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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

UNAPPRECIATED.

She died, as many travelers have died,
Overtaken on an Alpine road by night;
Numbed and bewildered by the falling snow,
Striving, in spite of failing pulse, and limbs
Which faltered and grew feeble at each step,
To toil up the icy steep and bear,
Patient and faithful to the last, the load
Which, in the sunny morn, seemed light!

And yet
'Twas in the place she called her home she died;
And they who loved her with the all of love
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by
And wept some tears, and wrote above her grave
Some common record which they thought was
true;
But I, who loved her first, and last, and best—I
knew.
—Helen Hunt.

A DAY AT THE "AID."

"Grandma says tell you the Aid Society meets at our house next Wednesday, and she would like to have you come," said one of the little girls of my Sunday School class at the close of the session last Sunday.

"Tell your grandma I thank her for the invitation and will come if I possibly can," I replied.

I had heard considerable about this society, the "Ladies' Aid" of a flourishing country church, about three or four miles distant, and as its members were nearly all my friends or acquaintances of long standing, I had often wished to avail myself of the privilege of meeting with them.

Wednesday came, bringing with it the roughest roads of the season (it had frozen solid the night before after a three days' thaw), but undaunted I sallied forth, as rough roads or smooth, cold weather or warm are alike to one who has gotten used to it.

Arrived at my destination a gentleman assisted me to alight, and took charge of my horse—that at least is one advantage of being a woman—and I entered the house to find a hearty welcome awaiting me, not only from the hostess but from other friends who had, to the number of about twenty-five, braved the cold wind and "hubs" to hold the monthly meeting of the society. This is a small number for these meetings, as two or three times as many often assemble.

Soon after my arrival dinner was announced, and we sat down to a bountifully spread table, so lavishly supplied with choice edibles that one was reminded of the old-fashioned "donation," and like the small boy only regretted that storage

capacity was not larger. After dinner the meeting was called to order by the president, a mild, soft-voiced little woman who wore a white ribbon, showing at once that she was a member of the W. C. T. U., and who seemed well fitted to preside. The roll was called by the secretary, each member responding by a verse of Scripture, and the minutes of the last meeting read. Then followed singing—some familiar hymn; then prayer by the president, or the pastor if he is present; after singing another hymn the meeting was open for discussion of some subject which had been announced at the previous meeting. This time the subject was the one of such vital importance to parents—the training of children. It would make my communication too lengthy were I to follow closely the ideas of each one called upon to speak; let it be sufficient to say that all were agreed upon the general principles that the confidence of a child must be kept; that he must be treated honorably, and never deceived or lied to if you would have him truthful. Some advocated whipping in severe or aggravated cases; others thought it invariably did more harm than good. One elderly gentleman said that he always used the rod in governing his children, and as soon as he sat down his son, who was present, rose up and said with a sly glance and a smile in the direction of his father, that he did not agree with the last speaker; that in the management of his children he had never used the rod and was well pleased with the result. Gentleness combined with firmness was sufficient. Whipping only makes a child angry. I have noticed that almost invariably where a child is brought up on the Solomon plan, when he has children of his own he seldom whips them. He sees the folly of it; remembering that in his own case it made him worse instead of better.

After a collection of ten cents apiece had been taken, a topic for discussion and a place for next meeting appointed, the meeting broke up.

This is not strictly a ladies' society, as the "brethren" attend and take part in the exercises. During warm weather the meetings are held in the afternoons only.

I could not help thinking as I rode toward home, that such meetings for the interchange of thoughts must be very beneficial to those participating; and that whether as "Aids" or "Farmers' Clubs" the more the country has of them the better.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FLINT.

THREE INCIDENTS IN LIFE.

A young man sat with me at the front window, and I saw him look long and sorrowfully at a young girl who passed, exquisitely dressed, with very small waist, fair complexion and very red cheeks.

"What are you thinking about, Harry," said I?

"Of that young girl who passed. I had almost decided to ask her to be my wife."

"And why not?" said I.

"Because I know of a certainty she wears corsets and uses powder for her complexion. I cannot afford an invalid wife. She will certainly become weakly, and I have had to give her up. I wish you would write a message to the girls, from the young men," he continued. "We are more and more giving our attention to physical culture, and we want no clinging vines, but strong healthy girls for wives. Girls think they please the young men by looking delicate, but the day for that is past. There are several young married men I know, who are kept pinched for money all the time, and with good salaries too. But there is the doctor, who is sometimes hired by the year, and long accounts at the drug stores besides. Look at the shoes girls wear," continued my sensible friend. "French heels and pointed toes. Now I should rejoice if my wife could go a five mile walk with me, and climb the rail fences on the way. But where can I find such a piece of healthy femininity?" Echo answers where?

