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THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

THE COMMON TEAR.

As in the field, 'neath noonday heat,
We gleaned the scattered grain,
I found a poppy, fair and sweet,
And o'er and o'er again,
To sister-toilers sang of the power
That hid in its royal heart
To soothe our pain; yet hour by hour,
Unheeding, they kept apart;
And said: "What matters a paltry bloom?
We must toil and toil through starless gloom."

Then, weary of heart, and weary of hand,
I sang a sad complaint—
Of thisle, of pebble, of barren land;
Of burdens which make us faint,
And the toilers heard: with wistful gaze
They took up the sad refrain;
They paused to listen, they offered praise,
And whispered, "She knows our pain;"
For we have common joys and common fears,
But the tenderest tie is our common tears.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

So they all say, but it depends a good deal upon what kind of a home it is. "Sweet Home" was written by a homeless man, and the ache in his heart for the joys of a true home he so put into his song that it has ever since been the expression of longing for all that is nearest and dearest to us. There is magic in the melody. It is associated with all we hold sacred—if we have known the happiness of a real home; and if fate has been unkind to us, and home is such in name only, a sense of deprivation swells the heart and dims the eyes as we realize what we have failed to gain.

There are but few women, I honestly believe, who fully understand what home is to a man. It is heaven to him if he finds happiness and peace therein, it is hell if it is unhappy. Whether he helps make it the one or the other matters not to him; he only knows what it is. Half a man's burdens are lifted if he knows when he leaves his work at night, that he is going to those who love him, who trust in him, whose lives are centred in his. He is thrice armed against temptation; he has every incentive to work, for he is happy in his toil for those he loves; he is ambitious for their sakes. He puts away dishonest and dishonorable thoughts—they will bring shame upon his family. And if trouble and adversity come, what a refuge is there in the light and love of home! There is nothing, this side heaven, that can so comfort and uphold our courage in dark days. A valued friend who has had many unpleasant and annoying things to bear, and suffered under a great injustice, said, in speak-

ing about it, "My wife and daughters have been everything to me through this trouble; they have stood by me nobly," and his eyes were suspiciously moist as he paid this tribute to their love and duty. What if they had complained and fretted and blamed! How much more his burden of care and anxiety would have galled!

Picture the home into which a husband comes from his daily toil to hear his wife scold and complain about her annoyances, magnifying every grievance, telling him she wants more money, and that she would never have married him if she had not supposed he could make a decent living for her; reminding him how much better she dressed when she lived in her father's house, grumbling about how hard she has to work, slapping the baby and banging the dishes on the table. Would you blame anybody for getting out of such a house as quickly as possible? Suppose the husband comes home to vent there all the suppressed crossness and ill-temper of the day, so that the children shrink away from blows and the wife from words harder than blows! There are a good many places better than such homes.

There will be in every home little frictions, little crosses, little contradictions; things will not always go without jar or fret, but these, if we let them pass as the little things they are, serve by contrast to make the real harmony more apparent. I cannot understand how where real affection exists between husband and wife there can ever be harsh or unkind words; they are so incompatible with true affection.

I read the other day that a man in New York city who employs a large number of men in very responsible positions, is careful to investigate the home life of each one. He engages only married men; they have, he says, "a stake in the game of life." They have given hostages to fortune and society. If his employees are happy in their family relations, he is sure that they are doing their duty by their employer as well; but if there is war and discord, the man must seek work elsewhere. There is a good deal in this. For the man who is anchored to a peaceful home is not apt to imperil his domestic content by speculation or fraud.

On my way down town one morning I came upon a peripatetic organ-grinder surrounded by a group of children and half grown lads. "Home, Sweet Home," with great embellishment of trills and shakes and appoggiaturas, mingled with the rattle of trucks and street cries and all the noise

of a city's bustle. I noticed among those whom curiosity or idleness had attracted as listeners, a man of perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age, belonging to the great genus Tramp, leaning against a tree and listening with an absorbed, far-away look on his face, as if he saw more than the dusty street and the dirty Italian before him. His shoes were dirty and needed a patch, his clothes looked as if he had slept in them for weeks, and it was "a shocking bad hat" that covered his unkempt hair and shadowed the unshaven face.

