

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, OCTOBER 31, 1887.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### CONTENT.

BY CLARA B. SOUTHWELL.

Why should, we wandering, wait and sigh,  
And long for better days,  
And let our little mercies, with  
No thankfulness or praise,  
Slip by unheeded while we sit  
And "pine for what is not,"  
Weep scalding tears and think that ours  
Is such a bitter lot.

The stars shine brightly every night,  
But if a cloud should keep  
Them for a moment from your sight  
You would not stop to weep;  
But say "The clouds are wide unrolled,  
And yet I know they'll rise,  
And I will see the diamond stars  
In evening's azure skies."

When clouds of discontent are gone,  
(Bright smiles will help them start,  
And Patience's calm and winning ways  
Can bid them all depart)  
Again the stars of sweet content  
Will twinkle into sight,  
And shine so brightly that we dwell  
Forever in their light.  
MARSHALL.

### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

As the close of the year approaches, the question of renewal of papers and magazines assumes importance. When one's literary desires outstrip her financial resources, the choice is a matter of much thought on how to get the most and the best for the least money. A good magazine is a most excellent educator. It treats of public interests, it explores unknown countries, it gives us the results of years of study and research in pages we too often skim with but half-heeding eyes. The fancy of the novelist, the inspiration of the poet, the wanderings of the traveler, the reflections of the sage, we may enjoy at a relatively small cost compared with the infinite pains expended in gathering and arranging these composite materials. There are periodicals devoted to nearly every line of thought and research, and adapted to nearly all specialties; but those we have most to do with are those designed for the general reader.

Of these, *Harper's Magazine* claims and is usually conceded first place; it is designed for a class of readers more or less intellectually inclined, having literary tastes somewhat above the average; the bubble-blowing cherub astride the globe which has decorated its covers for almost forty years is no indication that its contents are like the "airy nothings" breathed from his long-stemmed pipe. There are those who say *Harper* is "not what it used to be." Per-

haps not; but these who criticise are nearly all those who knew it twenty and twenty-five years ago, when it stood alone and almost inapproachable in its class, and its field was fallow. Perhaps too with age has come more critical thought and a diversion into other channels. Barring the dull serial by Howells which has dragged wearily through so many pages but which we are mercifully promised shall be concluded in the November number, its contents seem to be as good as ever. At least our best-known and most brilliant American writers are represented; and its illustrations are gems in their way. A comparison with the issues of even a decade ago would, we think convince the doubting that the magazine is fully abreast of the times, and that their want of appreciation is due to the overabundance of literary good things of the present magazine repertory.

The *Century* occupies a somewhat different field. Frank Stockton has helped build up its fame by his bright, amusing novels; the "war papers," so uninteresting to many, were yet a drawing card with the old veterans to whom the history of the rebellion is so actual because of their part in it. To the historical student and the future historian these reminiscences will be valuable material, written as they are from various standpoints. The life of Lincoln, also, has great interest to many readers.

The *Atlantic* is perhaps the least pretentious of the four dollar magazines. It has no illustrations to enchant the eye, and its contents are a little more "solid" in character. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial Philosopher of the Breakfast Table, is one of its contributors and his many admirers would buy the *Atlantic* if for no other reason than to enjoy with him "A Hundred Days in Europe." T. B. Aldrich conducts the magazine, and he and M. O. W. Oliphant are furnishing a serial written after the Ereckmain-Chartrain fashion. The Contributors' Club is one of the pleasant features, and the reviews of current literature wise and judicious.

*Scribner's* is a magazine which I take pleasure in commending as one of the best of our three dollar publications. I have been reading it since it started with much profit and satisfaction. It is not quite a year old, and will celebrate its first birthday by the issue of a special holiday number, which we are promised shall be well worth the auspicious opening of its career.

*Lippincott* makes a speciality of its novelettes, by some of our best writers of fiction, usually occupying about half the

number, the remainder being acceptably filled by papers about people and things of general interest. The great novelette of the year was "Sinfire," by Julian Hawthorne, and probably the best thing he has written, as well as the most striking of the year's series, thus far.

