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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord or ere 't all things well!"

—Whittier.

TABLE SERVICE.

"Fall to, stranger, 'n' help yerself," is reputed to be the formula by which the western rancher extends the hospitality of his table to his occasional guest. And the stranger who hesitates to join the scramble for food, expecting to have his needs satisfied through his host's attentive care, goes away hungry. Often the man who waits upon the table is so active in satisfying the cravings of a vigorous appetite that he neglects to anticipate or even observe the wants of others, who must therefore "fall to an' help themselves" in a truly primitive fashion, or leave the table unsatisfied. The guest may do the latter; the children and the hired help are "at home" and conduct themselves with home-ly license.

The head of the family, who sits as master at his table, owes a duty to his family and his guests which he ought to study to discharge with ease and dignity. He is to give to each "a portion of meat in due season," gratifying as far as may be individual preferences for "the outside," "rare done," "lots of gravy" and none at all, with thoughtfulness and attention. He will be careful to inquire the guest's preferences, not deluge a plate with gravy without first ascertaining whether any at all is desired, not loading it with everything on the table, without a question as to whether it is palatable to the stranger or not. Above all, he will not so pile a plate with food that the one for whom it is

designed feels discouraged before beginning the attack.

I dine sometimes, "en famille," where there are six children to gather at the table, and have always admired the quick, practical, easy way in which their father waits upon them. They are served according to seniority, and this rule is never deviated from. "Frank, what will you have?" and the oldest son is ready with his reply, "A bit of the beef, rare, please, potato, squash, no gravy," and as he speaks his plate is being filled. "Now Carl!" and Carl wants "Just potato, papa, and a slice of bread and lots of gravy on it;" perhaps the curly-headed occupant of the high-chair lifts her little plate and says appealing, "I'm so hungry, papa," but is met with "Wait a minute, little daughter," and her turn comes only after the sturdy lad in knickerbockers. "Now mamma, are you ready?" and for the mother, who has been filling cups and glasses, has been reserved the bit of meat she especially prefers. The eldest son and daughter are taught to have thought for the wants of the stranger, and to aid in supplying the small desires of their brothers and sisters. None are permitted to leave the table until the meal is concluded, the impetuous lad in short pants often being reminded, "If you leave the table now, Ned, remember you get no dessert," and he always reconsiders his impulses and sits quietly in his place till his plate is taken away and the dessert served. Nor does one of this half dozen youngsters, who are as lively, heedless, impulsive and active as anybody's children, think of leaving the table without first folding up his napkin, laying knife and fork straight on his plate, and saying "Please excuse me, mamma?" And they wait, too, for the glance and little nod which gives permission. In consequence of such home discipline this mother is never ashamed of her children whoever may be her guest, nor afraid of their misbehavior when she takes them away from home.

In serving tea and coffee, where the mother knows individual likings in the way of sugar and cream, it is correct to add these before the cup is passed. But the guest should be permitted to add them to suit herself, and for this purpose a tiny pitcher of cream and small bowl of sugar should be placed upon the table and passed at the proper time. For myself, tea with more than half a teaspoonful of milk to a cup is as bad as medicine, yet I want what my friends facetiously call "my three

drops" as much as if I made the tea half milk. And I find a good many people are quite as "notional," hence my advocacy of allowing each to add sugar and cream to their taste.

The table should be so completely laid that there need be no jumping up and running to the cupboard for forgotten articles. I fully endorse what Ella R. Wood says in her letter last week, about the use of silver, etc., every day. A member of one of our large firms dealing in fine silverware told me several years ago that it was more wearing on silver to lay it by until it was tarnished and then clean it, than to keep it bright by constant use. When in use, the oxydization is slight and quickly removed, but when turned by long lying by, the process of cleaning removes more of the metal.

How much "the pleasure of dining" is enhanced by quiet, noiseless, well conducted table-service and good manners at table! As I have more than once said in these columns, there is no surer index to the good-breeding and refinement of a family, no stronger testimonial to the care bestowed on their "bringing up," than their behavior at table, because children, left to themselves, acquire very negligent habits which follow them in their later life, sometimes to their own mortification, more often to the disgust of those with whom they must eat.

BEATRIX.