"Home, home
Sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

went the wheezy old organ, and I could not help wondering what emotions were stirred in the heart beating under that ragged vest, and if the soiled necktie helped choke back a sob, as memory brought visions of the days when home was indeed sweet home, a loved reality to him. What pictures rose before his eyes, filling his soul with the ghosts of dead years? Perhaps of some quiet country home, old-fashioned, with morning-glories over the kitchen window and hollyhocks nodding at the back door; a dear gray-haired mother looking every night down the road, yearning for the return of the prodigal son; perhaps of the venerable father whom he thought stern and cold till he learned by bitter experience that the world is far colder and sterner. Was he thinking of the long ago breakfasts—the steaming coffee, the yellow butter, and "mother's gingerbread"—the abundance of the old farm and his folly in leaving it? What memories of youthful enthusiasms, of manhood's blasted ambitions, of "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," of low descent from innocence and purity, may have come to him! Is the cry of his heart that walling in his ears:

"Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again."

Or does a vision of his own roof tree arise, with the patter of little feet to the door when the garden gate clicks at nightfall; the quiet evenings after the bairnies had "cuddled doon" in their trundle-bed, when he smoked the pipe of contented happiness while his wife sewed on the other side of the table? And then "the strike" came on and there was no work and no money, and the baby died, and he thought there was no God, or that His ears were deaf to the prayers of the poor; and he could not meet the payments on his little home, and the owner foreclosed the mortgage and away went the savings of

years. And there was no roof and no food for them, in all this land of abundance; and he thought if he went away and left them, his wife would go home to "her folks," who for love's sake would welcome her and the children, or that some kind-hearted person would help her if he—the able-bodied man who could not support his family, as he bitterly called himself—were out of the way. So he went away, hard-hearted and rebellious against God and man, and never said good-bye—went away and left the woman who loved him to mourn him more hopelessly than if he were dead.

Presto, change! "Sweet Home" is done, and we all step off more briskly to the peasants' chorus in "Fra Diavolo." The motionless figure about which I wove this chain of maybe's recovered himself with a start, pulled his old hat over his eyes, plunged his hands deep in his empty pockets and slouched off, to be presently swallowed up in the great human maelstrom of the city streets.

But, after all, I mused, to how many must this, the sweetest, tenderest song in the language we speak, bring only unsatisfied longings, the bitter sadness of those who with money and place and houses and lands, are after all homeless in heart! How many husbands go home like the drunkard, "because all the other places are shut up;" how many of our young peoplesay impatiently "I can't bear to stay at home!" How many wives are found interested in anything that will take them away from home? I liked what a man said to me once, as he looked about upon the trees he had planted and the land he had tended. "I've traveled and been from home a good deal, but I always came back glad to be *at home!*" and he looked, as he spoke, at the sweet-faced, gray-haired woman he called wife.

Think of this, wives and husbands. Is there truly "no place like home" to you? If not, your first duty, the duty you owe to God and your family, is to find out *why* your home is not the most blessed place on earth to you and yours, and seek out and apply the remedy, before Alienation and Discord become your constant guests.

BEATRIX.

IN MEMORIAM.

"I have not much news to write. The most important item is that Hi buried Old Maggie last Monday. She died Sunday in the pasture. We don't know what caused her death." So runs the letter from Hi's wife at Home-in-the-Hills, which I received a few days ago. And as many of the HOUSEHOLD remember "little brown Maggie" who used to carry me about the hill country of Metamora and Hadley in the days when I spoke early and often in HOUSEHOLD conferences, I cannot refrain from writing out some of the recollections that possessed my mind as I sauntered down Fort Street this morning, noting the extremes in breeding, care and condition apparent in horse as well as in human flesh. The train of thought received its impulse as I surveyed a pair of matched

brown horses, medium size, in elegant harness, with a coachman and very luxurious fine carriage in waiting at the front door of a stately mansion, and ran about like this: "Just the color that Maggie was. But these have a dainty, proud, stylish look that is not altogether reliable. Maggie was not like that. She had good sense, understanding and tact, and was as reliable as the morning. Ah, there they go, my lady on the back seat, coachee up in front. Indeed they look very fine so richly caparisoned, and nothing but this sort of thing to do, but I can tell by the step and movement that Maggie in her prime would have outsped them without an effort. And what a beauty she was when she lit out in her own easy, swift graceful trot or run, with her magnificent tail and mane pluming the air as she sped along with such a cheerful hearty spirit! Ah, there are two ladies now in that carriage, driving that high stepping bay. I wonder if they are sisters! What enjoyment sister Joe and I used to have in those long drives with Maggie! The last was the time when we went to Pontiac to get Joe's wedding outfit. How fleet are the years! Fifteen have flown since that chill October afternoon. How well, how vividly I remember the terror of that night, when in the murky darkness we should both have been killed outright by the runaway team that came upon us from the rear, had it not been for Maggie's coolness and intelligent conduct. It was like unto human reasoning. She saved our lives then. Dear, gentle, kind, thoughtful Mag! I never forgot the debt, and when I left the farm Hi and Bob promised me that Maggie should not be sold to the stranger in her old age, but should die in peace and plenty at home. And now she is dead; and Joe, the dearest sister in the world, quickly withered in consumption's fatal ranks, and in a little over three years from her wedding day only the perishable clay house was left us of all that was our best beloved sister. I somehow felt that that horrible experience that night, when we were on that particular errand, was an ill omen, but I never said as much to Joe, for I was afraid she felt the chill of its gloom too, and I did so hope for everything to be bright and happy in her life, little dreaming that death so soon would take her from our midst.

