

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, OCTOBER 10, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### POLLY PANSY.

Pretty Polly Pansy  
Hasn't any hair—  
Just a ruff of go'd down  
Fit for ducks to wear;  
Merry, twinkling blue eyes,  
Noselet underneath,  
And a pair of plump lips  
Innocent of teeth.

Either side each soft cheek  
A jolly little ear,  
Painted like a conch shell—  
Isn't she a dear?  
Twice five little fingers,  
Ten little toes,  
Polly's always counting,  
So of course she knows.

If you take a teacup,  
Polly wants to drink;  
If you write a letter,  
What delicious ink!  
Helps you read your paper  
Knows of half the town,  
Holds it just as you do,  
But ah, it's upside down!

Polly, when she's sleepy,  
Means to rub her eyes;  
Thumps her nose so blindly,  
Ten to one she cries.  
Niddle, noddle, numkin,  
Pretty lids shut fast,  
Ring the bells and fire the guns,  
Polly's off at last!

Pop her in the cradle,  
Draw the curtains round,  
Fists are good for sucking—  
Don't we know the sound?  
Oh, my Polly Pansy,  
Can it, can it be,  
That we ugly old folks  
Once resembled thee?

### WHAT TO DO WITH THE PORK.

In most farmers' houses, pork is the "mainstay" of the family, so far as meat is concerned. It seems very important, therefore, that farmers should know the best ways of curing and cooking it. Pork is not usually considered a very healthy diet, but that depends. The hog that was kept in a filthy pen and fed almost exclusively on corn till it was three or four years old, the meat packed before the animal heat had left it, and then warmed through in a spider and served swimming in its own grease, was not to be recommended as the best food in the world. But the discovery of trichinæ in pork, and the scientific investigations which followed, had at least one very beneficial result; it banished the veteran from our markets and taught farmers to kill pig pork for safety. Then they found that the latter was not only far more delicate eating, but also more economical.

In our best farmers' families, pork does

not hold its old supremacy as a meat. The butcher's wagon penetrates the country byways, twice or three times a week, and the salt diet is pleasantly varied. Less side pork is used, and hams and bacon make more inviting fare, especially in summer when the very sight of a dish of fried pork seems out harmony with nature, so to speak.

Pigs of about 150 pounds weight make the most desirable meat for packing. They should be "finished off" on corn, but not be made so fat that only the famous "Mrs. Jack Spratt who could eat no lean" could eat them. The hams and shoulders, cut to a nice shape, put in a sweet pickle made of a pound of brown sugar and a pound and a half of salt to a gallon of water, and then smoked, are good enough eating for anybody. Do not cut them up into shavings and fry till like basswood chips, but cut into slices a third of an inch thick and cook till the fat portion is brown. To broil ham, cut it thin and cook it quickly.

Take all of the side meat you can, to cure for breakfast bacon; that having "a streak of fat and a streak of lean" is best for this purpose. Then, instead of salting down all the fat portions that are left, try out the fattest and the trimmings not fit for sausage, for lard; you won't lose anything in the long run; you don't have to live on fat pork.

Never allow meat to be packed, lard to be tried out, or sausage to be made, until it is thoroughly cooled. It must not freeze, but no latent animal heat should be left in it. A great many people are unwise in this respect, and complain their meat spoils. Rub the hams and shoulders with salt and let them lie a couple of days before you put them in pickle; this is to extract the blood. In cool weather, the hams can lie in pickle a month or six weeks. After they are smoked, tie each one in a paper bag, such as are used to put flour in, and hang in a dark cool cellar or smokehouse.

The leaf lard and the trimmings of the side meat and hams can be tried out for lard as soon as cool. The lard from the entrails should soak in cold water, to which a handful of salt has been added, at least twelve hours, the water being changed once at least. It should then be well drained, and carefully looked over, cutting it into small pieces, and carefully removing all "strings" (blood-vessels), kernels and the tough skin that covers some parts. It is these kernels that make the lard bitter. If this work is properly done, and a raw potato

using, it will be found just as good as leaf lard for most purposes.