A READER of the HOUSEHOLD, writing from Saline, says: "I would say to 'Subscriber,' of Milford, that I am told there is a difference in churns about drawing off the buttermilk—that the butter will follow the buttermilk more with some than others. I fail to see where the difference can be. I draw off the milk and the butter seems to remain on the top and settle as the milk goes down. I always gather the milk in granules ranging in size from small shot to peas, and never have any trouble with it."

A. B. C., of Ann Arbor, has a floral conundrum to propound: "I would like to ask the readers of the HOUSEHOLD what I can do with my cactus to make it blossom. It is the variety with long, flat and three-sided leaves; I do not know the name. It is about five years old and has never had a blossom; is about three feet high. It had been growing in a two quart pail until the pail was completely filled with the roots. I transplanted it last fall into a box about one foot each way; did I give it too much room?"

SOMETHING FOR BREAKFAST.

During the winter season the morning meal is largely made up of buckwheat cakes; potatoes being left out entirely. I never make buckwheat cakes, and seldom have eaten them. When I look around and see the girls who own to eating anywhere from six to eighteen pancakes for breakfast, with faces covered with eruptions, I think they might better eat graham or dry bread. Buckwheat flour is not conducive to perfect complexions. But those who like it will probably eat it, and I am sure I have no objections, for there is one thing in our favor, we are boss of our appetites.

Sally Lunn is good for Sunday breakfast. The night before take one pint of new milk, it should be lukewarm; add four tablespoonfuls of butter that has been softened; three well beaten eggs; a pinch of salt; then stir in sifted flour until the consistency of cake batter; add two tablespoonfuls of good yeast. After beating thoroughly pour the mixture into two shallow tins—they should be from two to three inches deep—in the morning this will be all ready to bake for breakfast. It should be a delicate brown. Half a cup of sugar can be added if liked. Cut in squares.

Corn meal cakes will answer for Monday. Take one quart of thick milk; tablespoonful of thick cream; two eggs; salt, teaspoonful of saleratus; one cup of flour, and sifted meal for a thin batter; the meal will swell as it is baked.

Graham cakes for Tuesday. One quart of buttermilk; one egg; salt; one teaspoonful soda, and graham flour to make a thin batter.

Wednesday morning, bread cakes. Soak two slices of bread in sour milk over night, in the morning add more milk, stir fine; tablespoonful of cream, salt, teaspoonful of saleratus; one egg; flour to make a thin batter.

Thursday morning, buttered toast and fried mush.

Friday, rice cakes. Boil or steam one-half cup of rice; when cold mix into one quart of sweet milk; yolks of four eggs and flour to make a stiff batter; then add the whites of the eggs beaten light; teaspoonful salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder (Royal). Eat with butter and powdered sugar.

Saturday one can have hot rolls. When the bread is mixed take out a lump of dough, add a little lard and a little sugar, mix it in and roll up in shapes a finger long, set the tin on the stove hearth, have the oven heating and they will bake while the men are washing and getting ready for breakfast. Cream fritters are delicious, if one has time to fry them. One pint of sweet milk; six eggs; one pint of sweet cream; teaspoonful salt; nutmeg; teaspoonful baking powder; pint and a half of flour. Drop a spoonful of the batter at a time in hot lard; eat with syrup or honey.

In frying fritters as well as in frying doughnuts, the lard ought not to brown. Most cooks will tell you that a blue smoke should rise from the surface of the fat, but we all know from observation that it is not necessary to stand in a room filled with

smoke to fry fritters or cakes, or bake griddle cakes. Some people think a stove must be red hot to cook over. We have all seen cakes burned black on one side and white on the other. The griddle does not need to be directly over the blaze. The cakes should be a delicious golden brown, laid around the plate, not piled one on the other; this causes them to sweat, and they will stick together. Just so with fritters; the batter should rise immediately to the surface; when the desired brown take out with a wire ladle or spoon—never stick a fork into them.

Oat meal, fried, is good and helps to make variety, slice it moderately thick, dip in beaten egg and fry on the griddle like mush; eat with honey or maple syrup. Rice johnny cake is a new dish. Cook a pint of rice; add two tablespoonfuls of butter; when cold add two beaten eggs and one pint of corn meal; teaspoonful salt; one-half cup sugar; spread the mixture two inches thick and bake. French toast is very delicious; have the griddle hot; use butter to grease it, and plenty of it too; take fresh cut slices of bread, dip into well beaten egg, if the bread is very dry moisten slightly with sweet milk before rolling it in the egg; fry brown on both sides. With potatoes cooked in various ways, sausage, beefsteak, ham, hash, fish, porksteak, cold roast beef, one can get up quite a variety. Of course there are two ways of getting breakfast, the easy way and the way that takes more time and trouble. I wonder if that good woman lives near you who sets the table over night, makes her coffee the day before, has the potatoes sliced in the spider and the meat cut the night before, lies in bed until the men bring in the milk, then jumps up and has everything on the table as soon as they are washed. There are very few kinds of cooking that can be hurried. It needs just about so much time to have things right.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

DOMESTIC HELPS.

