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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

NOVEMBER.

Like some fair woman who hath lost youth's charm,

Yet holds within her heart all goodly gifts,
November comes—worn pale by storm's alarm,
Borne down by clouds, yet showing thro' their rifts

Some hint of heaven's blue and sunshine's glow
Ere falls to earth her mantle soft of snow.

What matters then tho' hill and vale are bare?

She clothes them in a dainty garb of white;

Hangs every shrub with icy jewels rare,

And fills the land with echoes of delight

From merry sleighbells, and the rhythmic beat

Upon the frozen road of flying feet.

So comes Thanksgiving Day—as it should come—

With cheerfulness and joy, and ringing bells;

With dear ones gathered round the hearth of

home,

While thro' the land a happy chorus swells

Which speaks a Nation's praise to God above.

In thankfulness for His protecting love!

—Ladies' Home Journal.

LA CZARINA.

I fell in love with Rhea ten years ago, and am still faithful. Ten years is a long time for one woman to admire another. Perhaps that I still adore is due to the fact that we, the noted French actress and the humble newspaper woman, meet but seldom—not oftener than once a year, sometimes not even as frequently, and that, being of non-loquacious temperment, I let the actress do all the talking. I have never ventured to seek occasion to express my admiration personally, for Mademoiselle is reported to have a temper "cut on the bias and ruffled" toward those she does not happen to fancy, and like "Aunt Hitty." "I j'est dassent resk it."

And so, after seeing Rhea as Beatrice the willful in "Much Ado About Nothing," as Adrienne Lecouvrier, and a couple of times as Josephine, I was still anxious to see her as Catherine in "La Czarina," the new play she has put upon the stage this season. Thus it was that one of those dismal evenings last week, when one's umbrella fairly scraped the fringes of the clouds and the rain was very, very wet, I made one of the discouragingly small audience at the Detroit Opera House, feeling, "After this, the deluge!"

The play is based upon certain characteristics of Peter the Great, and Catherine, first his mistress, then his wife, and after his death Catherine I. of Russia. Peter had a jealous, suspicious, passionate temper, utterly un-

governable in his fits of rage. In a passion, he would order his dearest friend, his most trusted confidant, to Siberia or the scaffold with as much good will as he would sentence his bitterest enemy. His people feared but did not love him; he knew and resented it, calling them ungrateful. He founded the city of St. Petersburg in the marshes of the Neva, at a terrible cost of human life and treasure, that Russia might have a maritime port, and would not allow the river to be bridged that his people might be compelled to learn how to manage boats. He had ever a covetous eye to the South, longing to possess the seas that should give his country a coast and commerce. Being imperfectly civilized himself—a typical Russian Bear—he attempted to civilize a barbarous nation by force. He projected and carried out great reforms, but was unwilling his subjects should exercise their newly awakened intelligence in independent thought. He was furiously jealous of Catherine and surrounded her with spies—but conjugal constancy was not Catherine's chief virtue; it is quite possible that he had some cause for suspicion.

The curtain lifted upon a *tete a tete* between Villerbeck, an admiral of the Russian navy, and Count Sapieha (it might have been spelled Sappy and would have fitted just as well) in a room in the palace at Peterhoff. Though the walls of palaces have ears, the two were discussing the Czar. As a mark of imperial favor, Villerbeck tells Sapieha that a court position is about to be offered him, and the admiral cannot conceal his astonishment when Sapieha announces his purpose of declining it. "What, refuse the Czar!" which he evidently considers at once the height of temerity and folly. What can be his reasons for such a manifest daring of the Czar's anger and the goddess of Fortune? Sapieha expresses some uncomplimentary views regarding the Little Father, but when Villerbeck presses him still further confesses he is in love with the Czarina, and flies to escape the unhappiness of unrequited passion. Villerbeck warns him of the danger of such an avowal, but Sapieha reminds him they are friends and he trusts his honor, and the Admiral vows he will never betray his secret—when he's sober; but says he

doesn't know what he may do when he's drunk—which his nose indicates to be a somewhat frequent occurrence. The Czarina enters, beautifully dressed in a white gold-embroidered bodice and skirt, with rose colored brocade court train; and it cannot be denied that in such roles Rhea looks every inch the queen. Face, figure, carriage, all convey the idea of regal dignity. Her favorite, Olga, daughter of Prince Menzikoff—the prime minister—and her ladies attend her. Olga is very much in love with Sapieha, who rescued her from drowning one day on the Neva, when her coachman was too drunk to control his horses. Sapieha has "a way" with him; all the ladies are in love with his handsome self, and he very much in love with the chief of them all and that same handsome self. He begs, by letter, permission to pay his adieux to her Majesty, who (naughty thing) grants him that privilege at 10 o'clock in her boudoir.

