

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### AL-'ALIM.

*Al-'Alim, the "All-Knower," by this word  
Praise him who sees the unseen and hears the  
unheard.*

If ye keep hidden your mind, if ye declare it aloud  
Equally God hath perceived, equally known is  
each thought;

If on your housetops ye sin, if in dark chambers  
ye shroud,  
Equally God hath beheld, equally judgment is  
wrought.

He, without listing, doth know how many breath-  
ings ye make,

Numbereth the hairs of your heads, wotteth the  
beats of your blood;

Hearth the feet of the ant when she wanders by  
night in the brake;

Counted the eggs of the snake, and the cubs of  
the wolf in the wood.

Mute the Moakkibat sit this side and that side  
of men,

One on the right noting good and one on the left  
noting ill;

Each hath these angels beside him who write  
with invisible pen

Whatso he doeth or sayeth or thinketh, recording  
it still.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth  
aright

Glad is the right-hand angel, and setteth it quick  
on the roll;

Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heav-  
enly light,

For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for  
ten on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand angel  
doth lay

His palm on the left-hand angel and whispers,  
"Forbear thy pen!

Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent  
him and pray;

At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be,  
witness it then."

*Al 'Alim! Thou who knowest all,  
With hearts unveiled on Thee we call.*

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

### THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

Since 1884, a copy of Sir Edwin Arnold's poems has been included in my little library. Once read, it has been often referred to in those idle moments when one feels in the mood for renewing old friendships; and the more I read, the more do I appreciate and enjoy. To most of us, there is something mysteriously fascinating about whatever is connected with the Orient. Its unfamiliar customs and beliefs; the character of the people and their religion—so much a part of themselves; their wonderful rugs and carpets, brocades and cloths of gold; their musk and sandalwood, subtle perfumes, flashing jewels with magical proper-

ties, and above all the remarkable richness and imagery of Eastern prose and poetry and their symbolic character—all these invest India, Persia and Arabia with peculiar charm and mystery for us.

Sir Edwin Arnold is without doubt the most accomplished student of Oriental myths, legends and beliefs now living. His long residence in India, his researches in Buddhist temples and among ancient manuscripts, his love for his chosen study, and his keen appreciation of what is beautiful and good wherever found, have enabled him to fitly present the life and character of Gautama, the founder of the religion which has a greater following than Christianity as we know it, for four hundred and seventy millions—one-third of the human race—live and die believing in the doctrines of Buddha, and his creed has existed for twenty-four centuries. Gautama was the Christ of India, his teachings are paralleled by those of the Christian religion, on the same high moral plane which would make life so grand and beautiful if poor humanity could but live up to it.

Many streams may flow from a common fountain-head. Some become choked with foulness, turned aside into tortuous channels, perhaps lost in morasses, while others flow on, broad, calm, peaceful, majestic rivers. And I have long believed that the world's many religions, were but the mists of superstition, error, ignorance and misrepresentation swept aside and the electric torch of Truth turned upon them, would resolve themselves, finally, into one sublime faith, the source and head of every religion and given to all races by the Infinite Father of us all.

Sir Edwin in his exposition of the teachings of Gautama, has been the means of opening new and beautiful fields of reflection to all who have read his "Light of Asia," "Pearls of the Faith" and "Light of the World." And as I like to see and hear distinguished men, I was eager to make one of his audience when he gave a couple of readings in this city recently. Hon. Don M. Dickinson introduced him, in a few sentences implying that everybody had heard of Sir Edwin Arnold, and those who had not "don't count." And indeed, it was an audience

composed of the distinguished citizen and his wife which had assembled. Ex-governors, judges, lawyers, ex-congressmen, ex-all-sorts-of-officials, and many still enjoying the distinction of "office," filled the seats, and received the speaker with an outburst of kid-gloved enthusiasm. We beheld a rather undersized man, with rugged face, whiskers not to be named in the same day with those of the Honorable Don M., iron gray hair, bright eyes, an irreproachable dress suit, and an accent not obnoxiously English. I never realized before how graceful is the Oriental salutation, especially as contrasted with the short, abrupt nod or bend from the neck only, which is our American greeting. Sir Edwin acknowledged the plaudits of his hearers with a graceful bend of the body from the waist, not in the least like a dancing-master's bow, but so dignified and courteous withal that it seemed the only fitting salutation. And on several occasions in illustrating his text he repeated the Oriental obeisance, raising his hands to the level of the forehead, then letting them fall with an outward sweep, accompanying the bend of the body.