A Siginaw firm has taken out a patent on a smoked salt, which, while it salts the meat, also imparts the flavor and preservative qualities secured by smoking, quite a saving of time and trouble. Others use "liquid smoke," a preparation of creosote, which is also preservative, and said to afford an excellent protection against taint and flies.

A slice of bacon, cured just as the hams are cured, cut thin and fried a nice golden brown, is appetizing; and with a baked potato, muffins and a cup of good coffee, good enough breakfast for even hearty working men. Then for a change we can have slices of ham served with fried eggs, or broiled over a quick fire.

I never could understand how people can bear to dine on liver, taken from the just slaughtered beast, while it is still warm, nor yet how they can eat chickens that perhaps half an hour previous were crowing lustily. I remember stopping at a hotel once and ordering supper a little after the usual hour of serving. Happening to walk to the end of the long hall through the house, which commanded a view of the kitchen, I beheld the decapitation and defeathering of a couple of spring chickens which, still quivering, were clapped upon the gridiron, and all in a space of time "quicker 'n wink." No supper for me there that night. Yet I suppose many would think it "only a spleeny notion."

BEATRIX.

### GOOD LIVING.

Food, which makes blood and bones, is we all know a vital necessity. Custom has ordained we shall eat three times daily, and cooks have invented thousands of preparations to appease hunger, some of which are healthful, others very much the reverse. The woman who orders the diet of a family has a very important duty assigned her. In no mean degree she is responsible for their health, and also happiness, since health and happiness are interdependent in a measure. She ought, therefore, to ask herself earnestly "What constitutes good living?" Physicians often tell us children are made dyspeptics in the cradle—how terrible that a mother's ignorance or carelessness should lay the foundation of disease in babyhood from which the adult must suffer!

In far too many families "good living" means cakes, pies, pickles and jams, and the "cookie jar" always accessible to the children. It means buckwheat cakes and

sausage gravy and coffee for the four year old, a diet calculated to imperil the digestion of the grown man. It means a lunch of cold pie and fried cakes for the school-girl, and a bacon rind for the baby "to keep it quiet." Now this is unhealthful living, and too an expensive and laborious living, for the cakes and pies make big drafts upon the time and energy of the cook, as well as upon the groceries. At a farmer's table you will often find but one vegetable, and that the indispensable potato, but you will be served with two or three kinds of pie and cake. The man himself eats heartily of improper food, but his out door life and abundant exercise counteract the effects in a measure. Not so, however, with wife and children, who spend their hours in the home and the school room.

Fruits and vegetables make up our best living; fruit *au naturel* or stewed, not imprisoned in dough, baptized by fire and christened "pie," or so disguised by sugar and spice that one would never know its flavor. Oatmeal and cream—not milk skimmed till it is blue—is a nourishing, healthy dish which ought to appear on every breakfast table. Never stint the children as regards fruit, except to see that it is ripe and not over-ripe, and is eaten at proper times and not to excess. Do not permit the free use of milk with raw acid fruit, unless you are prepared for sickness as a resultant. Above all, do not furnish the school-girl, sitting over her books all day, a lunch which will lie like lead on her stomach, but see she has light, tender bread and good butter for the sandwiches, and fruit, fresh or stewed, with a light plain cake to "top off with." Mothers ought to be better informed in regard to the hygiene of foods, and then have courage to live up to their convictions. We cannot be a healthy people—indeed we are often called a nation of dyspeptics—until wives and mothers are wise in such matters.

DETROIT.

L. C.

## FASHION.

Ever since reading Mary B.'s raid on bustles I have been aching to "have it out" with her, and I feel just like writing to the *HOUSEHOLD* this afternoon, so thought I would try my luck for once, and I shall be only too happy if my letter escapes the waste basket.

Have looked for Mary on the streets of our city, for I'm sure I should know her if she wore no bustle, and I have come to the conclusion that she either wears something very like one, or else she is too old to care anything about fashion. If she be a young lady I give her up; she must be eccentric, but if so, I'll warrant she does other equally foolish things, such as wearing bangs, or frizzes, shingled hair, etc.

