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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

GOOD-BYE.

A kiss he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter;
A trifle, you say, to color a day,
Yet the dull gray morn seemed brighter.
For hearts are such that a tender touch
May banish a look of sadness;
A small, slight thing can make us sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheeriest ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness,
And the keenest sting some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where strife
No foothold can discover,
And be lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling;
When a face lies hid 'neath a coffin lid,
And bitter tears are falling,
We fain would give half the lives we live
To undo our idle scorning;
Then let us not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.

—San Francisco Call.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Priscilla asks us to name some good new novels. I do not know of any particularly good ones that are new; in fact, I am rather inclined, myself, to follow the advice of the literateur who recommended us to read no book not at least a year old; meaning that time is the test of merit and that the book everybody is talking of to-day (by virtue of much advertising) may be dead stock on the bookseller's shelves long before the year is up. Does anybody ever mention "Robert Elsmere" nowadays? A book that has intrinsic merit is never quite forgotten, but the largest bookstore in the city has not had an order for Robert Elsmere in six months.

If Priscilla has not read Jessie Fothergill's "The First Violin," she will doubtless enjoy that pretty musical romance, second only to Auerbach's "Charles Auchester." Miss Fothergill died at London last July. "The First Violin" was her third novel, but it was by far her best, although she was the author of a dozen or so.

I have recently read Amelia Barr's "Bow of Orange Ribbon;" was much pleased with it. It is a story of New York life in early Colonial times when the Dutch element was largely in the ascendancy in business and society. I like it better than anything else Mrs. Barr has written. It is interesting to know that Mrs. Barr made her literary repu-

tation after she was fifty years old and she had brought up a large family of children—a round dozen, I believe. "Feet of Clay" is another story by this author, published first in the *Christian Union*, which is very good. "Prudence Palfrey," by T. B. Aldrich, is old, but is one of the sweetest of New England romances. To those who can appreciate delicate imagery and subtle humor, it is full of quaint beauty and interest. One cannot help recognizing the delicious satire with which the author portrays the reverence in which Puritan maidens hold their spiritual pastor and master—especially if he be young, handsome and unmarried, and what a zest these qualifications in the preacher give to religion.

I wasted a few hours over "Eric Brighteyes," Rider Haggard's latest. Without wishing to accuse the author of plagiarism I confess it reminded me strongly of William Morris' poem "Sigurd the Volsung." Brighteyes is an Icelandic Sigurd, and Gudruda and Swanhild recall Brunhild and Gudrun. "Whitefire" is as marvelous a weapon as Sigurd's gleaming "Wildfire;" there is the same "witch mother" and faithless brother. And I don't think Mr. Haggard has improved on his model. The latest book I have had in hand is "The House by the Medlar-Tree," by Giovanni Verga, a story of Italian peasant life and the decline of the Malavoglia family. It is a sad story, but then, as Howells says in his preface, "life in a fishing village is always sad;" there is much poverty and misfortune, and one regrets the unhappy lives of Mena and Alfio Mosca. The literary style is the perfection of artistic simplicity and in it is half the charm of the book.

I very nastily skimmed Captain King's latest novel, "Captain Blake," and found it quite as good as anything that popular author has given us. His theme of course is army life, and he gives us glimpses of the way Uncle Sam's boys in blue live on the frontier, and of the little squabbles and scandals among the women; and we learn how dreadfully important matters of etiquette, trivial in themselves, become when women haven't much else to talk about. All the mysteries are very pleasingly cleared up after the requisite thrilling suspenses, and Captain Blake

marries the pretty girl who has been "saving up for him," as jolly "Dick Swiveller" says, in a glory of white satin and wedding march.

I am much interested in three serials just at present, although I do dislike to read a book on the installment plan—the story is sure to stop at an intense moment and you have to wait a month to know how the characters get out of their dilemma. I am watching Howells' handling of "An Imperative Duty" in *Harper's Magazine*, because I once knew an instance in real life where the circumstances were nearly the same, the faint trace of African blood in the veins of a beautiful girl making her dismiss the handsome, high bred, wealthy man she loved because she knew that in his eyes and according to family prejudices it would be accounted a disgrace, and she would neither confess the truth or marry him without a confession. So she mated with one entirely beneath her—for women *must* marry in the old days, you know—and was comfortably wretched all the rest of her life.