The *American Magazine*, the youngest born of our list, was the *Brooklyn Magazine* until last May, when with its change of title it became more cosmopolitan in character. It is said the publishers paid Edgar Fawcett \$3,600 for his novel, "Olivia Delaplaine," now running as a serial. The *American* is a worthy aspirant for a place in popular favor and deserves success. It has a field all its own; indeed, when we review the list of our popular magazines we are again impressed by the magnitude of the varying interests which make up the world of literature, art, music and all the rest, and make possible so great a diversity of such instructive as well as delightful miscellany.

There are many other magazines, all differing in scope and contents, and more or less widely known, which we need not name here. The so-called fashion magazines we do not take much stock in; their reading matter is poor and profitless, their "styles" are like nothing one ever sees worn by a human being, and are responsible for the faults of dress they pretend to correct. If you want a journal which will give you the latest and best models, styles a woman can modify to the plainest materials, and which gives also a good deal of good reading, subscribe for *Harper's Bazar*, which is among fashion periodicals what the *Magazine* is among more solid literature.

BEATRIX.

### LABOR-SAVING EXPERIMENTS.

In a recent number of the *HOUSEHOLD* Beatrix points "taffy on a stick" at Susan, and wishes to hear from her again; and she responds, I need not say cheerfully, for that would not half tell it. Editors have such a drawin' out way with them. Some months since I had occasion to go to the "village of Detroit," as Samantha Allen (Josiah's wife) would say, on a tower, and one day, being out on the avenue and elsewhere, viewing the natural and unnatural curiosities, I thought it would be time well spent to come face to face with a live editor, so turned my footsteps westward to Larned Street and there found the object of my search ensconched in a comfortable arm chair, with pencil and paper before her, but whether courting the muse or correcting "copy" I

dared not inquire, therefore remain in ignorance till this day.

Such little trips do us any amount of good. When we come home we have a great many new things to think of as we take up that endless round of duties that we house-keepers have to pursue. I do not know as it gives us a new lease of life exactly, but considerable more ambition than we had before we started on our "tower."

I have nearly outgeneraled myself in doing the housework this summer (I work under my own orders, not keeping any help), not in having done so much but the opposite. We do not know how much labor we can save in making the head and some of the modern improvements do their share until we try. Now we live away out in the country where it is generally supposed we can not have any idea of the advantages our city housewives have. Making butter, with its attendant "muss," is one source of annoyance, at least to me. The past year the cream gatherer from a neighboring creamery has gathered the cream twice a week, and I have purchased butter of a friend who had no opportunity of selling cream. This has made the work much lighter. The highest price paid for butter in the year being 18c., the lowest 10c., who would make butter? The washings were done with soap that did the work nicely without any boiling of clothes, thereby avoiding the steam and use of very hot water which is so disagreeable on a very warm day. I have a fine gasoline range, with iron oven attached on a level with the stove under which are two burners and four on the stove, making it square like an ordinary wood stove, which has added comfort to the work.

One grocer and sometimes two came every week with all kinds of groceries and would bring anything else if ordered, taking eggs, lard, etc., at market prices, thus saving the trouble of carrying them to town. Two meat men or butcher's carts have made their appearance weekly, the contents of which has added variety to our bill of fare. Mr. Nipper thinks if a barber would only travel on this circuit the arrangements would be complete, and it would be almost as good as living in town. I cannot quite agree with him there; we would still be without that soul stirring accompaniment—the hand organ.

I will not say we have our house work reduced to a science as yet, but are taking long strides in that direction, not hoping however to reach the millenium in this generation but giving our experience to those who come after us so they need not commence at the bottom. It pays to put brain as well as brawn into the labor of house-keeping as well as any other branch of business. There never was much accomplished in any pursuit without hard work. Some say there is so much of that work that they have no time for self culture. The idea is absurd. If the fact exists we are to blame.

I have simply tried to give my hot weather experience with my house work; if it will help any other one to make their work lighter, I shall be satisfied. It may seem rather out of season, but how could I tell whether I could recommend experiments till they were tried? "Nothing succeeds like success."

