

MICHIGAN FARMER

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DETROIT, JULY 8, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

SOMEBODY'S IDEAL.

Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom,
To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up the
room;

To make decent bread that a fellow can eat—
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to broil, to fry and to roast—
Make a cup of good tea and a platter of toast;
A common-sense creature, and still with a mind
To teach and to guide—exalted, refined;
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined.

COOKING VEGETABLES.

One of our Household correspondents asks what shall she cook "for greens" and how to cook them as "John's mother did." Unless "John's Wife" wishes to scour the fields with blood in her eye and armed with a murderous case-knife in search of dock and dandelion, she will sow a little bed of spinach in a cold frame, or in a sheltered spot in the garden in August or September, and for a later supply depend upon thinning out the rows of beets, the young plants of which, when the roots are yet small, make delicious "greens," according to those who eat them. Whittier's opinion of a boiled dinner is exactly my belief concerning greens, but as there is no law to compel me to eat them, I am magnanimous enough not to care who else devours them.

I do not know of any one who can tell our friend how to cook greens as "John's mother" does except that lady herself. There may be danger of infringing a patent. And I am always a trifle sorry for those wives who are expected to cook "as mother did," since their husbands have lost the keen, vigorous appetites of boyhood days, when they were always hungry and could eat anything and call it good. Some "Johns," too, have so dulled the nerves of taste by smoking or chewing tobacco that even "mother" herself would be considered as "a little off" in her cookery if she still ministered to their wants. I think were comparisons instituted between my cooking and that of a mother-in-law, I should calmly ignore those dishes thus discriminated against, even if it reduced the family diet to an extremely limited bill of fare. But my landlady serves "greens," (spinach and beet tops) after a fashion which seems to find favor with her other boarders. The greens are first picked over and blades of grass and brown or tough leaves rejected; then washed in several waters to free from sand. Put into boiling, salted water, and cook for an hour, or until tender. Take up in a colander to drain. Half f

it is slightly salted, peppered, and a very little butter stirred in; this is served on a hot platter, *au naturel*, so to speak, to be eaten with vinegar, pepper, or Worcestershire sauce, as preferred. The remainder is chopped, and a dressing made of a piece of butter the size of an egg, a salt-spoonful of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of vinegar; this is thoroughly stirred into the chopped spinach and a small teacupful of sweet cream turned over it. Dandelions are cooked after the same fashion, except that they will boil tender in less time.

Asparagus comes into market tied in bundles of a dozen stalks each. These bundles are untied, the asparagus washed and nearly all the white or tough part cut off. The stalks are again tied up and boiled for half an hour in salted water which should boil when the asparagus is put in. Have ready several slices of toast, buttered; dip in the water in which the asparagus was cooked, laying the latter on the slices. (The "twisht" is to remember to take off the strings.) A little melted butter is turned over it. Others cut the asparagus in dice, cook till tender, stir in butter, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful or two of cream, and turn over the toast. It is "not bad to take," either way.

Green peas and shelled beans are to be cooked in boiling, salted water till done. Peas will generally cook in half an hour, beans must boil longer. Turn into a colander to drain. Return to the dish in which they were cooked, and add a large lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and a cupful of sweet cream. Let come to almost the boiling point and serve. String beans are cooked in the same way, after removing the strings. People who are not fond of cream sometimes stir a teaspoonful of flour into the butter used for seasoning, leaving a little of the water in which the vegetables are cooked, with them.

Baked and fried tomatoes are appreciated as a change from the everlasting tomato stew. Remove the skins by turning boiling water upon the fruit. For baked tomatoes put them into a buttered pudding dish with a bit of butter on each. Take a cupful of stale bread crumbs, or rolled crackers, season with salt and pepper, add a small piece of butter and moisten the crumbs with a little milk; spread over the tomatoes and bake an hour. Choose large, fair tomatoes, remove the skin with hot water, cut in thick slices, and dip in flour into which has been stir-

red salt and pepper for seasoning and then into beaten egg. Fry till brown in hot butter.

Boiled onions are generally served with a little melted butter turned over them, but are excellent if boiled till almost tender—change the water at least once while boiling—then put them in a pudding dish and bake half an hour. Leave the cover off if you prefer them browned. When done turn melted butter over them and give a sprinkle of pepper. But remember that pudding dish is "sacred to the memory of" onions forever after.