In "The Faith Doctor," now running in *The Century*, Edward Everett Hale treats of the problems of Christian science and faith and prayer cures. From the romance of Phillida and Millard many lines of thought radiate, each a separate study to the reflective mind. "Miss Eleanor Arabella Bowyer," who "wore good clothes without being well dressed," is a fair sample of the average faith cure doctor who is in the business for the money there is in it, and wants to ally herself to society to reach the moneyed class who can pay for being humbugged. And in "According to Saint John," by Amelie Rives-Chanler, now running in *The Cosmopolitan*, and which is as Rives-y as anything this peculiar author has written, I am curious to see the outcome of a story in which a young girl falls desperately in love with a married man, has the colossal cheek to confess the fact to his wife, and who, after his wife is dead and a decent interval has elapsed, will not marry him because he does not love her as passionately and intensely as he did the buried wife. Women are queer creatures—according to the Rives-Chanler exposition of their dispositions. I haven't found out what Saint John had to do with the affair yet, either.

BEATRIX.

AT BAY VIEW.

One of the features of this season's Assembly at Bay View was the Press Club, of which the *Petoskey Resorter* said: "Bay View has a press club that is as different from any other press club in the world as it can be. There is only one man in it and he says he is going to get out of it, if he can. The ladies are journalists from all the centers and cross-roads in Michigan and Indiana, and have spent many summers in recording how 'John Smith is painting his back fence,' and how 'Bro. Jones laid an egg on our desk last week.'"

In spite of all this some pleasant hours were spent by those who were thus minded, and plans were made for a school of journalism for another season. The newly elected president is a lady whose name has appeared in the columns of the *HOUSEHOLD* more than once, and one who is well qualified for the position. We are already looking forward to the meetings and anticipating the many pleasant things to be connected therewith. Wish we might meet other *HOUSEHOLDERS* there and in some way know each other. The best and most profitable hour was a talk given by Dr. Buckley, editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*. We all enjoyed and appreciated his remarks, even though he has published things about women in conference matters that have caused quite a ripple in Methodist circles, but we forgave him all that, partly because we had no interest in conference and more because of his "taking way" in such talks, and of his very interesting and instructive Bible lectures in the Auditorium.

The closing days were as rich as any on the programme there; in fact the last three evenings' stereopticon lectures by Roberts Harper, of London, England, were above criticism. Nothing better was ever seen there.

A long-to-be-remembered "beach service," very different from the impressive Sabbath evening meetings, was when a company of right congenial spirits packed their lunch baskets and went down on the stony shore, gathering dry cedar chips for the quick fire that gave fine coals for cooking. Each one had a long, slender stick and on these we roasted ears of corn for the first course of our supper, then apples, bananas and marsh-mallows, in turn; these being supplemented by hot coffee and lots of good things. Our table was a large box drawn from the water for the purpose, and we found that it came all the way from Egypt with articles for the museum, thus making the occasion the more romantic. As the sun sank from sight in the water and the shadows settled around us we watched the large boats come in laden with excursionists with whom we often exchanged greetings by the waving of handkerchiefs, and when the lake

breezes were too cool for comfort we climbed the stairs to our respective homes on the beautiful terraces that give Bay View its fine natural situation. Just the place for a resort, and many people think so.

The home coming where vegetation is so luxuriant and fruit so abundant with no drouth and no blight of frost, seemed like being transplanted to another world, and no one can understand with what the settlers of northern Michigan are contending in the way of drouth, frost and forest fires unless they go and see. It was a subject of wonderment as to how they could gather enough in some localities to live upon until the next harvest.

ROMEO.

EL. SEE.

BLACKBERRYING—A REMINISCENCE.

Paterfamilias made the announcement at the dinner table that there were blackberries back in the woods pasture, and armed with a tin pail (only a small one, for I didn't propose to take a large one and get but a quart of berries), I set forth the next morning in the direction of the woods.