"There are faith cures and mind cures, water cures and mud cures, why not horse car cures?" thought uncle Amos, looking at poor Carrie, a nervous, fretful invalid, who was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse after being in the doctor's hands a year and a half, with frightful bills sent in now and then. "Now Carrie," said he, "let me try my cure and I will pay all the bills, and the best of it is you won't be any worse for my treatment, and may improve." Uncle Amos was so thoroughly calm, sensible and kind, he generally had his own way. The horse cars ended the line close to their street door, the horses were led around, and the route commenced again, seven miles and a half across the city. The plan was one trip a day, over to the end of the route and back again. Poor Carrie felt as if she would hardly live to get back again, but when once aboard the first time there was something in the quiet jog of the cars that made her sleepy, and wonder of wonders she had a sweet

little nap. Day after-day she took this trip, and was surprised to find her appetite better, and restful sleep at night. In the summer the open cars were a delightful change. The fresh air blew right through. It was exercise, too, and change of the right kind. By fall she could attend to her housework, but kept up the treatment until cold weather, and now considers herself a well woman, thanks to uncle Amos and the horse car cure.

Invited some old friends to tea, and also a neighbor of theirs with whom I was slightly acquainted. I noticed her curiously regarding her teaspoon, it being very peculiar and old fashioned. A bunch of flowers was engraved on the handle, and underneath the letters A. R. F. "You are curious about that spoon" said I, "and it came into my possession in a singular way. One morning I was in the front of the house, when a ragged girl suddenly turned the corner with a basket; this she put inside my front fence, rushed on, and soon disappeared. Right after came a policeman running in the same direction and he soon was out of sight. I carried in the basket, and on examining it found pieces of bread and the spoon. I suppose the girl had stolen it and fearing arrest, had dropped the evidence of her guilt in my front yard." "You are right," said the lady, "My mother had a set of silver spoons given her for a wedding present; they were old and quaint, and she thought a great deal of them. One of them was on the kitchen table; a beggar came in, we gave her some bread, but missed the spoon as soon as she left. A policeman was passing and we sent him after the girl, but it appears he didn't come up with her. Now if you will come to my house to tea tomorrow evening I will show you the rest of the set; and you will be convinced this is one of them." I carried the spoon to its right place and was glad to complete the set. Wasn't it a curious coincidence?

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Let brotherly love continue." "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," "Use hospitality one to another without grudging, distributing to the necessities of saints, given to hospitality." These are explicit directions for our rule of action, but it must be noted that they apply to Christians only. The spirit of intolerance is dying out; barriers are borne down by a current of love, and all minor differences are forgotten in the one grand thought, the uplifting of mankind. To this end there must be large conventions, and the friendly feeling developed by free entertainment does much to enhance the usefulness of such conferences. Does any one suppose the people of Cleveland who open their doors to the student volunteers, the missionaries, will regret it? Some who entertain and some who are entertained will be annoyed, but if all who go comply with the request to send names ahead and go provided with proper credentials I see small chance for impostors. Let us be-

ware of anything which shall make class distinctions between rich and poor. Every element of strength is needed for the right.

I should close the doors, and say to those children, "I should like you to play in this room;" and I prefer to find them something to do rather than take the consequences when they find their own amusement. Old seed catalogues or other valueless picture books and colored pencils amuse some children a long time; also pipes and bubbles, scissors and paper, paste and pasteboard with an illustrated paper. Paste the pictures on squares of pasteboard and they become a permanent part of the playthings to stock the barns and fields made with blocks. A blackboard and crayon makes another good means of amusement. Any of these are easily put away and no muss left. Dolls, carts and marbles are standard; and if none of these would do I should pronounce them very tired and have them "sit right down and rest."