If she had simply spoken of the enormous bustles worn by many of our town girls I would have nothing to say, but when she says wear none at all, I can't agree with her. I once read an article on fashion, and the idea was that we should dress in such a manner as to give a hint of the prevailing fashion, but never go to the extremes, and I think it very good advice on the subject. I believe that when we are in Rome

we should do a little "as the Romans do," and not make of ourselves an oddity.

The present fashion of wearing the hair in a "pug" at the back of the head is in very poor taste, but we can wear it in a neat little coil, and still be in the fashion without making an object of ourselves. The same with wearing the hair "birds-nest," as the girls call it; it can be done up in a French twist a little loosely at the neck, looks very well, does not hide the collar, and we know at once it has been combed at any rate.

I think it is every girl's duty to study the fashions and make the most of them, for there is always a happy medium if we will but find it.

We read a person's character, in a measure, by their manner of dress. If we see a girl rigged out in the very height of fashion, with hair bagging down between the shoulders, or at right angles with the back of her head, wearing a bustle beginning at the waist and ending at the bottom of the skirt, and a dress pulled back till she cannot sit with ease (I have seen persons who would answer to this description), we naturally conclude that she is "fast" or "loud," while another may make a very different impression altogether, and not be behind the times either.

Guess I'll not say any more or I shall be picked to pieces. If some of the city ladies should read this they would have no mercy, but this is a farmers' paper, and we all know that farmers, especially their wives and daughters, are mostly sensible, and so this will not hit them at all.

YPSILANTI.

MILDRED IONE.

## PRETTY THINGS FOR THE HOUSE.

To make a pretty ornament for a Christmas tree, church fair, bazar, or for one's own room, take seven English walnuts, coat them with the various tinted metallic paints used in lustr-o-painting. In the stem end of each walnut insert the blade of a penknife far enough to allow the end of a narrow ribbon to be slipped in, when the shell will close on it, and the nut can be suspended by the ribbon. Choose a different color for each nut, arrange them in different lengths, and fasten together with a bow of ribbon.

A pretty variation on the above is to make six or seven little bags of different colored satin, filled with cotton liberally sprinkled with sachet powder. Fringe the ends of the bags and tie with the narrow No. 1 ribbon, as directed above, and group in the same way.

A pretty drape for a square table is made by getting three-fourths of a yard of dark red cashmere, cutting it in two lengthwise, and sewing the two pieces together to make one long scarf. Hem both ends, and trim them across with a band of yellow satin ribbon. Attach fancy balls, crescents, or bangles for a border or trimming to each end. Tie in the centre under a ribbon bow which conceals the seam in the cashmere, and arrange so that one end falls over the front and the other over one end of a square table. Pretty, simple and inexpensive.

"Gipsy kettles" to hold burnt matches or any trifles on the *etagere*, are made of three twigs, one bronzed, one gilded and

the third silvered, tied together at the top, and a little pail, which can be bought for a penny or two at any fancy store, suspended from them.

A pretty favor for the German, or memento of any occasion, is a miniature lawn tennis, racquet and cap. A bit of reed is bent into the required shape and laced with blue embroidery silk, woven to form the netting. A bag in the shape of a cap, only longer, with pasteboard crown and fluffy pompon, is to be filled with cream candy, and when the candy has "served the purpose of its being," and been eaten, the satin is pushed down and the little favor pinned to my lady's mirror as a trophy.

## "THE WOMAN WHO FAILED."

The story under the above title which appears in the current issue of the *FARMER*, is, I think, one of the best short stories which has appeared in any of the magazines of the year. Aside from its narrative and the lesson it tells, it is a model of literary style in that it has not a paragraph—hardly a word—that one would willingly eliminate. And the tale begins where most love stories end, and takes us with the young couple through something much more trying than courtship—a life in which the prose of every day predominates over the poetry. Poor Molly had not counted upon the hundred little daily acts of patience and self-denial, and doing over and over again the small duties that make up the sum of living. The character of the ideal wife was far more difficult to live than to imagine. She lost heart and courage, and then how hard the way became, how rough the path! "When I feel that you are happy and have faith in me, I am strong and full of courage. But when you get blue and sad and hopeless, I feel as if life wasn't worth living." Is not this the feeling of every husband who loves his wife? Then how necessary the wife should keep "the blues" at a distance, and be brave and cheerful! Hepworth Dixon said once: "That is what a man needs in his wife—something to rest his heart on. He has strife and opposition and struggle in the world; at home he wants to find sympathy and faith and encouragement." The desponding woman who lacks courage to meet life's trials bravely, lays a heavy burden upon her husband's shoulders; he must bear the brunt of the conflict, and the added weight of her repinings and reproaches.

