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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

A woman with a tender, haunting voice,
And brave, sweet eyes in which the sunny flash
Will sparkle ere the lighter curve her lips,
And peep out shyly through the drooping lash.
A woman on whose heart one seems to see
A circuit, woven by the love and tears
And laughter she has won from us whose lives
Her presence brightens through the happiest years.

The hands—a trick of hers—are oft outstretched,
So many cling to them, and strong men rise
The better from her touch, while children's
Smiles

Will break in laughter as they meet her eyes.
So true a woman that were all her art,
And bright, sweet coquetry, and winning ways,
To pass from memory in the time to come,
There still were left enough for grateful praise,
In that bystanding in the fiercest glare,
As one whose whole brave life of good
And tender deeds she helps our girls to grow
More noble through her perfect womanhood.

If matchless beauty marks thy face,
If diamonds sparkle in the eyes,
If perfect form is thine, and grace,
Build not on the earthy frailties;
In none of them, nor in the whole,
Is found sweet woman's richest dower.
But woman, know that in the soul
Resides the secret of thy power.

SAVING.

To be "saving" is a lesson imprinted upon the minds of the members of farmers' families from an early age. "You must not waste," says the mother, as her little one feeds his dinner to the dog. "You must not waste," is the admonition the father gives as his son drops the seed corn beside him in the field, and all along their lives the saving of material things is taught and practiced as a virtue. This is very right and commendable, but I want to preach a little sermon about a saving of a different kind, an economy of strength, a husbanding of physical force, of which less is said than of that saving which spares expense, but which I certainly believe to be more essential. Summer brings to people on the farm a vast deal of work; a larger quantity of milk to be made into butter, fruit to gather and put up, the winter's supplies of pickles and dried vegetables to be made, larger washings and ironings, hired men to cook for and wait upon; and always the city friends who ignored their country acquaintances all winter are ready for a trip to the "dear delightful country," by haying and harvest time, and wear their white skirts and white dresses with as little care as if their hostess was not her own laundress. Beside this added work,

the hot weather robs most of us of at least a part of our physical strength, leaving us in a condition aptly expressed in the phrase "as limp as a rag." Under these conditions I advise "saving." Save your strength and your health by every means in your power. Simplify the day's toil by leaving out the non-essentials. If you have a hired girl, do not oblige yourself to work as hard as if you had no assistant by bringing out patchwork to quilt, or any such extra task. Rise early, because it is easier to work in the cool of the morning than when the heat is greater, but make up for time stolen from your hours of sleep by an after dinner nap, remembering that if you choose to take it before your dinner dishes are washed it is nobody's business but your own. Fry a few raw potatoes in the kettle of lard, strain into a jar, tie up tight and set away down cellar; no sensible woman will fry doughnuts for the next three months; it is a greater sin than to eat oysters in a month "without an r." Condemn the cookie-cutter to solitary confinement on the top-shelf somewhere; it "don't pay" to make those delightful chips when the thermometer is among the nineties. A soft gingerbread or a "stirred cake" is more economical, more wholesome, and far less trouble. If you must have something of the kind with coffee for breakfast, take a pint of your bread dough, add two beaten eggs, two-thirds cup of butter, a cup and a half of sugar, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon nutmeg and cloves, and two cups of Zante currants. Mould into small biscuit, let rise, and glaze with a thick syrup of sugar and water.

Banish from your tables as much as possible of the hearty, heavy food you have eaten all winter, and use eggs and milk freely. Oatmeal is a dish seldom seen on farmers' tables, and most of them think it a "kind of slop," which is beneath their notice; "not hearty enough," they say, forgetting that the Scotch, into whose diet it largely enters, in their native land, are models of hardiness and endurance. It is really a healthy, hearty food, especially when eaten with cream. Many women do not cook it, because they think it needs to be boiled for hours. That which my landlady sets before me every morning, is sifted by hand-fuls into boiling water, about half an hour before I appear upon the scene; it cooks about twenty minutes, and then simmers on the back of the stove till wanted. It is the coarsely ground meal, and when it is served it is not the pasty,

salvey mess often seen, but though thoroughly cooked, a large proportion of the grains preserve their individuality. It is far more healthy for the little people, with sugar and cream, than meat and potatoes and the usual cookies and pie.