Vegetables should never be prepared for the table and then left to soak in water three or four hours till it is time to cook them. Shell the peas and beans when you are ready to cook them if you wish them to be at their best estate. It is often more convenient to gather vegetables in the evening of the day before they are ready to be cooked, or early in the morning, but do not be in a hurry to remove their overcoats. Leave the corn in its jacket till you use it. The only exceptions to this rule are cabbage and cauliflower, which should be plunged in cold salted water to draw out any slugs, etc., which may have taken refuge in the leaves. Boil cauliflower in a bag made of very coarse muslin or mosquito net to prevent it from cooking apart and spoiling its dainty appearance. Beets should be washed clean, but the skin left intact, and when boiled tender the skin will slip off in the hands, and the beets can be sliced to order. If the skin is broken the sweetness is lost in cooking.

A word about the butter to be used in seasoning vegetables: I do not believe in what is called "cooking butter," that is, that which is off flavor and considered not fit for the table but fit to cook with. In nine cases out of ten the cooking is spoiled by its use. I would as soon taste bad butter on bread as in green peas or beans, indeed I am not sure but the badness is intensified in the latter case. I have never been able to discover a use for poor butter in domestic economy, unless for soap-grease. BEATRIX.

MAYBELLE'S METHODS.

I once more attempt to express my admiration of our delightful little Household. We have had a thorough discussion of the bread question, and now we begin agitating the butter question, together with others concerning cooking. John's Wife asks how to cook greens as John's mother did. That would be im-

possible to those who have never seen or heard of John's mother, but my mother's way, which I always considered excellent, was as follows: She used beets, tops and all, when small, dandelion, mustard and yellow dock; either will do alone, but mustard and beets make a better dish. Wash clean and drop into a kettle half full of boiling water, in which one large slice of salt pork has been boiled ten minutes. Boil pork and greens until tender; dip out or filter with skimmer, press out the water, add a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and more salt if the pork has not salted sufficient, stir well, and if preferred add vinegar, or let John add what he wishes. I think he will like them this way; but right here let me tell him that if he is at all like the most of us, to prepare any dish as "mother used to," that is, have it taste to us as the victuals that our mothers prepared when we were in our youth, is impossible. Hearty, healthy, hungry children, without a care, relish any kind of food much better than when grown up; with the hard work and cares of life our appetites change a great deal, at least I think that the main reason that men cannot find anything equal to "mother's" cooking.

To prepare lettuce I find it palatable to prepare with one-half cup sour cream, four tablespoonfuls vinegar, one teaspoonful salt; put three tablespoonfuls of fried meat gravy in the spider, when melted add cream and vinegar; sprinkle salt on the lettuce, and when the cream boils pour over it, cover over a few minutes, then serve; we find it splendid.

Have any of the Householders ever tried hulling corn? It is some trouble, but when done "my mother's way" it is excellent. Take two quarts of large kernels, wash and drop into a kettle two-thirds full of weak lye; let boil slowly three hours or until the hulls will remove easily; then dip out into a dishpan, wash in four waters, rubbing hard. Put back into the kettle, salt to taste, cook till tender. Pour off the water, add butter, pepper and one pint rich sweet cream. We think it worth the trouble.

A nice pudding is made after the blanc mange recipe on the box of corn starch, by adding one-quarter of a lemon, rind and all. It has a better flavor, as it gives it a tart taste. I do not know as there is a "twisht" to it, as John's Wife speaks of, unless it is, be very careful not to scorch it as it spoils the taste. Will some one please tell me how to cook vegetable oysters? I will not attempt to tell how to cook asparagus, as the season for it is over, and I never had much experience with it.

Welcome, Aunt Nell; you say you have pictures in your mind of some of the members. I wonder how you imagine they look. Perhaps you imagine Maybelle a grim, middle-aged spinster, without a smile for any one, but you would find (were you to call) only a plain young farmer's wife, aged twenty-two, with a sweet little blue-eyed daughter, and a pleasant little home. Please Evangaline, write again and tell us more of the beautiful yard and home you are so contented in;

surely a contented mind is a great blessing. A little voice calls "Mamma, rockoh," two little arms reach up, and the little sleepy eyes of our two-year-old Gracie beg for mamma to stop writing.

BRIDGEWATER, June 30th.

MAYBELLE.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

Does Beatrix think that a conspiracy to confound the captain's English is hatching on board her good ship "Household?" And oh, ye gods of the Jingo lingo! does she deem me a dynamiter? If so I disclaim the honor.