Would like to tell you my way of doing some things. To seed raisins I pour boiling water over them and seed immediately.

For that hacking cough which is so annoying, rub a little salt butter on the throat and it will give almost instant relief.

If E. R. W. will add to her print wrapper a long back width plaited on to a belt and looped tastefully, she will have a dress which while new will be a little better than a morning wrapper, and when the sleeves or waist give out will furnish cloth which has been washed with the rest, therefore faded alike, to renew sleeves, etc.

Mrs. W. J. G. found her machine a help in many ways; I will add one more. If you have button-holes to work on any of the materials which fringe out so quickly when cut, mark a line on the wrong side of the goods, the length of the button hole, and stitch closely around it, then cut on the line. Even on goods which do not fringe it helps to keep the buttonhole in good shape. This plan is especially good on velvet.

Nearly all boxes of baking powders say

on the wrappers, "Do not use with sour milk or soda," but I find a teaspoonful to a batch of biscuits, cookies or fried cakes an improvement. Use the necessary amount of soda and the baking-powder extra.

A handful of salt thrown on the coal-fire when it is black and looks like going out will brighten it up quickly.

To warm potatoes, chop fine, season, moisten well with milk or cream, put in a baking dish and put plenty of butter on top; bake in the oven until browned nicely. Serve in same dish if possible. To make a nice hash, chop the meat and potatoes, season, moisten with water in the usual way, then instead of warming in a frying-pan as usual, place in a baking dish and bake.

If I have given any of our readers any helpful hints I will be glad, for I have received many.

A. B. C.

ANN ARBOR.

HOME DECORATIONS.

[Paper read by Mrs. D. A. Dodge, before the Adrian Farmers' Institute.]

(Continued from last week.)

At one of the famous cathedrals in Europe is an arch, and on this arch a marvelous bit of sculpture, seen only to perfection when the sun for a short time, on certain days, reveals the peculiar beauty of the work. On such opportune occasions, crowds will gather, eager to catch but a passing glimpse of a face carved in stone. There is a beautiful legend attached to this curiosity: When the cathedral was being built, a white-haired old man who appeared to have traveled on foot a considerable distance, and to be as much bowed down with sorrow as by the infirmities of age, presented himself before the architect.

"I am desirous," said he, in a pleading tone, "to work upon this cathedral, now being raised to the glory of God. I am clever at my work, you cannot refuse to employ me, having these credentials (handing a roll of parchments), and if it please God to take my soul to His keeping while engaged in His holy work, all I ask is that my body be buried within the precincts of the building."

The architect looked in the face of his venerable visitor, glanced over the parchments, and as he noted the white flowing beard, the still handsome but careworn features, his heart was touched. "I will not refuse your request," he replied, "come," and taking the old man's hand, he led him to that part of the building on which he had mentally decided that he should be employed. Fear that some of the delicate tracery of the best work might be ruined by the trembling touch of so old a workman influenced the master's selection of this part of the edifice, and he hoped also that the failing sight of the aged sculptor might be assisted by working within the shadows of the vaulted roof.

The veteran's eye beamed with joy and gratitude. "My son," he said, "thou hast an old man's thanks; thou art a good

master, and verily I will not disgrace thee; thou shalt not be ashamed of my work."

Weeks passed, and day by day the sculptor's steps became lighter, and his face, no longer sad, beamed with pleasure whenever the architect addressed him. One bright sunny day the master felt a strange longing to see what progress had been made by his new workman. Silently he reached the place, but his footsteps were arrested by the unusual aspect of that part of the structure, usually sombre and subdued by many shadows. The beams of the sun fell in a slanting direction full on a face of exquisite loveliness, sculptured on one of the arches above him, and apparently but recently finished. So entranced was the architect in his admiration that for some moments he saw nothing else; then turning to express his appreciation of the perfect and masterly workmanship, to his dismay and horror, there at the foot of the arch lay the old man, asleep in death. His tools, no longer needed, were placed together by a pillar close by; his face, still smiling, was upturned to that marvelous face in stone, which he had chiseled—the face of one whom he had long ago loved and lost.