The rest of this letter is to Ungracious. Others may skip. My dear sister, please take this other rocker, we will sit just here, where the children come and go, then they will never suspect secrecy, for a bit of a chat. 'Twill comfort us both. Fetch your carefully arranged clippings if you like, but do not forget that MS. under the old magazines on the top shelf; it doesn't quite bring out your idea yet, nor that folded one worn with travel, "good but not adapted to our publication," that rhyme where one word only wouldn't rhyme, and that old envelope on which you transferred that precious thought from your heart to your pocket. Did you ever find ripe thoughts, like ripe fruit, soon lost unless preserved? Yes, sit by me, we'll let bric-a-brac be *dust-o-metres* and the spiders spin on while we talk about—that is what the world will never know. The thoughts that burn shall have utterance, griefs told are often divided, and with lighter hearts we'll pick up our papers, set back our chairs, and a new impulse will impel our pens.

FAIRFIELD.

J. M. W.

CANNA SEED AND PLANT ROOMS.

It is desirable to get Canna seed started early and so insure as long a season of bloom as possible. Drop them into hot water; in the morning is the better way, as they can more easily kept warm until planted. Prepare a glass of warm, moist sand and put the seed next or near the glass, deep down, and that next the window glass where the sun shines in; when not convenient put in a warm situation, and keep moist and they will soon sprout, then plant in pots of rich loam. This is an excellent way to start seeds of canary flower, *Thunbergia glaucium*, and other slow seeds; only scatter next the surface and cover them usually about their own depth with the soil.

I have had one conservatory for my plants situated precisely as Elizabeth describes the location of hers. Mine opened into the dining room with glass in the door, but a plain wall separated it from

the bedroom. I would not wish another so arranged, if I had more than a few plants, such as would do for a bay window. After a house is built and all the inside work placed in order it is not easy to rearrange rooms, and we must do as we can. My plant room was built with the house; and if I were to have one to suit me now, the main door would open into the kitchen, handy to the pump and stove, and all the dirty work be done there. Then I would have the room extend along the east end or side, or part of it off, the dining-room, and have a sash door from that. Curtains are not the right thing to inclose a plant room. The windows should be set with two panes of glass (double sash?) to the light for safety from frost, and if the carpenter and mason do good work, giving tight joints and a heavy coat of plaster, there will be no danger of frost. The complete plant room is of generous dimensions, the better to avoid disease and insects, as well as convenient to move about in. By all means have it commodious. The shelves are put up on brackets, and one or two low tables with free rollers, and hooks to suspend a basket or two will be sufficient for furnishing; beside the indispensable small spraying pump and rose sprinkler. Then we may enjoy to the full the delights of flowers at all seasons. Small shallow boxes set in those windows will be in order for starting seeds of begonia, verbena, coleus, glaucium, primrose or anything we wish for, and fear to risk in other conditions.

FENTON.

MR. M. A. FULLER.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Can it be possible that petticoats are doomed? It has been intimated in these columns that the divided skirt might be the "entering wedge" which should introduce a more pronouncedly masculine garment, and now hear what a woman's outfitter, at the head of a large establishment in New York, advises in place of skirts. Not leglets, divided skirts, or anything of the kind, but undeniable trousers: "Trousers a trifle shorter and tighter than those our brethren wear, but yet trousers—silken trousers for the house and cashmere, lined with silk, for the street. A pair of brown cashmere trousers, lined with pongee, were brought forward, fashioned snugly to the hip and upper part of the leg, with a fulness for the knee and buttoned close about the calf, even as Mr. Mansfield's Beau Brummel trousers were buttoned.

"The divided skirts are no improvement upon petticoats," said the outfitter. "You only have a double amount of fulness to flop about the ankles, to get wet and bedraggled, to gather up when descending dirty stairs, and to make you wish you had never been born. But here is everything snug and warm and quite out of the way. You have nothing to lift but your gown. Such a sense of lightness and comfort and ease. Petticoats should only be worn in the house with transparent dresses, and then should be of the lightest possible material, china silk, crape or mull."

HOW MUCH OF OUR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE FLATIRON?

This question, brought before the Webster Farmers' Club Feb. 14, which should have called out a general discussion, and ought to be of interest to every housekeeper, did not receive as much attention as it should have done, only a few expressing themselves upon the subject.

Mrs. Edwin Ball—What tends to good health ought to add to happiness, and the use of the flatiron being laborious and in hot weather very disagreeable, we should avoid a good deal of the ironing that was once thought necessary, as it is quite certain that much is done that is useless. By so doing we would save ourselves many hard hours' work, that might profitably be spent in reading or something of an educational nature.

