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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE TWILIGHT OF THANKSGIVING.

The day has lengthened into eve,
And over all the meadows
The twilight's silent shuttles weave
Their sombre web of shadows;
With northern lights the cloudless skies
Are faintly phosphorescent,
And just above yon wooded rise
The new moon shows her crescent.

Before the evening lamps are lit,
While day and night commingle,
The sire and matron come and sit
Beside the cozy ingle;
And softly speak of the delight
Within their bosoms swelling,
Because beneath their roof to-night
Their dear ones all are dwelling.

And when around the cheerful blaze
The young folks take their places,
What blissful dreams of other days
Light up their aged faces!
The past returns with all its joys,
And they again are living
The years in which, as girls and boys,
Their children kept Thanksgiving.

The stalwart son recalls the time,
When, urged to the endeavor,
He tried the well-greased pole to climb,
And failed of fame forever.
The daughter tells of her emprise
When as a new beginner,
She helped her mother make the pies
For the Thanksgiving dinner.

And thus with laugh and jest and song
And tender recollections,
Love speeds the happy hours along,
And fosters fond affections;
While Fancy, listening to the mirth,
And dreaming pleasant fictions,
Imagines through the winds on earth
That Heaven breathes benedictions.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

The turkey is purely an American bird, indigenous to our native soil. Among the pictures in an old history, now long since displaced by more modern works, I remember one of Columbus displaying the products of the New World to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella; and that among the specimens was a turkey gobbler which dared to strut in the very presence of royalty, being depicted in full feather and about half as high as Christopher himself. Some one has basely insinuated that the turkey ought to have been our national emblem instead of the eagle, on account of the similarity of traits of character between the blustering, boasting American and the strutting bird, but we scorn the insinuation as unjust and calumnious.

A Thanksgiving dinner without turkey would be "Hamlet without the Prince of

Denmark." The proud bird, in his glossy bronze coat, with legs and wings extended, has ingloriously capitulated and seems supplicating the mercy he will not get. "The department of the interior" is crowded with the savory forcemeat flavored with oysters, the "trimmin'" which is to be served with a generous slice of the "white meat." We had quite a discussion at the table one day as to the proper use of the terms dressing and stuffing, as applied to gravy and the preparation of bread crumbs and butter, etc. One positive young man insisted the gravy was the dressing and the latter the stuffing. But the gravy is the gravy, and the stuffing is the dressing, and if you do not believe me, consult a culinary dictionary.

The cranberry is a peculiarly American berry and is an appropriate adjunct to roast turkey—gastronomically and patriotically appropriate. The oyster, too, is an American institution; that is, as Americans know it. Don't you remember how Thackeray praised the American oyster and how "the boys" "put up a job" on him when he visited this country? They invited him to dine; and having procured some of the largest oysters to be found anywhere, perfect monsters specially selected for the occasion, set them before him, apologizing for their small size, and saying had he come a few weeks' earlier they could have given him some nice ones, etc. The great novelist was appalled, but managed to get one down. Then he paused. Some one asked him how he felt. "How do I feel? Why, as if I had swallowed a baby!" was the rejoinder that set the party in a roar.

Having selected the turkey, and it is presumed that those having epicurean tastes will have fed the bird appointed for the sacrifice with corn meal, chopped cabbage, boiled rice and celery tops, with a taste of parsley, to impart a gamey flavor, the next thing is to cook him. I say "him," but many persons prefer a hen-turkey, as having whiter, sweeter and more tender meat. For directions relative to cooking, those given by Anna Cameron in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, are sufficiently explicit to serve the most inexperienced. I will only say that to use butter enough to moisten the breadcrumbs sufficiently without any water whatever makes a lighter and nicer dressing than as directed:

