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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

OUR WORDS.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
"Come here!" I cooed and he looked and smiled
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

For the words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Although much has been written about Arctic explorations and the subject is more or less familiar to us all, the personal narrative of one who has made a Polar voyage possesses peculiar interest. Lieut. Robert E. Peary, who returned from Greenland last September, recently lectured here, and gave us a graphic account of his famous trip across the northern extremity of Greenland, in which he went four degrees further north than any other explorer, proved conclusively that Greenland is an island, and reached a point only five hundred miles from the North Pole.

Lieut. Peary is evidently a modest man. He made no boast of his perils or his achievements, but contented himself with telling us the story of his trip and something of the people and country, in an interesting but unsensational manner. With a party of seven, in which his wife was included—the size of the party being governed by the desire of reducing as much as possible the quantity of supplies to be carried—he set sail in the whaler *Kite* from Brooklyn, in July, 1891. He was sent by the Philadelphia Academy of National Science, and based his plans on a radical departure from the usual methods of his predecessors, who have invariably endeavored to travel by water, following the indentations of the coast and relying upon their vessels to carry them where they wished to go—provided the ice would admit. Lieut. Peary proposed to cross the interior of Greenland and see what could be reached in that way.

Topographically, Greenland is like a

loaf of cake upon a plate. There is a narrow coast line, which answers to the rim or edge of the plate, then a range of mountains rising to the interior, which is a vast plain of snow and ice, the "ice-cap" which corresponds to the cake's frosting. Rain never falls in Greenland; the moisture is precipitated as snow, and for centuries this has been accumulating in the valleys till it is in some places from a mile to a mile and a half in depth, the altitude being from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea level. It was this ice cap which the explorer proposed to utilize as a great highway to the Polar ocean.

The *Kite* landed the party at Wales Sound in August, and the first work was the building of the house which was to be headquarters and home—a house (named Red Cliff on account of the proximity of brilliant sandstone cliffs) in which architecture was not considered and picturesqueness had no part, but which seemed a palace to the Eskimo, who came from scores of miles around to inspect it and the queer people who lived in it. Fur garments and fur sleeping-bags had to be made, dogs and sledges and Eskimo drivers got together preparatory to the long journey contemplated.

In the spring the expedition started, part of the party and Mrs. Peary remaining behind at Red Cliff, while the Lieutenant with two sledges and two full teams of dogs started for the north. They had forty miles of hard hauling over bluffs and broken ice before they reached the vast ice-cap of the interior, which they found, as expected, a great level plain on which traveling was comparatively easy. After a part of the journey was accomplished, the rest of the party was sent back and Lieut. Peary and a Norwegian named Astrup went on alone, with a single sledge containing their supplies. So level and monotonous was this great ice-field that it was necessary for one to go on ahead and set a small guidon or flag to indicate the direction to the dogs, who soon learned its object and to follow it. Lieut. Peary, planting this signal and looking back to the little light sledge with its two dogs and its one driver in the midst of the pathless plain, as illimitable and void of landmark as the ocean, felt the scene an inspiration for the artist, the subject, "Solitude." Four degrees nearer the

Pole than yet reached, in a land a white man's foot never trod before, Lieut. Peary flung out the Stars and Stripes, and looked out over a Polar ocean and archipelago never before seen by his race. Then began the return journey. In all 1,300 miles were traveled, as the bee flies, entirely on foot, the dogs drawing only the supplies necessary—his food and theirs. Not a monotonous journey, by any means, but full of perils from the numerous crevasses; some so wide a detour had to be made, others narrow and bridged by drifted snow through which the foremost dogs often plunged. As these crevasses were from 500 to 5,000 feet deep, the necessity of caution is obvious.