Mrs. Ira Backus—I do not use the flatiron any more than I am obliged to. There are many articles in every washing that are just as well if not ironed. I think careful washing and pains taken in wringing and hanging out the clothes will leave them in such a condition that less ironing is necessary. I think I rest just as well on sheets nicely folded when taken from the line, as though time and labor were spent in ironing them. I do not entirely ignore the use of the flatiron, nor believe in the plan of a fat acquaintance of mine who folded the clothes and put them in her easy chair and when occasion presented sat on them. For what ironing I am obliged to do I find a gasoline stove useful, and comfortable to work by. I do not believe it is right for us to be drudging all the time, when we might just as well omit some of the drudgery, save our backs and have more time for intellectual culture.

Mrs. Chamberlain does not spend time in ironing much, except fine clothes, table linen, etc. Thinks it is not necessary.

Mrs. A. Alsaver—I do not know in just what the abuse of the flatiron consists, whether too much use or not enough; or in the manner in which we use it. As to the use of the flatiron, have had some experience and that tells me the iron has been used too much for good health and happiness, and many times when not necessary. Think of our standing over an ironing-board in a hot room in summer, thermometer 90 deg. in the shade, the sweat of our brows bedewing every species of clothes! Is it right? is it necessary? I think not. Much of our health and happiness can be determined by a moderate use of the flatiron, and our dispositions improved. Do not believe that we should iron wrinkles in our disposition while ironing out unnecessary ones from the clothes. Our time can be put to a much better use. Those who wish have the privilege of using the flatiron to its full extent in every sense and manner. For me a very moderate use of it will suffice.

Mrs. C. Rogers—Do not think the flatiron the most useful, or the least useful thing in the world; nor do I believe in an extensive use of it. Think a temperate use is sufficient. Its cold, smooth phiz does

not show the least trace of sympathy for the useless hours of back-aching and disposition-breaking labor bestowed in partnership with it. I cannot do up collars, cuffs and shirt fronts as they are at a laundry and have not the disposition to try; I am of the opinion that the laundry is the place where they should be taken care of. When I said I could sleep just as well on a pillow-case ironed on one side, my mother said "Shame!" We spend too much of our time, as a rule, with the unessential parts of our housekeeping, and deprive ourselves of the many privileges and advantages that today are open for the energetic and progressive woman.

The old time adherents of ironing every thing and on both sides were not present at this meeting, or if they were their silence on the subject made them appear to be absent.

E. N. BALL,
Secretary.

A PLEA FOR KIND WORDS.

Another week has passed away and the HOUSEHOLD is again, as ever, a welcome visitor in my home. This evening, while reading its contents, the thought occurred to me that I too, would like to join the circle. Indeed I feel as though I could claim quite close relationship to some of them, as I am a sister teacher.

El. See, you have my sympathy. Many of us have seen days, weeks and months when the future did not seem to hold one ray of light, and we were hardly responsible for our words and actions. While this state of mind exists the only consolation seems to lie in the hope that Time as it speeds on its viewless wings, will wear away some of the rough edges from the rock of trouble that has caused us so much heartache and sorrow, that we faith would forget, but cannot. We often meet people who are "all smiles" to the world but whose white faces and hollow eyes are indices to their real state of feeling, and the smiles are mere masks under cover of which they vainly endeavor to conceal their anguish. But whether dead troubles or living troubles hold us their victim, I truly believe that, though we may bear the impress of the wounds we have received, our lives are made purer and better for being tried in the fiery furnace. Sorrows come to all, and though we cannot understand, we should bear them patiently.

"If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this care and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key,
But not to-day; then be content, poor heart,
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold!"

I heartily endorse Beth's sentiments in regard to kind words. It does not pay to treat any one meanly, and willfully injure another's feelings, for in some way injuries always fall the heaviest upon those who inflict them. Kind words never die; they cost nothing, and often encourage and aid us forward in the way of life, when at the same time unkind words would have discouraged and tended to influence us to take the downward path. Could we more often realize "wounds made by words are

hard to heal" and that all we say and do is helping to make the happiness of others as well as our own, we would be more careful to have each word and action all we could wish them, were they to be our last. We little know the trials and difficulties of those around us. As the poet has beautifully expressed it:

"The smile that rests the fairest,
And the head that wears the crown,
May be near the heart that's breaking,
A little farther down."

Well, the solemn old clock on the mantel warns me it is late, and as I have already tarried too long, I will draw the curtain and depart.

MIZPAH.
MARSHALL.

HINTS TO THE PERPLEXED.