While this is going on Menzikoff finds out Olga loves an unknown stranger who rescued her from death and with a prime minister's arrogances, promises she shall marry him. But when he discovers, as he does, that Sapieha loves the Czar's wife, he requests Olga to kindly love some one else, which woman-like, she immediately decides she can never, never do.

All things are in train for the lovers' meeting when the curtain rises for the second act upon Catherine's boudoir, which she and Olga share together. The latter is dismissed, and as the chimes ring ten the Count surmounts the balcony and enters. Catherine admits she loves him, reminds him the faintest suspicion would cost them both their heads, yet begs him to accept the Czar's favor and remain at court that she may at least see him sometimes. A step is heard upon the balcony stairs, a moment's awful suspense and the step is heard at the door. Sapieha flings it aside, seizes the intruder and throws him headlong over the balcony—to judge by the clatter—and makes his escape while the household and the guards gather round the thoroughly frightened Czarina, and down goes the curtain.

The Czar has come home. He is in a truly imperial temper and storms like an old woman on washing-day. He

snubs his prime minister and orders a few of the imperial household to Siberia as a preliminary to more serious business. The Turkish ambassador has arrived during his absence and Catherine has ordered a ball to be given in his honor. The Czar at once argues the Czarina and the ambassador have an understanding. He has ordered Jakinsky, officer of the guard, to keep an exact record of every occurrence, however trifling, during his absence. The row on the balcony awakens the keenest interest. Who was the intruder? Could it have been the Turk? All his cunning goes to unraveling this mystery. Finally Villerbeck, yet half dazed from a debauch, is sent for for a report. Thinking the Czar has learned of his escapade, for he it was who had stumbled upon the balcony, he confesses, pleading in extenuation that he was drunk. "Who threw you down the stairs?" "I cannot tell, your majesty; I was very drunk." Just when he expects an order to set out immediately to Siberia, the Czar turns gracious and says "I forgive Villerbeck; he was drunk," and exerts himself to find the more guilty offender who assailed the admiral. Jakinsky shows him a seal found after the altercation which bears Sapieha's arms, and the puzzle is solved. Still, for a time, the Czar does not connect Sapieha with the Czarina. He calls the Count to him and accuses him of being the bold intruder. Confronted with the tell-tale evidence of the seal Sapieha cannot deny; to save the Czarina he sacrifices Olga, claiming it was she he went to meet. The Czar orders the Count to Warsaw immediately, but on the entrance of the Czarina and Olga and her father, he wins from the blushing demoiselle, who has no inkling of what has transpired, or of Sapieha's falsehood, an avowal of her preference for the handsome Count, asks her father's consent to their union (telling him the alternative is Siberia when the unhappy Menzikoff says "But sire—") and betroths them instantly himself, to the anguish of the real lovers, the anger and consternation of Menzikoff, and the bliss of Olga.

The evening of his marriage Sapieha absents himself from the palace where his bride awaits him. This of course comes to the Czar's knowledge. He begins a tirade upon the immorality and intrigues of the court, and instances Olga, who had always seemed a pure, unspotted and unspoiled girl. Boldly and indignantly she denies the charge that she had given a rendezvous to Sapieha before their marriage, and he reads truth in her face. All his jealous fury reawakened, he summons the Czarina, who reminds him that he himself had ordered Sapieha to Warsaw and had not revoked the order after the informal marriage. Sapieha returns and Olga and he are before the

Czar and Czarina. The Czar's angry demands for an explanation reveal the truth to Olga; she sees her reputation has been sacrificed by the man to whom she is married to save the guilty ones, yet she will save them for the love she bears both. Now she tells the Czar it was she whom the Count came to meet in the Czarina's boudoir. Reproached with her falsehood, she tells him she lied because she stood in her father's presence. Olga's courage and love at this crucial moment show the Count the mettle of his young wife; almost for the first time he looks at her and finds her very sweet and beautiful. He is susceptible, his heart, his vanity, something, is touched; he turns to her with a half embrace which she haughtily repulses. She has saved him—but she has not forgiven him. The Czar, doubly furious at this duplicity, storms in most unkingly wrath. He guesses the truth, orders Sapieha to prison, bidding the jailor answer for the prisoner with his own head, and tells Olga to prepare for Siberia. "Olympus shook, and Jove resumed his soup."