"Select a large, fat, tender turkey, and have it nicely dressed, drawn, washed, wiped dry and well singed. Rub it all over, inside and outside, with pepper and salt. Make a stuffing of the following in-

gredients: One pound of light bread-crumbs, half a pound of butter, a heaping tablespoonful of finely minced onion, salt and pepper, one raw egg and enough water to mix rather soft. Stuff the breast first, and sew it up, then stuff the body. Rub the turkey all over with melted butter, and dredge well with sifted flour. Lay it in the pan on its breast, and pour in a quart of cold water. Have the oven well heated but not too hot, as the turkey must cook slowly to be done. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound. Have some butter in a plate with a larding mop. From time to time baste the turkey with the gravy in the pan, rub over with the larding mop and dredge again with flour. As it browns turn from side to side, and last of all brown the breast. Frequent basting, dredging and turning, will insure perfect cooking. When done it should be a rich, dark brown all over, and when a fork is stuck deep into it no red juice should run. Remove it to a hot dish and, if the gravy is not quite thick enough, add a teaspoonful of flour creamed smooth with some of the grease skimmed from the gravy. If while cooking the gravy in the pan boils away too much, more water should be added. When the turkey is done there should be about a pint of gravy."

And so, having the turkey prepared for the assault, and flanked by all the good things enumerated in Mrs. Laing's *menu* in this issue, the HOUSEHOLD Editor wishes all the readers of the little paper keen appetites and good digestions; and suggests that the profusion of good things which bless our homes, be allowed to overflow and reach some humbler, poorer homes, giving their inmates also a "Thank You Day."

ART AND NATURE.

There has been on exhibition at the Art Museum in this city, for a couple of months past, a collection of paintings by Michigan artists. To tell the truth, it might have been named an exhibit by Detroit artists, for of the 37 exhibitors, all but six are residents of this city. I spent one of my "afternoons off" very pleasantly in viewing the collection, which though it contained no astonishing evidence of heaven-born genius, was I thought above the average, considering the grouping of professional and amateur work. It was by no means as bad as the Exposition "art gallery" which the public were invited to pay a quarter apiece to see.

Lewis T. Ives exhibited two portraits,

one of which was a fine picture of a beautiful face, with well managed drapery and a fine effect in flesh tints.

Percy Ives' most ambitious entry was "Mending," an old lady in cap and spectacles darning what was presumably a stocking. The accessories were a green paroquet, a little table, a basket, etc., but the general effect was unpleasantly patchy. The old lady's dress did not sympathize with her complexion, but the lace on her cap was skillfully treated and the little crocheted shawl she wore very realistic. The thin hair, smoothly combed away from the temples, and the intent expression of the face were well portrayed.

W. H. Machen's "Senorita Mexicana" was a charming study of a sweet brunette face, daringly draped in red, which brought out the delicate yet warm glow of the complexion and the beautiful dreamy eyes.

Rev. M. C. Hawks, who expounds the law and the prophets at Simpson M. E. church in this city, and paints pretty pastoral scenes as relaxation from the more severe duty of plucking brands from the burning, showed an oil painting, "The Old Mill Barn," which recalled certain views along the St. Clair river; and had also a water color study of a scene near Grande Pointe.

Mrs. Fanny B. Jupp chooses plain and homely themes and paints them with faithful accuracy. A "Study" was a little earthen teapot, a champagne bottle, and a scraggy geranium in its accustomed red clay pot. But when the world is so full of beautiful things, where's the sense of reproducing its ugly ones?

Miss Coppens does better work, apparently, in the animal kingdom than in landscape. Her dog's head was good, whereas the Minnehaha Falls had too much of a drapery effect.

I liked Miss Crapo-Smith's study of a head better than her more ambitious effort, "A Cup of Tea." The first was the head of an old man with an abundance of faded gray hair thrown back from a strong, well drawn face, each line and wrinkle accentuating character. The model had neglected his toilette, and the silvery stubble on his chin, like the "elderly morning dew" on Thackeray's "Major Pendennis's" face after the famous ball, was a well-handled tribute to nature. The "Cup of Tea" defied the critics by the clause in parenthesis in the catalogue—"Exhibited at the Salon of 1890"—but I never like to be told what I ought to admire. A little maid in cap and apron is apparently treating herself to a surreptitious cup of tea. The sponge "lady fingers" and the cut sugar in the bowl attracted my attention, while Fidus Achates was praising the drawing and the damask of napkins and table-cloth.