I would advise D. E. when there is another convention of any kind and she is called on to entertain delegates, to boil a ham or have some kind of meats cooked up, do some baking beforehand, and then she can go to each service. If she has a small girl to leave at home with the children, direct her to have the potatoes on the stove at a certain time and the kettle over the fire; then you can have dinner ready in a few minutes. I do not believe in worrying and cooking so much, and then from some folks you hardly get so much as thanks. I used to think I must do so much cooking too, but have got bravely over that since I have got older. I live on a large farm; we have made as high as 85 lbs. of butter per week, and cooked for from 12 to 15 men, part of the time no help except my small daughter.

I know what it is to be bothered with other people's children. At last I found a good plan. Let your children go to see your neighbor's child; tell them to stay two hours, or such a matter, and give them to understand if not at home when the time is up, they cannot go very soon again. Then when your neighbor's children come tell them, "You can play with mine two hours, and then you must go home, for my children get too tired to play all day." Think no sensible mother can get mad at that.

P. B.
NEWPORT.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Through the HOUSEHOLD, if you will, kindly give directions for things particularly needful for an ocean voyage and a three months' trip through Scotland, England, to Paris and Berlin. I make these inquiries for information as I expect to make the trip with my husband this summer, and know many things are learned from experience; as I have not had the experience I wish to learn from some one who has. Which is the pleasanter trip, from New York or Quebec? What clothing is most serviceable? Are there any particular conveniences for tourists getting clothes laundried? What about hotels and meals? Any information will be gratefully received by

JOYCE.

[Will some of our readers who have crossed the Atlantic kindly answer the above inquiries? The Editor's trip abroad is as yet an unfulfilled aspiration—and likely to remain so.]

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

I am an ardent admirer of the HOUSEHOLD, and feel that I may be selfish in silently accepting its help and neglecting to offer anything in return. I wish to thank Mary Ann for directions for Charlotte Russe given last June; also M. A. M. for the receipt for fried turnovers. Of course I wish for still more information. We have concluded to cure some pork for our own use soon, and will be glad if some one will tell us how to prepare bacon. When trying lard should a little water be put in the kettle?

I do not remember to have ever seen anything in this paper in regard to the unprofitableness of keeping hens. I began seven years ago with from seventy-five to one hundred hens; kept a strict account for over three years of everything except my own time and labor, and found that I was ninety dollars worse off when I left off than when I began, to say nothing of the time I spent and hard work I did. If I had put the money I expended into a savings bank, or out at interest, it would have been far better for me. I found the work too hard, and was obliged to abandon it on account of my health. I have begun to keep account of receipts and expenditures again this year, with thirty-eight hens, which number I intend to reduce to twenty, as we desire them for the table. I think a small number may pay, perhaps, as the scraps from the table, etc., will go far towards keeping them.

I have a cyclamen that from November until February was covered with blossoms. It is evidently exhausted and needs rest. Will some one tell me whether I should keep it by the window and water it, or put it in the dark and let it dry up? Will the bulb live and blossom another winter if cared for properly? I have never been able to keep one more than one year.

WEST BAY CITY.

MARTHA JANE.

[Mr. Phillip Breitmeyer, well known florist of this city, says: The cyclamen, after it is done flowering, should be left in the pot, set away out of direct light but not where it will freeze, and water gradually withheld, not giving any after the first of May. In the fall re pot it in fresh soil and give water, repeating the treatment under which it blossomed the first time, and it will bloom again, just as beautifully as ever.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

FARMERS' CREEK, Feb. 24, 1891.

1. To whom must one apply to gain admittance in a hospital, such as Harper's, to be trained for a nurse? What is the charge?
2. Who appoints the teachers for the State Industrial School for girls at Coldwater? What is the salary?
3. How do girls obtain positions in the government offices at Washington?

A READER.

1. Write to Dr. E. M. Shurly, at Harper's Hospital, or to the Farrand Training School for Nurses, in this city, for full information.
2. The Board of Control. Salary depends upon positions.
3. Places in the departments are ob-

tained through recommendations from the Representative or Senator in Congress elected from the district in which the applicant resides, subject to the pleasure of the head of the department and to the examinations required by the Civil Service regulations, if its rules apply to that particular department.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MUSTARD is a well known domestic remedy, good to alleviate severe pain and congestion. Mustard paste is made by melting fresh lard soft enough so it can be easily stirred with a spoon, then mixing in ground mustard till it is very yellow. Rub the patient well with this. Mustard oil is also an improvement on the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Have a druggist fill a four ounce bottle with alcohol and add 20 drops of mustard oil. It will be strong enough to suit any one and is very penetrating.