The Eskimo of Greenland number but 233—men, women and children. They are the oldest tribe in America, and completely isolated. The residents of the southern portion are of Danish descent, and have but slightly modified the fashions of their forefathers. They are an undersized people; dark in complexion, as if tanned by the smoke in their igloes; "mortal homely," with obliquely set, sharp, small, beady black eyes; round faces; flat, thick noses; thick lips and low frontal development. Their hair is coarse and worn long, and being apparently unacquainted with combs, adds to their generally disreputable appearance. The only fabric they know is fur; the only ornament of the women a cord of seal on which is strung a few bits of ivory, worn as a necklace. Their clothing consists of long boots made of tanned seal with the fur inside, and within these seal stockings, and coats and trousers of fur. Mention was made of a coat of blue fox worn by one man which, at our values, would be worth \$500. Both sexes wear an inner garment made of the skins of sea birds. The only distinction in dress is that the women's boots are longer and their coats have a hood attached in which the baby Eskimos are carried, sometimes until they are two years old. The dress of the children is the counterpart of that of their parents.

Eskimo housekeeping is the perfection of simplicity. They live on meat the year round; it is their sole diet, and is eaten raw and often frozen. The seal, walrus, musk-ox and an occasional polar bear furnish it. Animal life in these Arctic seas is far more abundant than

one would suppose. Sea-birds resort to adjacent islands in enormous numbers, the common seal abounds; and the lecturer gave us an account of an adventure with walrus which came near depriving the world of one of its most intrepid explorers. A herd of 150 was discovered, and one was shot. Its cries and the blood which stained the water so infuriated its companions that it was only by the constant discharge of five Winchester rifles—which Mrs. Peary was kept busy reloading—that they were kept from capsizing the boat; one particularly furious fellow came so near as to almost seize the gunwale. The walrus is a formidable-looking creature, being armed with two gleaming tusks about two feet long, which in spite of its ungainliness it uses with as much ease as a soldier his sabre.

Shut in as they are by eternal snow, the commonest articles of civilization are marvels to the Eskimo. Needles and knives are especially precious to them. An Eskimo woman will give all she possesses for a needle, and a man offered Lieut. Peary his wife and two children for a bright new twenty-five cent knife. An enterprising Yankee with ten dollars' worth of cutlery might buy up all Greenland, be monarch of a Polar continent containing 750,000 square miles, and build his palace at Upernavik, which as shown on the canvas, consists of three houses—governor's, assistant governor's, and priest's—with a few native huts.

As fashions are ever the same in Eskimo land, and as the fur clothing is never changed until worn out, the family sewing of an Eskimo woman is akin in simplicity to the rest of her housekeeping. Yet to make and repair, with their clumsy tools, must be considerable of a task. I meant to ask the lecturer if Eskimo women want to vote, and have clubs and "Circles" and what are their views regarding the revival of crinoline, but he disappeared so quickly at the close that I had no chance. The fur bags in which they sleep must be warm indeed, for we were told that in them both Lieut. and Mrs. Peary slept comfortably in the open air at a temperature 35 degrees below zero. Part of the women's work is preparing the skins of sea-birds for the inner garment before mentioned. They tan these skins by chewing them, and as the feathers are left on and 50 or 60 skins required for a garment, somewhat of the strength of jaw of the Eskimo woman may be inferred.

The only domestic animal and beast of burden is the dog. These are apparently half-wolf; intelligent, strong, hardy brutes; more or less well-trained; somewhat resembling the collie in appearance, and an indispensable aid to the explorer. The team of fourteen dogs was shown in many of the stereopticon views with which the lecture was illustrated, and always with Lion, the leader, at the front. They are not

harnessed in our acception of the word, but attached by long thongs to the sledge, giving them much liberty of movement; and one of the vexations of the journey was the knots into which it seemed their amusement to tangle these thongs. They are fed but once in twenty-four hours, their food raw frozen meat, and it was characteristic of Lion that he never manifested any enthusiasm until the dinner hour approached.

One picture showed them after a stormy night almost buried in snow; one had risen on his fore-paws and was surveying the scene with a most disgusted expression, as of saying in dog-language, "What beastly weather!" Five of the dogs accompanied the lecturer and were shown on the platform with one of the sledges used and a driver in full Eskimo costume; they seemed to enjoy the notice and petting of the crowd.

We had a glimpse of an Arctic summer, a vision as brief as the season itself; a mention of green turf, a rippling little rill on its way to the great glacier just beyond, brilliant hued Arctic flowers gemming the sod, a bumble-bee and a butterfly swinging by on lazy wing, and over all an Italian sky. But most that he told us was of eternal snow, mountains and rivers of ice, glittering bergs and wind swept stretches of drifted snow, against which they entrenched themselves by digging Eskimo fashion into it, putting up a sail to break the violence of the wind, and feeling very luxuriously comfortable!