The Duchess of Oldenburg apple in O. B. Walkley's fruit piece was readily recognizable; the composition might perhaps be criticised as too smoothly and carefully done.

I confess I don't like Frans Bischoff's flower pieces. I don't like to have to consult the catalogue to see what flower is represented; the reflection upon the polished

surface on which the blossoms are displayed may be a sample of the artist's skill, but is bewildering and unreal. Miss Higham's "Carnations," just two or three in a tiny glass, one of them bending affectionately toward a blue-figured cup and saucer, pleased me much better; they were unpretending, but they looked real.

Hilda Lodeman, of Ypsilanti, had a study of an old colored woman, "Aunt Posy," which was excellent; the market basket, the blue denim apron, and especially "de brack face" looking out under the sunbonnet, were well done. Miss Lodeman is an amateur, but displays evidence of talent.

Joseph Gies, whose pictures in water-colors seemed better than his work in oil, showed two genre paintings in the former, "Artist and Critic" and "Flirtation." The critic, keen of vision and probably scathing in tongue, is looking over the artist's shoulder as he works; the costumes are of the courtly fashion of bygone days.

In pastel, A. W. Currier had a picture which struck me as being pretty well brought out. It was that of a man about to light a cigar, the hat pushed back a little, the light of the ignited match shining through the hands which sheltered it from the wind, as light does seem to shine through flesh in the dark, making it almost transparent, while the sulphurous blue of the flame gave the face a somewhat ghostly but very realistic appearance.

The gathering dusk began to make the samples of modern art resemble the "old masters" in the adjoining room, and the last numbers of the catalogue were merely glanced at. And then, from this artistic atmosphere, down the avenue where handsome carriages and high stepping horses were conveying the aristocratic residents home from their receptions and calls, to the Rink, where a wealth of magnificent chrysanthemums displaced the rant of the political orators who there harangued the *omnium gatherum* during the late campaign. The central floor-space had been inclosed, and the centre laid off in twelve large beds or plats, filled with the choicest specimen plants of this imperial flower, 250 being required, while in each corner were booths, banked in palms and foliage plants, where cut flowers and plants were sold. The Detroit Floral Company's booth was framed in green and white cheesecloth; Breitmeyer's in gold and white, Schroeter's in blue and white, and Holtznagel & Noel's in pink and white. The galleries were hung with flags and banners, and trails of smilax. The cut specimens, numbering over 5,000, were ranged on tables round the sides of the rink. The size of some of the flowers was phenomenal. Holtznagel & Noel showed one justly named "Gollah;" its petals, extended, gave it a diameter of eight inches. To grow these immense flowers, florists use all the art of their profession. One blossom alone is allowed to perfect itself, the whole strength and vigor of the plant, assisted by judiciously liberal doses of liquid fertilizer, being directed to its development; and the result is astonishing. Breitmeyer took all the first premiums but one on cut blooms,

and Smith & Sons, of Adrian, a large share of the seconds and thirds; while Holtznagel & Noel took all but four of the first premiums for potted plants. This firm showed an immense plant bearing 2,000 blossoms—a huge bouquet fit for a giantess.

Every variety known to fame and some new aspirants for glory were on exhibition. There was the "Shasta," with petals like needles; the "Mrs. Irving Clark," a beautiful pink; "Comte d' Germany," with incurved petals making the flower like a ball; the "We Wa," with incurved petals rich red on the inside and a silvery pinkish white outside; a unique blossom, dark ruby red spotted with yellow—a floral novelty which awakened suspicions of artful handling; and most beautiful perhaps of all, the "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy," a pure white variety with incurving petals having fine hairy appendages upon their surface, giving the blossom an indescribable feathery, glistening appearance. A floral piece representing a painting was exhibited by B. Schroeter; its frame of bronze chrysanthemums, the background of white, the theme a vase of golden bronze chrysanthemums filled with sprays of different varieties.

