

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 30, 1889.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray;  
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;  
It always sails at the end of the day,  
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest little head on my shoulder, so,  
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;  
Lifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See where the firelogs glow and spark,  
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;  
The winter rains on the window, hark!  
Are ripples lapping up its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim;  
A lake is shimmering cool and still;  
Blossoms are waving above its brim,  
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down,  
Dear little passenger, say "good night,"  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

### BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Black, once the almost exclusive wear of mourners, is now so universally adopted that no wardrobe is complete without at least one nice black dress, which may be of silk or wool, according to the means of the wearer, but which "fills the bill" because it is black. Our leading stores have a department exclusively for black goods, so well is this demand recognized. Young and old wear black; the young with the adjuncts of gay Persian braids and the glitter of tinsel, the old with the sparkle of jet or the sombre richness of satin cord passementeries; it enhances the fresh bloom of eighteen, and relieves the faded skin of thirty-five; beauty is more beautiful and ugliness at least bearable in a color which does as much for the wearer as does this. It is universally becoming; it is worn by everybody, and one is always safely "genteel" in black.

So firmly is the popularity of black goods established that manufacturers make their finest and best materials in this color. You can find more handsome fabrics in black than in colors. The finest of nuns' veiling and wool batiste, the richest of cashmeres and Henriettas, are found in black; you cannot find the same quality in colored goods; and drap d'ete, a very heavy, rich goods used for mantles, etc., which is worth from \$2 to \$3 50 per yard, cannot be had in colors.

I have never seen black silks so cheap and so good for the money, as they appear to be this year. Grosgrain, which has been out of favor for some little time, preference being given to the newer faille Francaise,

seems to be experiencing a revival. *Harper's Bazar* has said it is to be "again a favorite" and the *Bazar* is standard authority. Very good, rich-looking American silks can be bought for from \$1 to \$1.25 and \$1.35; these are warranted not to crack or break. "Will they wear shiny?" I queried, more to test the truthfulness of the salesman than because I did not know. "There are no silks made which will not grow shiny with wear," he replied. "Our finest imported goods at \$3.50 a yard we could not warrant in that respect." He was a "cannot tell a lie" man, after all. I chanced the other day upon a Guinet silk, 18 yards for \$20, an average of \$1.11 per yard, which seemed most excellent value for the money, and would make a beautiful dress made up plainly with a little jet as garniture, or a very dressy one with a vest and panel of black lace laid over colored or white silk, with ribbons to match. A pretty good test of the wearing quality of silk is to crush it under the hand, then shake and smooth it out; if the wrinkles and creases disappear, it will probably wear well. This \$1.11 silk stood the test well and had also a good lustre. There are rich, heavy silks for \$1.75 to \$2 per yard which would undoubtedly give more wear, but for those who prefer cheaper goods and more frequent renewals, or who wear a silk dress but seldom and then carefully, these low-priced silks are desirable.

Satin de luxe is a new silk goods, without the rep of grosgrain, a smooth satiny finished material, which is soft and rich-looking. It comes at from \$1.10 to \$1.25 per yard. Surah seems to have become as standard as grosgrain; in low qualities it is not to be recommended, either for appearance or wear; that which sells at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per yard is of excellent quality and as durable as the best black silk. It is wider than the average grosgrain. Faille, which is a heavy rep silk, the silk warp being thrown up over a heavy cotton and linen thread, can outdo grosgrain in the way of wearing shiny, and its heavy rep predisposes it to crack and break; it is also said to pull off at the seams more readily.

BEATRIX.

A VERY excellent likeness of "Old School Teacher" is the latest addition to the HOUSEHOLD album, for which she will please accept our thanks. That album is by no means full yet; plenty of room; do not hesitate to send along your "counterfeit presentment" on that account.

### RAG CARPETS.

It is about this time in the year that the rag carpet grows. One of the most unpleasant things about its manufacture is the coloring of the rags. One important thing to remember is to always wring the rags out of clear water before putting them in any dye. They must be wet or they will not take the color evenly. You can make shaded stripes out of any color by removing portions of the rags from the dye at intervals; those left in it longest will take the deepest color. To color green, rags must first be dyed blue or yellow, then dipped in the yellow or blue dye. If dyed blue first, then dipped in yellow, you will have a blue-green; if yellow and then blue, the result is a yellow-green. For orange, dip yellow rags into red dye, after using it for the red rags. Choose a bright day for coloring. A pound and a third of finely cut rags will make a yard of yard wide carpet. There is no economy in scrimping the warp in a carpet; get a good quality, and use enough of it so the carpet will not be sleazy.

