quarter of a yard of good velveteen (unless you have pieces of velvet you can cut bias and use instead). The merchants will offer you strips of velveteen ready cut but it is of poor quality usually; it will pay better to spend a little more for a better goods and cut it yourself. Let the velvet facing be an inch or an inch and a half wide after it is on; it saves both skirt and shoes; and hem down firmly with stout thread. Instead of turning the edge so the wear comes on the dress goods, let the velveteen take the rubs,

by allowing it to appear like a narrow cord on the bottom. Some dressmakers put on a regular binding of velvet, letting it show a quarter of an inch. This is a good plan of your skirt is worn and you do not wish to shorten by cutting off; bind right over the worn edge.

The small sleeves which now so plainly class a gown as a "back number" are easily modernized by using another material, as velvet or silk, for Empire puffs and jacket fronts. Or plain wool goods may be employed. Cut the old sleeve to fit moderately tight to a point half way between elbow and shoulder. Make very full puffs of the new material, lining them with crinoline lawn or book muslin to make them stiff. One width of velvet is none too much for the front or upper part of the puff. The *Bazar* says the puff should be a yard wide; the lower edge is straight, the upper slightly rounded. The jacket fronts will hide stains and wear under the arms. Make collar of the new material, or add a band of it to the upper edge of the old. Or make drooping puffs to the elbow; these are best in silk or wool. Fashion lends itself most amiably to the renewal of old clothes just at present, and the results, if taste in selection and combination is exercised, are pleasing to the purse and the wearer.

A THIMBLE PARTY.

You want to invite a dozen friends, perhaps your Literary Club, to your house but are at a loss to know just how to entertain them? Well, give a "thimble party." You will send your invitations written in this form:

MRS. JOHN JAMES SMITH,

AT HOME,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH EIGHTH.

"Thimbles." 2:30 o'clock.

Your guests will understand they are to bring their work, and punctuality is a commendable virtue. Needles and tongues will be active until four o'clock. Then serve cocoa, sandwiches, a salad, and cakes, concluding with bonbons.

You will have made ready as many small envelopes as you have guests by writing some not-too-obscure quotation on the outside of each. Within the envelope place a slip of paper bearing the author's name. Secure this slip by punching two holes through envelope and slip and passing a bit of bright No. 1 ribbon through it, tying in a bow knot. Each lady reads her quotation aloud in turn, and three minutes are allowed for naming the author; failing a correct guess recourse is had to the slip. A little prize is prepared for the individual who makes the most successful guesses and a consolation prize for the unlucky one who is least in the competition. Then it is time to take the thimbles and go home. The thimble party passes an afternoon pleasantly and leaves each participant free to prepare the evening meal for husband and children as usual.

MODJESKA AS MARY STUART.

(Concluded.)

The scene is the forest, where Mary, for the first time in years, is allowed momentary freedom, being for a brief space removed from sight of prison walls and jailors. She is wild with delight at this breath of Heaven's free air. In the midst of her almost childish abandon and delight, the gleeful notes of a hunting chorus are heard approaching. It is the signal of the queen's coming; and not until this moment does Sir Amias Paulet tell Mary that Elizabeth has granted her prayer for an interview and is even now approaching. Mary, unnerved by the excitement of the few moments' freedom, is all unprepared for the ordeal, which she now piteously but vainly begs to be spared. As Elizabeth with Shrewsbury and Leicester appears through a glade in the forest, she summons her fortitude for the meeting. Even from the first she is repelled by Elizabeth's haughty, disdainful air; it requires all her self-control to enable her to bow before the one whose will decides her fate; she essays to bend the knee as a suppliant, but she too is of royal blood, the memory of her wrongs and years of captivity surges over her and she stands before England's queen as proud and queenly as Elizabeth herself; it is not her eyes that fall first. Elizabeth breaks the silence by addressing her ministers:

"How now, my Lords!
Which of you then announced to me a prisoner
Bowed down by woe? I see a haughty one
By no means humbled by calamity."