The small boy of the family had also declared there were blackberries to be found in that same woods pasture; and to prove the assertion had actually brought a quart to the house in his dinner pail, while he insisted that there were "lots of 'em;" that he had his pail full when he started from the woods, but you know they do "settle so" after one starts for home.

Away I went down the lane to the mill-yard over the dam, where in my girlhood days I used to fish for minnows and wade in the shallow water where it tumbled over its stony bed after having passed in a miniature Niagara over the dam. I didn't stop to fish this morning, and the other amusement of childhood days has, like many more, lost all attraction. On I go over the hill, at the top of which I pause to look back, like Lot's wife, although there the similarity ceases.

It is a pretty picture—that which my eye compasses as I glance over the way I have come. The mill, whose busy saw is silent this morning, with the sparkling water of the pond lying so still under the glare of an August sun; the trees overhanging its borders, bending sometimes almost to the water's edge; the fields of oats now fast falling before the conqueror of the harvest field, while the clover fields are sweet with their second bloom. Ah, it is to me indeed a sweet picture and memory takes me quickly back to childhood, when every place was associated with some pleasant recollection. Here is the spot where we set our tiny tables, sister Fan and I, with acorn cups and saucers, with beech nuts for cake and spring water for tea. There where now the drain tile discharges its crystal stream into the trough for the cows to drink, we used to dig in the mud, forming a

miniature mill pond for the water from the spring to fill, building our dam of twigs and clay, a goodly percentage of which we deposited upon our aprons, of course. And there, ah me! not so pleasant a recollection, is the place where in springing across the ditch in pursuit of wild flowers I missed my footing and fell screaming into the water, whence I was helped out by my father, who was not far away, and given a ride home in the wheelbarrow, Fan tagging along behind until he took pity on her and put her in beside me. But the blackberries, oh yes! Well, I reached the woods at last, but where were the berries! There used to be berries here; ah, just here we used to—and off I go again. I must have been in a peculiarly reminiscent mood, for my mind kept wandering back to the old times. We used to go a-berrying here. The old landmarks are now all cleared away, but in imagination I am a child once more, roaming the woods for berries, and filling my basket more often with pretty moss and shells, roots of strange pretty plants, squawberry vines with tiny red berries, than with the fruit for which it was intended.

Thinking about it so intently made it seem so real that I half expected to hear Fan's, "Found any berries?" as we used to call to each other. But as I stretch forth my hand after a refractory branch, a golden circlet upon the third finger of my left hand catches my eye. It has worn for itself quite a path below the last joint of my finger in the years that it has been there.

Girlhood days are far behind! and a voice breaking upon my ear at that moment helps to dispel the illusion. "Mamma!" it says, "did you find the blackberries?"

Did we have blackberries for tea that day? Well, I managed to divide the amount around, and each of us had a dish of berries, but they don't taste nowadays as they used to. And isn't that the way of life? Things don't seem as they did to our childish minds. No pleasures equal those that are gone with our short dresses and "shingled" hair. And yet this is a fact that you can not impress upon the mind of your child today. To him life will be really enjoyable only when he is grown up. And right here is a point we must not forget—to look at their world through their eyes. Grown folks are so apt to forget that they were ever children, to be unsympathetic and call it "all foolishness." It is a good plan for such people to think once in a while of how they used to do. The pranks and jokes that seemed then to be no end of fun, they are quite apt to denominate nonsense and foolishness now. Very true perhaps it is, yet who would rob childhood of them? In fact those who get the most happiness out of this life are those who take the ability to have fun—that is, innocent, harmless fun—all along the path of life with them.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Our HOUSEHOLD (Aug. 29th) came last evening, and seeing M. E. H.'s article, I read it with great interest and a little indignation. I, as a working girl, dependent upon employment in an office, can not help but say a few words in defense of our class.

I think there is too much said by the press in general as regards the "pretty type-writer girl," "the type-writers you can hold in your lap," etc., and suppose it is the same as regards all girls working in offices; consequently a great many ladies have a mistaken idea about us. I am sure you will think with me that a lady may be a lady wherever she is, and that it is not necessary there should be half a dozen girls in one office to be sure there is no flirting going on.