Beatrix proclaims "I shall stand by my guns!" "Barkis is willin'," but since I never manned a battery, and handle "fire arms" about as dextrously as a duck might a dish-cloth, I will content myself to hit where I missed with my little bow and arrow.

In Beatrix's Possibilities, April 22nd, 1884, "English is spoke" thus—*verbatim et literatim*:

"But really, are we women so inconceivably stupid that we must make bread for years before we can learn to do it properly? Cannot we make pie-crust as well after five times trying as after five hundred? Is the preparation of any article of food so mysterious a proceeding that a woman of average intelligence cannot master it in a few painstaking trials? Certainly any woman who has respect enough for the work to 'do it with her brains,' can learn to cook in six months. No respectable reason can be brought forward why she should not; there is no eighth sense whose presence or absence makes or mars the cook; 'genius' here lies in accuracy and intelligent comprehension."

Now by a candid comparison of this quotation with the second paragraph in my article, published June 10th—but which, because of its length I did not quote at that time—the fact will appear that instead of seeking to defraud the "English" stock of our head, I watered it liberally and placed it in market again at an advanced valuation; for while she here allows only six months as ample time for Mrs. Brains to become mistress of the prime principles and processes of cookery and of the uncounted host of changes that the changing seasons ring upon their successful application to the manufacture of wholesome, palatable and seasonable food for human beings for the round year; and as an example of the number of lessons necessary to a guarantee of skill equal to emergencies, quotes "pie crust"—*bete noir* of the press and the dyspeptic—"as well after five times trying as after five hundred."

To find the X Y Z of this problem: Let us place the number of "cues" or lessons to be taken at 999—the lowest possible estimate—school term, six months; school hours, 720. Now, if Mrs. Brains, or any other woman, can get six, or even five times 999 lessons in cookery into those 720 lesson hours, without watering the stock up to a point unexcelled by Wall Street bears, then my name is not E. L. Nye.

Furthermore, a woman's bangs and back hair may constitute a crown of glory for a complement of brains not at all in-

ferior to those carried about in the cranial depository of Jim Blaine, of Maine, or Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, or even by the great Chimpanzee in Barnum's biggest show on earth; but if she at the same time lack muscular development and therewith certain inestimable valuable powers of physical endurance, it is utterly impossible for her to be a competent, reliable cook. For brawn as well as brain is here a *sine qua non*. And happy indeed is that woman whose "schooling" has developed with equal care and forethought these two best servants that this world knows. Let her have these and an elastic temperament, and she laughs at "impossibilities." Failure and defeat are never synonymous terms in her vocabulary, and she passes through this vale of tears having a good time, and dispensing good bread and meat in due season.

But though she have a bushel basket full, or a pint cup one-twentieth full of brains of the 1st or 50th "water," and have not the necessary muscle to back them, the fatigues of "baking day" and of all other days of special work in the Household, are contemplated with a "dread" as definite and not much less well founded than that with which Sam. Tilden contemplates another campaign crusade, himself astride one of the political donkeys. Now, I know of but one course that, steers clear of this dreaded reef on which so much of "happiness and home" are wrecked. It is to see that a practical knowledge of the tricks and manners of house-work and house-keeping and home-making grow with the girls' growth, and to see to it that they understand that this is in every way honorable and desirable in and for them, for if they never have a house to keep, it will not be because they have not wanted one. From these conditions specific genius is exempt.

As touching my second offence: It may be rank, but I vow, it never reached the nose of Heaven until Beatrix poured into it her rattling fusillade of "Correction." Luckily for us, I and my little bow and arrow were completely out of range of her guns. A friend told me of the event, and as soon as convenient I went over the scene of carnage with an ambulance, and confess that I was not a little surprised to find only a couple of Beatrix's "Gray" "bleeding at every vein" while my "Blue" were off shooting wood-chucks as unconcernedly as though nothing great had happened. I ordered "tattoo," gathered the bleeding veins into my cart, and now propose by our good Captain's leave to tie them and leave it to the spectators to say whether I have any skill in that sort of thing.

May 20th Beatrix said, "One of a mother's manifest duties is to teach her sons respect for all other women." These words I quoted, *verbatim*, June 10th, adding by way of "hit and miss" comment: "Now I would as soon say 'One of a father's manifest duties is to teach his daughters respect for all other men!' The statement fairly gauged measures exactly the same." In her "Correction," June 17, she says: "I stand by my guns and reiterate, teach the boys respect to all wo-

men, if for no other reason than that they are women," and then proceeds with a very pretty and spirited little homily, in the course of which her exact meaning is made to appear, and it appears in perfect harmony with the prepositional correction which her "reiteration" carries in its eye.