Mary, besought by Kennedy to remember the momentous issue of the meeting, attempts to plead her cause, agreeing to renounce all claim to the throne and live quietly in some foreign land if given her freedom; she pleads their kinship, their common womanhood, and even kneels before the unbending woman whose stony face is expressive of dislike and hatred, mingled with exultation at seeing her enemy humbled before her. But eighteen years behind barred doors have not wholly tamed the Stuart blood. Exasperated at the queen's unconcealed enjoyment of her humiliation, and her taunts, Mary forgets the courtier's part; is she not also a queen? Elizabeth's crowning insolence is to remind her of her unfortunate marriages:

"And you confess, at last, that you are conquered:
Are all your schemes run out? Will no adventurer
Attempt again for you the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over:—You'll seduce
No mortal more. The world has other cares;
None is ambitious of the dangerous honor
Of being your fourth husband."

Then, turning to Leicester, Elizabeth continues:

"Thou then, my Lord of Leicester, art the
charm
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?
In sooth, this honor hath been cheaply gained;
She who to all is common, may with ease
Become the common object of applause."

At this the insulted woman—woman now—yet dignified even in her rage, reminds Elizabeth that her faults were

open and unconcealed, and that she had grievously atoned for them. Then, as the full meaning of the insult crowds upon her, she flings prudence to the winds, and her reproaches, under which Elizabeth cowers as if they were blows, culminate in this speech:

"Woe to you! when in time to come the world
Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds
With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veiled
The raging flames of lawless, secret lust.
Virtue was not the portion of your mother;
Well know we what it was which brought the
head
Of Anne Boleyn to the fatal block.
A bastard soils, profanes the English throne!
The generous Britons are cheated by a juggler.
If right prevailed you now would in the dust
Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!"

That is a thrilling moment when rising to the full height of her superb figure, with scorn and contempt expressed in every line of her mobile face, with finger leveled at Elizabeth, who has hidden her face in her hands and turned away, she says "A bastard soils,"—and with unregal haste, "the virgin queen" hastens from the spot, followed by her attendants, who, as well as Mary's faithful few, know well that this unlucky encounter has sealed the fate of Mary, Queen of Scots.

And truly, "the time to come" has, as Mary is made to prophesy, revealed Elizabeth as less the noble queen than the vain, jealous, erring woman, whose courtiers were compelled to minister constantly to her insatiate desire for flattery; who, though no worse than most of those who formed her court, was at least not without reproach among them; and whose personal jealousy of the beauty and fascinations of Mary led to the signing her death warrant on a trumped-up charge too clumsy to deceive one not wilfully prejudiced.

In the next scene, Elizabeth hesitates over the affixing her signature to the warrant. Some prescience seems to warn her of the odium it will bring upon her in years to come; half admiringly she recalls

"With what superb disdain she faced me!
As if her eye should blast me like the lightning!"
but it is the recollection of that taunt "bastard!" that stings her to revenge, and she writes her name decisively.

Mortimer learns the warrant is signed and delivered to Burleigh, and he seeks Leicester to entreat him to join him in one last, desperate attempt at rescue. But Leicester still counsels delay and his temporizing so exasperates Mortimer that he threatens to denounce him as double traitor to both Mary and Elizabeth. But the wily earl does not propose to risk his neck in any woman's cause; he summons the guard, denounces Mortimer as a traitor and gives him into custody. What that charge means from Leicester's lips Mortimer does not need to be told; he breaks the sword he may not raise in behalf of the woman he loves, and takes his own life in presence of the soldiers sent to arrest him. Keenwitted Burleigh suspects Leicester and lays his suspicious and his proofs before Elizabeth, who is furious at her admirer's treachery. She will not see

him, but he forces his way to her presence and that ready tongue of his quickly undoes what Burleigh had so well begun. Mortimer, fortunately, is dead; and he takes credit to himself for having saved her majesty, by his cunning and watchfulness, from a dangerous plot. To still further avert suspicion he now urges Mary's execution, that Elizabeth's peace and the prosperity of England may be assured. And Elizabeth, half distrustful of his sincerity, with a refinement of cruelty born of her suspicion that he has a *tendresse* for Mary, decrees that he shall be the one to bear to her the tidings that the day of her execution is at hand.