SUSAN NIPPER.

#### A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

I was reading lately an account of the life of the only woman who has ever been honored by having a statue to her memory erected in the open air in America, and found it very interesting, so much so that I thought a brief *resume* might be equally pleasing to others. "Margaret" is a name famous in New Orleans—where the statue is erected, and where the woman who bore it was beloved by high and low, but especially by the common people, for her goodness, practical charity, and her sympathy with any form of destitution or distress. Her parents were Irish emigrants who died of yellow fever while she was quite small. A benevolent lady took charge of the little orphan, and though herself a Baptist, conscientiously had her reared in the faith of her parents, who were Catholics. She was in no way brilliant and was totally uneducated, not being able to read nor even to write her own name, affixing her mark to her will, but wherever she worked she won the reputation of being honest, faithful and capable. She was first known in New Orleans in 1836, in the humble place of laundress in one of the hotels, where she became interested in the work of the Sisters of St. Vincent, who were gathering together and taking charge of the destitute orphans of the city, and offered her assistance. Then she gave to this cause all her own earnings, save enough for her plain food and the dress and sack of cheap goods, the only costume she ever wore, even after she became rich, and begged supplies for her orphans from all possible sources. A wholesale grocer promised her the stores she had asked him for, if she would carry them away herself; she borrowed a wheelbarrow, the grocer loaded it and she wheeled it away. A young clerk offered to wheel it for her but she refused, saying she would wheel such a load every day for the orphans' sake, if she could only get it. With her wages as laundress she bought two cows and opened a dairy; performing all the work herself, even to delivering the milk, and thus she became acquainted with a great many people to whom she always presented the cause she had at heart, and who gave her broken food and half-worn clothing which she turned over to the Sisters. By this time the number of orphans in charge of the Sisters became so large that they determined to build a suitable asylum, and Margaret promised to stand by them till the asylum was built and the last cent of indebtedness was paid, and this work claimed her energies for seventeen years. This was the St. Theresa asylum, before which her monument now stands. After this was equipped, the profits of her dairy went into another, the magnificent St. Vincent de Paul infant asylum, to be followed by a third, the St. Elizabeth, where industrial education is furnished those who are transferred from the St. Theresa. Her benefactions were for Protestant and Catholic, the only passport necessary being their needs.

By the chances of trade she came into possession of a bankrupt bakery which, under her administration, became one of the best paying investments of the South. She supplied the asylums with bread at a nom-

inal price, a price always returned in another benefaction. Her means increasing, so did her charities; every public enterprise was aided, every charitable institution knew her bounty, but she never spent more for herself than when she earned a laundress' wages. Everybody knew her; her word was never questioned, and she was always "Margaret," her name, Haughry, being almost forgotten.

The monument to her memory was a spontaneous outburst of the popular feeling. The money flowed into the hands of the committee so freely that the erection speedily followed her death. "The statue represents a middle-aged, homely woman, short of stature, clumsy in proportion, in gown and jacket, and seated in a splint bottomed chair in an attitude she always assumed when seated, no matter in whose presence. As her living arm had done for 46 years, her marble arm clasps a ragged orphan."

Contract this life of active benevolence and sacrifice and no less active business enterprise, with that of the ordinary rich woman who lives for society and whose ambition is to excel in dress and display, and what wonder that the name of "Margaret"—the only inscription upon her monument—is revered and beloved by rich and poor alike of the Crescent City.

DETROIT.

BRUNEFILLE.

