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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE ORCHARD PATH.

So you're bound to go to the city? you're tired to death of the farm!
 "Big enough to look after yourself," and you're not afraid of harm!
 Ah, that's the way you all go! The same old story you tell—
 Sit down for a minute, daughter, let's talk it all over well.
 Dear, don't you think I know it? I've lived it many a year!
 This starving of mind and spirit, this grinding of farm work drear;
 Wearing out of the muscle, an' rusting out of the brain;
 Working your very heart out for a little handful of gain!
 Daughter, I know the straggle, from first to last, the whole;
 How it hurts to crucify longings, how it aches to cramp the soul!
 But we've got the air and sunshine, the fields an' the stars at night,
 An' a shelf of books in the cupboard for the hour when the lamp's alight.
 Say you go the city—what can you really do? A trifle of clumsy sewing; can scrub and bake and stew.
 You've not the learning for teaching. You could maybe, "stand in a store"
 From dawn to dark, with an aching back an' ankles swollen and sore,
 That's all there is before you; unless, like your uncle's Belle,
 You ran away with the circus (an' her end you know right well!)
 After the raising I gave you, you'd hardly go on the stage;
 You might serve hash in a restaurant for a pitiful mite of wage.
 Drudging all day in the basement, and sleeping under the roof;
 Pain and wrong at your elbow, but happiness keeping aloof;
 Deceit hid under fair seeming, sin stalking free in the street,
 Girl, if you go to the city, that's what you're bound to meet.
 Here, under the stars at milking-time, an' out on the fresh green sod,
 We get to know more of life's meaning, and somehow seem closer to God.
 You'd miss the air and the sunshine, and the orchard trees a-flower;
 You'd miss the scent of the clover fields and the hush of the twilight hour.
 Isn't that some one a-coming, out on the National Pike?
 Hark to the cheery whistle! Surely that's Ather-ton's Ike?
 You've taken a spite against him because of his homely name;
 If it was Irving or Austin, would it be just the same?
 Isaac meant "Laughter" in Hebrew. That's what he's like to me,
 With his tossing hair and twinkling eyes, and deep voice full of glee.
 No, he wouldn't look well in a pan-tailed coat an' a white cravat; his hands
 Are fitter for breaking unruly colts than twiddling with ladies' fans.

But I know the stock that he comes from—not mean strain in the lot;
 And the love of an honest man, my girl, is the best that life has got.
 You quarreled with him a-Sunday. How do I know? Mothers guess.
 Ran to your room—you've a minute to put on the clean pink dress.
 Shining and white and broad it runs to the city, that National Road,
 Seems almost like that one in Scripture, leading to sin's abode;
 And you little track through the briars, that runs to the orchard gate,
 Like the thorn-set narrow pathway at whose end the angels wait.
 Ike's turned off into the orchard; closer the whistling hies,
 The glare of that dusty, sunny pike is like a pain to my eyes,
 Brief as the blaze of autumn leaves is ever a true love's wrath!
 Thank God! there's the pink through the briars; she has taken—the orchard path.

—New England Magazine.

"MOTHER DID IT!"

"He sat at the dinner table
 With a discontented frown;
 The potatoes and steak were underdone
 And the bread was baked too brown;
 The pie was too sour, the pudding too sweet,
 And the roast was much too fat;
 The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
 'Twas hardly fit for the cat.
 "I wish you could eat the bread and pie
 I've seen my mother make;
 They are something like, and 'twould do you good,
 Just to look at a loaf of her cake!"
 Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age—
 Just now I am but a beginner;
 But your mother has come to visit us,
 And to-day she cooked the dinner."

Here is a man who for once in his life, "got taken in;" and I'll venture to say that it cost him a great many hours of uneasiness (though he may never admit it), for men as a class greatly dislike to own they are beaten—sort of hurts that manly pride, but pride must some day take a fall, and the sooner the better, in such a case.

If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD have husbands leaning on a "prop" of this sort, at your very earliest convenience knock it out.

It seems to elevate a man to a higher standard, according to his fantastic notion, to constantly quote—"Mother did it!" while on the contrary a certain degree of humiliation is gathering around you, and your daily cares become burdens oftentimes greater than you can bear; and in that "secret closet" your burdened heart finds consolation.

If there is anything in the whole universe that will make a wife desperately "mad," it is to hear this frequent expression—"Mother did it!" etc.