Lieut. Peary will start on another expedition next June, proceeding as before up the west coast of the island, and utilizing the experience and information gained already, hopes to get yet nearer the *ultima thule* of the Arctic voyager, the end of the earth's axis. If the channels between the islands north of Greenland are narrow, and the islands easily traversed, he may reach it; if there are broad expanses of ocean the feat is problematical.

What a wonderful fascination there is in these Arctic researches to make cultured men like Peary willing to undergo the privations and perils, the eternal battle with cold, the possible death by starvation, the chance that at the bottom of some treacherous crevasse they may find sepulchre and their fate be a matter of surmise, for its sake!

BEATRIX.

A USEFUL LIFE.

Since my last letter a dear old fatherly friend has been called home. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, he was gone, and the wife to whom he had been the tenderest and best of husbands for many years is so utterly alone that in assisting there I have lived over again many scenes in my life of other years. When my own good father died, in the same sudden way, it was mine to go through all the rooms of the old home

and gather up all his clothing, take all charge of his unfinished correspondence and even write his obituary, and I have done likewise in this instance and with much the same feelings.

In one of my HOUSEHOLD letters, about three years ago, I stated that in a room above my own was a valuable scientific collection that I meant to write about some day, but the year of my residence there was over-full and now the Doctor cannot give either history or classification, so much of their value will be lost because there are no labels or arrangement by which the specimens may be known.

The Doctor was married in 1836 and, with his bride, took passage on a sailing vessel for the then almost unknown Sandwich Islands. He was sent by the American Board as a medical missionary, and they were four months on the ocean.

Their home was in Kailua, Hawaii, and they labored zealously to save the souls and bodies of the natives. These being among the first missionaries the inhabitants were wild and uncivilized, but they were not cannibals as some suppose, though they did sometimes offer human beings as sacrifices to their gods. There are some hideous idols in his museum and even some rare formations of lava that were worshipped as such. The lava is from that greatest volcano in the world, Mauna Loa, beside which the better known Vesuvius is but a plaything.

Of course the first work was to master their language and indeed until that time they had no written language, so all their characters are from our own alphabet, and only thirteen letters are used, but they make free use of all vowels. Uncultured as they were their greeting, "Aloha," which being translated means "Love to you," seems full of good promise. At that time all the flour and most of the food of these missionaries was sent from the United States by this slow transit. For twelve years they labored there with unflagging interest, but the wife and three of the four children found graves in that distant land and, in feeble health, the doctor and his ten years old son again started on an ocean voyage, this time on a whaling vessel, and were six months on the water before reaching New York. Four years afterward the doctor was again married, intending to return to the Islands. By advice of the Board he did not go in the flesh but in his spirit, and with deepest interest, he was ever with those people whom he had learned to love because of their need of him. So he settled in Romeo, giving his only child every educational advantage, and the connection of Dr. Geo. P. Andrews with the Detroit Medical College proves how well the son improved his opportunities, for the doctor of whom I write was the father of this well-known pathologist, of Detroit, who returned to his native land in 1890 and expects to remain a resident of Hono-

lulu. The improvement in transportation in the past forty years is shown by this return trip, as the son was on the ocean but a single week from San Francisco instead of "doubling Cape Horn," as in earlier years.

We read and hear of really good men, but to know one such as Dr. Andrews had been through all the eighty-three years of his life establishes our faith in Christianity and in all mankind; for his pure, childlike trust, his words and works known of all men were so unostentatious that he seemed a true disciple of the meek and lowly. As a practitioner he ranked with the best and as a husband he was my ideal, so tender and thoughtful that he seemed almost to live for the good that he might do for his feeble wife and all who shared his liberal hospitality. His kindly face, framed in silver, looks down upon me as I write in saintly benediction. It is something to be thankful for, during a whole life time, to have known such a man.

EL. SEE.

ROMEO.

TABLE MANNERS.