#### THE HOUSE GARDEN.

October 15 and 16 were perfect, lovely days. They reminded me of those beautiful days we spent in the sunny South, when here were the raw cold winds of March. Already we have had premonitions of the cold winter which many look forward to with dread. One compensation I have for being shut up, my beautiful house-plants; they are the admiration of all who see them. In one south window I have 26 plants in eleven flower pots, the largest a six-inch pot. You can make a beautiful display, as fine as a nice bouquet and far more lasting, by selecting such foliage plants as will blend with certain geraniums. For instance, in my six inch pot the tallest plant is a pepper coleus; just under its long scalloped leaves is a round light green leafed geranium, its pink blossoms peep out just above two opposite colored foliage plants, one dark mottled green and red stiff leaf almost like Begonia; grows straight up, though not very tall. On either side is a plant used for bordering flower-beds which hangs down; every leaf is margined with white, with occasionally a leaf entirely white. The tallest plants are at the back, shorter plants toward the light. I never turn them; you cannot make a plant grow in a window as out-doors, the leaves will follow the light, if you turn them the buds will blast; they will also, if you let the earth get dry and hard. Some think their plants must be turned for fear they will grow one-sided. Mine do not, they turn their bright faces toward the light (the leaves); when I want to enjoy all their beauty I set them on the table in the middle of the room (evening is a nice time) below the hanging lamp, then they do not miss the light and sun.

Geraniums and coleus must have light and sunshine or you will have no blossoms

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Heliotrope and calceolaria do very well in the light, sun fades the calceolaria. Fuchsia and cactus will bloom without sun and with little light. My inch cactus budded and would have bloomed in the cellar had I not taken it up-stairs. I took a fuchsia out of the ground, cut back and potted it, set in a dark room, and in two weeks found it was budded.

In August I began to pot my plants; sank them in the ground, those least disturbed did not drop a leaf; some I shook all the dirt from; some leaves died. Be careful not to get angleworms in the pots, they kill a tender plant, eat all the fine roots.

A friend two years ago sent me two silver-leaf geraniums; some call them Snow-on-the-Mountain. I prized them highly, watched to see a leaf and bud; but in a short time leaf after leaf withered. I took them out and found seven angleworms in one and five in the other pot. Last fall Happy Thought drooped; I took it out and found four worms. I got new earth. Look carefully through hand or sift it, that is best.

I brought my plants in before frost and before a fire was needed; now they are full of leaves and blossoms. I have saucers which I keep filled with water, to keep the plants from getting dry and hard. That's my experience. I have nice foliage. Always flowers in bloom.

Plants when not in bloom need a temperature of 50° to 60°; when in blossom 70°. They also require more water then. All who wish to succeed with plants should keep a thermometer and keep the air as near 70° as possible; below better than above. In my bedroom at a south window I have three shelves across, the plants form a complete curtain. There are 34 geraniums, one hoye, California fern, begonias and cacti. They have felt no fire yet, window open top and bottom all the time. Coleii are more tender than geraniums, the first frost scorched a coleus beside a geranium which was not hurt.

If you want blossoms you must have plants in small pots or if you have large pots put from two to five in one, according to size of plants. You will find foliage brighter and blooms more perfect and fresh to sprinkle the leaves once a week, or two weeks, in warm water. Always water plants with warm water; some will bear hot if you pour it in at the edge of the crock. The plants repay you as a warm shower starts the grass in spring. Calla lily always wants boiling water. You must be very careful not to let the earth get dry and hard if you don't want the buds to blast. If the heliotrope gets dry once, the edges of the leaves will turn black and die. Fuchsia is called the baptismal plant because it requires so much water constantly, unless you wish it to rest. I don't see any need of that, when one needs rest, throw it away after you root another. I find them easy to root. Take slips when plants are in bloom, plant in the same pot, when well rooted transplant in three-inch pot; when three or four inches high it will blossom. If you let it get dry, leaf and bud will fall off.

Frost has killed the tops of the dahlias; now tie a string the color of each on stalk, left four inches, it will save marking, which

is often lost when a paper is fastened on them. If you prepare a bed plant the English daisy now, will repay you next summer, have a shady place such as the pansy needs.

LESLIE.

M. E. HALL.

### HOME TALKS.

NO. V.