It is always more or less embarrassing

for a young house-wife to prepare meals for her husband when she knows how incapable she is of presenting an appetizing dish; possibly never having cooked a half dozen meals in her life; having never had the time or opportunity to devote to this essential study. But she sets about preparing the meal with a happy heart, endeavoring to do her best. The table glistens with china and glass; the linen is spotlessly white, while in the center a jar filled with roses sends forth its aroma into every nook and corner. No thorns are visible, but should they be uplifted, you will see that every rose has a thorn,—yet we see nothing but roses.

While the potatoes are boiling and the meat roasting, she hums a favorite melody, and presently a familiar step is heard, and she is greeted with boundless love and kisses; while he is making his toilet, she places the meal on the table. Almost at the first touch, he remarks about the toughness of the meat, and the way it is roasted—mother never did it this way; and the coffee almost makes his teeth chatter; he assures her "mother" will be glad to give "her method" of roasting meat, and adds a word in the same direction respecting the coffee.

I'll venture to say there was a lump in that wife's throat; and while endeavoring to swallow it, on the contrary she only enlarged it. A thorn was piercing her very heart, as her husband, with a ruffled countenance, begged to be excused.

Had he smothered those complainings, and waited patiently for his wife to learn, thorns would not have been substituted for roses, and she would have diligently sought for instructions in the best modes of cooking, and no doubt would have excelled his mother in that art; as it is she is positively afraid to cook anything, and it grieves her to think "mother did it so much better;" and in the place of that favorite melody you will see great big tears.

I know a wife who almost the first meal attempted to cook cod-fish, it being a favorite dish of her husband's. She certainly thought she was competent and prepared it in this manner. She freshened it for six hours, changing the water occasionally; then covered it with boiling water, stirring in flour until it became a thick paste, never adding

milk, eggs, butter, salt or pepper. Now it would not take a very smart man to realize that "Mother's never tasted like that!" and when he made the inevitable remark, she immediately left the table in a rage, though she herself knew it was not fit to be eaten; and from that day to this—eight years—cod-fish has not been cooked—or mentioned either.

This case demonstrates the feeling that arouses a wife when her husband quotes his mother in that fashion; possibly this wife displayed a trifle more temper than you would but it produced the right effect; for his mother has never since been mentioned in connection with his bill of fare. She may have read in some paper a wife's suggestions relative to this topic, and put the same into operation—who knows? At any rate, she cured him of a most aggravating habit (or what would have become so) and one which usually causes trouble.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

FLORAL ASSOCIATIONS.

In choosing border plants make generous use of the fragrant ones, as mignonette, sweet alyssum, sweet peas and all our odorous flowers. We keep as reminders many little souvenirs of past hours of pleasure, and many sweet and sad incidents that we like to recall. There is nothing that will so reproduce past scenes to my mind as the sight and scent of certain flowers. Some we were wont to see in the garden of our home in childhood; others our mother loved so well; these we wove into garlands and others were given by loving hands in later years. There are few scenes in our lives worth recalling in which flowers have not been an item in the picture. We need not wish either for the most expensive or brightest ones to give the most enjoyment, for no flower however rich or rare is superior in odors to some of the modest tiny common ones, such as lily of the valley, heliotrope, grape hyacinth or mignonette and those are old time treasures, that live in our minds like the unassuming acts of loving kindness that time can never efface from memory.

I have frequently mentioned the Maderia vine as a floral treasure in flower and perfume. It will bloom surely and freely if kept dormant through winter.

I prize the Akebia vine. The small curious brownish blossoms are rich in spicy fragrance. The plant is quite hardy, enduring the winter without protection.

Mrs. S. Hale, of Gaines, complains that the pots in which her Amaryllis and Crinum lily bulbs are planted are infested with worms, which destroy them by eating the rootlets and boring into the bulb. As this is a quite common complaint at this season I will reply here for general benefit.

The cause of this trouble is the condi-

tion of the soil. If the fertility is not exhausted, which is usually the case, the soil is sour, pasty, and for bulbs too wet.

I frequently see swarms of black flies around pots in spring, due to using rank manures in potting. Prepare a new soil of one part leaf mold from the woods, rich garden soil and a little sharp sand, sift all together and it is ready for use. Always cleanse the pots thoroughly. Sharp sand can be easily got on the shores of the lakes, where the action of the water has freed it from clay.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FROM THE BAY WINDOW.