Most of us are probably familiar with the sensation experienced on reading in the HOUSEHOLD "just what we meant to say" at some future and more convenient season. Just so I felt when reading Cassandra's remarks in the HOUSEHOLD of March 4th. As the Irishman said, she "took the shoes and stockings right out of my mouth."

I don't think that manners make the man entirely, but I do think good manners are an indispensable adjunct, especially table manners.

So many mothers seem to think that if they set their children a good example, that is all that is necessary. With some children it may be, but the majority have a large amount of human nature in their make-up, and will invariably follow the worst example. That is, if the head of the house is careless at table, his children will be careless; if he eats with his knife so will they, unless some counteracting influence stronger than a good example makes itself felt. Of course it makes it harder for the mother to exert this influence if the father fails to realize his duty in the matter, but by beginning early, in fact as soon as the child begins to eat at the table, she may spare herself much future annoyance.

It is scarcely fair that the mother should have all the responsibility; but, if it cannot be helped, let her be careful how she depends on example alone. When I see a man shovel in his food with his knife, I think "His mother taught him table manners—by example."

Sister Gracious, don't be worried about hoop skirts. The mighty Worth says "It shall not be," that he has no intention of sanctioning the wearing of crinoline of any sort, and thinks we need have no fear on that score.

BATTLE CREEK.

V. I. M.

FATHER AND SON.

[Abstract of paper read by Mrs. Lucy Swift before the Farmers' Institute at Grand Blanc, with response.]

Filial affection is certainly one of the most natural elements of the father's nature. That he represses, restrains and renders useless this most beneficent endowment is the accusation we bring. We find him withholding praise when praise is due; throttling appreciation when an expression of it is necessary to good results; find him smothering his affections—the most potent element for good in his nature. We read between the lines of history that this is no new feature of civilization. The stern, uncompromising nature of Frederick William has ever found its counterpart in varying degrees among the sons of men. Inconsistent with this statement would seem the warm welcome the father ever accords his male issue. Unlike natures, the feminine failing to understand the masculine, has been given by those who have made it a study, as the cause in many cases of discord between man and woman. But no such cause can be assigned in the case of father and son. When do we first see the signs of this divergence? Not at the cradle, for there all that is noble and loving in the manly nature shows itself. Time passes and out from the cradle walks this young creature, fully fledged, with all the attributes of his kind—its plastic nature and unformed character, ours to make or to mar. Very soon the dominant nature, which is such a strong factor of the male, begins to assert itself, and as "Greek met Greek" has the father ever met the awakening.

We believe the father loves his boy. We believe, too, what the poet says: "Gold is found hidden beneath the roughest ground," but of what good to struggling humanity is that deposit unless brought to the surface? And what good to the boy the latent affection that fertilizes no part of his nature? Just as certainly as the needle points to the pole does the nature of a child gravitate toward tenderness and loving justice; and just as you plant at this time of your child's life, shall you surely reap. The propagation of courage among the Spartans began in babyhood, and it produced the most intrepid people of ancient times. If the boy holds the father at a distance (as a father said to me), it is on the father's own measurements; and if he turns to the mother with the "confidence and affection denied the father, it is because he has seen in her look and action the self-sacrificing love she bore him, even if her sense of justice has caused her to rebuke him with severity. The family skeleton is often the alienated relations of father and son, relations that bear sorrowful traces on the faces of mothers, and desolate otherwise cheerful homes. We who have reached life's summit and have gone hand in hand with those

fathers, realize that weariness of body detracts much from the genial part of their natures, but the son, with his strong young nature, knows nothing of this. It would seem easy for the father to look back and make fitting allowance. M. Quad tells us: "The son is about what the father was at his age, and if the father would take as much interest in learning the nature of his sons as in the colt he is breaking, much trouble would be avoided."

A boy is amenable to reason. Power makes autocrats of us all and nowhere do we see a greater display of it than in the father who lays down rules and laws without fitting explanation. We listen to the cry of old age, and it is ever of the ingratitude of children. It is in the nature of things to love that which is lovable, honor that which is honorable, respect that which is respectable; and that parent who has had for his motto, Justice tempered with loving tolerance, need have no fears that the sting of ingratitude will imbitter his closing years. A few favors, privileges generously, lovingly granted, are better investments for a boy than all your accumulations of years after he has become hardened and sordid towards you. If the boy hates the farm and leaves it, it is because he has always heard it depreciated, its labors called drudgery, heard other vocations lauded, industries that have annoyances and vexations of which we know nothing. Living so near the very heart of nature, why have we parents grown so hard, so sordid, so craving? To be the sole owners of a few acres of God's green earth is better than to wear a crown, and we may, if we will, so live these rural lives as to transmit blessings instead of calamities, so live them as to be pointed out as God's most favored people.