And now that Beatrix's own good guns have so clarified and corrected this phase of maternal duty, I accept the conditions and the olive branch—and offer the pipe of peace—by piping to you the sentiment which Beatrix and I hold in common, and which her "correction" clearly conveys, though the English is not spoke exactly thusly. It is: "One of a mother's manifest duties is to teach her sons to treat all women with respectful courtesy." It would be a good motto to hang in the sitting-room, and right beside it I would place: "One of a father's manifest duties is to teach his daughters to treat all men with respectful courtesy."

But "respect" in the abstract is a something deeper, higher than this. Wisdom is it; one trusty guide. Knowledge is its safe foundation. And thus it is, that while I gladly admit that it is always wisest and safest to treat with "respectful courtesy" people, plans and ideas to which we are strangers; and as a general thing, equally prudent to extend like "courtesy" to those that are to us, individually, obnoxious, I as candidly deny our capability to "respect" a person or thing of whom or of which we know nothing.

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS, June 23.

THE POETRY OF BUTTER MAKING.

As butter making is being discussed and X. Y. Z. has given her ideas I will fall into rank and tell my little story. My husband and I conceived the idea two years ago that an ice-house and milk-room combined would be quite a feature in the butter business, so accordingly one was built at a cost of a hundred dollars. We added a Jewett refrigerator at \$25, making the sum total \$125, and we feel that the money was well expended. We have eleven cows, Shorthorn grades. In the first place we must have perfect cleanliness in the milk pails, pans, etc. In order to do this we must have a different dish cloth and towels for washing and wiping than those used for dishes; wash the pans thoroughly, first in clear water, then in soap suds, then scald in boiling water; wipe and put out in the sun. I would advise all to use the pans for no other purpose than milk. I skim the milk while it is sweet, and never allow it to stand more than twenty-four hours; after skimming I put it in a stone jar and place in the refrigerator directly under the ice-box; in this manner the cream is kept sweet. We usually churn before breakfast, and no matter how hot the weather the butter comes out as hard as any January butter; we use a barrel churn. We set the wind-mill in motion when we commence churning, to insure cold water for washing the butter. I wash until the

water is clear, usually three times; then salt, using Ashton salt, three-fourths of an ounce to a pound of butter. It is then set away until the next morning, when I work it, weigh and pack, and it nets me twenty-five cents per pound this summer. Last winter I sold none for less than thirty cents. We have thought that another summer we would add a cabinet creamery; it might lighten labor, but I do not think the quality of the butter could be improved.

I have proven by actual experience that a cellar is not a good place for milk; by using an out door milk room all running up and down stairs with milk, carrying pans, washing shelves, is dispensed with. The air can circulate freely about the pans; by setting on slat shelves and being careful about spilling milk once a week is often enough to wash them, while the milk is taken from the door for calves and pigs by the men. There is another item, too, worthy of consideration. About five o'clock in the morning I go out to the milk room to attend to skimming and straining the milk. I get the fresh air, and drink in all the beauties of a "morning in the country;" the sun is fast peeping up in the east, almost hid by a clump of trees, the dew is sparkling on every blade of grass and leaf; the birds are reveling in a perfect flood of melody; the cattle are lowing, lambs are bleating, chattering is telling shrilly that morning has come, the little chickens and turkeys are peeping for their breakfast, and as I feel the blood coursing through my veins with quickening pulsations, sending a glow to my cheek and adding strength and health, I know it is better than if I slept the morning away, or stood in a damp cellar skimming milk. Let us hear from others about it.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK, July 2.

THE PORK BARREL.

Salt pork is a staple in the farm economy, many people considering it more disgraceful to be out of pork than to be caught without a pie in the pantry. The spoiling of the meat by souring, tainting or turning "rusty" is viewed as a great misfortune. Without alluding to the expediency of making the salted flesh of the abomination of Israel so constant an article of diet, or mentioning its effects in the way of producing indigestion, scrofula and biliousness, a brief notice of the reasons why the meat sometimes spoils may be of value to some. The top layers in the pork barrel may become slightly "off flavor" if the brine is left undisturbed, so that the salt settles to the bottom. Another reason is sometimes found in want of care to keep the meat well under the brine. A more frequent cause of spoiling is found in the blood, juice of the meat and atoms of grease, which are drawn out by the brine and the small bits which are left floating in it as the meat is being used up; when these come in contact with the atmosphere putrefaction sets in to a greater or less extent. When warm weather comes the brine not infrequently becomes tainted and communicates the taint to the meat.