Perhaps M. E. H. has personally known of a case where a girl did not uphold her dignity, but let me assure her this was an exception. I am a stenographer and typewritist, and know many young girls who act in the same capacity, others as bookkeepers, clerks, etc., and I do not know one who is not ladylike in her deportment and commands the respect of her employer.

As regards stuffy, dirty offices, very likely there are many such, but I have been employed in an office where whoever entered remarked upon the coolness and cleanliness of the rooms.

To quote M. E. H.: "Is it the place for one girl in an office where the rest are men?" Yes, if the business firm do not need but one stenographer or bookkeeper, and this one girl is fortunate enough to secure the situation; you need not fear for her. She will be considered a gem in that office. There will be more than one oath and angry word smothered in her presence, which were she not there would be spoken.

Perhaps I am rather young to write for the press, but upon the above subject I think I know whereof I speak.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.

ALICE C. D.

HELPS FOR THE COOK.

A good way to make fritters is to take three eggs; three cups of buttermilk; one rounding teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt; stir in flour to make a stiff batter. Have the fat hot and fry, dipping in a spoonful at a time.

Fried cakes can be made as follows: One cup of sugar; one egg; one cup sweet milk; one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream tartar. Stir stiff with flour; drop a spoonful at a time in hot lard and fry. Sometimes I use baking powder. They make pretty little balls when rolled in fine sugar.

One way of doing up fine shirts is as follows: For two shirts take three good teaspoonfuls of starch and one-fourth teaspoonful of pulverized borax. Dissolve in one cup of cold water and add a drop or two of bluing. The borax

will prevent the starch from sticking and make the shirt bosom glossy. In starching the shirt bosom turn wrong side out and dip in the cold starch; roll up and let stand for thirty minutes; then take a damp cloth and rub all the starch off from the outside of the bosom and iron, rubbing out wrinkles with a damp cloth.

MILFORD.

Z. W.

ABOUT TALE-BEARING.

I join with Beatrix, heart and hand, in saying: From a gossiping neighborhood "Good Lord deliver us!" How absurd for one neighbor to tell another what is said about her! And often tattling is so exaggerated beyond the truth that it gives rise to very bitter enmities. It is so much easier to start an evil report than to stop it. Even after a rumor has been proven false the harm it has done cannot always be undone. Before repeating a bit of gossip, it would be well to ask ourselves three questions:

First, "Is it true?"

Second, "Is it kind?"

Third, "Is it necessary?"

This practice would be sure to save us from many bitter memories and regrets. I now recall to mind what I once read:

The pious Philip Neri was once visited by a lady who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went. The woman did as she was directed, and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction. "Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions." "Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, your words have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

LIMA, N. Y.

L.

THE FALL FASHIONS.

The merchant's windows are quite as good indices of the changes of the seasons as are the thermometer and weather reports. With cheerful alacrity he removes the summer's muslins and laces to make way for autumnal novelties and the very latest in jackets. So, when the "summer girl" has counted her scalps and packed her trunks and conveyed her tan and freckles to town, she finds "the sweetest loves" of things all ready to distract her mind from regretful contemplation of bucolic joys in the past tense, and she begins to plan her fall campaign and cultivate her affection for oysters at the same time.

The new goods are emphatically "novelties." Most of them are rough-surfaced, fleecy looking cloths, loosely

woven. Some are in heather mixtures marked off in plaids; others are smooth surfaced with zigzag lines forming V's, through them; others again have a smooth weave with shaggy spots as large as the top of a teacup, called pastilles, upon them, while another fancy has loose irregular flecks scattered on a lighter ground; there are also those having a marbled effect. There are indications that much lighter colors will be worn this year for winter, as light shades of gray and beige. Among the darker colors, a reddish brown called chestnut, a purplish-red and a gray-blue, are popular. And plain colors are always a safe and refined choice.

In standard materials, chevots, suitings in small broken plaids and checks, camel's hair and Bedford cords are the leaders. The latter goods is especially liked in black, the ribbed effect being an agreeable change from the smooth Henrietta and camel's hair worn so long.