I think that in all my reading, I never came upon anything more suggestive of thought upon the relations of husband and wife, than the scene in "Middlemarch," where Lydgate, harassed and burdened by the galling pressure of his debts, lays his perplexities before Rosamond his wife and asks her help; and is met by her neutral, chilling rejoinder, "What can I do, Tertius?" Not the eager question of what could she renounce, or by what action she could aid to lighten his load, but the chilling intimation, "What can you expect of me; it is not my concern."

Lydgate and Rosamond have many prototypes in real life. The girl marries for the station, the money or the *prestige* it will give her to be wife of a prosperous, "rising" man, with little conception of the



## THE HOUSEHOLD.

higher duties of the relationship and less wish to assume them. When the promising career is checked by disaster, and the husband's heart longs for comfort and inspiration, how bitter to meet cold neutrality or tearful reproaches! How disheartening to find we have leaned upon a staff which breaks when we most need it!

It is one of the saddest things in life for a wife to lose faith in her husband; it crushes both; it is the death-knell of affection. The wife's faith upholds and strengthens; its sustaining power vivifies as the touch of the earth renewed the strength of the hero of old mythology. Sometimes we hear it said of a man that he has lost heart or is discouraged; and almost always we find the wife has lost faith in her husband's abilities and power to succeed. Only a woman's divine faith and courage stand between many a weak man and his downfall.

Possibly George Eliot meant us to contrast Mary Garth's steadfastness and belief in Fred Vincoy with Rosamond's exacting egoism, and utter want of sympathy with Lydgate in either his troubles or his aspirations. That made the man who loved her what he ultimately became, we cannot deny. Even poor Mrs. Bulstrode, rather snubbed by her husband in their prosperity, bore a loyal heart in her timid bosom, and would not forsake him in his disgrace. "There is a forsaking which still sits at the same board and lies on the same couch with the forsaken soul, withering it the more by unloving proximity," says our author; and it is such spiritual abandonment which is worse than literal desertion.

That it is often a hard task for the weaker nature to bear up against troubles that bend man's sterner fibre, there is no doubt; yet it is woman's opportunity to show herself a true "helpmate." Happy the man who on a "Black Friday" in his affairs has not to say, with Lydgate: "I have married care; not help."

BEATRIX.

### THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

Hand-books and circulars are out describing the coming year's work in the C. L. S. C. The studies this year have a special interest, as they include United States history, American literature and American industries. The C. L. S. C. is for everybody, high school and college graduates and those who have never entered a high school or college; for young, middle aged and old people; for teachers, merchants and mechanics. It is a four years' course of useful and pleasant reading, with a diploma at the end, and for those who can attend Bay View Assembly, graduation honors. The readings are done at home, and all the readers in the place or community hold weekly or fortnightly meetings. There are 3,500 members in Michigan, with 200 circles and 550 graduates. We have a Michigan department, the only one in existence, and this year the three or four hundred Chautauquans at Bay View Assembly organized a Michigan Branch of the C. L. S. C., with headquarters at Bay View. Henry Johnson, D. D., of Big Rapids, is

President; John M. Hall, of Flint, superintendent, and Miss Carrie E. Skillman, of Mt. Clemens, Secretary. The C. L. S. C. is one of the most useful and enjoyable societies ever organized, and nothing better can be formed in any place for the winter. Write Mr. Hall and he will furnish circulars giving information and helps.

FLINT.