On the morrow, Sapieha has escaped. Peter summons the jailor and bids him prepare the scaffold, reminding him his own head was to be the forfeit for his prisoner. The impassive Russian merely replies "Yes, sire," his customary formula. The Czar knows the Czarina connived at the escape but lacks evidence; otherwise Olga would have a traveling companion. All are astonished to learn that Sapieha has voluntarily returned, refusing to leave his young wife, and this "check" again partially averts the anger of the Czar, who now resolves to test his wife. He orders Sapieha to instant execution and the Czarina to his presence. She comes, prepared for new outrages, concealing a dagger with which she will slay herself if the Czar forces her to witness the execution of her lover. Thus sustained by her determination she is perfectly unmoved at the procession, the music, the ascent of the scaffold, the kneeling posture; all the preparations up to the signal for the axe to fall, which the Czar will give himself from the window. He is deceived by her calmness, her indifference amounting to apathy; she does not even turn paler. This scene is the most thrilling climax in the story. The axe does not fall and Sapieha is released. But Menzikoff, indignant at having his loyalty to his sovereign and his services to the empire returned by the banishment of his only child, the only thing he loves, to Siberian wilds, and quoting the Czar's own words "Death to the ungrateful," has dropped poison into wine of which the Czar has drank, and just as the latter, convinced of her unfaithfulness though he can prove nothing, is about to decree a separation between Catherine and himself on general principles—so as to be sure she is

punished, the potion obligingly takes effect. The Czar is dead. Menzikoff, seizing the last decree of the Czar, the paper on which he had just written "It is my will that Catharine be"—(separated, he would have written) reads it, adding "Empress!" and Catherine is crowned and proclaimed Empress at once. Her first order is for the release of Sapieha, but when he comes it is not to the Czarina but to clasp his young wife even in her presence. When she sees this the tiger asserts itself for a moment; her first impulse is to have him executed at once, but she repents almost as the order is given; she will not repeat Peter's reign of cruelty and tyranny; and conquering her passion and asserting the nobler part of her nature, she not only pardons, but appoints him to an honorable office at a foreign court.

This is a long description—but it was a long play, five acts; and I have left out the by-play and all the witty sayings. It is almost like preparing a skeleton, to write out so bare an outline.

But oh Rhea, dear Rhea! if you only *would* talk good rotund English and let us know what you say! This mouth-full-of-hot-potato business will do for the drawing-room or the boudoir, but not on the stage! oh no! You have been told of that "piquant French accent" so often I suppose you think "it ees not posseible" for it to be tiresome, but it is, indeed it is—atrociously, abominably tiresome. You're not an apt scholar, Mademoiselle, or like Modjeska and Janauschek you would rid yourself of your, inability, and not mar your regal roles by chattering pigeon English in a fashion that makes us want to laugh at you, and then weep for you.

BEATRIX.

AN OPINION.

And so, Anti-Over, you think that "when our children become of age the responsibility of their doings should be taken off the shoulders of their parents." Well yes, in a measure, but we are told in the Holy Writ that the sins of the parents are visited upon their children until the third or fourth generation. We would oftentimes like to be free from any responsibility, and many times we are, but when we contemplate that we have our perfections and our imperfections also transmitted to our children for generations, we seem as it were to have a certain share of responsibility resting upon us, whether we are willing to admit it or not, and therefore ought to have as much charity as possible for the erring ones of our own household—because, well, because we ought. Yet there are times when forbearance ceases to be a virtue and we are truly innocent of their wrong doings.

AUNT SABRA.

THANKSGIVING.

Perhaps I can safely venture the assertion that this day, set apart by our President as one of thanksgiving and praise for blessings received, divides the great mass of the humanity into three distinct classes. Class first includes those who have plenty of this world's goods. Thanksgiving to them means a family reunion, a dinner which weeks of preparation have made a veritable feast, a jolly good time, "only this and nothing more." Class two, the conscientious Christians who recognize God's hand in well filled granaries, barns and corncribs, good health, prosperity and the like. Class third having received nothing the past year, but what has been begged or stolen, and little enough at that, wonder why it means so much to some and so little to others. Of course they return no thanks, and the sun rises and sets much like other days. Very few take a thought of Lazarus at the back door; we've heard so long about the poor being with us always that it has become an old story.