Spare yourself in the matter of washing and ironing. Do not condemn a garment to the tub because it is mussed, press it out with a warm iron, and let it do duty again. A length of Russia crash laid over the tablecloth at the children's places, or where the men lean against the table with their soiled clothes, saves washing and doing up table linen. Make the little calico and gingham slips without many furbelows; plainness saves so much on ironing days, and the children will grow just as fast and be just as handsome. The young lady of the family should either do up her own white skirts, or wear with her every day dresses the neat and pretty colored cotton ones which are so cheap now.

If you have not a kerosene stove, get one. It will save its cost in the matter of ironing alone. It will save you many steps after chips and kindlings, and much bother with ashes. You have a fire instantaneously, and in five minutes after you are done using, the stove is cold. The heat is steady and can be tempered to any degree desired; there is no continual stopping to "put in a stick of wood." And it saves so much heat, and the warming the upper rooms by hot chimneys and stove-pipes, that I find those who have once used one, are never willing to do without.

The minimum of heat and exertion is the maximum of excellence in summer house-keeping. Do not disdain to spare yourself when you can. By experiment you will find many things you think you must do, you can, after all, leave undone. Don't crowd two days' work in one; you will surely suffer for it. I have washed, baked, ironed and churned in a single day, and am perfectly willing to agree with any one who chooses to call me "an awful fool" for so overtaxing nature; I do not think it was at all "smart" now. Keep a comfortable chair in your kitchen and sit down whenever you can. I once heard a woman say she never sat down to pare apples or potatoes, as if she thereby assumed a virtue. She is dead now, and another reigns in her stead.

Enough must be done in every household during warm weather, to thoroughly treat the "head-centre" by nightful of each recurring day. But it is her duty, to herself as well as her family, to be as "saving" as possible of her health, strength and vitality.

BEATRICE.

FAMILY INFLUENCES.

I was very much interested in Beatrix's article "The Other Side." I think we are apt to be very lavish with our advice to the girls, on paper at least, and leave the boys to take care of themselves. She says: "The mother can train her sons to be good husbands just as easily as she can educate her girls in housewifely arts." Do you not think that a sweeping assertion? If it is true, why are there not as many good, true husbands as wives? I expect the men would rise in indignation and say "There are," but I do not believe it. In my school-teaching, boarding around days, and since, in my married life, I have used my eyes and ears and have observed more than people were aware.

When the children are small I think the mother's influence is as great over the boys as the girls, but the time comes when the boys go out of the house to work, and associate with their father and hired men, and then the mother loses her influence in a great measure, while the girls still remain with her and profit by her teaching and example. The daughter sees her mother patient, kind, self-sacrificing, often overworked, but ever thoughtful for those around her, and she is preparing to become a woman, too. She often sees how grudgingly the purse is opened for her mother's use when she wants a new dress for herself or the girls, and then goes to town as Beatrix pictured the farmer's wife; her blood boils with indignation and she exclaims: "I will never put up with things as mother does, when I get married!" She does not think her brothers are profiting by these examples, also other boys are learning nearly the same lessons.

There are many things mothers allow in their sons that are within their control, and this ought not to be; but because the father does them she seems to think it right to indulge it in the boys. If fathers were as careful in precept and example as mothers, we would have better men and consequently happier women.

Don't understand me to say there are no good, kind, manly husbands. There are many, and happy homes, too; but the reverse is true also, and is it due to the training the boys receive from their mother? We never think of laying the blame to the father if the girl proves a disagreeable, wasteful, slatternly woman.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH, May 24th.

CHAT WITH THE HOUSEHOLDERS.

House-cleaning, company and sickness in the family have kept me very busy the past two weeks, so that I have been prevented from writing my thanks to the Editor of the Household for sending me the paper containing E. S. B.'s recipe for bread, which I have tried and liked very much. I also tried the quicker method, contributed by "Friend," I think, and had good bread in that way, but last week there seemed to be no chance to even make yeast, so I sent down for some compressed yeast, and that, too, made splendid

bread. My flour is better than we had in the winter, so I have better bread with any kind of yeast. I agree with Beatrix that there is as much in the baking as in the making. Only a few days ago we had what would have been a nice loaf of bread spoiled by taking out of the oven a little too soon. I can say with all the other members, that I appreciate and enjoy the Household. I was glad to hear from El See, I used to read her letters in "Hearth and Hall," but I think it nicer to have our paper by itself.