J. M. H.

### HOME TALKS.

#### NO. II.

I feel quite relieved that the greater share of our trading is done; and our visit over night at your aunt Mira's. What a splendid home she has, but it has always been such a trial to them that no little ones have ever been given to them. I most wonder sometimes that she does not adopt a child. How cheerless and dreary a house seems that has never had any children in it! "And a little child shall lead them," how true that is, Hetty! I most think that there is a softer spot in the heart of a woman that has tended a little baby, than one who knows nothing of one. Mira was the second girl in our family. Joe was next to me. The year after I was married she came to live with me and went to school at the academy; then she took music lessons too, for Father Vincent had a splendid piano, a large square one; we traded it in toward your new upright one, the action was gone, and its the way now-a-days to shove off the old things to make room for the new. Just think, here we are talking away and you are running the machine, I never saw the like how still it is; just the least bit of a hum to it. You see by making the hem broad on one end of the sheet, you will keep that for the head of the bed, mine now are turned the same width at both ends. This is a beautiful piece of sheeting, there's enough for twelve pairs, we will cut off the pillow slips a yard long, it is forty-eight inches wide, there are thirty-two yards of that. Let's see, there won't be but three tablecloths to hem, the three others are fringed, quite an idea, having them come in sets—cloth, napkins, doilies, all alike; one ecru and white, one red and white, one blue and white, that's real damask too—well, it ought to be at the price. After all I've found the best is the cheapest, and it isn't every day one buys table linen.

As I was saying, Mira took lessons of a professor who had quite a class in the village, and she took to music amazingly. She was a bright scholar too, quite took the lead in town among the young folks. Well, she had been with us most four years, when she met your uncle James, and it was an out and out case of "love at first sight." Their courtship was not long, for he had no parents; they had been dead a good many years, he had a guardian, and at twenty-one took possession of his property. Father Vincent gave her a wedding outfit, clothes and all. Mira had good common sense, a good disposition and a handsome face. Mother always said she was "flower of the flock." Well, she went off to her city home and the next winter you were born. What a wee body you were to be sure, you only weighed five pounds and a half, but you grew fast and was a real healthy baby. Father Vincent said you were worth your

weight in gold, and your father acted as silly as could be, watching you when you was asleep, and if you sort of smiled in your sleep, he said that "the angels were whispering" to you; the nurse, who thought she knew more about babies than he did, said "it was wind on your stomach." Your grandfather named you after John's mother, and he set a deal of store by you, but when you were two years old he died. He did not seem to suffer much, but failed gradually, and he liked to have me read to him and drive the horse when he rode out, and he told me once, "Helen, you will never lose anything by being so good to a fidgety old man." He finally took to his bed, and when the leaves commenced to fall, he faded away. I remember the afternoon so well; you had been on the bed with him and fell asleep. I put you in your crib and then we had a nice long talk, his faculties were good up to the very last, but he talked so much about John's mother, and he said it would not be long before he should meet her. I rubbed his hands softly and he dropped asleep. I stole out of the room, and when I came back in an hour or two he was dead, and such a happy look on his face. It was just for all the world as if he had met the wife of his youth. He had lost all that tired, worn look, and it almost seemed as if he had had a draught from the fount of everlasting youth.

We'll hemstitch those pillow slips. I used to do all kinds of stitching, but am a little out of practice, but will soon get my hand in. Now about the comforters, you had better have three of cheesecloth, and three of worsted, this garnet will do nicely, make both sides alike and tuft them with white and red. I shall put four pounds in each. How much better the batting is now, made so wide; open it and it covers the whole comforter. We will make four of calico. You know that pile of new quilts in the front chamber closet is your's. There's the star and basket, Irish chain, album, and I don't know what all; there is one white spread among them—it was on the front chamber bed when I went to father Vincent's—Marseilles, it's thick as a board and yellow as saffron. Now the peach trees are in blossom we'll get it down and bleach it. That's the time to bleach clothes; when the peach trees are in blossom, they won't mildew. There are four pairs of linen sheets that used to be mother's. I will give you two pairs; it don't seem as if they ever get yellow like cotton. When we get around to the comforters let's ask in half a dozen neighbors and get them all done at once. We can get three frames, I guess, for they all know around that you are going to be married, well, well, let them talk, that's all right.