"And now Maggie, you too are gone! You, the last link between the living animals and the dead human beings in our home! I do believe there is a future for such faithful hearts as yours, even though they beat in the breast of a quadruped. At any rate I shall look for you when I get over there, that is if I don't find you with the rest of the family, without looking, and I expect to, for according to the inspired word horses are a very important element in the celestial outfits, and of course the heavenly cavalry is apprised and caparisoned according to merit, and you can win on that every time! Oh but what a mother you was, Mag! You would take care of all the little colts that could gather about you. One year you raised

your own and cross Doli's too. Took them to the fair and got first premium on yourself and both your handsome black babies. Well, I was awfully pleased with your getting that premium, for I made a bet that morning that you would win it, and you did; you did it like a daisy too. There's a man that looks like father, getting into this buggy. Let's see, yes, he picks up the lines with that air of impatience that father wore the moment he took a line or a whip in his hand. And that makes me think, Maggie, of how many times I've seen you when I know that could you have spoken you would have rebuked father for his ungraciousness to you when you was serving him as faithfully and carefully as was possible. How well you knew whether the tone and touch of the driver were friendly and appreciative of your services or the reverse! Father is over there too, and he'll be just as glad to see you as though he had been as fond of horses as he was of babies. Oh that is fearful! that poor crippled rack of bones of a horse and that dirty old man and cart. The Society will soon interfere in behalf of that animal, but how thankful I am that the last days of Maggie's life were not like that! She died at home in peace and plenty." E. L. NYE.

DETROIT.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

"Good for you," I exclaimed, when I had finished reading Bruno's Sister's letter, "I rather think you have the best of it this time." "He laughs best who laughs last," and I imagine "Brue" taking a long and hearty one. For some reason or other I was in sympathy with her all the time, though I thought if Bruno *were* her husband, she would call down "blessings" from some of the HOUSEHOLD ladies. After reading Marie Belle's lamentations over "Poor Bruno" I pronounced "Brue's" triumph over her the best joke of the season.

As for Marie Belle, well, I'd give more for her opinions on married life after she has tried it five years; she may conclude the "poor" isn't all on Bruno's side, though I dislike to hear a woman finding fault about her husband to outsiders as much as any one, and I feel sure there is more tattling done by the wives than by their husbands. I scarcely know what I should think if I knew my husband had been "giving me away in detail" to some of his friends, though I know he could tell of many faults if he were so inclined.

"Is Mrs. B— justified in presenting such a picture to the many young lady readers?" Why yes, if Mrs. B— were a Mrs., she hasn't made out any worse conditions than many a woman labors under; and I believe if it would make some of the girls pause and ponder before assuming the responsibilities of marriage it would be doing a good work. Too many young girls have an idea that to be a "wife" means to be past the days of care and worry. "All is not gold that glitters" here any more than anywhere else, and girls who have an idea that the one they

love is particularly a hero, often have to own he is made of flesh and blood as they are, and is a subject to moods and temptations like themselves.

I have "boarded around" in two communities and was often made the confidant of the wife's and mother's trials, though I believe never by my own seeking; and I know that most of the trials of the HOUSEHOLD sisters are by no means confined to its readers.

By the way, boarding around is a good thing, just for a little while; you get an insight into the lives of people that way you never can in any other, even though you know many put the best foot forward while the teacher is there.

I smiled just now as my eye fell upon this sentence in Marie Belle's letter, "If Mrs. B— had kindly insisted on the return of the turkey money, or that the garden must be near the house, these and many other little grievances would have been easily remedied."