The scene, viewed from the gallery, was very pretty, the masses of rich coloring, the picturesque groupings, the booths and musicians' stand relieved by the dark green of palms, made a charming picture in itself. Our florists are doing not a little to "boom" their business by educating people to know and admire their wares, the most dainty and beautiful of Nature's work.

BEATRIX.

THE A. A.

To the countrywoman who feels dissatisfied with a record which, year after year, holds nothing but the routine of housework, and who yet has very little time or thought to spare to anything else, a small volume entitled "The Three Kingdoms," will seem like a kind and suggestive friend. It will tell her about "The Agassiz Association," one better known in the east than here, but claiming over ten thousand members scattered over our and other lands, "everywhere learning to detect the beautiful in the common and the wonderful in the before despised." Its object is to teach us to "study nature from her own book," to "learn about the stones by the roadside and in the quarry; to become familiar with the plants we pass on our way to school, and with the insects that feed upon and fertilize them; to get on speaking terms with, and out of all cruel relations to, each warbler of the orchard and the wildwood; to discover what fishes swim in our brooks, what shells sing on our beaches and hide in our groves, what invisible animalcules live in our ponds and ditches, what stars shine in our sky." This little book tells her how to start a museum; how to collect, study and preserve minerals, plants, insects, birds and eggs; where to obtain the best pamphlets and books upon the different subjects, and how, if she wishes, to start a chapter of the A. A. Four is the smallest number of persons

recognized as a chapter. Its laws, fees and regulations are left entirely to the decision of its members. Fifty cents is the fee of admission to the National Association, and *The Swiss Cross*, its official organ, costs one dollar a year. The advantage of becoming a member of the "A. A." is that it gives her the aid of the best of teachers. More than fifty gentlemen representing all departments of science hold themselves ready to answer the questions that puzzle us. Thanks to their benevolence (they are unpaid), the boy or woman who lives in the remotest village can send his bit of stone or curious beetle to one of these and learn its name and history. One of its best features is that a child of eight may become an interested member, and the most successful and permanent chapters are those formed in families where parents and children collect and study together. We all know how natural it is for most children to love to pick up stones, to admire plants and flowers, and to a few is given the taste for insects and birds. The little book I quote so freely also tells how to collect and arrange specimens of wood, but an exhibit at the Detroit Exposition suited me better than any I have seen or read of. The blocks were cut like books, with bark in the place of binding, a place for the title was cut out, or rather down into the smooth part of the bark. One side of the "book" was polished, the other left rough, and I am only waiting for our "man" to grow up to the ability of saw and plane to begin to fill a shelf in the library with that sort of "books."

The pursuit of these studies requires no set time, but one afternoon each week is said to accomplish a great deal. I am sure it must in the way of health and cheer to the monotony-worn pupil. Think of four or five hours every week out in the fresh air and sunshine—quite dropping all the worries of the house in our anxiety to learn Nature's ways and means!

I hope that some of our readers having a fondness for one or all of the "Three Kingdoms" and wishing to make a collection or a museum may make the acquaintance of the book and form a chapter of the Agassiz Association.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The game called the "*Sui generis* portrait" collects us often around the table these cold evenings. All are provided with pen or pencil; one person commences the portrait by drawing at the top of a paper a head; it may be of a man, horse, elephant, or anything the fancy suggests; the paper is then folded in such a manner as to conceal the head, but showing the neck, so the next person who is to make the trunk or body will know where it should be joined. Fold as before, and the next of the company makes the lower limbs, and after folding the fourth person completes the *sui generis* portrait by making the feet. As each player does not know what the one before him has portrayed, it often causes much merriment upon unfolding

the paper. An amusing one consisted of the head of a fierce looking lion, the body and arms symbolized a dude, the limbs those of a horse, and were completed with chickens' feet.

Another game in which any number may join is to provide each player with pencil and slips of paper, upon which is made a representation of some proper name, which the others are requested to solve. For instance, the name Washington would be represented by a "washing" hanging on a line, followed by two thousand pounds, which would be the "ton." Another name, Rose Houseman, would be pictured as a rose, a house and a man.