If you wish to manufacture a real "tony" rag carpet, and are willing to take pains and not spare your labor, here is how to do it. But if you undertake it and find you are involved in a labor of considerable magnitude, in the way of calculation, especially, remember "I told you so."

The plan contemplates a carpet with a hit-and-miss centre, and a border of matched stripes. Measure your room accurately. Decide how wide you will have your border. Deduct the width of your border from the dimensions of your room, and you will have left the size of the part to be covered with the hit-or-miss centre. Calculate the width and length of the breadths that, sewed together, will cover the centre, and have them woven to those dimensions, instructing your weaver to allow liberally for shrinkage, both in length and width, when the fabric is taken from the loom.

Color the rags for the border, in any colors you prefer, and wind on a shingle a pattern stripe for your border—which should be about five-eighths of a yard wide. Arrange your colors so that the darkest color will come at the outside edge or next the wall, and have this woven the same width as the centre breadths, with a plain strip woven in between each repetition of the pattern, to cut it on. These, cut off and sewed together, will give a striped border to surround the centre. The border



may be woven on each end of the centre breadths, if preferred, but in arranging for the side border, remember to add enough in length to turn the corners.

I hope this is plain enough so those who may happen to wish to undertake it will understand what is meant.

A good way of using up the remnants of rags left from a carpet is to select the best colors, take the little balls left over, unwind and sew them hit-or-miss, then have your weaver weave you a rug—four feet long by a yard wide is a good size—using the colors for stripes at each end and making the centre of the hap-hazard. B.

#### ABOUT ROSES.

Roses have been the pride and adornment of the flower garden since time immemorial, and are likely to always hold their own in the floral kingdom. In whatever form they may be presented us, whether the old fashioned hardy sorts, or the improved varieties of our professional propagators, they are always beautiful, and to profess to not "just love" roses would be to confess ourselves lacking in good taste and—smell.

As common as roses are and have been so long, there are comparatively few but florists who really know what they are capable of doing if properly cared for. It is just as easy to have a bed of tea roses as a bed of geraniums, and to obtain as free bloom. But neither will be satisfactory without abundant food and water, and the frequent removal of seed vessels. A decayed sod, thoroughly enriched, is the best soil for roses, and there should be occasional applications of liquid manure.

When cold weather approaches, the plants may be lifted, the oldest wood pruned away, and set in boxes of sandy or mellow soil in the cellar, giving only enough water to keep them from shriveling; they will be ready for duty in the border when spring comes. They may be set out quite early, as cold snaps will do them no harm. In a season of drouth mulch with well rotted manure. It is a good plan to plant verbenas, petunias, or similar low-growing plants among them.

The hybrid perpetuals are perfectly hardy, and when given the requisite care will prove perpetual bloomers, which they are only in name with ordinary treatment. A spot having good drainage should be selected; a quite heavy clay soil suits them very well, but always remember they must be well fed. If necessary, remove a quantity of soil and replace with that which is rich; when well established, keep a few inches of mulching of part horse manure about the roots, and from time to time fork into the soil. As often as a flower fades remove it before it has a chance to form seed; allow no dead or straggling branches to remain, but encourage the production of blossoms by inducing new growth. Those who know "only a little bit" about roses know the bloom is always produced on new wood. Under this treatment, the hybrid perpetuals will bloom from spring till autumnal frosts.

The rose is a gross feeder, but only well rotted manure must be applied.

Moss roses, though so delicate in appearance, are as hardy as the sweetbrier and can be made to bloom as freely. The buds are far more beautiful than the opened roses, veiled as they are in the mossy calyx. The old wood should be pruned away, and the same methods of fertilization and treatment employed as with the hybrid perpetuals.

Many of the hardy climbing roses are said to be constant bloomers, but I have not found them so, though I have tried a dozen varieties. They do well trained on a trellis, but better still around a house, forming a screen for a veranda or porch, but this is objected to by the men, who insist that climbers, by shading the cornice and other wood work, create dampness and consequently decay. I think differently; the shade is never so dense as to impede the circulation of air, and the vines form a protection from sun and storm, and if they did not I would have them just the same. This brings to mind the perfect bower I made of our log house years ago. How the honeysuckles glowed in the morning sun all summer, and roses raced over the walls and over the eaves! Ampelopsis filled in every space until the house was literally covered; I had a huge sweetbrier at my north window; and this reminds me to tell A. H. J. not to set one where it will be watered by house-slops, but where there is fresh turfy loam for the roots, let the sod surround it, and see if it does not thrive. A wilding unchanged by human skill, I dearly love its fragrance, so unlike that of any other rose.