Sir Edwin's first selection was from "The Light of Asia," the Eighth Book, a part of "the large discourse which Buddha spoke before the king," and which epitomizes the creed of Gautama.

Every pious Moslem wears about his neck a three-stringed chaplet or rosary; each string has thirty-three beads, and each bead is named for one of the attributes of Allah, who is called "The Merciful," "The Compassionate," "The Holy One," "The Creator," and so on. And to each of these attributes or names, Sir Edwin has appended some legend or tradition, set in verse, illustrating the subject, or paraphrasing a verse of the Koran. These are "The Pearls of the Faith," and one of those which the author recited will be found on the first page of the HOUSEHOLD. It illustrates the twentieth attribute, "The All-Knower," and is the Hindu version of a legend my mother told me in childhood, of the recording angels who wrote the day's deeds, whether good or bad, in a great book, the Record of Life. An unpublished poem, "The Egyptian Slippers," was based upon a personal experience of the



author's. He, with several scientific friends, was watching the unwrapping of a mummy. Within its shell was found a little handful of ashes, and a pair of tiny embroidered slippers. Of the princess of the Pharaohs remained only a bit of dust, but her slippers, still shaped to her young feet, and soiled by the Nile mud, had been preserved three thousand years. What was the name and lineage, what the hope and happiness of that dusky daughter of Egypt? What had become of the immortal part of her, so long forgotten in her chrysalis? Had she lived again? Was it she "with hair and eyes of Ptol'mian blackness" whom he met at dinner last week? Was it only in fancy that he recognized again that lingering lotus perfume?

I was particularly struck with the peculiar dramatic effects produced by the reader. His gestures were few—remarkably few, as compared with the genuflections and see-sawing of the average elocutionist who acts his theme (*her* theme,—the average reader is usually a girl) as well as reads it. Aside from the salaam, illustrating the servant's obeisance in replying to his master, I can remember less than half a dozen instances where gesture was employed to aid the listener's imagination. In these lines

\*Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom."

he imitated the movement of the shuttles flying across the web. And in "The Rajput Nurse," where the nurse's child (which she invested with the *tikara* of the young prince and left to his would-be murderers while she fled to safety with the heir to the kingdom) is stabbed by the conspirators, the reader's voice so aided his words to set the scene so vividly before the imagination that his dramatic energy and force in depicting the murderous wounds were positively horrifying. The story of the Rajput nurse, by the way, which has been many times reprinted in the "Poets' Corner" of the newspapers, is said to be a true incident, illustrative of the loyalty of the natives to their princes. The nurse had with her in the Rajah's palace the young prince and her own brown baby. Conspirators corrupt the guards and enter the gates to murder the heir. There is no time nor way to save both children, so she takes the golden circlet and belt indicative of his rank from the little prince and puts them upon her own child, playing at her feet. Then she flies with the prince. The murderers believe the child decked with the royal insignia is the one they wish to destroy, and he is cruelly murdered, smiling the while as if he consented to the sacrifice. But the bereaved mother, her prince's safety assured, joins her child in Nirvana, that very night.

And I am glad that at last we have

had authoritative pronunciation of that word—Nirvana. Sir Edwin, who surely should know, since it is his writings which have made it familiar to the majority, called it "Neer-wana"—not quite as broad as the double e would make it, but between that sound and the i. And the v is w.

Other numbers in the programme were "Queen Arzimund and the Dagger;" an unpublished poem called "The Musume," telling how a bazar-girl saved from the tiger the child of the woman who had scorned her because the innocent baby lips had pressed her own; and that pathetic ballad, "He and She," with several other selections. Taken altogether, it was a very pleasant entertainment Sir Edwin gave us. (I feel as if I were on delightfully familiar terms with the British aristocracy when I call him "Sir Edwin!") BEATRIX.