As charades are generally in good demand I will mention a few. "Beautiful sunset on the sea" may be arranged by cutting out a large letter C from paper or cardboard, placing it upon a chair, and instructing one of the "beautiful sons" of the company to "set" upon it. "Forefathers" may be represented by four gentlemen appearing with rag dollies in their arms. "Nothing new under the sun," a "son" standing upon some worn out garments.

MAYBEE.

MIDDLEVILLE.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

[Read at meeting of Lenawee Co. Horticultural Society, Nov. 12, 1893, by Mrs. B. I. Laine, of Lenawee Junction.]

"It is coming, it is coming, be the weather dark or fair,
See the joy upon the faces, feel the blessings in the air,
Get the dining chamber ready, let the kitchen stove be filled,
Into gold-dust pound the pumpkins, have the fatted turkeys killed.

"Tie the chickens in a bundle by their downy yellow legs,
Hunt the barn with hay upholstered, for the ivory-prisoned eggs,
Tis the next of a procession through the centuries on its way,
Get a thorough welcome ready for the Grand Old Day.

"But we first will go to meeting, where the parson we shall hear,
Pack in gilded words the blessings that have gathered through the year,
And the choir will yield an anthem full of unencumbered might,
That their stomachs would not hear of, if they waited until night.

"Older people will sit musing of Thanksgiving mornings fled,
Younger people will sit hoping for Thanksgiving days ahead;
But they'll join in silent chorus when the preacher comes to pray,
For we all must be religious on the Grand Old Day."

Yes, Thanksgiving Day will soon be here, and perhaps no day in all the year is so completely given up to feasting, coming as it does after all the fruits and vegetables are safely garnered and every thing seems ready for the approach of winter. It is a day fraught with golden memories for children, parents and grandparents, meeting at the old homestead; a day of unbounded hospitality and good cheer; a day set apart by the President of the United States and sanctioned by every governor, to be observed as a day of thankfulness and rejoicing for the manifold blessings of the year. Now for such a day as this, I am to give you a bill of fare for the dinner, but I think it will not be a very difficult task, for, in this grand old county of Lenawee (this county, if I remember aright, that stood higher in its agricultural products than any county in the United States in the

census of 1880, and also the county that was awarded the first premium at the Detroit Exposition one year ago, for the largest and finest collection of fruits), doubtless every larder and cellar of our horticulturists are filled to overflowing with all manner of good things to tempt the appetite. The greatest trouble I fear will be that your tables will be so loaded down with provisions, as not to make the tables groan, as the saying erroneously goes, but the people will do the groaning after clearing them. But the bill of fare—which may be modified to suit the convenience of each household—is this:

Raw oysters; roast turkey with dressing; chicken pie; mashed potatoes; gravy; squash; turnip; cabbage salad; celery; peach pickles; cranberry sauce; light biscuit; coffee; pumpkin pie; mince pie; cheese; doughnuts; fruit cake; apples; pears; grapes.

"Come to dinner, we are coming, fat and spare,
Smell the sweet and savory music of the odors in the air,
Hear the dishes pet each other, with a soft and gentle clash,
Feel the snow of loaflets broken, see the table-sabers flash.

"Let our palates climb the gamut of delight producing taste,
Our interiors feel the pressure of provisions snugly placed,
Full of thanks and full of praises, full of conversation gay,
Full of everything congenial on the Grand Old Day.

"Let all pleasures be more pleasant, let all griefs with help be nerved,
Let all blessings praise their sources, with the thanks that are deserved,
Every spirit should look heavenward, every heart should tribute pay,
To the Soul of souls that treats us to the Grand Old Day."

HELPS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

One of the most serviceable styles of tablespreads is made of felt, which, 72 inches wide, can be bought in any desired color and decorated with applique work. Cut leaves out of crimson, green, gold and brown plush and apply them as a border on the spread, working round the edge with buttonhole stitch on the felt, and putting in the principal veins with floss. Place a small piece of cotton batting under each leaf to give it a slightly raised effect. The same thing may be made in blue denim, such as is used for overalls, with leaves cut from unbleached linen twill and veined with brown linen floss.