In the last act, in a most pathetic scene, Mary bids farewell to those who have so faithfully attended her captivity—her old nurse Kennedy, Margaret Curl, to whose grief at losing her beloved mistress is added the bitter knowledge that it was her own husband's perjury that helped make it possible—and the others who had been of her household. To each she speaks some loving words of farewell and gives some little remembrance, even her grim but faithful jailor, Paulet, is not forgotten, she has some gracious words of acknowledgement for him. Then Burleigh, cold, unsympathetic, as unmoved by the woes of "the Popish woman" as ever, scorning to dissemble—and one at least respects him for his honesty—enters with Shrewsbury and Leicester, it being their office to witness the execution of the sentence. Mary has no words of reproach for her false, double-faced lover; she forgives him also; the bell of the castle knells; the scarlet-clad executioner, his attendant bearing the fatal axe, stalks through the hall amid murmurs of horror and execration; and denied the consolations of her religion or the ministrations of a woman to prepare that round white throat for the block, as the hymn for the dying is sung Mary goes unflinching to her fate, her eyes fixed upon the crucifix she holds, her voice reciting the prayers of her church. And thus sadly the great curtain falls upon the mimic representation of the tragedy of more than three hundred years ago, through which the fate of Mary Stuart has ever been invested with romantic pathos. Her death is the darkest blot upon Elizabeth's reign; and pity for her sufferings long ago effaced the memory of her errors for which she atoned with her blood; while historians, searching among musty parchments and dusty, decaying archives, have patiently sifted and weighed and balanced the facts there learned, till Papist and Protestant alike do tardy justice to an erring but misjudged woman and calumniated queen.

And Modjeska so thoroughly identifies herself with Mary Stuart that you forget it is but "play acting" and feel that you have but to follow her through the arched doorway to actually witness the tragedy enacted in the great hall of Fotheringhay Castle on the eighth of February, 1587.

BEAERIEY.

ODDS AND ENDS.

I see Beatrix mentions a lack of recipes. I will send in a few to help fill up both the paper and those who may try them.

The frosting is very nice; people have asked me how I make "boiled frosting," but it is so quickly and easily made that I would not use eggs if I could get them for nothing, which one cannot do this winter.

I had my doubts as to the pudding, but the recipe was given me by an excellent cook, so I tried it, and liked it so well I will send that also.

Last summer the young lady of the house spent a great deal of time playing in a box of sand that was put in the yard for her use. When it got too cold for her to be out of doors the sand had to come in, too. A starch box with cleats nailed across the ends for convenience in handling, was given a corner in the kitchen, and there, with an old teaspoon, a bottle, tin cup, and patty pans, she has med'cine, stirs up gravy, makes pies, cake, and "lots of 'fings." She is not allowed to carry it away from the box, or to have water to mix in it. The sand was brought from a lake, is clean and white and very easy to sweep up. Besides the amusement it furnishes, I think the "spoon practice" is good, for, though just past her second birthday, baby handles her spoon and fork at the table with the skill of a veteran.

What do the readers think of a badge for the members of the HOUSEHOLD, I have been "alone in a crowd," at the State Fair for instance, and wondered as I watched the crowds pass if any of them were members of the HOUSEHOLD. I picked out, in my imagination, several of the contributors, but, oh dear! we know them through the paper, but if we should stumble against them at the World's Fair next summer we would be none the wiser. PEGGOTTY.

AN ANGEL AND A GRANITE KETTLE.

I have just mended my granite kettle, and as I supposed for years that they could not be mended, perhaps some other housekeeper may be interested to know that she can mend her's herself.

The story begins with a summer day nearly two years ago when I entertained the "angel"—if it was "unawares" I am sure I could not be blamed, for what I saw was a very dilapidated man, with a more dilapidated wagon and a most discouraged-looking horse, who wanted a dinner. We were eating, and he took the vacant seat. Since my family does not fill the table I usually put on an extra plate. After he had eaten a dinner, which really cost me no trouble, he mended my kettle, taught me how to do it and gave me sticks of solder and acid enough to last until now; and I have, with the aid of the poker, mended all my tinware and the old kettle

many times, for although I have no hired girl, it will boil dry occasionally and melt the solder out.

AUNT BESSIE.

CANNING BEEF.