Morning is a pleasant time to begin a journey. Everything wakens sweet and fresh, and there dawns a clearness and charm in the world with the new day. I decided just over night to go to San Diego. Through the dew and dust I hurried to the street car-line at Vernon, two miles out of the city. Of course the car I ran to catch was going the other way, so I sat down under a grand old pepper-tree and admired some lovely roses I gathered before starting. All the way into the city we drank the pure morning air, and on board the train bound southward the ride was pleasant, cool, and the car free from lust. We pass out of the city into green plains of softest, freshest grasses and waving barley.

Santa Fe Springs is about a dozen miles from Los Angeles and has a hotel fitted for bathing. The water contains sulphur. The springs are not much patronized and the town is yet to be, but the country is beautiful; vast fields of grain wave in the morning light, and the effect of many acres of grain in a body without bar or break is quite unlike our rolling country fields divided into patches by fences. Then there are always the mountains in the back ground. Sometimes they lie in the distance misty as the clouds, again near and distinct, always changeful and presenting new outlines and tints. Can anything be found in nature more varied than mountain scenery? Solid earth, dumb masses, yet changeful as the sky!

There is nothing dreary in all the journey. The beautiful sunlit fields, ineffably fair, the mountains retreating, the valley smiling and superb, there is a sense of freedom and triumph as it were. Gradually we move on among the hills, a horizon filled with hills, beautiful rounded heights, the grazing lands where the cattle wander undisturbed by habitations. There is such a great extent of unoccupied country here, simply nature in her pure and perfect beauty. Near Capistrano we come upon a rare sight for this southern country in its uncultivated regions, some large and gracious trees, the spreading sycamores. They give a thrill of pleasure,

for a tree is always a friend, a beautiful spirit of the earth and air. These old sycamores look as if they had drank the dew and sunshine for ages. I wanted to get off the train and stay with them awhile. One could feel the bounding life and freedom of childhood again to climb their low bending branches and hide among the leaves like a bird. That is the sweetest possession which preserves in us the simple joy of being. No prizes of earth can compensate the loss of the primitive peace and happiness of the healthful spirit.

At Capistrano are seen the ruins of one of the old missions. It is fast disappearing, the cactus grows by the old adobe walls reaching out its thorny arms. At this point I might say, the cactus is more considerate here than I supposed; I have seen far less of its crude growth than in Texas and Louisiana. At San Juan we have the first view of the ocean, the peaceful Pacific. Like a painted sea it lay in the distance, deep, blue, and calm. From hill and height, from green and gold, we turn to the sea, sparkling and washing on the sand; the shine and dash and joy of the waves, rising, sweeping, breaking into fringes of foam, then creeping like a white mist to the shore. It is marvelous how quickly the scene changes. One's attention is diverted perhaps to the people inside the car and when next the eye takes in the horizon, the hills steal softly away and some other feature is there. All the towns are surprising small. What California lacks is people. There surely is glorious air, climate, scenery, and edibles.

Oceanside is a pretty little place, green and leafy, bright and quiet; flower filled lawns and pleasant homes, the blue sea forever sounding by their doors. San Diego is called the "Bay Window of the United States." It is a city of some pretensions, as you know, and has had great ambitions. I believe it has yet. Although real estate has greatly depreciated since the boom, it is still high. San Diego has an ideal climate, there being but a variation of about ten degrees the year round. It is a city of hotels. Passengers had handed them an advertising sheet of its various stopping places which I had looked over on the train and decided which one I would patronize, but I did not do any such thing. That is, I was taken to an entirely different hotel than the one I selected, owing to the persuasive eloquence of the omnibus man from that house, who said they had a woman proprietor who "ought to know how to keep a hotel for she had been twenty years in the business." It was not to my disadvantage that I listened to his argument.

LOS ANGELES, CAL. HATTIE L. HALL.
(Continued.)

AN exchange warns against washing raisins intended for cakes or other sweet dishes, saying to do so will make the cake or pudding heavy.

THE STRENGTH AND BEAUTY OF SILENCE.

At the April meeting of the Liberty Farmers' Club, held April 1st. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Speer, Mrs. B. Tuthill introduced the above topic, first on the programme for discussion, saying:

A certain amount of silence or quiet is healthful to the spirit of mortals. Many who live in noise and confusion have been led to sigh for "a lodge in some vast wilderness" where they might repose in the silence which only such a place could afford.