Last night, as my son lay on his couch, which had but recently been one of suffering, he read to me "A Happy Medium," by F. E. W. The tears came to my eyes, and I wished I could say to her, "Trust our Heavenly Father, when the great day of reckoning shall come, but make glad the hearts of your little ones while you have them with you." I hope her heart will never have occasion to yearn for the little arms around her neck, as mine has done, and even now, though years have passed, I miss the sweet voices that used to say, "I love you, Mamma," "Read to me, please, Mamma." There often comes time in later years for one to read, write and study, too. I have a friend, past fifty, who while her only daughter was away, improving every advantage that wealth could bestow upon her, gave her own time to painting and the studies of the C. L. S. C., and enjoyed them as much as any person could. I would like to speak of many who have encouraged me in their letters to the Household, but I must not make my letter too long. M.

IONIA, May 24th.

PICTURE FRAMES.

The heavy, wide mouldings and the exquisite plush and gold frames which so set off a pretty picture, are coveted by many women whose limited means forever stand in the way of the gratification of their desires. The frame of a picture is to the picture itself what beautiful clothing is to a handsome woman. Many who visited the Art Loan will recall the expressions of admiration bestowed upon the artistic frames of the pictures, and some who could not tell a genuine Schreyer from a tea-store chromo, had yet eyes and words of admiration for the "lovely frames;" indeed often the frames received more glances than the pictures. In almost every home there are some pretty or cherished pictures in battered or antique frames, and no money to spare to renew them. If one's iconoclastic spirit is strong enough to do away with "respect for age," and give a little time, trouble and money to the work, the last Bazar tells how it is possible to convert some of them into more modern style, as well as freshen their appearance.

Some oval portrait frames fell under the fingers of the Bazar correspondent. They were cleaned with a feather duster and a soft cloth. A thin glue was made by dissolving white glue in hot water, to the consistency of ordinary paste. With a soft flat varnish brush, every part of the frame was washed with the glue, as hot as

it could be put on. Before it had time to cool, grains of rice and coarse hominy were thickly showered on it, and left to dry over night, then the grains that did not adhere were shaken off. A tablespoonful of pale gold bronze powder was stirred into enough white sizing—bronze powder and size both to be obtained at any artists' furnishing establishment—to make a liquid about the consistency of syrup. With this the frame was carefully gilded, every little grain being completely covered. The sides and ends of the frames were finished with the gilding, but of course the glue is not needed. The appearance of the frame is similar to the rough gilt frames now so fashionable.

Another narrow moulding which needed renewing, the ingenious woman made new and stylish by the use of a few feet of clothesline! The frame was carefully measured, and a knot tied at the proper place to fill each corner. Small nails held the knots in place at each corner, and glue was also set under the rope out of sight to hold it across the sides without sagging. It was then gilded with the gold powder, "and the effect was surprising."

Some rough pieces of lath were chosen, cut the proper length, fastened at the corners with glue and brads, and these improvised frames were also given a coat of gilding, presenting a rough, gilded appearance, which was very taking, and not at all indicative of the homeliness of the material. Such frames, which any ingenious girl can make, are very suitable for the prints, engravings, or card-chromos which are too pretty to throw away, and yet hardly worth the framing.

PRINCIPLE IN ECONOMY.

Economy and saving must be practiced when there is plenty, and a surplus. We cannot lay up when there is scarcity, because necessity then compels us to use what we have. Also we must be governed by principle. To be extremely saving to-day and very wasteful to-morrow would not avail. Though principle may lead us to acts which to the casual or indifferent observer appear to disadvantage, yet we know it is correct and will direct us right. Again, circumstances make a material difference. Under certain circumstances there is a very different appearance than under others.

Matches are now plenty and cheap, and there is a scarcely a thought only to use them; but if "Tom's Wife" was restricted to ten matches a month, and could make them twenty by using or burning both ends, I question whether she would not be careful of them. Or if she were confined to one meal a day, and could get no more, whether she would not accept a second meal of odds and ends if it was healthy, good food. I remember when matches were made so that they could be burned at both ends, bought and sold in very small quantities, and far more expensive than now.

Now as the Editor of the FARMER has instituted the Household, and devoted it to us for our benefit, instruction and en-

joyment, and very generously invited us all to join, suppose we endeavor to make it pleasant and instructive, without allusions to each other's articles, other than we should like ourselves. If there is occasion for reproof, let it be given with candor and sincerity. I can accept reproof when it is given in a friendly manner, but scorn and ridicule I do not like.

E. HAFF.

UTICA, May 23rd.

AROUND TOWN.