So far as indicated by the early patterns, there is no especial change in the manner of making up. The plain close-fitting skirt with the fullness massed at the back and front bordered by one or two ruffles or a ruche, and the elaborate corsage with vest, revers, girder and what not, and the coat skirts which obtained the past summer, still lead. Sleeves are moderately high and full on the shoulder, and alas that I must tell the folly of my countrywomen, the "dip" in the back of the skirt still aids the street-cleaning brigade.

The new jackets are half-long, and light colors, tan, gray and beige, prevail. Nearly all have the high rolling revers-collar, lined with fleecy fur, with a waistcoat. They are very handsome and not to be bought for a song. Capes hold their own but are lengthened considerably, and many of them are handsomely embroidered. A beautiful wrap seen at Mabley's was of beige cloth, with high shoulders and fitted back, its only trimming the graduated steel cabochons which studded it.

Hats for early fall wear repeat in felt the fantastic curves and flutings of the summer's straws and mouselines. They are low and flat, and the trimmings perk up in the back in the style which has lost its terrors through familiarity. Trimmings are velvet ribbons, jet and gold ornaments, and autumnal flowers.

A LADIES' magazine give these directions for freshening a black lace skirt. We give them for what they may be worth, but advise those who try them not to interpret the assertion about looking "like new" too literally: "Remove the lace from the foundation skirt, and steam it over a large pan of hot water to which ammonia water has been generously added, and a few drops of camphor liquid. Then dip the lace lightly into a second water, in which has been boiled two old black (dressed) kid gloves; stretch out the fabric smoothly to dry. When rehung over the foundation, your lace will look like new."

OUR IDLE MOMENTS.

A correspondent of an exchange recently gave directions for making some elaborate rick-rack, which work she commended because it was such nice "pick-up-work," could be caught up when one had from two to five minutes to wait; and said it is truly remarkable what the application of odd moments can accomplish, and again; "If she—the woman—will apply none but these odd moments of waiting in making rick-rack, the reward of her efforts will exceed her highest expectations."

Very likely—in a rick-rack way. But what's the matter with resting while you wait? For my own part, I do not believe in this gospel of perpetual activity which is so much preached to us, and which makes us employ every moment of our waking hours in something expected to improve the mind or cultivate our industry. We have "texts" to say while we are doing our back hair and "golden thoughts" while we button our boots; "Half Hour Series" and "Leisure Moment" booklets for the train and the station and while we wait in our friend's parlor; and now rick-rack for our "two or three minutes" when we ought not to try to do anything but wait and rest. We live in a breathless hurry which reminds me of nothing so much as the scramble that follows the "ten minutes for refreshments" in a railway eating-house; and like the traveler who makes three bites of a sandwich and a piece of pie and goes away feeling as if he had swallowed a paving stone, we cram ourselves to death trying to do everything any idiot who chooses to rush into print with advice he would not act upon for one moment himself, tells us to. And in the meantime, from this ceaseless strain, this constant, unrelaxing effort to live up to what our multitude of counselors tell us we ought to do and be, women all around us are breaking down from nervous prostration, becoming hopeless invalids, or mentally unsound, because they do not know when they have had enough of even a good thing.

I believe in the gospel of rest. Rest for mind and body. Change of occupation is an imperfect form of rest, and a desirable one if not carried too far. But to be rushing from one thing to another, doing a little of this and a little of that, is not the way to either rest or accomplish anything. One "text" crowds out another; one literary aphorism treads on the heels of another so that both become obliterated mental impressions, yet the brain was called upon for its share of effort.

There are times when the best and wisest thing any human being can do is to rest, absolutely and entirely. Absolute inertia of mind and body, a letting go of everything to do absolutely nothing, while physical and mental forces are revived by inaction. We

are not machines, yet they say even steam engines get cranky and will not do good work if they are run too many miles without a rest. If sinews of steel need such relaxation, how much more flesh and blood nerves and muscles!