Here is something which may be of service to housekeepers in varying the bill of fare next summer. A similar method has long been in vogue among farmers' wives for keeping ham through the warm weather. We see no reason why the process should not be equally successful with beef, as this correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* narrates:

"We usually butcher two or three beeves each fall and winter; the fore-quarters are sold, or exchanged with neighbors, while the steaks are sliced down nicely as soon as they have become cooled, then roasted carefully in large frying pans placed in the oven. It may be seasoned with salt and pepper to suit the taste before placing in the oven. When nicely done it must be packed tightly in gallon jars, using a potato masher to compress it in the jar, the object being to leave no air spaces within the jar. When the jars are filled and well packed down, run over sufficient lard to cover all the steaks to the depth of one-half inch. Parchment paper, such as is used in wrapping butter, is then closely fitted so as to exclude the air, the great secret in canning anything being to exclude the air. The jars are then covered with common wrapping paper or newspapers and closely tied about the top to ward off dust. By this way the beef may be preserved ten or twelve months, and we have had none to spoil in eight years. When using from a jar in warm weather care must be taken to press the lard down evenly each time in order to preserve it fresh and sweet. We have frequently had visitors inquire where we obtained our fresh meat for dinner, when in fact it was eight or ten months packed thus. Large families might pack in two-gallon jars but for small families one-gallon jars are best."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Now that pillows of all shapes and sizes are so much in vogue, remember that husks, stripped fine, make very good filling for them. Nor are such pillows so warm and uncomfortable in hot weather as feather pillows.

To draw linen threads for hemstitching with perfect ease, take a lather-brush and soap, and lather well the portion where the threads are to be drawn; let the linen dry, and you will have no trouble even with the finest of linen.

THE *Reading Telephone* gives a recipe for keeping tinware from rusting: If the seams of new tin-ware are thoroughly greased with fresh lard or sweet oil and the pail set on a stove-shelf or other warm place twenty-four hours before it is washed, it will not rust afterward.

THE *Tecumseh Herald* is responsible for the following: While several persons were discussing the merits of wood, coal and gasoline for cooking purposes

recently, a lady present quietly remarked, "We cook by steam." Her husband gave her a startled look, as if doubting her sanity, but she went on serenely, "we put in a stove-full of green oak wood and pour on plenty of kerosene oil, and keep poking it, and it just steams, you know." It is safe to say that lady will get seasoned fuel to cook with next winter.

SAYS the *New York World*: To keep clothes white when you are obliged to dry them week after week in the house is difficult for the laundress who doesn't know how. The first precaution which must be taken is to have the water very hot. Even the rinsing water must be of just as high a temperature as can be borne by the hand of the laundress. No soap should be rubbed on the clothes, but in place of it, a piece of soap should be finely shaved and dissolved in the water before ever the clothes are put in. The bluing water should be very blue to counteract the yellowing tendencies of the soap, and the clothes should be thoroughly wrung out before they are put into it. But the most important step in this really satisfactory process lies in the preparation of the rinsing water. As has been stated, this should be very hot. When it has been drawn into the tub and while it is still steaming, pour in about two tablespoonfuls of good ammonia. This whitens the clothes wonderfully and does not injure them in the least.

Contributed Recipes.

LAURA'S CAKE.—Nearly a cup of sugar; one egg; six tablespoonfuls of water; one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This cake ought to be a little stiffer than cakes commonly are. Bake in layers. Good only with soft filling. The following makes a good filling: One egg; one half cup of sugar; one-third cup of flour; beat and put in one-half pint of milk. Cook in pail or pitcher and set in boiling water until it thickens; spread between the layers.

COOKIES.—One cup of thick sour cream; one cup of sugar; one egg; one teaspoonful of soda.

A SIMPLE DESSERT.—Into a pint of sweetened milk while boiling stir two tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with a little cold water. Pour in moulds to cool. To be eaten with cream and sugar. Orange flavoring may be used, but chocolate is better. Quickly made. JANNETTE.

FROSTING.—Take pulverized sugar proportioned to the size of your cake; moisten with sweet cream till it forms a smooth paste, spread on your cake and harden in a cool oven. Sweet milk may be used instead of cream.

PUDDING.—Into boiling water, or milk, to which a pinch of salt has been added, stir flour until it is so stiff the spoon will stand alone; flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Set where it will keep warm till ready to serve. Eat with cream and sugar.

PEGGOTTY.