In broiling meat the fire must be brisk for broilers; but the old-fashioned gridiron requires coals; the broilers have steel bars not as broad as the gridiron, these should be well greased and the meat wants to be pounded; leave the steak whole and remember it ought not to be cooked until all the other dishes are ready for the table; the beauty of it lies in eating it as soon as it is broiled. From five to ten minutes will be required to cook it a trifle rare. Never salt it until the last time you turn it, have a lump of butter on the platter melting, pepper the platter a trifle, then turn over the gravy that will drop from it and butter the meat. So many drown their steak with hot water; better a little that is real good than a surplus not fit to eat. While I am telling you so explicitly you must not depend entirely upon me; you must use judgment and reason and common sense. If in learning you burn the meat or salt it too little or too much, have it overdone or underdone, try to improve it next time; it would be an exceptional case if you were perfect in everything, and after you learn so you think you never will fail, there will be times when you have proportioned and done exactly as you have heretofore you will not have it exactly right. All these things need a good deal of experience and lots of patience. There is no set rule for the quantity of pepper and salt for a steak or for mashed potatoes or turnip; you must observe and depend upon your taste for instance when you were setting your bread last week I told you spoonfuls of sugar and lard. You took the large iron spoon that you would use in stirring, so there was too much of both articles used. I will try and be very explicit because it is very essential that you should be exact in formulas; if I say a cup I mean a cup full in anything like a baking of bread or yeast; regarding the amount or water used by a dipper full I mean the ordinary quart dipper, by a spoonful a common tablespoon. In making the yeast the amount of water you used over the two quarts boiled away, a large per cent of water is lost in evaporation, so you must allow for it. The next time you can make potato bread and ordinary raised biscuit, the next time a loaf of graham.

While I think that my methods are good and I am successful in household affairs, others with different methods are equally successful. It would not do at all for everybody to work and cook and manage alike, but one can always glean something from other's ideas, and it is the only way we can hope to improve, by exchanging experiences and ideas. My mother was a good housekeeper and cook but I think I can do ever so much better than she did, and I feel assured the time will come, Hetty, when you will think your mode of operations vastly superior to mine. That will be all right; they will be if you have made the right use of your time and your eyes. Observation

does a wonderful sight for us with everything marching along and progressing as it does now. The person who sits down gets left a long way behind.

We will set the boys to picking strawberries and we will hull and can as fast as they pick. Fruit of all kinds has a much better flavor if taken care of as soon as picked. First, get some cans—all quart cans to-day; give them a good washing and rinsing and fill five of them with warm water; the rubbers and tops wipe dry and lay on the reservoir to get thoroughly dry and warm; the preserve kettle next. Take the grate out of the oven and put on top of the stove; set the kettle on that; that prevents the kettle from coming in direct contact with the fire and prevents burning and boiling. I think strawberries and all soft fruit is better scalded than boiled; it is a good rule to allow a coffee-cupful of granulated sugar to a quart can. Waile a great many like fruit canned without sugar, I nearly always sweeten mine ready for the table, it is always ready. Our kettle holds five quarts exactly, if it is full, so we will put in two quarts of berries and one cup of sugar to start with; after a little the juice will commence to run, then add more berries and sugar until the kettle is full. After they have stood a while, say twenty minutes, take the grate away and just as they strike a boil lift the kettle to the table and fill the cans. No, there is never any white scum unless they boil, you will notice that, and the berries are not mussy. Here is the little dipper and funnel, fill all the cans at a time, then you can equalize the berries or juice. I will turn on the tops, first wipe the tops of the cans clean; you must exercise considerable pains in canning fruit, and there is no danger of its spoiling. Tighten them with the wrench and stand them on the tops until they are cold. There will be enough for one more kettleful, and we will save some nice ones for tea and breakfast; I believe in eating all we can fresh, they will never be as good again. A saucer of berries for breakfast, when one has so little appetite, is delicious.

We will try after a few days to have a bill of fare for two or three days in the week. All kinds of new vegetables are coming in now, and fruits in their order; you will learn then to have a variety. These instructions you are receiving, while they appear simple, are giving you confidence in yourself, so that when you are alone there will be no haphazard, blundering, wasteful housekeeping. A novice in housekeeping wastes time and temper and money, there are so many little economies that a thoughtful, careful, prudent woman can practice. There will be but two of you to cook for, so you can have a great many luxuries that a larger family could ill afford. You will find it so when you come to do the marketing; the majority of young housewives cook too much; after a week or two you will know pretty well how much is required. There are innumerable ways to fix up cold meats and potatoes, but most vegetables are the best freshly cooked; just so with pies, puddings and cakes also, unless very rich ones. When the housewife expends the month's allowance and feels that it has been done in a judicious manner, there is a pleasing sat-

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isfaction, but there can be nothing but chagrin and remorse in knowing that you have realized "nothing for something."