Ah, yes, my dear girl, if you happen to get one of the excellent kind of husbands who will allow you to *insist*, all well and good; but you may find that insisting is about as much account as beating with your hands against a stone wall. I've known of such being the case.

I heard a lady say the other day she would like to get up a flirtation with Bruno all on account of that nice rig; she thinks Brue is afraid of losing him is the reason she has been "showing him up."

Thanks, Simon's Wife, for the "Cloudy Week." I think we must have gained a pound laughing over it and the various remarks called out during its reading. Why *don't* you write for the papers? I believe you could do better than many who do.

EDNA.

DETROIT'S ATTRACTIONS.

I have been asked to give a list of the places in Detroit which a stranger visiting here for two or three days, ought to see. The visitor here during the ten days of the Exposition will, I fancy, find on the Exposition grounds ample material for sight-seeing. But if in addition she is to "take in the town" she will not forget to visit Belle Isle and explore the pleasant walks, see the deer, and poke up the American eagle whose spirit has been so cowed by captivity that he doesn't look to have courage enough to kill a mouse. There's the bridge, too, to be looked at—that's about all one wants of it, as the boat ride is so much more inviting.

Returning, take a car out Woodward Avenue and back, for the sake of seeing the beautiful homes which border it. The Grand Circus park, its centre cut by the avenue, is a pleasant spot in which to rest a while, and the Church of Our Father and the Bagley residence, which front West Grand Circus from Bagley avenue, are worth looking at; the church, especially, is one of the most beautiful and artistic in the city.

It will pay the visitor who has some knowledge of art to go through M. S.

Smith's or Roehm & Son's jewelry and art stores, also to visit a picture store. In the rear of Angell's is a small gallery where a few good pictures are always on view. For a view of a well equipped dry goods emporium, go through Newcomb & Endicott's; and if you wish to see what an aggregation of useful and ornamental—and otherwise—articles can be gathered together, visit one of the bazars, Heyn's by preference—the "salesladies" are a trifle more civil.

A stroll through Central market, where Detroit buys its dinner, is a novel experience to most strangers. The Soldiers' Monument, with the emblematic floral designs at the base, and the Bagley Fountain are the objects of interest on the Campus, "in front of the City Hall, which *please* don't call the "town hall" or the "courthouse." The bust of John J. Bagley which is erected on the sward in front of the Detroit Opera House was put there, presumably, that he might keep his eye on the fountain which he donated to the city, and see that water without ice is not furnished a confiding public.

At the City Hall you can take the Fort St. cars going east, for Elmwood, and spend an afternoon very pleasantly in that quiet spot; or a west bound car down to Fort Wayne, where a handful of U. S. troops "play soldier" and protect us against a Canadian invasion. If the dragon who guards the City Hall tower for fear some one will chop it down will permit the ascent to be made, a lovely view of the city and river may be obtained. The entire block on Fort St., surrounded by a high board fence, is the site of the new post-office, which children now being born may perhaps, if they attain unusual age, live to see begun; the location was fenced in for fear it might get away out of town somewhere.

There are also many public institutions which are worth a visit, if one has time and inclination.

BEATRIX.

RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE AT SCHOOL MEETINGS.

A correspondent, J. J. L., of Plainwell, inquires whether women are eligible to vote at school meetings. Yes. Howell's Annotated Statutes, Section 5049, says: "Every person of the age of twenty-one years, who has property liable to assessment for school taxes in any school district, and who has resided therein three months next preceding any school meeting held in said district, or who has resided three months next preceding such meeting on any territory belonging to said district at time of holding such meeting shall be a qualified voter in said meeting upon all questions; and all other persons who are twenty-one years of age and are the parents or legal guardians of any children included in the school census of the district, and who have, for three months as aforesaid, been residents in said district or upon any territory belonging thereto at the time of holding any school meeting, shall be entitled to vote on all questions

arising in said district which do not directly involve the raising of money by tax."

This gives women a vote on choice of the members of the district board of school officers, and kindred matters, but would prevent those who are not tax payers from voting to raise money by tax to build a new school-house. The remarkable wisdom of our legislative Solons is made manifest in the qualifying clause. It is a remnant of the ancient idea that women can be trusted with anything on earth but money, lingering in our laws yet.

In the city of Detroit, by special legislation, women are allowed to vote at school elections, and are eligible to membership on the school board. Several ladies were candidates for the office of school inspector at the last election, and one lady was elected, and is satisfactorily performing the duties of her office. Several ladies living in various parts of the State have been elected Township Inspectors of Schools (our valued correspondent, Mrs. F. C. Rector, of Tecumseh, being among the number), and in every instance, so far as we have heard, have filled the office with dignity and credit to themselves and benefit to the schools.