Tomorrow you must make yeast and begin bread-making. Do you know, Hetty, there's more poor bread-makers than good ones. I could not help but notice it at our socials last winter, and Mrs. Smithers says that her flour is so black, and several complained in the same way. I said nothing, but made up my mind the fault wasn't in the flour, some folks can't make good bread because they don't take any pains with it. You can't stir it up by guess, and not half bake it, and expect it to be eatable. If I



was a man I would not eat such stuff. It is the ruination of one's health, and is not conducive to good nature; if the bread is poor everything else is poor, and everybody is cross-grained. Now I have got bread-making down to a regular science, and mind I shall make a good bread-maker of you. It is most tea-time now, and I will start up the fire, and you sift some flour and try some baking-powder biscuits; now measure three coffee cups heaped a little, into this little pan now measure three teaspoons of baking powder, into it a little salt; here is some lard in the cupboard already softened, a tablespoon of it; get the pitcher of milk, your tins, cutter, rolling-pin and bread board; now mix that thoroughly, take the pitcher in your left hand and wet it into a real soft dough, turn it out on the board, get it in a smooth lump; that will make just fifteen biscuits, don't use any more flour in rolling than you can help. These look nice; they will bake in ten minutes. While I set the table you can see to the oven at the same time. Remember it is more in baking anything than in making it. The oven must not be so hot that everything is burned top and bottom, nor so cool that bread is all white and doughy. This oven I will bet on every time. I just think the Mills range is hard to beat. Your father likes his bread and biscuit a rich brown—almost a coffee brown; he says it makes the inside sweeter. They are done now, get a pan and spread a big towel in, turn out carefully. I declare Hetty, you're beginning famously; baked just alike top and bottom, and light as a cork. Cover them over, set them on the shelf back of the stove. Here they come to supper—yes, Harry is with them. Wonder what brought him tonight, smelled these nice biscuits and omelet, I guess, and feels curious to know if you are learning to cook. That's just like all men, they generally have an eye for good victuals.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### THE CHILDREN'S MEALS.

I, too, say do not let the children eat fruit and pickles and then drink milk. A lady with a small child visited me this summer; I had cherries for tea and she let the little one have all it wanted, and also what milk it wanted to drink. I made the remark, "I should think it would make him sick." She replied: "O no, I always let him have what he wants," but nevertheless the little stomach was not strong enough for the task imposed upon it, and up came cherries and milk, both before she could get him from the table. Such results don't always follow so quickly, but just so surely, perhaps in a different way; he may spend a restless night, and the next day we may wonder what makes baby so cross. I think a great many stomachs are ruined by injudicious feeding; if they do not complain in childhood, as they get older they will have the sick headache or something of the kind, for nature will retaliate in some way if she has been abused. By letting children run with a piece in their hands half the time, they are never ready for a meal when they come to the table, but want a little of this or that; they don't know what they do want, their appetite has been spoiled by

their piecing, and their digestive organs are weakened, as the stomach is allowed no rest. Then the mother wonders what makes the baby so puny and fretful, soon she takes it to the doctor and gets some medicine, but that will do no good unless the diet is regulated.

After a child is three years old it does not, as a general thing, need to eat between meals; if it is hungry let it have, not later than ten o'clock, a piece of bread and butter, and if thought best put a little sugar or jelly upon it; do not let it make a meal but a lunch, and you will see that it will not find fault with its dinner.

Another thing that I think people make a great mistake in, is, as soon as a child has eaten what dinner he wants, or thinks he wants, to let him get down from the table. Nine times out of ten he will want to get back before the meal is through. It is all a matter of habit, and I know by experience that they are better off. I know this is old advice, but it may help some young mothers to bring up healthy children, and health is what we are all looking after, but so few attain.

Will Anon please tell us the name and price of her oil stove, and also if she can heat irons fast enough for ironing, and oblige

X. Y. Z.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### A WEEK'S DINNERS.

Just for the novelty of it—to show our readers how city folks live, I am going to write out our boarding-house bill of fare for a week, with a few hints on the cooking of the several dishes:

SUNDAY.—Tomato soup; roast veal with sage dressing; cabbage slaw; celery; baked sweet potatoes. For dessert, peach tapioca, grapes and peaches.