#### TWO KINDS OF HOSPITALITY.

A young girl, aged eleven, an only and delicately reared child, was by circumstances obliged to travel alone for the first time, from southern Ohio to the northern part of Michigan. A lady, living in Detroit, visiting at the same place, on her return was entrusted with the care of the child. She agreed to keep her over night at her home, then send her in care of the conductor on the D., L. & N. railroad to her home. She was paid for her trouble and all was planned as well as could be for the girl's comfort and safety. She kept the girl over night, in the morning sent her, alone on a street car, to the depot, telling her to go into a grocery store and buy herself a lunch, then to go into a big dry-goods store and look around, to amuse herself until train time. She did as directed, and on leaving the dry-goods store, could not find the depot. She wandered around until she got into a building where carpenters were at work, and one of them, on learning her wants, took her to the depot and saw her safely on her train, and in due time she was safely given to her parents' arms. But what if she had missed her train, or what if she had fallen into the hands of scoundrels? □

Was this woman truly hospitable or worthy of the trust placed in her?

I went on a visit to Montcalm County. My little girl, on the train, made the acquaintance of another girl, a little older than herself. They had a fine time together and we left the train at the same station. My fellow traveller was met by her mother, but no one met me; my friends lived six miles away, and through some mistake failed to meet me. The night was dark and cold, the station to be shut up in twenty minutes, and the outlook was gloomy enough. As I was making arrangements to leave my luggage and go to a hotel, this same little girl and mother

came to see about their baggage. On learning that I was not acquainted in the place an invitation was immediately and cordially given to go home with them, which invitation, after some hesitation I accepted. From the moment I entered their beautiful home, I knew them to be people of intelligence, culture and wealth. I was treated with as much cordiality and given as warm a reception as a much loved relative could ask for. And I was but a stranger without home or friends for the time being. To me such a reception and welcome was true hospitality, dispelling the home-sickness which could not wholly be avoided. From first to last the visit was a delightful one, and I feel that I have secured some life-long friends who are worthy of my truest friendship. I offered to pay for my staying over night, the same as at a hotel, but the money was promptly refused, with the remark that they only wished to do by me as they would like to be done by, under like circumstances. Were they not truly hospitable? Is not such an incident an evidence that the kindness and love for our fellows have not all gone out of fashion yet?

Kind wishes for Beatrix and our numerous HOUSEHOLD family. This is my first coming among you, although I have often admired from a distance.

LANSING.

JOY BELL.

#### SEEN IN THE STORES.

So many dainty, beautiful, elegant, useful, cheap things are always to be seen in our city stores, most attractively displayed to charm the dollars and dimes out of our purses, that it is really a sort of feminine "Temptation of St. Anthony" to go down town; and a dollar not already mortgaged to some foreordained purpose is sure to escape if it is in one's pocket. I do not wonder city girls with liberal allowances of pocket-money get to be little spend-thrifts; there are so many easy ways to spend it; and the eye and the palate are ever being tempted by the things girls love—the bonbons, the ribbons, the dainty handkerchiefs, the flowers, the fruits, all set out with the deliberate intent to capture the cash.

For instance, the market is as gay as a summer sunset with the yellow and orange and bronze of chrysanthemums. There are the plants themselves at forty cents each, and almost everybody manages to have at least one to beautify the front windows. If not, a great cluster of the pure yellow or those richer tinted blooms that border on orange is thrust into an "old blue" or a blue-and-white jar, and decorates the little table in the bay. November is truly the "chrysanthemum month;" and what a magnificent ending it makes for the floral year! There is such a wonderful variety in colors and characteristics.

At one of the bazars I saw some pretty trifles for Christmas. A hairpin



receiver was made of a square of pale blue celluloid rolled into a cone, its edges laced together with a fine blue silk cord. A handful of white curled hair, such as is used for filling the finest mattresses, was covered with white lace net and thrust into the top of the cone. The edges of the cone could be cut into scallops, and thus be made more ornamental—in this case they were perfectly straight.

A case for postal cards was made of the same dainty material in a delicate pink, the two sides being cut the width of postals but not quite as long, so that one could be easily taken out. "Postal Cards" was lettered on one side, and a spray of holly berries and leaves ornamented one case, and a sprig of forget-me-nots another. They were very pretty and not very expensive. A couple of trays for jewelry or similar trifles were also made of celluloid. A six-sided piece served as bottom, with six hexagons for sides. These were attached to the bottom and each other by lacings of pink cord. A piece of pasteboard was cut to fit the bottom and covered with plush, and little flower sprays painted on each side. Here also I saw some pretty scarfs for drapes, a cotton fabric woven in geometric pattern in tinsel, not quite a yard long, at 40 cents each.