Softly and reverently the master retired to summon assistance, and when the artists and sculptors, and workmen from every part of the cathedral came, and looked on that wonderful face in stone, they said, "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this."

Our work is not in stone or marble, but it is a work of love, and will be more enduring than either. We are building homes and chiseling character. We are artisans of men and women. Let us exalt our mission. Let your home stand first. Let your love manifest itself in so beautifying and refining your home that it shall develop, ennoble and polish all that come within its influence, so enriching their future in this life, and in the life of eternal growth that is to come.

WOMAN'S WORK ON THE FARM.

[Paper read at the Grayling Institute, Feb. 1st, 1893, by Mrs. May Barker.]

Woman's mission in life is very much the same wherever her lot be cast, for pre-eminently her work is to make the home. If she has been wooed and won by a farmer, it is true that the conditions of her life will vary from those of the wife of a merchant, a lawyer, doctor, or a college professor. She will go to her home on the farm, determined to be a true helpmate, and to do, so far as possible, whatever her hands find to do.

All women will not find the same work on the farm; it will vary according to ability, capability, means and surroundings. There should be a determination to have everything in keeping, and the living and dressing should be according to means and station; and while studying simplicity and harmony the housewife will do well to remember that an atmosphere of refinement and culture, an arrangement of furniture and combination of color and material that will indicate refined taste, will al-

most lend an air of elegance to the humblest home. Let us do all that we can to banish from our vocabulary the word "countryfied," for the time has long since past when farmers are regarded as a class, ignorant and unable to live by any other means; and the broad acres of well tilled land sound their praises. Let us not set ourselves so wholly apart from others by our crude and country ways as has been commonly done, but having begun work in this one line resolve to lead in it; adopt improvements, conscious that useful, practical work is the true basis of character. This work is no game of chance, and investments in the soil are better than in stock companies and syndicates.

I well remember before my farming days began, visiting friends in the country, but though our welcome was doubly assured, we were pained to note the uneasiness and embarrassment of our friends as the dinner hour approached. But who in all the land has the means at hand for as good a meal as the woman on the farm? Do not for one moment imagine that plain and poor are synonymous terms, when applied to the table. Surely well cooked vegetables, with fruit, milk and eggs, ought to satisfy even dainty palates, and then if you choose to add a cup of coffee, turned to that beautiful golden color which no scientific mixture of Java and Mocha can produce without the addition of cream, you have prepared a meal which no one can fail to enjoy. The arrangement of the table and the manner of serving the food will have quite as much to do with the enjoyment of the meal as the food itself. Napkins and many other little accessories to comfort and etiquette are or should be quite as indispensable to the farm table as to any other. Then when the children go away to visit they will not be mortified and embarrassed to find one laid at their plate, because they are unaccustomed to its use. In fact, the idea should be banished by the women on a farm, that because they are somewhat isolated, anything or any way will do.

It is almost twelve years since I first took up my home in this county; it was much newer then than it is now, and when I was preparing to start up here, I met a friend in a store one morning, who expressed her surprise at some purchases I was making. "Why!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were going into the woods to live, what do you want of lace curtains up there?" I replied: "My dear friend, I expect to be just the same person when I get to Crawford County that I am here, and what little I have, I shall hope to enjoy as well."

I would advocate, if necessary, rigid economy, frugality, or almost anything rather than debt; and with this rule in hand, ask for and expect necessary comforts and conveniences, as soon and as fast as can be afforded. Woman on a farm should reign queen of her household. Yet she may at times be of some considerable service in matters outside. She may very properly observe and note the difference in the many varieties of vegetables which she

uses from day to day. Some people suppose that all potatoes are alike, and taste alike, but they will find if they investigate that varieties of potatoes are almost as numerous and quite as distinct as of apples. And if we are experimenting with any new variety, (as we almost always are) I am so eager to try them that I always grow impatient for the vines to give signs of maturity. It is my custom to try in succession every variety raised on our farm; some I find are coarse and watery, some grow hollow; others are affected with dark spots, etc. At present, with a long list of varieties before me that we have tried, I rest content with Beauty of Hebron and White-Star. These careful tests enable the farmer to know just what he is raising and what will sell most readily.