Geo. W. Hubbard, of Flint, responded by saying: Mrs. Swift's paper furnishes a creed for families, and related, as *apropos* to this discussion of the sterner sex a little anecdote. Remarking at his family table on the necessity of economy at the present prices of pork and eggs, he expressed himself as wishing, if he were to be changed into an animal, he could be just now either a hog or a hen. "My dear," replied Mr. Hubbard's better half, "you already have half your wish and are not a hen." The boy's life is a drama in four acts: Babyhood, "teenhood," manhood and age. The first act is one in which the wife plays the star part, the father sees results and pays the bills. Build your boy before ten years of age. If you have thrown around him the armor of love, and wisely formed his character from day to day, a satisfactory structure, able to stand the storms of life, should be the result. In teenhood the real business of life has just begun. 'Tis said "Like father, like son," but inherited characteristics may manifest themselves. Let the father be the man he wishes his son to be.

The Household.

Strive to be in sympathy with your boy, to better understand him. Boys must possess the faculty of work and all possibilities lie open to them. The broom boys and lamp-cleaners of twenty-five years ago are the prosperous business men of to-day. Tell the truth and impress on your boy the value of honesty. Put up the danger signals for him from your own past experience. Hold him by love. Take him to large cities and show him different phases of life, good and evil. Boys of good character are always in demand. Capital is asking for investment. Advise boys to treat capital as a sweet-heart. Said nothing about mothers, as every family has a good mother.

Congressman-elect Aitkin being called for said a man's life is formed in his boyhood. Speak appreciative words to the boy and teach him to have an object in life.

WE TWO—A REVERIE.

We own neither houses or lots. No bank-book reveals the balance to be drawn; and what we have comes by the sweat of our brows.

No dainty viands are spread upon our table—and yet we live in a grander state than many possessing millions. We have no liveried lackeys, for we do not ride; we are too poor to afford such a luxury.

No piano or guitar break into music at touch of loving hands, yet—

"Our lives are as psalms, and our foreheads wear
A calm, like the peal of beautiful hymns."

We do not envy those around us who have wealth; their lives seem to be full of anxiety, each day bringing new trials; love seems to be crowded out in their eagerness to grasp another coin, and each one pressed closer when bank-stock lowers.

All our days are not sunshine. Often the sky is cloudy, and some dark days bring rain drops, still beyond all darkened days we can discern a luminous margin that deepens into surrounding brightness.

Old Time pours into our lives an elixir and home abounds with happiness and more treasures than Croesus ever saw.

Our wardrobe does not contain silk or broadcloth; no tailor plies his needle on our homely garments, yet a certain luster shines about a clean gingham sun-bonnet and a genuine homespun garment.

While walking down the street, we are bowed to from the other side; people pass us who seemingly cast a look of scorn at our out-of-style appearance, wrapping their skirts closer around their forms, in order to give us plenty of room. Perhaps they think we are lonely! Far from it—they do not see what "beautiful throngs of angels we have for company." They do not know but that "we two," in days that are past, lived in luxury, and our earthly possessions were cancelled in a moment; if so, "the 'talent' which prosperity

folded 'in a napkin,' the rough hand of adversity shook out." They may be robbed of their rich domains, and title and happiness be trampled under their feet; should they pause in their splendor to consider such a question, I dare say they would have more charity for such as "we two," and like the dew from heaven which falls gently on the drooping flower, refreshing and reviving it, so they would seek to heal the wounds inflicted by misfortune. And if the storms of adversity should whistle around them, we pray they will whistle as bravely as "we two" and perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

FLOWER NOTES.