In selecting roses, unless one has acquaintance with varieties, it is just as well to send an order to a reliable firm, stating the colors desired and whether for bedding or house, also whether the ever-blooming, climbers, moss roses or perpetuals; the result is quite as likely to be satisfactory as if we attempt to select from catalogue descriptions and unfamiliar names. Just think of over a million rose plants changing hands in one year; and twenty-four millions of cut roses handled in the same time! What an indication of the exceeding popularity of the rose, the queen of flowers!

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

#### THE SECOND WIFE.

There are so many members of this large HOUSEHOLD of ours, and all with different shades of opinions, that it is sometimes very amusing to the silent ones who read it from week to week; but if silence is golden speech is silver, so I must speak up in behalf of a certain portion of womanhood. I quite agree with Ella R. Wood, that she had better use her silver and china and fine linen daily, for the chances are good that she can live to wear them out, and even if she does not, "Wife No. 2" as she sarcastically calls that imaginary individual, may not care to use second hand ware; or quite possible she may have some of her own, more to her taste. Who ever heard of a first wife who was not a model of perfec-

tion, *i. e.*, after she was dead. Now if the husband had such excellent judgment in his youthful days, is it not fair to suppose that it is just as good at middle age? A woman may be everything that is praiseworthy and lovable, yet no one ever speaks of it unless she is taken away and in time is succeeded by another, perhaps just as good, when lo! they suddenly discover that she was a paragon. Gossips shake their heads and sagely remark, "She is not such a woman as his first wife was," implying every fault of human nature, besides some never known of until "No. 2" appeared on the scene.

Criminals are not condemned until they have a fair trial, but the second wife receives her sentence before she crosses the threshold of her new abiding place. No word of encouragement or sympathy does she ever get from that self-elected jury who sits in judgment over her, no matter how hard she may strive to do her duty to her family, her home and society.

Let us be just and remember that "No. 2" may possess principles of right and justice as well as others.

LAPEER.

OBSERVER.

#### LETTERS FROM THE LONE STAR STATE.

MY DEAR SISTER: My first stopping place in Texas was reached early Friday morning, when I caught a glimpse of the beautiful Texan hills. The sun shone brightly during the day and lighted up the hills till they fairly glowed in light, and as we rushed on to Temple, a ride of three hours, they formed a grand background for the smooth rolling prairies, on which hundreds of cattle and horses were grazing. The prairies were dotted here and there with live oaks, large wide spreading trees of the most beautiful green, presenting a striking contrast to the short prairie grass that at this season of the year looks sere and faded, while now and then we would pass a tree that to me is very beautiful, which is common to Texas, the Umbrella Chinc. It does not grow very high, not as high as our northern peach tree, the branches spread wide, the leaves are deep green, in shape like a palm leaf. The tree is well described by its name.

Thus was the scene enlivened by the clear sky, immense hills, prairies and green trees, till we arrived at Temple, a small town where we were obliged to wait a few hours for the train for Coleman, the last stopping place and end of our long journey.

From Temple to Coleman I had the company of a party from San Antonio and Santa Anna. The ladies were from the north and were glad to see some one from home, as they said. Toward the end of our trip, as all our lunches were low, we divided up. The gentlemen got off and bought some oranges, and we were just tired enough to be silly. We had a jolly ride all the way. The hotel where we stopped over night at Coleman is a fair sample of southern hotels. Wide, rambling halls, long low galleries, running all the way round the house, where the people sit in pleasant weather, large rooms on either



side of the broad hall, with open fireplaces that look cheery and inviting to a tired traveler.

In the twenty-five mile drive across the country to this ranche, we only passed two houses, which circumstance, to me, coming from the prosperous, thickly settled North, alone seemed sufficient to make the fact that hundreds of miles had been passed over seem very real. The ranches are large, consisting often of thousands of acres, one pasture containing fifteen thousand acres. They are known and spoken of by the name or symbol with which the horses or cattle are branded, each ranche owner having his stock branded with some symbol, letter, or letters. The one I am visiting is known as the M. pole ranche, the adjoining one as H. R. X. & C., and so on. Some ranch owners cultivate a farm of perhaps two hundred acres, separate from their ranche, which is simply a grazing place. Land is very cheap, the price ranging from \$1.50 to \$5 per acre, so it is comparatively easy for a man with limited means to obtain a home, but with thieving, accidents from wire fences, drouths and bad storms, there are many losses, and a man may be rich this winter and before spring lose a large portion of his property. It is a common saying among Texans, "Either a feast or famine."