The tomato soup was made of one dozen ripe tomatoes; cook in one quart of water; strain, and to the liquid add one pint of rich milk, butter the size of an egg, and salt to taste. The peach tapioca is made by soaking a half teacupful of tapioca over night in lukewarm water. Add boiling water and let it simmer slowly on the back of the range till clear and of a jelly-like consistency, rather softer if anything. Put a layer of tapioca on the bottom of a pudding-dish, then a layer of halves of peaches, choosing those which are ripe and soft and will cook quickly, more tapioca, more fruit and so on till the dish is full. Bake till done and serve with cream and sugar.

MONDAY.—Rice soup; meat pie, mashed potatoes, macaroni. For dessert, apple-pie with grated cheese; Catawba and Niagara grapes.

The rice soup is simply the ordinary stock, with the addition of a handful of rice, which must be thoroughly cooked. The meat pie is the remains of Sunday's roast, cut in slices, the gravy added, with a little butter, pepper and salt; the crust is the usual baking-powder biscuit dough. There is no bottom crust; the meat, gravy, and bits of dough cut off and added, are put in a large basin, and covered with a crust which will be an inch and a half thick when done. Macaroni is a dish not often seen on farmers' tables, yet if once introduced, nearly every one becomes fond

of "the biled pipestems." Cook half a pound of macaroni in plenty of water, letting it simmer gently. When tender, drain off the water, add the yolks of five eggs and whites of two, and half a pint of cream; season with salt and white pepper, and, if liked, three spoonfuls of grated cheese. Heat up, stirring constantly, put into a buttered dish and steam an hour setting in the oven long enough to let it brown on top.

TUESDAY.—Boiled mutton with white sauce; baked beef's heart; boiled onions; celery; potato snow. Dessert, cottage pudding with lemon sauce.

The white sauce was no particular addition to the mutton, which is better roasted than boiled. The beef's heart was stuffed with a dressing of bread crumbs. The potato snow was made by forcing nice mealy boiled potatoes through a "patent squeezer" which left them as if mashed through a colander; they were then seasoned with salt and a little cream. For a cottage pudding take two eggs; one cup of sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; half cup of milk; one and a half cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sauce: Yolks of two eggs; one cup sugar; half cup of butter; tablespoonful of corn-starch. Stir the sugar and butter till it creams, add the eggs, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon, stir in the corn-starch. Stir into it three gills of boiling water, stirring constantly, and cook till it thickens a little.

WEDNESDAY.—Vermicelli soup; corned beef, mashed potatoes; boiled cabbage; stewed tomatoes. Dessert, "peach cobbler." There is nothing here which is at all novel, unless it be the dessert; why "cobbler" I know not, certainly there are no suggestions of shoe-pegs and waxed ends about it. A thick layer of halved peaches is spread upon the bottom of a baking-dish, and over it a biscuit dough stirred with just enough flour to enable it to be spread with a spoon. Bake till the crust is done, and serve with cream and sugar.

(To be continued.)

THERE are many of our contributors from whom we would be glad to hear again. S. M. G., Huldah Perkins, Jannette, all our "Aunts," including "Aunt Prudence," whom we would like to have tell us of other "foxes that spoil the tender vines;" "Susan Nipper," whose wit is as nipping as her name, and many others who have absented themselves this summer. Let us "close up the ranks" and devote some of these lengthening October evenings to the HOUSEHOLD.

#### Contributed Recipes.

PICKLED PEARS.—Make a syrup of one pint of vinegar and three pounds of sugar, with a little unground mace added. Into this put a few pears with the skins removed; when boiled through take out and put in others until the liquid is nearly all taken up. They will keep in either crocks or cans. Peaches can be treated in like manner.

GASPORT, N. Y.

AUNT BECCA.

BAKED APPLES.—Select some good cooking apples of equal size, pare and core without dividing, dip into cold water, roll in powdered white sugar, put into a tin with a little water, and bake in a quick oven.

ENGLISH.