Nothing will please the small boy so much as a bag filled with marbles. Make the bag five inches long and three inches wide, of bright pieces, and make it strong and stout. Furnish with a stout cord to draw it up and carry it by, and fill it with "taws" and "alleys."

A nice present to a housekeeping friend is a half dozen or a dozen hemstitched towels. Buy the broad fine huckaback by the yard; and cut your towels, remembering each should be a yard and a quarter long when finished. Make a broad hem, draw threads and hemstitch it, and mark with the initial in cross stitch or outline work. Some ladies trim the ends of towels designed for their own use with knit or crocheted lace, but this is really "painting the lily."

Make a stocking-bag for the mother of

many children by cutting two circles of pasteboard the size of a saucer and covering each on one side with the material of the bag. Cut a strip—say of cretonne—long enough to gather slightly to one of the circles, then fit the other in over the seam to serve for the bottom of the bag, inside. Put pockets on the outside of the bag to hold darning cotton and the darning needles. Turn the top and run a shir for drawstrings. A pair of scissors attached to a ribbon and it stoutly stitched to the bag is a convenience, for then the tired woman who does her mending while “resting” finds all her implements at hand.

A very dainty cushion for the couch is filled with down and its linen tick covered with soft China silk. A doubled ruffle of the silk, three and a half inches wide when finished, is sewed in all round in the seam which joins the upper and under sides of the case. Three or four such pillows, variously covered, are now seen on every well-regulated lounge. Patient labor will supply the down from hens’ feathers, if the quill part be clipped with scissors from the small feathers.

A case for postal cards is a convenient adjunct to a writing desk. Cut two pieces of cardboard, one seven inches long and five inches wide; the other five inches long and three inches wide, curving the upper end of each piece. Cover the larger piece with velvet, blue, gold or scarlet, and the smaller with white satin. On the latter paint a sprig of holly, or embroider an initial, consulting your artistic ability. Join the two pieces at the bottom with bows of narrow white ribbon, in such a way that there is space to slip in a package of postal cards.

SCRAPS.

One of our exchanges says that “when a grocer makes up a package of sugar, crackers, nails, coffee, etc. he puts the paper in the scales and weighs it with the goods. This paper item, in the aggregate, is not so small a thing after all. A grocer who has been in the business 40 years says he has averaged 300 pounds of wrapping paper per annum, or 12,000 pounds of paper, which at the price of sugar, amounts to quite a sum.” Then the journal in question adds sententiously: “Small things are not to be despised.” The value of the grocer’s wrapping paper, distributed among the thousands of customers who have done business with him through a period of forty years, would not financially affect any one individual—not even the most persistent economist or stickler for “small things.” And for my own part, I greatly prefer to have whatever I buy at a grocery weighed out into the paper in which it is wrapped rather than into the scale-pan without the paper. When one considers the variety of commodities which go into and out of a grocer’s scales during a day, the reason is plain enough to be seen. I have remembered all my life a sentence concerning economy which I read in an old, old book when I was less than nine years old: “Save the little things.

A thread a day is a penny a year.” I questioned its wisdom then; I question it more seriously to-day. Even to my childish apprehension the penny did not seem commensurate to the amount of vital energy expended in stooping 365 times to pick up the value of one-third hundred and sixty-fifth part of a cent. Save? yes, by all means; but it is not good economy to make the labor of the saving over-value the result.

Isn’t it amazing what a flow of eloquence a person who was tongue-tied in the parlor can develop when he or she gets to the front door in the act of taking leave? With an avenue of escape open conveniently close at hand all those things she ought to have said in the parlor come crowding the portals of speech, and she keeps her complaisant hostess standing in the draft while dust and flies in summer and chill air in winter pour through the open door. She has more “last words” than the “finally and to conclude, beloved brethren” of the prolix sermons to which we impatiently listened in our youth. Now there is no necessity of taking leave with unseemly haste, as if one were fired out of a cannon, so to speak, but it is well to remember the front door is not the place for prolonged adieux. BEATRIX.