So we go ahead and make out the list of those whom we shall invite. Then we select the finest gobbler that runs in the poultry yard. If the company be unusually large two will be found necessary. There should be plenty of young chickens for the pie, and a pair of ducks with nicely browned breasts will make a fine accompaniment at the dinner table. I am decidedly in favor of all these old-fashioned things, that mother and grandmother used always to have. This day of all days the old ideas should be faithfully carried out along the old line. The poultry is secluded from all out door exercise for a week before; fed on plenty of good warm food liberally seasoned with pepper, sage, etc., which gives a decided tone to the flesh. The turkey receives the most attention, for he is the principal feature of the dinner table, but

"We'll pass the execution act,
The plucking that he got;
The dressing that he was packed
The oven roasting hot,
And see him when all nicely browned
Upon the plate he lies;
To draw the praise from all around
For tenderness and size.

"And next in fancy hear the click
Of knives and forks at play;
And see the plates returning quick
To where that turkey lay,
Then mark the latest scene of all,
When that rich feast was through:
The children with their fingers small,
The wishbone break in two."

There is always considerable pleasure felt along with the hard work in preparing such a dinner. If there be a brick oven, all the things can be baked at once, but with the common cook stove or range, everything except the turkey must be gotten out of the way in the morning. Chickens for a pie should not be boiled until tender, for they will be cooking all the while the crust is baking, so at a certain

point they should be taken up into the pan in which the pie will be baked, remove all the large bones, using the smaller parts; five large chickens are none too many for a pie of which eighteen people will partake. The crust is made as follows: Seven coffee cups of flour, sifted twice; seven teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one coffee cup of butter or lard; tablespoonful of salt. After mixing thoroughly wet into soft dough with thin sweet cream. Line the sides of the pan, then put a liberal amount of butter into the chicken and a cup of the broth, pepper slightly, then roll the remainder of the dough into the upper crust, cutting some pretty design to allow the steam to escape. Now lay bits of butter thickly over it and bake one hour; put a piece of butter in a cloth and rub over when it is taken from the oven and cover with a pan of the same size, and it is all ready for the table. The dinner is not complete without all kinds of vegetables, with different jellies and cranberry sauce, chicken salad and celery; pickles of all sorts, tea and coffee; rice pudding, mince, pumpkin and cranberry pie, can all be made ready the day before, as will the cakes and any fancy articles one desires.

Cheese sticks are delicious and nice to manage at a meal of this kind. Take one cup of grated cheese, one-half cup of cracker crumbs; salt to taste; moisten with sweet cream; add flour and milk sufficient to make paste, roll as for pie crust and cut in long strips the width of a straw and bake a light brown. Fruit cake and angel's food are nice for this occasion; nuts of all kinds, grapes, bananas, oranges, candies are always appreciated by the little folks, who are looking ahead for weeks with so much pleasure and satisfaction to this great spread. To some one of these bountifully spread boards should the minister and his family be invited. If we are all one family, if all men are brothers, everybody should have plenty of "fillin'" on this day. But alas, many will go hungry just as on other days! Many will look with longing eyes on the displays in the markets; poor little children will hear rich children tell of elaborate preparations made at home, or of anticipated pleasures at grand-ma's, and yet we are all journeying to the same bourne, the same Father's protecting care is over us along the way; at last we all occupy the same allotted space of ground in God's half acre and Dives and Lazarus will rest in Abraham's bosom.

God pity the poor on life's highway,
God pity the poor on Thanksgiving day,
God pity us all should be our prayer
Till we're safe in the harbor over there.
BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

A LADY has discovered that if you set a dish of hot water in the oven where you are warming rusks, buns or biscuits, the steam will prevent the crust from hardening and drying out.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

KALAMAZOO, Nov. 16, 1891.