The shop windows are full of beautiful things these early June days, and a walk down Woodward Avenue is an "exposition" of the art of our manufacturers. Merchants vie with each other as to which shall make the most artistic display in their windows, and the advertised "bargains" tempt us into spending money for things we do not need, just because they are "so pretty and so cheap." One merchant displays a window full of white muslins, with spots of tambour work, at 30c. a yard, while bright ribbons and trails of lovely flowers laid across them, or hats gracefully garlanded with blossoms, give hints of what charming summer dresses they will make. The fashion journals tell us white is to be the principal wear for everybody this year, and the varieties of white goods are nameless and numberless to any one but a dry goods clerk. Printed linen lawns are so much nicer and prettier than before that they are received with great favor; for a rather coarse quality the price is fifteen cents per yard; those at twenty-five cents are quite sheer and fine; while the patterns are handsome whether we choose an outlined spray of fuchsias on a white ground or the ducal strawberry leaves. These lawns are narrower than cotton lawns, being little more than calico width. Shilling ginghams are fine and even in quality, and fashionably plaided in all the delicate shades. Summer silks range from 39¢ to 75 cents, and come in pin-head checks and fine hair stripes, or in quite small plaids of mixed colors. They make rather pretty looking dresses when fresh, but do not stand wear, and the low price is a snare and a delusion, since it takes yards upon yards of the narrow goods to make a suit. A surab, twenty-four inches wide, at one dollar a yard, gives far better satisfaction at only a slight increase in cost.

The milliners' windows are filled with rare flowers, with plush and satin petals, looking so real that one has to take the second glance to assure herself that they are indeed counterfeit. Detroit ladies have better taste than to wear copies of radishes, carrots or beans upon their hats, but a fashionable milliner here displayed at her opening a Paris hat of *champignon*—a very delicate shade of brown—which was trimmed with a cluster of small mushrooms, and it was a mighty pretty affair, too, although one could be forgiven for skepticism, not having seen it. Fruits, as cherries, plums, currants and tiny Lady apples, tinted to cheat the very birds, are sometimes worn on hats, while the

butterflies which poise in couples or trios on a "real stylish" bonnet outvie the brilliant *Cecropia* moth in size and coloring. The small bonnet is perhaps more worn than any other head-covering, since many ladies can make their own and so have as many as they please. Some of the prettiest have fancy crowns of gold or silver braid or black velvet with gold edge, woven in basket style. These cost from three to five dollars, and require only a full fold of velvet across the front for trimming, though a fall of gold or silver lace or a spray of flowers is sometimes added. Velvet strings—satin-faced velvet ribbon—are worn on all bonnets which are velvet-trimmed. Wide hats are almost invariably trimmed with plumes; the effort to oust the latter in favor of flowers has failed, so far as hats are concerned. Flowers and feathers are never combined on a hat by a milliner who has any claim to be considered "stylish."

The housekeeper's eyes would wander covetously over the fine table napery displayed in the window of a prominent Woodward Avenue firm recently. Fine white damask with twenty-four inch napkins to match, damask with borders of red, blue and brown, with napkins with borders to suit, and towels of all sizes and qualities really made a fine display. And then the handsome bronze stands for shovel and tongs, the coal hods that look like burnished brass, and the hanging lamps, with rose hued shades, would divide attention with the carpets and rugs, the crimson plush furniture and ebony cabinets displayed next door.

And if we stroll down to the Central Market, past the dudes on the Russell House corner and the market building whose three towers so remind us of a breakfast caster, we find where Detroit buys its dinners. But 8 o'clock of a Saturday evening is the time to see the most people, be most unceremoniously elbowed, and most cavalierly entreated by the busy marketwomen whose faces resemble nothing so much as their own russet apples, and whose every word "means business." The long, low, open building, lit by flaring gas jets blown about by the wind, is crowded with all sorts and conditions of men and women, and nowhere else except in the line of a circus procession can so many baby carriages to the square yard be found. They bar your progress in front and run into you from behind; in dodging one your pet corn is crushed by another, and finally you fall to wondering whether you have any rights a baby is bound to respect. The western side of the market is principally occupied by stands crowded to the topmost tier with blooming plants, roses, carnations, fuchsias, all the stores of the greenhouse are here displayed after a fashion which makes you hunt out some spare change, and join the procession that parades with a pot-plant as an emblem. All green vegetables are now in season. We have had lettuce, spinach and radishes till we are tired of them; string beans, asparagus and cucumbers begin to weary us, and we relish green peas, cauliflowers, tomatoes and fres