It is an excellent plan to take up the meat at the approach of warm weather, and thoroughly scald the brine and skim off all impurities. Repack the meat, after scalding and wiping the barrel, and return the brine when cold. No further anxiety need then be felt regarding it, if care is taken to keep it properly weighted down.

A ham which is being used from daily can be kept from the troublesome "green flies" by slipping it into a canvas or heavy manilla paper sack, and tying tightly. For still greater security it can be hid in a box of dry oats, still in its paper overcoat. There is danger of the meat becoming musty if left there too long.

Not a bad plan to keep ham through the summer months is to cut in slices ready for the table, fry slightly and pack in stone jars. When the jar is full turn on the fat which has fried out, and fill up with sufficient melted lard to cover. It is thus kept from the air and will keep sweet a long time. Do not fry quite enough for the table; when wanted it is easily cooked.

A SECRET REVEALED.

Many times I have been asked to tell my secret for making hens lay in the winter, and when I tell people to give their fowls plenty to eat and drink, and not use all one kind of grain, they usually sniff up their noses and say, "My chicks have enough to eat; I think they are too fat to lay good," and walk off in high dudgeon. They call to mind an anecdote my father used to tell, that happened when he was teaching school in New York. A family in the district had been troubled with a terrible breaking out between the fingers, and, in fact, all over their bodies, for several years. The father very confidentially told the teacher he would give anything he possessed to have them cured of the "mysterious disease." "Well," says the teacher, "I do not care for your money, but I will cure you if you will follow my advice to the letter, for I have a valuable recipe for just this disease. This is the cure: Take warm water, four gallons, one third bar soap and one quart bran; bathe every night and put on clean clothes, and keep the bed clean; I will give you an ointment to use, and you will get well." They followed his instructions with success. In the spring an old deacon wanted to know what good the bran did; well, at least it gave it an air of mystery and did no harm. It would not have answered to tell them to keep clean and they would get over the *itch*. The old deacon shook his head, "Well, just as I told my wife, the bran was for the mind and soap and water for the body."

I would say to all who want a secret to get plenty of eggs summer and winter: Take equal parts of corn, oats, wheat and buckwheat; mix and give all the fowls can eat. This for the fowls. And if you must have something more to ease your mind, take cayenne pepper, ginger, and sulphur, mix and give just as little to your fowls as you can. I am sure you will have plenty of eggs if you have a warm coop.

BELL.

PORTLAND, June 26th.

GENERAL DEBILITY IN YOUNG TURKEYS.

The Household Editor handed to Dr. Jennings F. C. C.'s letter, which appeared in last week's Household, with the request that he would give our correspondent the benefit of his veterinary knowledge. His reply was received too late for insertion in the Household of last week, but here is the prescription:

The secret of raising poultry, more particularly the turkey, is the almost constant care and attention they receive. Some years are much more favorable to their propagation than others, however careless we may be regarding their welfare, but, as a rule, success depends upon the care and attention they receive. The feathered tribe are equally subject to epizootic diseases as well as all other of our domestic stock. We are inclined to believe that the character of the disease affecting a large number in one neighborhood is due rather to endemic (local causes) than epizootic influences, which in a great measure may be controlled by proper sanitary regulations. The symptoms described are similar to those given by W. R. J., published in the FARMER of the 17th inst. Your diagnosis, general debility, no doubt is correct. That there are no lice upon the young birds is the exception; thorough and careful examination is sometimes necessary to detect their presence, more particularly when in large numbers about the head, where they are most destructive to the health and life of the young bird. Treatment. In this case we would recommend the following: Tincture of iron; gentian; Jamaica ginger; and capsicum, equal quantities, mix all together; give a few drops of the mixture in the water, or in the feed, regulating the quantity to suit the taste of the birds. Will the writer of this inquiry do us a favor by reporting to us the success or failure of the above prescription?

FANCY WORK.

I wish some of the ladies would tell me how to make a handsome shelf lambrequine. I do not wish for applique work or seine twine crochet. I have seen crazy patchwork which was intended for a shelf, but I do not know how to finish off such a piece of work. I am not particular about its being like that, but any thing that is pretty. I wish the ladies would oftener send directions for fancy work. I was once a member of a society composed of the ladies in a country neighborhood, who met once in two weeks for the purpose of doing fancy work. We met at different private houses, and the lady who entertained us was restricted to getting a very plain supper, so that it did not become a burden to any one. Each brought her own work, and with visiting and helping one another we spent very pleasant afternoons. This society was kept up for several years.