It is very nice to be a good conversationalist, to entertain with much talk; but he who knows when to keep silent is equally as great, perhaps the stronger character of the two.

When we wish to strengthen ourselves to bear some great trial, it is best done in the silence and secrecy of our own hearts. The most pathetic prayers ever offered to our Heavenly Father have been from the deeply sorrowing heart, when with agonized look and upturned eye, or with wringing hands or on bended knee the suppliant has approached the throne of Heavenly Grace, but no voice, only silence. Who will dare to say such petitions are not stronger than those made to be heard of men! Another place to study the strength of silence is in the cemetery, where lie the mortal remains of dear friends. Let us visit it for an hour and utter not one word, but in mind recall the loving kindness of this one, the unselfish devotion of that, the untiring determination of another, and I think you will agree with me that there is strength and beauty in the silence that pervades the place. In the silent hours of night, when we sit by the bedside of our dear ones when the angel of death is hovering near, Oh! how the heart is stirred by the silence! Only those who have felt it know. If ever we are in communion with the spirit world it is at such times as this. Not only in sorrow, but sometimes in happiness, our hearts are too full for words; we feel we need the strength only gained by silence, and we retire to some secluded place, or to the seclusion of our own hearts. The forces of nature which grow silently and unseen, are of such strength that only the hand of God can move them; like the corn from the kernel, or the oak from the acorn. And is there not as much strength in the silent formation of the mountain, as in the earthquake which could rend it? There is beauty in silence as well as strength; this we can trace in the starlit sky, or in the silent rising and setting of the sun, and more in the silent love of God to His children, in all the manifold works of His hands.

"Flows the river calm and deep
In silence toward the sea;
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never
The love of God to me."

Rev. Tichnor commended the paper, and thought it very pathetic, but could

see no beauty in silence, except in the strength which is gathered for future action. He said: Silent people are melancholy people, thinking people, and often selfish people. The silence of grief begets selfishness and is apt to be unreasonable. I have in my mind's eye, two women; each lost a child. One has been wearing black ever since her boy's death, and always keeps a light burning in his room at night. The other is always telling us how hard life is. Now there is no beauty in such silence as that. There was beauty in Christ's life when he went into the mountain to pray and gather strength in silence for his work in life. We are in the world for a purpose; life is active; there is no death in life. Men gather strength in silence for future action. The forces of nature gather strength in silence for future action, and get ready for life. What is the use of my going into the cemetery, unless it be to gather strength to use in life?

WAISTS FOR GOWNS.

The blouse waist, dressmakers insist, is to be worn again this season. Of all and any material, it serves a useful purpose in the wardrobe, since a pretty waist transforms the plainest of serge skirts into a costume more or less dressy.

The surplice waist is to be made up in either silk or wool. The front laps in the well-known surplice style, being gathered or pleated on the shoulders while folds, lace or ribbon follow the outline next the V-shaped plastron, which is filled in with lace folds round a pretty throat or finished with a stock collar if preferred. The bottom of the waist is round and finished with a girdle or outlined with ribbons, which make a square bow in front. Plump figures look best in the surplice when there is no fullness on the shoulders, the material (without darts) drawn diagonally across a fitted lining. The back is wide, with one side form pretty well under the arms.

Something new is the blouse with the back only belted, while the full fronts have long ends that cross on the bosom and taper to hook on the sides, or tie in the back with a bow having pointed ends.

Another model more suited for outing dresses is very full on a fitted lining, with fronts shirred on the shoulders and back in one piece pleated down the middle. For slender figures are blouses gathered all round very full to the collar, then drooping as a puff over a wide girdle. With all these, the immense mutton-leg sleeve is used, and is often shirred or gathered half an inch from the arm hole to give a longer effect on the shoulders.

Belts—gold, silver and glace leather, are to be much worn; from two to three inches wide.

A simple but pretty dress for a ten

year-old girl has a skirt slightly gored in front and trimmed with two narrow straight ruffles. With it is worn a blouse with a two-inch box pleat down the front, and tucks each side a finger's depth from the high collar; then gathered to droop over a three-inch belt, leather or velvet. Mutton-leg sleeves, finished at the wrists with a tiny ruffle. A sailor dress for a girl of the same age has a blouse that comes well down over the hips in a puff, and a sailor collar square in the back but meeting low in the front to show the underwaist embroidered with stars. Under this collar is worn a silk tie knotted in one loop.