This ranche is a very pleasant one. There are large hills in every direction; the sides of some of them are smooth, others are covered with great ledges of rock piled one upon another so evenly it seems as though they had been measured and laid up by rule, while at the foot flow most beautiful creeks; the water, clear as crystal, runs along over pebbles and rocks, disappears and breaks out again a half mile away, chatters on again, at some places becomes a wide stream, and washes out a nook in the high bank forming a ravine, as suddenly is out of sight under the ground, then springs up again in some unlooked for spot, and so "thus on forever." It seems to me impossible that one could live among these grand scenes of nature, and not believe in Nature's God.

The air is very clear, the country open, and as I sit by my window looking westward I can see the range of Brady mountains very plainly, although they are thirty miles away. They loom up like a blue roll, and at sunset the gaps are very plain to be seen. Our plan is to make up a party and go there for a few days' camp in the spring. If we do, you may expect to hear more of them.

About six miles west of us rolls the Colorado river in all its beauty. Have visited it three times, in as many different spots, and each has its own beauty. The river is winding, running in and out among high rocky banks; and the water is so clear the bottom can be plainly seen. At one spot we clambered down over rocks and through ravines for a long way before we came in sight of the water, then almost involuntarily said "Oh! how lovely!" The western bank is very high with its ledges of rocks and ash trees; the eastern is a pebbly beach, enabling you to go down to the water's edge, and by large stepping

stones, which are rocks that come far above the water's surface, one can walk out more than half way across. As I stood thus one bright afternoon, with the river flowing below the rocks, and on either side of me, singing its lullaby as it rippled over the stones, the sun in all its glory beautifying hill and ravine, I marvelled not there were poets in the land, and I realized how great must be the mind that formed and kept in place all these grand things through all the ages.

One day last week we had the excitement of seeing a prairie fire. Announcement was made at dinner that a large piece of prairie grass was to be burned that afternoon, so we all went to see the sight. The grass was long and dry, and the flames leaped and ran in all directions. The sight was grand, but awful. It was easy to imagine how terrible the fate to be caught in such a fire when traveling over the plains. As soon as the fire had died out the ground was cool, and we drove around over it. The burned grass looked black and curly, as nearly like ostrich tips as one can imagine. It was a sight well worth seeing and one I had hoped to see.

MRS. C. E. DECKER.

#### MICHIGAN GIRLS.

[Paper read by Miss Mollie Carruthers at the Farmers' Institute at Bancroft, March 9th.]

A short time before the Institute held here about two years ago, while in conversation with a very agreeable woman of my acquaintance, I received an idea which has often recurred to my mind since. This lady, knowing that I had been invited to assist at the coming entertainment, asked me upon what subject I intended to write. I told her what my subject would be, and she tersely rejoined: "Well, that may be appropriate, but if you would write something about the farmers going to these institutes and associations, and learning to do all their work scientifically, while their wives stay at home and do theirs in the same old fashion, I think it would be a little more to the purpose."

At the first session of the Institute I was surprised to find so large a portion of the audience composed, not of farmers, but of their wives and daughters, and I arrived at the quick conclusion that my friend was wrong, that the ladies were quite as much interested in institutes as their husbands. Again, last year at the Owosso meeting, the faces fair among the brave were in almost equal proportion, but then I changed my mind again. True, the ladies do not stay at home as was averred, but perhaps they might as well for all they get out of the entertainment of direct benefit. To be sure, one must admit that whatever aids an industry is, or should be of, interest to all dependent upon that industry. Therefore, perhaps the silo and ensilage talks and the "plowing by moonlight" discussions ought to be entertaining to farmers' wives, but I almost doubt that they are. And the reason is obvious. Though such things are unquestionably of importance to them, they are a little out of their line of business. Of

course they know that it is a farmers' meeting and you gentlemen may well say, with the truth of the argument on your side, that they are well aware what will be talked about, and that if they do not expect to find it entertaining they have an alternative.