cabbage, all of which are piled up in great heaps which, with the varying tints of each, are fair to look upon. Strawberries elbow Cape Cod cranberries, and oranges, pineapples and bananas make last year's russets and Spitzenbergs feel old and *passee*. North and South, summer and winter, seem to meet and mingle their products here.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I would like to ask Mrs. Fuller how she treats a Calla lily through the summer. I think the Household just the thing we need, but was sorry to see any recipes printed in it that called for wine or brandy, if they did come from a scientific cook. We cannot be too careful what we set before our loved ones, and it seems as if there are ways enough of cooking wholesome and nutritious food without the aid of stimulants. I thought the lady took a step in the right direction, when she proposed discussion on the butter question, but have looked in vain for any response. I have tried some of the bread recipes, and think them good. I wish the Editor and all other dwellers in town could be out here this morning, to enjoy it; to me this is the queen of all the year. If this does not find the waste basket, I may come again and tell you what we do with cold biscuit, and other bits. I wish some of the members would tell their way of using up the remnants.

SOPHIA.

GRAND BLANC, May 24th.

SCRAPS.

INTO the stillness of the "sleeper" on a certain date that shall be nameless, there came a fresh arrival, husband and wife, talking loudly, questioning the porter, and waking up every drowsy individual in the car. After their berth was pointed out, and the porter had departed, there ensued an ably argued discussion as to the propriety of the husband's retiring with his boots on! This question settled, there followed a conversation relative to the friends they had just left, the pleasure they had received from the visit, etc.; then "silence like a poultice came, to heal the blows of sound." Just as everybody was dozing off again, to the lullaby of rushing wheels, the woman broke out: "Oh, it is so close here! I'm just smotherin'." Oh I shall die; why don't the railroads make these cars so we can get some air? I shall certainly smother to death; Oh I wish we hadn't taken a sleeper, knew I should smother. Oh I shall certainly die it is so close here!" This refrain made itself heard above the roar of the train, and filled the quiet of every stop all night long, and in every "catnap" caught when exhausted nature could bear no more, there entered "Oh it's so close here, I'm smotherin'." Now what right had this woman, by her complaints, uttered as loudly as if she had been in the privacy of her own sleeping room, to disturb a whole car full of tired passengers, who had paid a dollar each for the privilege of snatching what repose they might in transit? The car *was* close,

but sleeping cars always are. No words of hers could alter existing conditions. She banished sleep so effectually that I incline to the opinion that most of the occupants of the car would willingly have purchased silence at the price of her "smotherin' to death." "*Hic docet fabula*" that we should remember that others have rights we are bound in common decency to respect, and that by ignoring such rights, we make nuisances of ourselves.

If arrests for "inhumanity to trees" were permissible, some tree peddlers of this city would now be serving a term in the House of Correction. For what else than certain death is it to lift trees of three and four years' growth from the soil, shake every atom of earth from the roots, pile them in a wagon and stand on the market all day, with the sun pouring down upon them, and the wind searching out every drop of moisture, and both making dry threads of the tender fibrous spongioles which are the mouths of the plant! Yet that is what tree peddlars in this city have done this spring. Alas for the hopes of those who buy and plant these maltreated trees, expecting them to be crowned with foliage! These trees, if left with earth about their roots, and covered from wind and sun by a heavy oil cloth blanket or canvas, might have a show for living. A man has a good deal of "cheek" to demand from fifty cents to a dollar and a half for a tree which is practically "as dead as a door nail." Last August I noticed on one of the lovely lawns of Woodward Avenue, a man who was digging what seemed to be a post hole about a foot across. Near by lay a handsome evergreen tree, with its roots upturned to the sun and wind. When I returned, the tree was "set," filling a vacant place in an ornamental group. Three weeks later I passed that way, and it was brown with decay. To all intents and purposes the tree was dead when planted. With trees and plants all about them, people seem so uninformed as to the rules by which they live or die, that one feels that if a little practical knowledge on such simple, at-hand subjects could be taught instead of so many senseless *logies*, it would be better for everybody.

B.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A RECIPE for washing fluid which will not injure the clothes in the slightest degree, while it makes them very white with little rubbing, consists of one pound of washing soda, one-fourth pound of unslaked lime and one gallon of boiling water. Let stand until clear, pour off into a jug, and use a teacupful in each boiler full of clothes.

THE *Popular Science News* says it is an error to put camphor among furs to keep off the moths; it detracts from their color and makes them much lighter in hue. Whenever you see furs that show streaks of grey or muddy yellow, you may be sure they have been kept in camphor during the hot weather.