When you buy steak get the best cut, it will prove the cheapest; in a roast or stewing piece get as little bone as possible, it is economy to pay two or three cents more per pound and have more meat and less bone. I would rather have a square roast or stewing piece than one of those long narrow ones where the meat has to be cut the wrong way of the grain; flank pieces and rib roasts are nice for pressing or hash. You must market in order to see the difference in meat. I have read that every housewife should know how to superintend the cutting up of a beef, hog, veal and mutton. We had a minister once whose wife could, and she was a delicate little body, too, but she understood all about managing. She ought to, I am sure, for they had eleven children and she was often put to her wit's end to have things go around.

EVANGELINE.

### FARMERS' PICNIC.

In response to an invitation from Senator T. W. Palmer to the citizens of Greenfield and vicinity, to visit his farm, Oct. 15th, to inspect the farm, the fine Percheron horses and the dainty Jersey cattle with which the farm is stocked, and last, but not least, to inspect the famous "log cabin" a multitude, variously estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000 people, assembled. The farm consists of over 600 acres, lying between the six and seven mile roads on Woodward Avenue. Mr. Palmer has some sixty or more Percheron horses, all imported or thoroughbred, with the famous Anchorite at the head. And each one is a beauty, from the heavy, full grown horse to the sturdy, playful colts.

The Jerseys capture the admiration of the womenfolk, and well they may. Such beauties! so gentle, with their great appealing, soft eyes. The herd counts some sixty head, every one pretty enough for an American princess to possess.

There is considerable woodland on the farm, and driveways have been constructed all through this, winding here and there, in all about five miles. The fields are regularly laid out, and water is conveyed in pipes from wells to every field; a windmill does the pumping. Immense barns give shelter to the stock, and every labor-saving device known seems to have been adopted here. In the barn where the Jerseys are kept, there is an engine that furnishes power, cuts the feed, carries it aloft by elevators, and huge pipes distribute it to the feeding floor below. The cattle stand in rows, facing a central floor, secured by patent stanchions that allow almost perfect freedom of movement, but confining them from injury; trap doors in the aisle behind them allow the offal to be dropped into carts that are driven into the basement beneath, while the liquid is run into a huge tank. Hot and cold water can be turned on wherever needed. Light and ventilation are provided in abundance. A silo in one corner, and huge racks or bins of roots in the basement, furnish variety of food.

The log cabin is built on a rise of ground, perhaps sixty rods back from the avenue.

It is two stories high, built of logs of uniform size, with the bark on. A rustic porch is built over the great double doors, that, divided horizontally as well as perpendicularly, open into a wide and lofty hall that extends through the building, there being one large room on each side, into which wide sliding doors open from the hall, thus allowing the whole to be thrown together. An open brick fire place is in each room, while the simulated log chimneys that show outside, make fine large closets back of the actual chimneys. A carved and polished oaken staircase, broken into three sections by turned landings, leads to the rooms above, four in number. A frame kitchen, with a cellar below, is attached to the house at the back. The stained glass windows are protected by heavy shutters, and the house is furnished throughout with articles of "ye olden time." On the staircase stands the "grandfather's clock;" the cradle and little chair of his youth is in the Senator's cabin, wheels and reels attest that his ancestors knew and practised the mysterious handicraft of converting wool and flax into raiment. A flint lock musket hangs over the fireplace, corn, apples, pumpkin and savory herbs hang from the ceiling; screens of gaily patterned calico divide the rooms, giving privacy to the ancient beds with their coverlets of patchwork or woven spreads.

An artificial lake with fairy boats moored to its banks is just in front of the house; a rustic bridge gives means of crossing. Little islands give variety and beauty to the scene. A small stream from a spring forms a cascade and feeds a fountain near. There are several houses on the farm where workmen reside. A dairy, managed by a notable housekeeper, furnishes large quantities of Jersey butter, all of which bears the proprietor's initial as a stamp.