Such a pretty cloak for a five year old girl was on one of the forms in the bazar window. It was of bright, warm-looking plaid, cut coat shape, to reach the bottom of the dress, with the princesse back which gives the necessary fullness to the skirt. And it had a jaunty little cape, coming just to the elbow and edged with fur—not a fur border, but an edge set in between the outside and lining. The high collar and the coat sleeves were similarly finished. Large smoked pearl buttons were used to close the fronts, two being set on the back at the bottom of the waist. The model was silk-lined, but it would be warmer made up with canton flannel, only the cape should have a silk lining.

Just at present the feather boa is the rage. "You pays your money and you takes your choice" of a coeque's feather boa just long enough to tie round the neck with ribbon at a dollar; a ditto three yards long, at \$4.50 or \$7.50, according to quality, or an ostrich boa, a lovely soft, curly affair, of that dead black so becoming to a good complexion, at \$20 or \$25.

Bedford cord, which has several times been mentioned in these columns is the fabric of the year. Everything has the ribbed effect peculiar to that weave; it is seen in ribbons; and in a cotton weave at a shilling as well as in fine wool dress goods at \$2.50 and \$3 a yard. It is a stylish material for cloaks for elderly ladies, though worn by everybody, that of sufficient weight for this purpose being \$4 and \$6 per yard. That used for dresses is usually \$1.25 a

yard—42 inches wide; the \$2.50 quality is 54 inches. A pretty way to make a Bedford cord in any color is to have a basque crossing diagonally, the left lapping over a full front made of brocaded silk gathered in the shoulder-seams and neck, and left rather loose and full. The back is cut in three deep tabs, the middle one being a continuation of the centre back forms; these are rounded at the bottom, and a narrow gimp passementerie outlines the entire basque. To make it more dressy, a silk brocaded with some becoming color could be chosen. The front and sides of the skirt could be cut in shallow scallops, to fall over a fine pleating of the silk. This would be a stylish yet simple dress, in fact nowadays style and simplicity are almost synonymous terms.

This is also a "jet season." Jet is never entirely out of fashion, but it has its high tides, so to speak; and usually comes into favor in a new guise which makes the old trimmings seem undesirable. The fancy just now is for the very fine cut, close patterns, which look bright and rich, or else the large smooth surfaces, which match the cabochons or nail-heads of the early part of the season. Fine jet gimps, used to outline seams, basques, etc., are selling at from 18 to 50 cents a yard, according to width and quality. There are also open work jet collars, which can be worn with any dress, from \$3.50 to \$11, according to the fineness of the jet and the intricacies of the pattern. There are passementerie collars to which a neat needlewoman could apply fine jet beads and make as elaborate as she pleased, and which would be more elegant than the all jet article. Jet is used to trim any material—one of those arbitrators of fashion who resents the least suggestion of individual preference on part of her customers even trims broadcloth with jet.

If you indulge in a new fur cape this season, see to it that it comes well down to the waist line; indeed the newest models come a little below, are pointed in front, and have high rolling Henri Deux collars. But if you are short and stout, don't buy a shoulder cape because your tall, slender friend looks "so stylish" in one. You will not.

This is "mink day." If you have mink furs which you guarded from the moths all those years when mink has been so emphatically "not in it," now is the time to reap the reward of your trouble. Have them cut over, re-lined, and you will be the envy of all your friends. A fine mink shoulder cape can't be had for less than \$50 to \$75; a deep one of the new style is \$75 or \$100. The darker your mink of course the more stylish. Funny, isn't it! Two or three years ago mink and muskrat were classed together. Now he's the same old mink, but "so beautiful!" "such a lovely brown!" and on the top shelf in popular esteem. Muffs are much

larger. New fur collars somewhat resemble the old "tippet," except that they are pointed at the back and have the high rolling collar.

BEATRIX.

#### WESTWARD HO!

Aspen is a city of 7,000 people, built up in cabins of logs and boards, and in blocks and palaces of brick and stone. It is a great mining camp, surrounded by mountains that are literally honey-combed with rich mines of silver, copper and lead. Silver ores often assay 70 per cent and more. Returning to Glenwood Springs, we resumed our journey, Grand Junction being the first place of note reached.