But they will go. Moreover, you like immensely to have them, and what I want to ask is that you devote a little time to them and their work. You know a farmers' wives' institute would be a little impracticable just at present, and won't you be kind and give them a small part of yours? I would not ask that you devote to this subject one whole session, nor a large part of it, but that in making out your programme you stipulate that one paper shall be exclusively about woman's work. Nor would I ask that you listen to long arguments about how many times bread should rise, or which washing machine has the most merit, but I mean woman's work for revenue only.

I know woman's work in the arts and sciences and in commerce is receiving much attention, but woman's work on the farm which brings money as a recompense is not so widely discussed. There is a vast amount of work on the farm done by women alone, which brings returns only through the work naturally credited to the farmer himself. But it seems as if a business of such infinite resources ought to furnish a chance for each member of the family to have an individual work that shall be of profit. What these separate industries may be I do not propose to explain. You who know so well what the farm will or will not furnish, are the ones to do that. I can only suggest the need and ask you to supply the remedy. On many farms, of course, the dairy is under the exclusive management of the farmer's wife and the profits entirely hers, but not all farms will support large dairies, and there surely ought to be other ways in which women will find their work remunerative.

And there are the girls, too, such a number of them, growing up on the farm. Of course many of them leave and engage in different kinds of business, but we well know that all avenues of work in which women are employed are over supplied, and a place not easily obtained.

Commissioner Wright, of the Department of Labor, has recently published the report of an investigation of the condition of workingwomen in twenty-two large cities, that is not encouraging to say the least. A surprisingly large percentage of women who clerk in stores and do similar work, live at home, thus making it possible to work for rates that defy competition. And this is among the reasons why a great many girls who would like to be self-supporting must remain on the farm, and it is in them that we are interested at present. The number is not so small as might be thought by a careless observer, and I am convinced that it would be much larger if there were any way in which they could make it pay to stay. The girl who does stay grows up in a state of financial un-



certainty, not calculated to develop her best business faculties. If her father is well provided with worldly store, I will trust the average Michigan girl to get her full share; but if he be not so well off, she simply has to do without. In any case, she takes what some one else finds he can spare for her. I will admit that what a girl gets at home is usually willingly given, but that does not alter the dollars and cents view of the case, nor that while farmers' sons are brought up to be of real help and value to them, their daughters are so only in theory.

Now I know the girls are not entirely satisfied with this state of things. The majority of them would be glad to do something to swell the family income as well as expenses. But they are not trained to practical things as their brothers are, they do not know where or how to begin, and it is for you, their fathers, to think, to plan and to advise if you would have them take some of the weight of their support off your already burdened shoulders. I believe it can be done right at home. I believe there are many undiscovered ways in which to make farm life pay. One of them in which I have an abiding faith, but no experience, is silk culture. I am aware that this industry has been discouraged by high authority in the Agricultural College of another State on the grounds, I believe, that the food could not be grown in this climate. However, I have seen mulberry trees in Shiawassee County, grown to a size quite sufficient. If those can not be procured, osage orange is the second best food known, and some of you have recently learned what a valuable shrub this is.

Now give a girl with any business talent plenty of materials, a good deal of instruction, six weeks of summer weather, and just one help more—her father's sympathy and assistance—and I will vouch for her making a success of silk culture the second year, if not the first. I have frequently heard this question discussed by men who remember a spasm of interest in this business experienced by American agriculturists about two generations ago. They invariably say it was a failure because some man invested thousands of dollars in the enterprise and failed. I believe that was just the reason he failed. He invested too much before he had experimented. A woman wouldn't have made that mistake, because she would not have had the money in the first place, and then she knows better anyway. My dear men, if you want an example of patience, perseverance and success, just watch some little woman peg along all the year with twenty old hens, buying all her own clothes and half the groceries. A few years ago American manufacturers imported over thirteen millions of dollars' worth of raw silk, and I do not believe the importation has decreased.

The day is nearly past I think when men can even be accused of fearing that their wives will be too independent, if capable of supporting themselves. And there is little cause for apprehension. You seldom find the most radical woman's rights advocates among the busily and happily em-

ployed women, and there is little wonder that you do among some others. I am not going to assume the responsibility of saying that only discontented women are in sympathy with the equal suffrage movement, because some of us might want to take the sneaking privilege after the more enthusiastic ones have secured it for us; but let me assure you, farmers, it is not the franchise that women are so anxious to obtain, not political glory they are thirsting for, nor to usurp any of your established rights that they want. I know that some of you have said that what a woman wants is the treasury surplus, and though that is unkind it is nearer the truth, for what she does want is money, and the chance to earn it herself.