I have in my mind a most desirable plant which although well-known is not generally included in home collections. I refer to the Lemon verbena (*Aloysia citradosa*). I presume a description would be superfluous, but if every one who has plants will start a lemon verbena, the most satisfactory method being to buy one, I am positive they will after a time never be without one, as it exhales the most delightfully refreshing odor, soothing to the nerves as all lemon scents are wont to be and is really a nerve stimulant. The Spanish, French and Mexican women use their lemon teas, I have read, as we do our cup from the Chinese herb "that cheers but not inebriates." The lemon verbena is quite hardy and may be kept in a cellar through winter if more convenient, be set in the border in summer, and we may use the steeped leaves if needed or inhale the perfume as remedy for headaches, sleeplessness, faintness, or even neuralgia, for I know such odors are a heavenly balm to tortured nerves. No plant is such a source of remedial sweetness as lemon verbena.

I always winter feverfew in the garden with a little light mulch—not so much as to hold ice and snow, as that is worse than none.

The "Marvel of Peru" is the Four o'Clock and old as the hills, but seldom seen cultivated to best perfection, as it will not survive our winters out of doors; but its tubers if stored in a frost-proof cellar as we do dahlias will give more and better flowers year after year. I have heard of their being planted in tubs and wintered in them, allowing the soil to dry and remain so through winter.

While visiting a friend a short time ago my attention was called to a sickly rose bush, dying from a cause of which the owner was entirely ignorant. One glance told the trouble—a perfect lattice-work of almost invisible web enveloped limbs, leaves and stems, where the tiniest of spiders were traveling in and out by dozens; and as the pot stood in the sunshine they were wide awake. All who possess roses, fuchsias and any plants with fading foliage should look out for spiders and scale at this season.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

CHAT.

MRS. J. L. D., of Grand Blanc, says she has often felt she would like to be counted among the HOUSEHOLD contributors, and now comes to express her sympathy for Bonnie Scotland in her trouble and sorrow. She says:

"I too have passed through the same grief within the past year. I had to part with a dear mother and lay her to rest. I hope that your mother may be spared to you, but if God in his wisdom thinks best to call her home, there is no word I can say that will assuage your grief; there is only One who can comfort you, 'He who doeth all things well.' I know full well the many heart-aches, and hours of sorrow; life seemed a blank to me, and I could hardly pick up the thread and go on, notwithstanding the kind friends who tried to cheer and comfort me. There is no friend like a mother, we realize it all the more after she is taken from us."

DEWDROP comes also with a gentle reminder that not always are we free from selfishness in the love that would keep our dear ones with us, though they are suffering the pains of disease. She says:

"Bonnie Scotland wonders if any one remembers her. Yes, I remember her quite well and can sympathize with her in her sorrow as I am personally acquainted. Her mother has lain on a bed of languishing and misery for over four months, suffering the untold pain of three cancers; the physician said months ago there was no help. Can you, Bonnie Scotland, wish your mother to stay here and see her suffer so? Take your trouble to our heavenly Father and ask him to take her from this world of care and sorrow. She has been spared to see her family of eleven children grow up into manhood and womanhood. The father needs our sympathy; they have lived together many years, clung together together in poverty and plenty and lived to a good old age. How he will miss the loved companion through so many years! But let us hope to meet them both

'In Heaven above
Where all is love
There'll be no sorrow there.'"

Contributed Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—First, make a rich paste and bake it in a deep pie-tin. Dissolve one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water and pour on $1\frac{1}{2}$ teacups of boiling water; stir until smooth; add a piece of butter the size of an egg; one cup sugar; the beaten yolks of three eggs, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Pour this into the shell that has been previously baked and return to the oven and bake. When cold spread over the top two-thirds of a cup of thick sweet cream whipped, sweetened and flavored, and then sprinkle on fresh grated cocoanut.

MAUD MULLER.

COCOANUT CAKE.—For the cake, use any good recipe for layer cake, either white or yellow. Filling: Stir smooth one heaping tablespoonful of flour in a little cold water; add boiling water, stirring constantly, till it is as thick as you want it to spread on the cake, then set over hot water to cook. Add one cup sugar, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a little salt, half cup dessicated cocoanut, or more if desired. Spread this between the layers, frost the top, and sprinkle thickly with cocoanut.

V. I. M.

BATTLE CREEK.