This is a great fruit region. The waters of the Grand river furnish the means of irrigation, and large crops of cereals and vegetables are raised. Crossing this plain we came on the Colorado desert, and for over 200 hundred miles the scene is desolate. Great blocks of lava lie about, scoria is mixed with the white sand, great lines of washed sand where torrents have spent their force give the impression of streams of water, only to mock your hopes as you approach them. How terrible such illusions must have been to the poor fellows who plodded the long way overland with teams! A chain of snow covered mountains is in sight to the south, and a serrated range called the "Book Cliffs" is in view to the northward.

At the crossing of the Green river the scenery changes, and a constant ascent, the climbing of the Wasatch Range, commences. Six miles beyond Price Station we come to "Castle Gate," the entrance to Price river canyon. Two great columns of rock, offshoots of giant cliffs, approach so close it seems impossible for the river and train to find passage. Looming up several hundred feet, they are seen up the valley for a great distance. Passing them and looking back they seem more massive still. The features of this canyon are the cliffs of glowing color that form citadel, rampart and castle, with great shaggy heads of giants peering down, and the many pretty canyons opening at its sides. "Soldier Summit," the highest crest of this range, is passed, and we descend into Utah valley. This is a beautiful, fertile, highly cultivated valley, watered by several pretty streams, and Utah lake, a sheet of water 30 miles long and six miles wide, has its outlet through the Jordan river into Great Salt Lake. Thriving towns dot the landscape; industry and thrift are everywhere apparent.

Salt Lake City is a point of interest to all tourists, as the capital of Utah and the headquarters of the Mormons. It is a beautiful city, laid out in squares of ten acres, streets 132 feet wide, running east and west, north and south. Temple Square is the center, and here



is located the Temple, the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. The Temple is built of white granite, is 200 feet long, 100 feet wide, walls 100 feet high, with three towers at each end rising 100 feet. It was commenced April 6th, 1853, has cost \$3,500,000, and will take years yet to finish. The Tabernacle is 250 by 150 feet, with a self-supporting roof the shape of an upturned boat, and the height to the dome is 70 feet. It will seat 10,000 people and all can hear a speaker distinctly. The organ is the second in size in the United States. We saw the Bee Hive and Lion houses, residences of the wives of Brigham Young, and saw his grave, covered with a plain granite slab, and enclosed with an iron fence. One great building bears the mystic letters Z. C. M. I. It is the headquarters for Zion's Co-operative Institute—a corporation by which the church hoped to control the patronage and business of its people, to the discomfiture of the Gentiles. It was successful for a time, but has lost its grip. I heard a young Mormon tell with great glee that he heard a person explain the mystic letters as meaning "Zion's Combination of Mormon Idiots." The "All-seeing Eye" was formerly placed over the letters, but the Gentile ridicule of the "Bull's eye" brought it into disuse. The city is 18 miles from the lake, which is about 120 miles long by 45 wide. It has several islands, mostly rocky peaks, rising abruptly from the water. I was surprised to hear that the depth of the lake was only from 20 to 60 feet. The water is so buoyant that there is little danger in bathing, and the experience is delightful.

Following up a narrow plain, with the lake on one hand and the mountains on the other, Ogden is reached at a distance of 37 miles. Situated at the base of the mountains, the scenery is grandly beautiful. We had friends here, who spared no pains to show us the wonders of canyon, valley and mountain. Many will ask, "What of the Mormons?" Those with whom we came in contact were intelligent, whole-souled, warm hearted people, devoted to their faith, willing to answer questions, but we had no time or desire to discuss doctrines. I asked if they intended to obey the laws of the United States. The reply was, "Yes." For a long distance from Ogden the route is through a country more or less cultivated, or used as grazing ranches, but again we find a long stretch of desert; we ascend a range of mountains, and at Cedar Pass cross the Divide and descend into the valley of the Humboldt. This is a beautiful valley, which we follow for 300 miles, emerging through a canyon with walls 1,000 feet high, formed of rocks in the form of palisades.

The Nevada desert is a dreary stretch of desolation. Scarcely any vegetation is seen. Grayish sand overlaid by

volcanic scoria makes dreary, monotonous views. An oasis, the station of Humboldt, surrounded with trees and vegetation, shows what irrigation can do even for this forlorn waste.