"EVERYBODY'S Paint Book" says that

when a paint brush is stiff and hard through drying with paint on it, put some turpentine in a shallow dish and set it on fire. Let it burn for a minute until hot, then smother the flame and work the pencil in the fingers, dipping it frequently into hot spirits. Rinse all paint brushes, pencils, etc., in turpentine, grease with a mixture of sweet oil and tallow to prevent them from drying hard, and put away in a box out of the dust.

Literary and Art Items.

MISS GREATOREX, whose talents as a painter of flowers are fully recognized, has recently completed a study of Crysanthemums for Mr. L. Prang, as companion to the Hollyhocks which he purchased after the last Water Color Exhibition. They are specially adapted for studies for advanced students.

THE *Continent's* new form of the literary conundrum, with an award of prizes for the successful guessers as to the authorship of several short stories by leading American authors now appearing in this Magazine under the general title of "Too True for Fiction," is said to be exciting considerable interest among such readers as are disposed to try their hand at literary discrimination, so far as may be judged from the number who are entering the competition. The monthly edition for June contains the first three of these stories, which are worth reading, whether or not the reader attempts to decide whether they were written by Mrs. Stowe, "H. H.," or others of the galaxy of story-writers who contribute to the series.

MISS MATTIE FULLER, of Fenton, called on us the other day and left a box of beautiful spring flowers as a specimen of the blossoms grown in her mother's garden. The box contained tulips, fine trusses of hyacinths, narcissus, dicentra, double buttercups, English cowslips, lilies of the valley and magnificent pansies. Miss Fuller tells us the seed business has been "lively" this spring, and that there is hardly a State to which plants and seeds have not been sent. She herself has become interested in the work, and has associated herself with her mother, well known to our readers as "Aaron's Wife," and they propose to enlarge their business as rapidly as circumstances warrant. Floriculture is emphatically work for women, and the growing taste for beautifying the home with flowers and plants and the lavish use made of cut flowers on social occasions afford an opportunity for women who have liking for such work to build up a business, which if it does not yield large returns, at least affords a fair profit for their labor. We are indeed pleased to hear of Mrs. Fuller's success, and take pleasure in recommending her to our Household readers as prompt and reliable in business relations.

LETTERS to the Household have decreased in numbers for the past two or three weeks, owing, undoubtedly, to that domestic upheaval we call house-cleaning,

spring sewing, etc. We hope our correspondents will not forget "to do good and contribute," since this department is maintained especially for the women of the FARMER family, and its interest and efficiency depends so largely upon their efforts. Let us hear from you all, ladies.

A LADY inquires the proper manner of addressing communications intended for the "little paper." Household Department of the Michigan Farmer, 44 Larned St. West, with city and State, is all that is necessary.

Useful Recipes.

"AUNT ADDIE," in the *Country Gentleman*, gives the following recipe for cream puffs which are particularly delicious for dessert: In half a pint of boiling water stir four ounces of butter and six ounces of flour. When this mixture is cool, add five eggs beaten well, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus. Put into patty pans and bake in a very hot oven. When cold, pull open the cakes and put the custard between. For the custard, take one pint of boiling milk, one cupful of sugar, three beaten eggs, half a cupful of flour or corn-starch. Stir these ingredients together, and flavor with vanilla or lemon, or both mixed, and stir them into the boiling milk.

PICKLED eggs, which are especially nice for luncheon or picnic excursions, are prepared by boiling them hard and removing the shells; then lay them carefully into wide-mouthed fruit jars and pour over them scalding vinegar strongly spiced with whole pepper, allspice, ginger, mace and anything else desired. Let them stand till cold, then close up the jars tight. They are better if not used until a week or so after putting them up.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—One pint buttermilk, one pint flour, one cup molasses, one tea-spoonful saleratus, add a little ginger if you wish. Mix well these ingredients. Grease a two quart basin and pour the mixture in. Then set in a steamer, and steam for three hours. Do not let the water stop boiling and do not lift the cover till done. Then set in the oven a few minutes to brown, and form a crust.

RAISIN PIE—"Lemon-raisin pie" is a novelty for this season of the year, when the store-room shelves show many vacant jars and cans: Cut one lemon in two parts, remove the seeds, then chop it fine, skin and all, with one cupful of raisins. Cook in one cupful of water slowly on the back part of the stove. Add one cupful of sugar. This quantity will make a small pie. Bake with upper and under crust, but make the upper one thin.

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