Women who own property subject to assessment for school taxes are eligible to the offices of Director, Moderator, etc.

DO THE BEST YOU CAN.

Let us give every one a fair hearing. It is well to know the faults and annoyances of farm life, as well as the ways that shall make it easier and better. No harm and some good may be the result. I could not repress a smile at the way Bruno appropriated the money, and I especially praised the HOUSEHOLD that week in John's hearing, so he would have a desire to read it, and I was not disappointed. Men are apt to be selfish, unknowingly—recklessly so. Cause hard work, we may say, but that is no excuse for a man to make his wife a slave or a beggar—beg for every cent she has from him, and then be under his direction in regard to outlay—no privileges, no horse to use, never having her own way in anything. You may preach patience, self-denial and sacrifice; and say when a girl marries, one thing she must learn is renunciation. I know of men who don't require it. I also know of women who will not be deprived of their liberty; and in my estimation they will yet win the crown shining with stars. We know some of Bruno's failings; we also see he has good traits. I should like to introduce him to Marie Belle, as she expects to rule in a home some day. Let us hope for her that it may be free from hard work, headaches, and neuralgia.

It is said that every household has its skeleton; no matter how closely housed it may be, it is there; so envy no one, my friends. Be content with your own lot. Strive to make your home as near your ideal as you can, and failure will not be yours. Send out the kindly influence to those about you. If you are satisfied with your work, even if it is not appreciated by

some, simply because you do not proclaim your good deeds from the housetop, remember there is One who looketh only on the heart. It is a great thing to live bravely.

I wonder if Deborah is one of the women who do not believe in ironing sheets and pillow slips, only folding them smoothly, and thereby gaining time to read that new book? That was quite an idea about the iron dish cloth. I wish she would tell me how to take berry stains off my hands before I leave for a week's stay in the city. In my next letter, M. E. H., I will tell you of a rest, far in advance of picnics; in the meantime I hope you will enjoy the annual one. There—listen! clang goes

BENTON HARBOR.

SILVER BELL.

VANDERBILT'S KITCHEN.

Those inquisitive people who are never content with the "drawing room aspect" of their friends' houses, but insist also on their privilege to enter by the area gate and see what's for dinner and how it is served, will be interested in the account furnished by the *N. Y. Press* of the kitchen in which W. K. Vanderbilt keeps his \$10,000 chef. "Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen is really very beautiful to the eye. The purity of marble, the lustre of tiles and the gleam of metal are what one sees. The floor is of marble, the shelves, the tables, the sinks, all the things that are rarely moved are of marble and cut with the precision of jewels. The walls are lined with cream enameled tiles and all the angles are covered with brass mouldings. Where these meet the doors and windows they are covered with these metal mouldings dispensing even with wooden trim. The ceiling is made of white enameled tiles set in cement. But one does not imperil the head of a \$10,000 cook with a loosely set brick, so each tile is also secured with raised metal bolts.

"Accenting all this gleam of white and metal is the large double range. It is set in one corner under a large semi-circular hood enriched with embossed copper ornaments, and swung from iron bars wrought in spirals and foliation. This hood is so powerful an agent in carrying off the odor and greasy steam that it will waft from the hand a newspaper held under it.

"The cooking utensils are in keeping with all this splendor. They are of copper, with wrought iron handles, many of them ornamented, and some of them have been copied from special pieces in the Cluny and other museums. Luxurious cooking utensils are indeed the thing of the moment, and a wedding present not disdained is a set of copper silver-lined, such as are now displayed among gems and gold at the jewelers. Leading from the kitchen to the butler's pantry are spiral stairs entirely enclosed in glass to shut out possible odor, yet retain the light. And this is so successfully done that, although the kitchen is directly below the dining-room and butler's pantry, nothing disagreeable makes its way aloft.

"Before referring to another attachment

of this kitchen, allusion should be made to the drains and hose outlet in the center of the marble floor, for it is by a hose which may play fearlessly in any part of the room that the kitchen is kept clean. Connected with the kitchen, and built under the sidewalk, is a series of vaults. These are for ice, meat, vegetables, milk and eggs, and are built in three sections of hollow masonry that they may be kept free from damp, and insure perfect ventilation. The heavier articles, such as ice and meat, are put in through the sidewalk with derrick and hoist, which relieves the kitchen of a good deal of unpleasantness, as every housekeeper may imagine."