At Wadsworth the desert is left, and we strike the Truckee river. Reno is a grand junction point, and the largest city in Nevada. From here the ascent of the Sierra Nevada mountains begins. Following the course of the Truckee river through the canyon we come to the town of that name. It is said there are 40 miles of closed sheds in the passes through these mountains. At Summit station the highest point is reached, and we commence the descent of the Pacific slope. Our travel from here was at night, so the scenic wonders cannot be described.

Daylight dawned when we reached Benecia, and crossed the Straits of Arguinez to Port Costa on the Solano, said to be the largest ferry boat in the world. Here sea-going ships tell us we are nearing the ocean. A few more stops and Oakland pier is reached. We transfer to the ferry, and gazing across the beautiful bay, behold San Francisco, with the Golden Gate in the distance, and realize that the continent is crossed, and we are in the land of the "Setting Sun."

A. L. L.

(To be continued.)

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A recipe for common bakers' crackers is desired by Winthrop. Our only formula of this nature was given us by a baker, and begins "To one barrel of flour —" In short, bakers' goods can only be made by bakers' machinery and recipes; the latter being part of the baker's stock in trade and not accessible to outsiders.

Unfortunately, we cannot furnish the information about the culinary thermometer requested by our Grass Lake correspondent. The "Aladdin oven," invented by the well-known writer on economic topics, Edward Atkinson, is, we believe, furnished with such an attachment, but we do not know its manufacturer, and so far as we can discover, there isn't an "Aladdin oven" in this city.

W. W. Dunham, of Mt. Clemens, wishes information relative to a crude oil burner for a cook-stove. The Economy Fuel Company of this city, manufactures such an affair. Of its merits we know nothing. The "generator," ready for use, costs \$25; and circulars can be obtained of Hodgson & Howard, 93 Woodward Avenue Detroit.

It is stated by an economical house-keeper that to knit coarse cotton thread with the woolen yarn into the heels of socks and stockings makes them more durable.

#### OUR SEWING MACHINES.

BYRON, Mich., Nov. 9th, 1891.

We received one of your "Michigan" sewing machines all right, and are very much pleased with it. We think it equal to any of the higher priced ones, and would say to any one in need of such to try one of them.

LUCY A. WELLMAN.

ORLEANS, Mich., Nov. 14th, 1891.

In response to the request of our Editor I wish to reassure the lady who is fearful of being cheated if she sends for one of the sewing machines advertised in the FARMER. I have been using the "Michigan" machine for over a year, and have proven it to be just what it is recommended to be, and advise her to go and do likewise and be satisfied, as I am, that she has got the ideal machine and the worth of her money.

MRS. ELLA HALL.

JASPER, Mich., Nov. 19th, 1891.

For the benefit of all who may want a machine I would say I have used a "Michigan" machine a year and a half in steady dressmaking and find it as represented in every way. My machine has not had the tensions changed since received, and I have used 30 thread and 90, also A and D silk, on fine goods and coarse, thick and thin. The ruffler is a grand success; have not tried any other of the attachments.

CHLOE WALKER.

CHADWICK, Mich., Nov. 23, 1891.

I saw Mrs. Mitchell's complaint about her sewing machine and will tell my story. I got a Low-Arm Singer machine of you about five years ago and have used it ever since. My neighbors have used it a good deal also. We all agree that it runs nicely and does good work. I have never spent one cent for repairs. The same machine (or about the same) sold here at that time for thirty dollars.

MRS. E. W. SHON.

We have received more testimonials in favor of the machines we furnish than we can publish; and thanking our readers for their ready responses, we hope all the doubting ones are reassured as to the excellence of the machine and the responsibility of the FARMER.

#### Contributed Recipes.

**BAKING POWDER.**—Seven and one fourth ounces of tartaric acid; eight ounces of soda; one pound of corn starch. Mix all together and sift four times. I have used this powder for three years and think it good.

**TO CORN BEEF.**—For 100 pounds of beef, three pails of water, or sufficient to cover the meat; four pounds of brown sugar, with as much salt as will dissolve. Boil and skim. Put in the meat and boil 30 minutes; take out and cool; pack and turn on the pickle, when cold. Treated in this way the juices do not escape from the meat, and the brine does not become bloody.

A. H. J.