CHAT.

DAHLIA, of Holly, a new contributor, comes to say:

"For some time past I have been a reader of the HOUSEHOLD and have been persuaded to try my hand at writing for it, though I fancy a large wastebasket with a generous top stands in the Editor's room and that my epistle will drop there. The HOUSEHOLD's flower loving friend, Mrs. Fuller, is paying me a visit, and as I too am very fond of flowers we fully enjoy each other's society. Any one desirous of obtaining a variety of dahlias may obtain them by sowing the seeds of the yellow dahlia, which will give all the varieties of color. Among my autumn flowers I had none I enjoyed more than asters; I had them in many shades of purple, white, etc., and beautiful in form, and they lasted all through the autumn."

LUELLA, of Saline, inquires:

Will the Editor or some one else tell me the difference between "body" and "tapestry" brussels carpet and why the real difference is not as apparent as the difference in price? Also, what does the term "four frame," "five frame," etc., mean when applied to brussels carpets?

We can best convey an idea of the distinction between tapestry and body brussels by comparing the former to calico, on which the pattern is printed; and the latter to gingham, in which the threads which form the pattern are colored before being woven in. The pattern of tapestry brussels is printed upon it after the carpet is woven; that of body brussels has the various colored wools carried through and through the warp, so they show on the wrong side. The patterns of the body brussels carpet are always more choice and it wears much better. Tapestry brussels soon wears down to a dull, dirty indistinctness, while the pattern of body brussels lasts till the pile is worn to the warp. Brussels carpet is three, four, five or six-frame according to whether three, four, five or six threads are thrown into the pile or little loops which are left uncut.

PLATED silver should not be kept in a damp place. Keep all such articles away from the coal stove, as much as possible. The gas from the coal tarnishes them worse than anything else—except natural gas, which is "just awful."

ALL SORTS.

I think I ought to be congratulated, for I am going to move into a house all our own and on a barn of our own, after living on rented farms and in all kinds and conditions of houses for the past five years. Don't you think I ought to be happy indeed? I certainly am. Our house will be small at first, but very handy and convenient.

Did Rose Hawthorne not leave the soda or something to raise the cake with out of her recipe for pork cake in the *HOUSEHOLD* of March 11th? Her rule makes a splendid cake by using a heaping teaspoonful of soda.

How foolish it sounds to hear women say they will not wear hoop-skirts, for we all know we might as well be out of the world as out of the world's styles. If the fashion books say hoop-skirts, it will be so; and when the style changes again, Oh my! how like walking rails we will look without hoops!

My memory can't go back as far as before the war, but I remember wearing hoops and bustles only six or seven years ago, the hoops, small ones, were very comfortable, but the bustle! dear!

I haven't seen anything in regard to the badge question Peggotty asked about but let us have one of some kind. Who knows but we see a member of the *HOUSEHOLD* every day and never know it!

Well, of course we all know Mrs. F., of Maple Grove, is not a step-mother, but perhaps there are some of the readers who are. If people would stop and think what a step-mother has to put up with, trying to love and care for children not her own and some not very lovable children either, perhaps they would have more sympathy for a step-mother. Often the step-children are used better than own children are. Just step into a home as a step-mother (in imagination). Of course the children have been allowed to do about as they pleased since the home was broken up a year or so before; they get some good advice from neighbors and friends; the step-mother gets more from the same source. She is told how his first wife managed, and how the children's own mama didn't do, and what a good woman she used to be, for you never heard of a first wife who wasn't an angel. The step-mother will be told how *she* (the first wife) did, a good many times; in fact take it all around the step-mother usually steps into a very nice situation!

My advice to girls and women is to consider well and do a good deal of thinking before taking the responsibility of becoming step-mothers; but if you are already filling that place, don't be jealous of a dead woman. Go straight ahead and do right and the best you can, asking God's help to guide you; care for the motherless ones as you would wish your own to be cared for, and the reward will come. SNIP.

SASH CURTAINS.

The sash curtain has come to stay. It is so pretty, admits of so much taste and daintiness in its make up, keeps out inquisitive eyes and yet lets in light while tempering sunshine, that it fills that gap often referred to as a "long felt want" and we cannot do without it.