We shall suppose that there are one or more cows on the farm, as there certainly should be, and the milk after it comes to the house should be the care of the housewife, who should see to it with strictest care and attention that none but the best butter comes from her dairy. It is just as easy and much more pleasant and satisfactory, by a little experience and much carefulness to make what is called "gilt edge" butter, that will sell readily for 25 cents the year round, as to make it poor and insipid—a drug on the market.

The poultry too, should be under the wife's care and management. You may choose any of the numberless kinds advertised and puffed in the papers, but the flock that is best cared for will be the flock to pay the best. I am so much interested in this branch of farm work that I should like to say much about it, but do not feel at liberty to do so now. It is so nice to have fresh eggs through the whole winter, and they may be had by every farmer's wife.

I would urge every mother who lives on a farm to interest her children in the work, just as far as possible, and there is no surer way than to be herself interested in whatever has been assigned them to do. If it is work in the garden, how delightful it will seem to them if mother comes out to weed a few rows; and if the sun seems hot and the work tedious, you will find all the more enjoyment in a few moments with the last magazine while resting, for the little while spent in the delightful atmosphere of a country garden.

No pains should be spared nor opportunities let pass to interest the children in their farm home, especially the boys; the girls will more naturally cling to home anyway. But give them pleasures and enjoyments in common, books, papers and music, and everything attainable that will purify, elevate and bind together the home circle. Let a feeling of love and devotion to one and all pervade the whole atmosphere.

It is true if we consent to care less for the comfort of ourselves and our families our incomes may be largely increased, but what a pitiful gain this would be at the expense of the delicacies and refinements that make life worth living! No better proof of real gains can be found than the

creation of pleasant homes, for the comfort of age and the happiness of youth.

"Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time and earth began,
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man."

A woman on a farm should not be one of the helpless kind; for if her husband or hired man are always being called upon to leave their work to help and wait on her, the farm will not prosper. If she wants to use a bit of board she should be able to saw off a piece in an emergency; and she will then not only get what she wants, but a good and vigorous gymnasium exercise thrown in. She should have always at hand a box of nails and a hammer of her own. Accidents often happen where no loss would be incurred if a board could be nailed on immediately. If a paling happens to get off in the poultry yard and you all at once discover that the fowls are foraging your beautiful garden, how ridiculous it would be to leave them in their devastating work to look for a man to nail the paling on! It would be a good deal like a person walking about shouting "Conflagration" when his house was afire. With a little will and practice she can learn "to hit the nail on the head" every time; though no doubt she will hit her finger-nail many times in the effort. I did.

The cows on the farm should be familiar with her presence and she with theirs. This is important for various reasons. The bars are liable to be left down, or the gate opened by some tramp or careless person crossing their inclosure, and they get out while the men are at work on the other part of the farm. All danger of their straying or getting into mischief may then be avoided. "She may go before them and they will follow, for they know her voice." When they are back again in the lot she should treat them to a little feast, such as a few beets or carrots from the garden; such treatment begets a friendliness, which if occasionally repeated is of too much value to be lost sight of. There should be as soon as practicable a horse on the farm that she can handle, harness and drive. The same kindly feeling should exist as with the cows. The horse is especially susceptible to kindness, being more intelligent than other animals, and a woman's power and influence in handling him may become quite remarkable. Someway they seem to like our ways. A few oats in your hand or a lump of sugar will often be of more service than the strength of an army of men.

But time will not allow me to go further with this subject, except to say that the farmer's wife should have a general knowledge of the whole work on the farm; and knowing that, be prepared to face emergencies as they occur, commending herself and her all to the God of Heaven who rules over all.

EL SEE says: "Mrs. J. T. can have her iron kettle mended by riveting. Have a piece cut from an iron rod about the same diameter as the hole, and when well hammered down on each side it will be all right."

HENS AND OTHER THINGS.

It's hens I want to talk about this time. A year ago I commenced keeping account of the number of eggs brought in. We had at that time about thirty hens. "What breed?" Well about everything, I guess; all mixed up. There are Brahmas, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins, and what is known by the decidedly inelegant name of Dunghills.

I tacked the cover of a pasteboard box to the wall beside the pantry door and hung a lead pencil by a string at its side. That comprised my "day book." When the eggs were brought in the number was marked down under the heading of the month, each day's number under the preceding one until the month was finished. Then the column of figures was added up and the amount transferred to our Farmers' Account Book, which answers for a "ledger."