CANNING CORN.

I will send to the *HOUSEHOLD* the recipe for canned corn I have successfully used for three years. Some object to the use of tartaric acid, but we have not found it unwholesome.

Cut the corn from the cob and cook with water enough to keep it from burning. To every six quarts of corn allow one ounce of tartaric acid dissolved in boiling water. Seal like any other canned goods. To prepare for the table, pour off the sour water, saving it. Use fresh water to cook the corn, and to every quart of corn add half a teaspoonful of soda. If the corn turns yellow there is too much soda, which must be neutralized by the tartaric acid water; pour in enough of that you turned off the corn at first to turn the corn white. While cooking add a spoonful of white sugar, and when nearly done, season with salt, pepper and butter.

If you want to put up a less quantity of corn, you can dissolve one and a quarter ounces of tartaric acid in half a pint of boiling water, and use two tablespoonfuls to every quart of corn.

I have never had success in any other way with corn. If money were plenty, I would never bother with it, but buy the sweet corn put up at the factories, which is almost as good as the fresh, and certainly cheaper than we can can it ourselves, if we count our time worth anything.

JACKSON.

ADDA.

THE prevailing drouth seems to be having a bad effect in diminishing the supply of *HOUSEHOLD* letters. Surely all our enthusiasm was not expended in "Weeks!" Let us hear from some of those who made their first essay in contributing at that time. The "works" of many of them entitle them a further hearing in this council of housekeepers.

If you try to can corn by cooking it in the cans in a boiler of water, according to directions several times given in these columns, remember one very important point. Your success depends upon the thoroughness of the cooking. The water must boil hard and continuously, and the boiling be kept up "four or five hours," say the directions, but it is safer to continue the cooking even longer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

You can restore and freshen black lace flouncings that are mussed by wiping the lace—after shaking out the dust—with a soft cloth dipped in a mixture made of two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a cupful of vinegar, and pressing carefully on the wrong side.

In putting on rubber overshoes a rupture over the instep frequently occurs from haste and pressure in drawing them on. A cement for mending them is not always to be had in the country. A simple expedient is to place under the rent a fragment of black worsted cloth doubled a trifle longer than the fracture and extending about an inch on either side. Stitch with a needleful of black silk thread, waxed if convenient, taking long stitches of unequal lengths. This will be found perfectly efficacious, the stitches retaining their hold and not cutting out as where the edges are merely caught together they ordinarily do.

Contributed Recipes.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Ten pounds of yellow tomatoes, peeled and cut fine; five pounds granulated sugar; two dozen lemons, freed of skins and seeds. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly, until the consistency of marmalade. Put in small jars.

BREAD CAKE.—Three coffee-cups of yeast bread dough, light enough to bake for bread; two and two thirds coffee-cups dark brown sugar; one cup butter; three eggs; one nutmeg; one teaspoonful cinnamon; one cupful chopped raisins. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the yolks of the eggs, then the well-beaten whites and the spice; then add six tablespoonfuls rich buttermilk and a level teaspoonful soda. Mix this thoroughly into the dough. It should be as thin as cake batter; then add the raisins, which have been well floured. Bake in two loaves. It should rise about an hour in the tins in which it is baked.

CARAMEL CAKE.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; one cup sweet milk; one and a half cups sifted flour; one cup cornstarch; whites of seven eggs; three teaspoonfuls Royal baking powder; bake in a large pan. For the caramel, take half pound brown sugar; quarter pound chocolate; half teaspoonful milk; butter size of an egg; two teaspoonfuls vanilla. Mix thoroughly and cook until thick enough to spread; glaze in the oven after spreading on the cake. Cut in squares.

FIG CAKE.—Two and a half cups sugar; a large cup butter; one cup sweet milk; whites of sixteen eggs; three pints sifted flour; three teaspoonfuls Royal baking powder; one pound and a half figs, cut in strips and well floured. No flavoring.

SPICE CAKE.—One pound butter and two and a half coffee-cups sugar; two cups sweet milk; four cups flour; six eggs; three teaspoonfuls Royal baking powder; three teaspoonfuls cinnamon and two of mace; three pounds seeded raisins; one and a half pounds citron, cut fine.

NO NAME CAKE.—Two cups brown sugar; one cup butter; two cups flour; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls milk; teaspoonful soda; half cup berry jam, or molasses; one pound chopped raisins.

All the recipes I send to the *HOUSEHOLD* have been tested.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.