Oh, there is a vast amount of business talent lying undeveloped in your homes. Study your daughters and see if they would not with the same opportunity be just as able to take care of themselves as your sons are. You are sure to do that for the boys, and the girls need it more. I know you intend to be kind, but you assume too much of the burden. Give the girls employment at home, letting them take their own chances of profit and loss, and you will find it is the best antidote to frivolity yet discovered. But it must be employment with a motive. Combine your experience with their youth and energy, and you will find the result surprising. You will find it of benefit to them, of assistance to yourself and of good to America's future, may be. Make the experiment anyway, and take the blessing of at least one Michigan girl, who knows whereof she speaks.

#### CLEANING WINDOWS.

As it is almost housecleaning time I will tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD an easy way to clean windows: Clean the wood-work first; then mix whiting and water, adding a little ammonia if you like, until it is about as thick as cream; rub over the glass and let stand until by rubbing off a little it leaves the glass clear. Usually after putting it on three windows or one room the first will be about dry enough; then rub off with a clean cloth or chamois skin.

If you have a few heads of cabbage left, when it is too late to keep them longer in the head, chop fine, season the same as for table use, put in cans without cooking, taking care to have it covered with vinegar.

Those of you who use Royal baking powder will find advertised on the little paper in the top of the can the "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook," to be had by simply sending a postal. I have one, and I think it quite a nice little recipe book; its recipe for muffins I think extra good, so will give it for the benefit of others.

We do not wonder M. E. H.'s family did not grow tired of her graham cakes; they have driven buckwheat clear into the shade at our house.

I wish to thank those who have advised me what to do with my cactus.

I never have very much time for writing, but when I have anything I think good I wish to divide, and especially with the

HOUSEHOLD, for I think it is always good and helpful.

A. B. C.

ANN ARBOR.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LADIES who keep birds will be interested in the following from the *American Agriculturist*: All cage birds should be allowed only a plain diet. It is the "extras" that make sick pets and discouraged women. Take, for instance, the seed-eating birds; they thrive all the better on plain canary seed, with a little millet and rape. The less hemp fed the better. Never feed sugar and cake; give very little green food. For an experiment, five years ago I purchased a canary and gave it nothing but plain canary feed, a little millet and rape; no greens, excepting occasionally a bit of sweet apple; no bird manna nor patent foods; a good supply of gravel, and cuttle fish all the time; fresh water every morning; about once a week a few rusty nails or a piece of copperas the size of a pea, put in the drinking water; and on warm days a bath. That bird has not been sick a day, and has been almost constantly in song. More birds are killed by kindness than by neglect. Do not handle the birds. They will often stop singing if played with or fondled.

#### Contributed Recipes.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three cups buttermilk; half cup sugar; one heaping teaspoonful salt; three level teaspoonfuls soda; six cups graham flour. Stir with an iron spoon; after it is in the baking tin wet the hand and smooth it over on top; this is good hot or cold, and I should think it would be good baked in gem pans. When we had our own wheat ground for flour, I always had the cannelle saved separate; and used three cups of cannelle and three cups of white flour in place of graham; and many thought it better than graham. Another way I sometimes use is one and a half cups of Cozette's kind of yeast, and one cup water; half cup sugar; one teaspoonful salt; mould into a soft loaf; let rise, and bake slowly.

POLLY.

BEEF PICKLE.—To one hundred pounds of meat allow six pounds clean salt; two ounces saltpetre; five pounds good brown sugar. Sprinkle salt on the bottom of the crock or barrel, and also a little between each layer of meat. To water sufficient to cover the meat add the sugar, salt and saltpetre, let boil, skim, let it get cold, then turn over the meat. After the blood is well drawn out, pour off the brine, boil, skim, let cool and turn over the meat again. We have used this recipe for years in our family and find it perfectly satisfactory. Never pack beef in a barrel that has had pork in it. I think J. B. Jones will find this recipe a good one.

CAMBRIA.

MRS. E. P. S.

ROYAL EGG MUFFINS.—One quart flour; one tablespoonful sugar; one tablespoonful salt; one large tablespoonful lard; two teaspoonfuls Royal baking powder; three eggs; one and a quarter pints milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt, and baking powder; rub lard in cold; add beaten eggs and milk; mix quickly into smooth batter, a little firmer than for griddle cakes; fill cold, carefully greased muffin pans two-thirds full; bake in a hot oven fifteen minutes.

A. B. C.

ANN ARBOR.