In reply to the correspondent who asked about the machine, will state that I bought a MICHIGAN FARMER machine six years ago. For the first three years was determined to like it, but the machine does not last. I had a man here from town two years ago to fix it, but it is wearing out. He had a thin plate that he cut in strips and put between the works to make it tight, but the machinery has the same old rattle that it had before it was fixed. I feel it a duty to let the correspondent know about it. My machine has been run very little, as I am over sixty years old; it stands idle a good share of the time, and I do most of my sewing by hand. My son's wife was here a while ago and used it; she says: "Mother, what ails your machine? it sounds like an old threshing machine." The screws are soft, so you can hardly turn them they bruise up so badly.

MRS. C. B. MITCHELL,
Box 605.

[There is one inaccuracy in the above letter: We were not selling the MICHIGAN FARMER machine six years ago, its manufacture only beginning three years ago. Six years ago the low-arm Singer was sold in connection with the FARMER. There have, in the past ten years, been a good many hundreds of them sold. Now and then one is sent out which does not give satisfaction; but the buyer is at liberty to return machine and receive back the money paid for it, or ship the head to us for repairs, for which no charge is made. But the proprietors of the FARMER protest against these machines being placed in the hands of a sewing-machine agent for repairs. It is to their advantage to cripple the machine. Finally, if our correspondent will ship the head of the machine to the office, it will be put in running order again. It is singular, however, that nearly seven years (it was shipped January 10, 1885) should have been allowed to elapse before we were even notified that there was anything wrong with the machine—nearly two years after the five years' guarantee had expired. This is one of the *very few* complaints which have reached us. Our readers can determine for themselves where the responsibility rests. We have had absolutely nothing but expressions of satisfaction regarding the Michigan, the machine referred to in the inquiry.—ED.]

MRS. L. M. CANNON, well known to HOUSEHOLD readers through her pleasant and interesting letters over the nom de plume of "El. See.," was married on the 16th inst. to Mr. I. N. Brabb, also of Romeo. The HOUSEHOLD adds its sincere congratulations and good wishes to those of a large circle of friends, and entreats the choicest of life's blessings as Fortune's wedding gift.

The Household.

STRIFE.

Strife is the one thing to be ruled out. Many discomforts can better be allowed than this. Ill temper, hasty speech, sharp retort, and all the quick-spirited ways that offend may be held in check. It has been proved by thousands of reforms that men may control their appetites. Much easier is it to control temper and tongue. I was so utterly disgusted when I read in a late HOUSEHOLD about that gentleman (?) who burned his wife's HOUSEHOLDS I couldn't refrain from saying what I thought. Preposterous idea! Owe the HOUSEHOLD a spite because it savors of woman's rights!

Woman has a right to rule; man will not deny it. In the peace and power of her womanhood she may rule most beneficently. So far as the matter of peace is concerned, wives are under no more obligations to keep the peace of matrimony than husbands. Talk about greeting husbands with a smile! Think you if my husband should destroy my HOUSEHOLDS that I have saved all these years, I could greet him with a smile? No, not I. There are almost always two sides to domestic upheavals, anyhow. My husband and fifteen year old boy think as much of the HOUSEHOLD as I do.

RAXA.

LIMA.

WESTWARD HO.

We left Denver via the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. The first stop was at Castle Rock, where a bold promontory of rock rises directly from the plain, in a form suggestive of the name. A pretty village of the same name is located at its foot. Further on we reach Palmer Lake, a very pretty sheet of water coming into favor as a summer resort. It is over 7,000 feet above sea level. Although in a high altitude the country is largely a plain, ranches are numerous, and cattle and horses roam in vast herds. Half a mile from Palmer Lake is "Glen Park," where the Colorado Chautauqua is located. All through the ride you seem to be in the shade of the mountains, but they still stand high and grand at a distance—so near and yet so far.

Colorado Springs is a pretty city, the county seat of El Paso, with a population of 12,000. Colorado City is known as "Old Town" and is about midway between Colorado Springs and Manitou. This is located at the foot of Pike's Peak, and is one of the most lovely places imaginable. It is a bit of modern city, dropped into a lonely but wild glen of the mountains. The "Springs" are nine in number, in the city limits, and divided in a general way into soda and iron springs. The waters come bubbling and sparkling up from nature's reservoir with their healing process, and are eagerly sought by the invalid and also by the general