LITERARY NOTES.

In this notice of the *New York Ledger* we wish it distinctly understood that the *Ledger* of today is kin only in name to the *Ledger* of twenty-five years ago. It is now an acceptable family paper, its serials of good order—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps furnished one during the current year—its miscellany of merit. It promises yet better things for 1891.

Good Housekeeping, now issued fortnightly, is to be published in magazine form and monthly after Jan. 1st, and fills the closing months of the year with interesting, valuable matter. Nearly every department of the household receives attention in every number. Something especially good is promised for the Thanksgiving and Christmas issues, and Miss Parloa prepares the menu for the Christmas dinner. \$2.40 per year. Clark W. Bryan, Springfield, Mass.

The November number of *The Home-Maker* sustains the reputation already won by that periodical. For its subscription price, which is only two dollars per annum, it gives exceptional value in the way of pure and instructive reading, and we can cheerfully recommend it as a magazine which the women of the family will find helpful and entertaining. “Marion Harland” (Mrs. Terhune) has retired from the editorial chair and is succeeded by Mrs. Croly (“Jenny June”) whose ability to fill the post of editor no one will question. Home-Maker Co., 44 East 14 St., New York City.

The *Youth’s Companion*, which several of our correspondents have recently men-

tioned favorably in these columns, is worth their words of approbation and praise. It visits the family every week, and its contents will interest and please both the young people and the “old folks,” who are after all only children of a larger growth. We acknowledge the receipt of a handsome calendar for 1891, which is a gem in its way. New subscribers to the *Youth’s Companion* can obtain it and the *FARMER* for \$2.25; these rates however are not allowed by the *Companion* to old subscribers, who must make their renewals direct to that office.

THE *Ladies’ Home Journal* is a conundrum, but we will never “give it up.” The wonder is how its publishers can afford to give so much and such good matter as is found in its pages every month, for only a dollar a year. The magazine has improved during the past two or three years, and its owners evidently mean to leave nothing undone which can help establish it in the favor of its readers. Will Carleton furnishes a poem for the November number; Campanini, the famous tenor, a paper on vocal culture; and Susan Coolidge, Mary C. Hungerford, Mrs. Holmes, Margaret Bottome, who founded the society known as “The King’s Daughters,” E. E. Rexford, Dr. Talmage, and many other well known writers contribute interesting articles. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Useful Recipes.

OYSTER TOAST.—From the Boston Cooking School comes this recipe for a toothsome delicacy, reported by the *N. E. Farmer*: Wash one pint of oysters by pouring on one-half cup of cold water; season with salt and pepper, then roll in fine cracker crumbs that have been slightly seasoned. Grease a broiler with a piece of salt pork, as this is as good if not better than butter. Broil over a clear fire until the juice flows. Place on toast and pour a white sauce over and sprinkle with chopped celery. Toast bread slowly by turning it frequently over the fire and drying it thoroughly or put it in the oven to dry. Toast which is browned rapidly on the outside leaving the inner portion moist, is indigestible for all but strong stomachs. The sauce should have been prepared before the oysters are broiled. Heat a pint of milk in a double boiler. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and when it is boiling hot stir in two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch or flour: beat every lump out and turn the milk on slowly, stirring all the time. The boiling hot butter breaks the starch grains and the sauce is made much more quickly than any other way and does not have a raw taste. If cornstarch or flour is mixed with cold water or milk it should be cooked a longer time.

GRANDMOTHER’S FRIED APPLE PIES.—Soak dried apples over night, stew, sweeten and flavor with lemon peel. Make a crust of one cup milk, half cup sugar, one egg, pinch of salt, butter large as walnut, teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, flour to roll. Roll an eighth of an inch thick, cut with a saucer, put a spoonful of apple on one half, turn the other half over, wet the edges and press together. Fry in hot lard.