Down in the grove tables had been constructed, a dancing platform erected, kettles hung over blazing fires on tripods, and here the immense multitude gathered after inspecting the premises to their heart's content, and being presented to the host and hostess in the parlors of the log cabin. Mrs. Palmer had been baking wonderful cakes and delicate pies for several days, and now a large number of her lady friends of the city volunteered to assist in the formation of bushels of delicious sandwiches and the concocting of fragrant coffee. The people gathered at the tables with sharpened appetites, the feast commencing at 2 P. M., and continuing with fresh relays until nine. All were fed, and what was left over made glad the hearts of some of Charity's wards. Spiel's orchestra furnished music for dancing, which commenced at 3 P. M. and was kept up lively until nine. As night approached, locomotive lights and Chinese lanterns were lighted, huge bonfires blazed, the lake reflected back the brightness, making a veritable fairy scene.

Senator Palmer and his fair lady will ever have a warm place in the hearts of the people who enjoyed this happy day at their generous hands. The weather was fine; the enjoyment immense. No accident marred the pleasure; all were quiet, orderly and happy. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer seemed to enjoy the day with the zest of youth, and

promise to make the Harvest Home Festival a yearly recurring event.

"This is the happiest day of my life," said Mr. Palmer, "I wish I had thought of such a project long ago, next year I will invite the people of the county."

It would be well for the community if other generous hearts would find means to furnish such pleasant, rational enjoyment.

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

M., of Portland, writes to tell El See that she has been successful in removing copper stains by a few applications of lemon juice.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what "cerealine" is. It is a product of corn, manufactured largely at Columbus, Ind.; and is made by flattening corn "grits" by passing between hot rollers, sufficiently not to cook the starch. It can therefore be prepared for the table in a very few minutes. It is cooked as oatmeal and eaten with cream and sugar, or made into pancakes.

### Contributed Recipes.

**SNOW CAKE.**—Three-fourths cup butter; two cups white sugar; whites of seven eggs; one cup sweet milk; one cup cornstarch; two cups sifted flour; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; flavor with almond. Bake in layers. Filling: Whites of two eggs; twelve tablespoonfuls sugar, boiled in half cup water until it will throw a hair; pour it slowly into the beaten whites. Flavor with almond, and beat for five minutes with a Dover egg-beater. Delicious.

**VEAL MARBLE.**—Boil a beef's tongue and a piece of lean veal the size of the tongue; grate the tongue and mince the veal fine, keeping them separate; season them nicely with butter, pepper, salt, nutmeg, cloves; put some of the veal in a mold—a brick-shaped tin will do nicely; then a layer of tongue, alternating until all is used; put on a weight; slice cold.

**SALAD EGGS.**—Boil one dozen eggs hard; when thoroughly cold cut them evenly in two; take out the yolks, rub them fine with three crackers; one spoonful of celery seed and mustard; salt, pepper, butter, and a little vinegar; stir it well, and roll in balls to fit the cavity in the whites of the eggs. Put together and serve. For tea and picnics.

**JELLIED CHICKEN.**—Boil one chicken until tender; slip the skin off; pick the meat from the bones. Skim the oil from the water, season it well and thicken with cornstarch; line a mold with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; strew the chicken over it, and turn on the gravy. Set on ice to harden; turn out when cold. This is a nice dish for tea or Sunday dinner.

**CARROT STEW.**—Boil carrots tender in salted water; then drain them and cut them in slices half an inch thick; return them to the sauce pan; turn over them cream and milk to cover; add butter, pepper, salt and a little thickening; let boil once. Serve hot. Nice.

**SALMON SALAD.**—Yolks of three eggs; half cup cream; half cup vinegar; two tablespoonfuls sugar; salt, pepper, and one tablespoonful lemon juice. Set over hot water, stir until it thickens. Empty one can of salmon into a dish; turn the salad over; slice some thin slices of lemon and lay around it.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.