tourist. After sampling the delicious effervescent waters the tourist next turns to the attraction of Pike's Peak. A railroad has this season been completed to the summit of the mountain and we chose to ascend by this means. In Engleman's Canyon is the pretty depot of this road, and from this point the ascent is made. The distance from here to the top is nearly nine miles. The rails are laid on ties of the usual width or standard gauge, but in addition two rails are laid in the center, and are cut into regular cogs. The engine is set on trucks at an angle of 45 deg., so that when on the ascent the boiler is level. The car is like an ordinary rail car except that the seats tilt forward to bring them level as you rise. Both engine and car have cog-wheels which work in the cogs of the center rails, thus binding all to the track. The engine weighed about 30 tons; goes behind the car in ascending, and in front returning. They are not coupled together, so an accident to one would not imperil the other. Only one car is used at a time, and will accommodate about fifty persons. "All aboard!" The engine shrieks and up we go, following the windings of Rush-ton's creek, a mountain stream that foams, roars, rages and tumbles down its rocky bed from far up the mountain side. Up we go, winding in and out, seeing the outer world seemingly sink away while we rise into the thin air and eyrie world above. On we go! climbing by a perilous ledge, scarce wide enough for the track, with a yawning precipice below, with beetling crags above, broken rocks below.

About half way up is a hotel where tourists sometimes stop a few days. Coal and water stations are conveniently located. Arrived at the headwaters of the creek, we are above timber line; only dwarfed vegetation is visible and this soon ceases. We look down and see cities, lakes and plains lying in toy-like state, we look upward, the track stretches away up the broken boulder-covered mountain side. As you ascend you look down into valley, plain and dismal abyss; upward it is the same seemingly inaccessible desolation. Here every few hundred feet excavations were made, and the track anchored in masonry to the solid rock. At one point where the grade is 25 per cent the steam power gave out, and we waited in suspense while steam was raised. This was more trying to the nerves than progress, and for an instant I fancied my only hold to earth was in my toes, and when they let go I was going backward—down, down, away down! But up we go again, and with a sharp turn around a jutting rock, there we are at the top. You alight and look about you, shivering in the frost and panting for breath in the thin air. Desolation of desolation! The summit is composed of heterogeneous rocks, piled and scattered in

wildest confusion. I walked to the edge of the cliffs, but found no pleasure in the scene. A United States signal station has been built on the summit, and lodging and food are provided for any demented tourist who desires to remain. The clouds were far below us, and when rifts occurred the world below was a panorama for our enjoyment, but when they closed in all the world remaining was our desolate rocks; floating and to float forever on the limitless sea that shut in our view, while above us the blue sky of Colorado formed a closed dome, while the bright sun looked calmly down. The mountain is over 14,000 feet high. The ascent takes from two to three hours; the coming down takes somewhat less. The sun went down and night settled her dark robes round us before we reached the valley. I was glad when the ride was over, as the excitement and high altitude had produced great fatigue. It was a novel, pleasurable, exciting sensation, but a spice of danger—real or fancied—gives zest to adventure. There is a carriage road on the other side of the mountain preferred by some tourists, but it takes all day to accomplish it, while by rail a half day only is required.

The "Garden of the Gods" is an assemblage of quaint, grotesque and monstrous forms, composed of a sandstone formation that has been worn by time and the elements, the softer portions of the rock having been disintegrated and washed away, these forms remain, and by aid of fancy, resemblances are found to castles, ruins, animals and humans. It is a wonderful place and one never tires of looking at the curious scenes. The entrance is between pillars 300 feet in height, curiously carved and shaped by Time's corroding hand.

From here we drove through Glen Eyrie, the picturesque summer home of Gen. Palmer, of Illinois. Nature with a touch of art forms a scene of romantic beauty.

A. L. L.

(To be continued.)

Contributed Recipes.

LADY FINGERS.—One and one-eighth pounds of flour; one pound of powdered sugar; two eggs; one teaspoonful of Royal baking powder. The batter should be baked on buttered papers. The main thing in these cakes is to get the batter on the papers in shape. If you have no tube with a flange, use a funnel, and with the fingers prevent the batter from running out too fast. Each should be a finger long and not thicker than a lead pencil—before baking. When cool, wet the under side of the paper, remove and stick two together, back to back.

KELLY ISLAND CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; three cups of flour; one half cup of sweet milk; three teaspoonfuls of Royal baking powder. Bake in layer cakes. For filling use one cup of sugar; white of one egg; one lemon; one grated Red Astrachan apple; boil five minutes.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.