THE secret of a good pumpkin pie lies in the long continued stewing of the pumpkin in a small quantity of water. It takes the best part of a day to cook pumpkin in the right way. Put on early in the morning, with only a small quantity of water and closely covered to allow the steam to do its work, it can be cooked fast for a couple of hours, then should be set on the back of the stove, the cover taken off, and permitted to stew and bubble for a long time—till it is thick and rich, and of a dark orange color; and must be frequently stirred to prevent burning. A cupful of molasses or one of brown sugar should be stirred in when it is a homogenous mass, and about half or three quarters of an hour before it is done. Then put it through a colander and you have the basis for "boss" pies—pies that will make a man invite himself to a second quarter section, and wish he had capacity for more, pies "as good as mother's," he will say.

Good Housekeeping tells how to use kerosene in the washing. In the first place, it should only be used with *rain water*. For a boiler-ful of clothes two-thirds of a cake of soap shaved fine, and four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Put cold rain water into the boiler to the depth of three or four inches, put in the soap and the measured kerosene, while the water is cold, and boil well together, being careful it does not foam up over the stove. Add cold water enough to boil the clothes and put them in, the best first, while the water is cold. Let boil steadily for ten minutes, take out into cold rain water, thence to the rinsing and bluing waters. There will be no rubbing required, the dirt will have disappeared. Add a little more soap and kerosene for the next boiler-ful, let it boil up, cool, put in the clothes and boil. The clothes are to be soaked over night. It is a great mistake to put the kerosene into a boiler-ful of water, it makes a tenacious greasy scum with the dirt from the clothes when used that way; too much kerosene is used, which yellows the garments. Cleansed water will make the greasy scum with kerosene. It is also an error to put the clothes into hot water, which sets the dirt instead of taking it out.

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES.

We have received from W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Seedsmen, Philadelphia, Pa., a copy of a new book with the above title, written by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School. It is a book of 182 pages, neatly bound, and is the first to treat comprehensively on the important subject of its title. It gives numerous recipes for the cooking of vegetables of all varieties in every style—many of which will be new even to the most experienced housewives. As an illustration of how thoroughly the subject is treated, we would mention that it gives 40 ways of cooking potatoes, 26 of tomatoes and 23 of corn, 28 ways of making soups and 37 recipes for salads. Beside how to cook vegetables, it also tells numerous ways of pickling, how to preserve, how to can for winter use, as well as how to serve vegetables cold; altogether it will be gladly welcomed by thousands of housewives, among whom Mrs. Rorer is an acknowledged authority.

"How to Cook Vegetables" is not published for sale, but is given as a premium on seed orders by the publisher, W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. M. B. R., of Union City, says: "Please tell Farmer's Daughter to pour boiling water on her canna seeds, and it will crack the shells so the seeds can germinate. Or take a penknife and cut a part of the shell away, but be very careful not to cut the kernel or white part of the seed. Plant in soil free from worms and keep quite moist until it sprouts." We would remind Farmer's Daughter that after she has once secured good roots it is not necessary to grow fresh plants every year. The tubers, dug up in the fall, and stored like dahlia roots, or kept in a box of earth in a dry cellar (out of reach of mice) can be planted out in the spring and will go on flourishing season after season. An article on the horticultural page of a late *FARMER* gave some further information about this stately, tropical looking plant.

Useful Recipes.

MINCE MEAT.—One cup of chopped cooked meat; three cups chopped apples; one cup of raisins (seeded and chopped); one cup currants (well washed and picked over); half cup seedless raisins; half cup of finely chopped suet; two cups sugar; two teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon; one teaspoonful allspice; half teaspoonful cloves; one cup boiling water, and half a cup of sweet pickle vinegar. Let all stand in a tightly-covered jar twenty-four hours before using. This is a recipe recommended by Mrs. Sherwood, a well-known instructor in cooking, whose home is in New York city.

ORANGE PIE.—The juice of two and grated rind of one orange and the juice only of one lemon; four eggs, reserving the whites of two for a meringue; a cup and a half of sugar; two tablespoonfuls melted butter; two ditto of cornstarch, and one cup boiling water. This makes two pies. When baked it should be like a soft jelly, and is delicious. [To this fact the *HOUSEHOLD* Editor gives cordial assent.]

MRS. M. C. H.

DETROIT.