I wish some of the members would give directions for Kensington painting, if it is possible to do so in a letter to the Household.

Ladies, when you dust your furniture dampen your dusting cloth with a little kerosene oil; you don't know how nice it will make everything look, almost equal to a coat of paint.

PRUDENCE.

ALBION, June 26th.

"GREENS."

As I have been a reader of the MICHIGAN FARMER some years, I can say I was much pleased with the Household by itself; but have never contributed to it, thinking to gain more knowledge by reading the experience of others who are better qualified to write than myself; but it is hard to keep still and let others keep talking; that is not woman's nature.

Seeing John's Wife is anxious to know how to cook greens, I thought I might help her out. I was not acquainted with John's mother, but while teaching and boarding round, was treated to greens boiled, then chopped fine and fried in grease. Possibly that might be the way John's mother cooked them. I parboiled them, then cook in clear water with a little salt until done. Take up, drain and butter. Young beets make good greens. Cook asparagus as you would peas. Will some one please tell me how to can peas? Shall I come again?

M. L. H.

FOWLerville, June 30th.

[Nothing pleases the Household Editor better than to have our correspondents "come again."]

A CHICKEN PARK.

I will tell the ladies how I feed my chickens. I kept wishing for a park but I couldn't get one; my old hens run over the small chicks until I got discouraged and thought I would see what I could do, so I took some laths and sharpened one end, and drove them down and tied the tops with a cord; when my husband saw my park he laughed and made fun, but it is just nice, I can feed my chicks and they seem so happy. I think I have over 70. I feed them cracked wheat, have always fed meal after it was swelled, but we have none this season, have had good luck raising chickens, had 184 last year. I have the Plymouth Rock.

If you see fit to print this I may write more about chickens.

MRS. R. D. M. E.

HORTON, June 25th.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

I have several good reasons for not writing on the butter question before. I have been very busy, and I was in hope some one would write who could express their thoughts better than I could. As I was reading the little paper to-day I discovered that X. Y. Z. makes butter very much as I do. I agree with her that all the dishes we use in making butter should be clean and sweet if we would make good butter. I think very much depends on pressing the buttermilk out instead of rubbing it out. I use a tin churn, it saves so much lifting.

I like our little Household very much indeed. I agree with Evangaline that

a farm life is a pleasant one. How good it seems, after a visit to the city, to get home where we can have a large doorway and flowers, with plenty of cool shade, feed our chickens and busy ourselves with every-day work! I enjoy farm life and I enjoy the privilege of being a

FARMER'S WIFE.

NAPOLEON, June 30.

Contributed Recipes.

THAT SOAP RECIPE.—The recipe for hard soap asked for some weeks ago, I will now send, hoping the ladies will try and report success: Six pounds salsoda; three pounds stone lime, or unslaked lime; six pounds clean grease; four gallons fresh soft water. Dissolve the lime and soda in the water by boiling; let stand till next morning; pour off into kettle; add the grease; boil until it is hard soap; perfume with ten cents worth of sassafras. I made 15½ pounds for 30 cents this spring. It is white, pure and cleansing.

MAYBELLE.

POT PIE.—Mix the crust with buttermilk, using sufficient soda to sweeten; a little salt, no shortening. Roll one-half inch thick; just large enough to fit the Kettle; cut a slit in the center for the steam to escape. Put the meat in the kettle; if there are any bones lay them up so they will keep the crust out of the water. Fit the crust over the meat; do not have too much water, (upon this your success depends) just enough not to cook dry; boil slowly one half hour without raising the cover.

M. L. H.

FOWLerville.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, one cup coffee, two-thirds cup lard, or meat drippings; three cups flour; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in coffee; one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, and the same of cloves. A cup of chopped raisins added makes a nice fruit cake.

CUP CAKE.—Five eggs; two cups sugar; one cup butter; one cup sweet milk; one cup seeded raisins; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of soda; nutmeg or lemon. This makes two loaves.

CREAM CAKE.—One egg; one cup sugar; two thirds cup sweet milk; one and two-thirds cup flour; one heaping tablespoonful butter; two teaspoonfuls baking powder. This is nice for layer or jelly cake.

F. C. C.

MANCHESTER.

BALL'S



CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box. CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago, Ill.