I always like to see the tired woman drop into her rocking-chair to wait a few moments for the kettle to boil or the men to come to dinner, her hands idle in her lap, her eyes tranquil, her mind untroubled—I hope—resting herself in these few precious seconds. These little intervals are all that enable her to perform the multitudinous duties of every day. How long could she stand it to rush hurriedly from one thing to another, with not a momentary pause to collect herself?

The expenditure of strength is in direct ratio to the rate of speed; work at a high pressure is more than twice as exhausting as the deliberate performance of the same toil.

You may say the fingers become so accustomed to knitting or rick-racking that the work is purely mechanical. Yes, but still it is work and it is tiring and it taxes the brain as well as the fingers. Life, dear ladies, is endurable without rick-rack. I never owned or made a yard in my life, yet I live and enjoy fair health. And often, when tired by a busy day at the desk, I go home, sit down in my easy chair, shut my eyes, relax every muscle, try to think of absolutely nothing, and in an hour, perhaps in half an hour, am ready to go anywhere or do anything. So may you rest and revive, under the same method. BEATRIX.

ELDERBERRIES.

The average housewife doesn't take much stock in elderberries, especially when other fruits are even moderately plenty. And sometimes she does not know how to use them to the best advantage. A New York lady furnishes the *American Cultivator* the following:

"For making elderberry pie, the red-stemmed variety is considered far superior to the green-stemmed. It is needless to say that they should be thoroughly ripe. Free them from stems and wash them. They need the addition of some acid, to give the character. Some use vinegar, but acid fruit, like green grapes, which are in season at the same time, is preferable. Sour cherries or plums also make a delicious combination with elderberries. In fact, any sour fruit, or even boiled cider, could be used. Cook the elderberries before using. Proceed as with any berry pie, adding sugar, a trifle of butter, a pinch of salt, a spoonful or more of flour. Bake thoroughly, to make the juice thick and rich.

"The best way to put up the fruit for winter use is to can it, using nine pounds of berries, three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar or boiled cider, or add sour fruit to the taste. Boil them an hour and then can."

THE BABY'S FIRST SHOES.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says: "Baby's first shoes when he went into short dresses were soft dainty things without stiff soles, for baby cannot creep yet. From these it would have been easy to shape a pattern, but I preferred to copy a pair of moccasins brought from the west by his father years ago. After fitting a pattern made of old cotton to baby's foot, I cut the various parts from heavy chamois skin, finishing about the ankle with scallops first cut with the scissors and then worked with blue embroidery silk in buttonhole stitch. Instead of bead work on the toe piece I embroidered a small spray of flowers, and lest the soft foot-wear stretch out of shape, added a lining of blue satin, cutting it enough larger than the chamois to allow for turning in where it was necessary, and finishing the two edges together. Blue ribbon was used for ties at the ankle."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TWELVE pounds of peaches, six pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar is a good proportion for pickled peaches.

[RIPE peaches may be economically pared, says the *Rural New Yorker*, by pouring boiling water over them and letting them stand till the skins will slip off easily.

THE skin of the plum is peculiarly acrid, even bitter. In putting up this fruit it is a good idea to put the plums into boiling water till the skins crack, turn the water off and then cook the plums in a sugar syrup.

Contributed Recipes.

CREAM FRITTERS.—One cup sweet cream; whites of five eggs beaten stiff, two cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder; one salt-spoonful of salt; a little nutmeg. The batter should be thick enough so it will drop easily from the spoon; have the lard hot; a spoonful of batter for each fritter. Fry a golden brown; eat with maple syrup, or current jelly. Do not pile them, but serve them on small plates.

CURRENT FRITTERS.—Two cups of fine dry bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of flour; two cups sweet milk; one-half pound English currants; five eggs whipped light—whites and yolks separately; one-half cup of powdered sugar; one tablespoonful of butter; one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed; two teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder. Fry in hot lard. Eat hot with cream and sugar, maple syrup or wine sauce. EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

FRITTERS.—One egg; one cup buttermilk; one tablespoonful of sour cream; one even teaspoonful of soda; flour to make the batter a little firmer than stirred cake; a pinch of salt. This amount will make all that will lay on a dinner plate and stay light.

OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

PARSHALLVILLE.