Then another month was started in the same way, and at the end of the year this is the result: February, 20 doz.; March, 60 doz.; April, 62 doz.; May, 41 doz.; June, 36 doz.; July, 18 doz.; August, 37 doz.; September, 37 doz.; October, 18 doz.; November, 12 doz.; December, 17 doz.; January, 21 doz. Total for the year, 379 doz., which at an average of fifteen cents per dozen would make \$56.85.

In addition to this a large number of eggs have been laid under barns and in stolen nests, where no account of them could be kept, except as every few weeks a hen would "come off" with a flock of little chickens.

We have not taken special pains to furnish egg-producing food to them, neither have they very good quarters. Perhaps other flocks do far better, but this is what ours has done.

It is often thought by farmers that hens do not pay for their keeping, but I think if an account were kept it would prove quite the contrary. And, too, it is such a satisfaction to know just what you are doing. The longer I live the less I think of haphazard management. Fortunately the senior partner of the firm is of the same opinion, and many an experiment is tried. Now the cows are astonished at a double allowance of grain, and at the end of a week or two it is changed to another kind, and results noted in the milk pail and in the churn. Next a pig is weighed and at the end of a week he is weighed again to see how much he has gained. Then each cow's milk is tested to see which has the greatest per cent of cream; though that does not always determine which is the best cow, for the one with the lowest per cent may give enough more milk to make up the difference; or a cow with a high per cent of cream may not hold out well in her milk, yet all these items noted go to give a pretty fair estimate as to which is the best cow. A good way to test a cow's milk at home is as follows, and is accurate enough for every purpose:

Take a strip of paper an inch wide and six inches long. Double it across at the center and then one-half again doubled upon itself, marking across at the top quar-

ter, then mark with a rule the top quarter into eighth-inch spaces. There will be twelve of these spaces; each represents two per cent of the whole length. Now paste the strip of paper on the side of a two-quart fruit can, having it exactly even at the bottom with the inside bottom of the can. Then fill with milk exactly to the top of the paper, mark the paper with the cow's name so there will be no mistake, and set the can or cans where it is just above freezing, or in a tub of water on the same plan as a creamery with ice between the cans. Let stand twenty-four hours. The number of spaces covered by the cream multiplied by two will give the per cent of cream. Try it, and if you have several cows you will be surprised at the result.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FRANCELIA says: "Seeing in the HOUSEHOLD an inquiry from Subscriber, of Milford, as to how the buttermilk can be drawn off when the butter is in small granules like kernels of wheat, I would say here at Riverside Park Farm I usually let it stand a few moments and the butter will all rise to the top; then draw off the milk in one of my cream pails, and if any butter comes in the pail, take my skimmer and remove it."

Contributed Recipes.

CORN BREAD.—One pint each of sifted cornmeal, flour and sour milk; two eggs, beaten light; half cup sugar; butter size of an egg. Add to the beaten eggs the milk and meal alternately; then the butter (melted) and sugar; last, add one teaspoonful soda in a little hot water; beat all together.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—One cup sour milk; one cup molasses; one and a half cups graham flour; one egg; one tablespoonful butter; one teaspoonful soda; one of every kind of spice; fruit if you like. Steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

EDWARDSBURG.

CORN CAKES.—Two eggs, well beaten; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful sugar; quarter cup melted butter; half teaspoonful soda; a little salt; quarter cup flour; stir in cornmeal for a thin batter. Bake in gem pans.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS.—One pint of cornmeal; one of flour; one of sweet milk; three tablespoonfuls sugar; two eggs; a little salt; three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix baking powder, meal, flour, sugar and salt together; beat the eggs until light, add the milk, pour over the dry mixture; beat thoroughly. Bake in gem pans. For graham muffins use half pint flour, and one and a half pints graham.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart thin sour cream, or sour milk and cream; two tablespoonfuls sugar; two level teaspoonfuls soda; one teaspoonful salt; one egg; half cup flour; stir in meal for a thin batter. Bake in shallow pans.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—Two eggs, well beaten; two cups sweet milk; one pint flour; one large teaspoonful baking powder; a little salt; beat well. Bake in gem pans.

EGG LOAF.—One pint flour; three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, sifted together; then rub in half cup butter; add one cup sweet milk and three well beaten eggs. Bake in a quick oven half an hour.

LAUREL VANE.