Such curtains are of a variety of materials. Probably the most common and certainly not the least serviceable is the coin spot muslin, at thirty cents for single, forty-five cents for double width. Scrim (linen) is a little cheaper; cheese cloth is sometimes chosen for economy's sake. Figured madras is often employed, so also pale tints in India and China silk. Silk muslin makes the daintiest of all, but is expensive and fragile. Silkoline is a pretty goods but not a lasting one for this purpose.

Considerable decoration is now put on these curtains. They are usually divided in the centre for convenience in pushing back when more light or a freer outlook is desired, and are trimmed with two-inch ruffles, or narrower ruffles edged with lace. Or little tassels or balls are employed; these may be bought by the yard if desired, but the woman with more time than money, or time she cannot turn into money, may get darning cotton and make her own. A friend newly furnishing a house made almost 1,000 little tassels for the sash curtains which she placed at every window, sewing them at inch and a half intervals on the centre edges and across the bottom. Little silk tassels are used on the madras and silk curtains. But after all the ruffles give the prettiest effect and are most easily managed. At Newcomb's the other day were seen lovely muslins with tiny colored rings, pink or pale blue, scattered over the surface, which are new and dainty for the purpose. The rings were not as large as the top of a lead pencil.

The curtains are run on brass rods which should be so arranged as to be secure yet easily removed for convenience in laundering the goods. They (the curtains) are only enough to touch the window sill, and a caution to allow for shrinkage in making up new material is timely. The "doing up" of her sash curtains is a bi-monthly event in the city housekeeper's domestic schedule, for when they are not fresh and crisp they give an air of neglect and untidiness to an otherwise well cared for apartment.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you want your pie-crust to be flaky the ingredients must be cold. The *must* is imperative. Use only enough water—which should be ice cold—to form the flour into a mass, and mix as little as possible. You may use plenty of flour on the mixing board; what you roll in is not detrimental, but any kneading is injurious to the quality.

TIN pie-plates are better than earthen. Heat cracks the glazing of the earthen or china plate, it absorbs a portion of the grease of the pie-crust which becomes rancid in time, and every time the plate is heated enough of this odor and grease is given off to spoil the pie. A rancid pie-crust has often been ascribed to spoiled lard or butter when really the only trouble was the old, ought-to-be-smashed pie-plate.

THE *Germantown Telegraph* tells us that pears that after canning prove to be tasteless can be made delicious by heating and adding pineapple in the proportion of one can of pineapple to three of pears. Cut the slices of apple quite small, and if the pears are in halves divide them again. Heat all together, taking care not to let them cook so that they lose their shape. When putting up pears it is very little trouble to add pineapple to a few cans, and the result is excellent.

THE editor of the woman's department of an exchange says that a former editor of that journal, to prove that women took no interest in the paper, took halves of two recipes, united them as one, and had the misfit printed in the culinary department. He believed he proved his point because he never heard anything about it from his readers. Misguided man! Without doubt the women saw an error had been made, and blamed it upon the careless editor or proof-reader. Any cook, unless indeed a very inexperienced one, know when she reads a recipe pretty nearly what it will turn out, just as a musician, glancing over the score of a new song, catches a good idea of its scope and how it will sound. The "experiment" was of no more value than the recipe thus produced.

Contributed Recipes.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon; one teaspoon heaping full of sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; seven eggs, keep out the whites of three for the frosting. Grate the rind of the lemon, squeeze out the juice, add the beaten eggs, the sugar and butter; then add cold water to make two common sized pies, bake with one crust and frost the top after the pie cools. SNIP.

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup sour cream; one and half cups lard; one egg; one cup sugar; one half teaspoonful soda and lemon if desired. Mix very soft; roll; sprinkle with sugar and bake. The success of cookie-making lies in mixing very soft. I have found by experience these are delicious.

SOFT FROSTING FOR CAKES.—Take one cup of white sugar and three tablespoonfuls sweet milk; boil very fast five or six minutes; then remove from the stove and stir constantly until cold, when, if cooked enough, it will be thick and ready for the cake. If not, put it back and cook more. If it is too thick put in a little more milk and stir up well. I prefer this to eggs for frosting. This requires some essence of lemon or vanilla.

SHIAWASSER.

MRS. CARRIE DAVIS.

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