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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A WOMAN'S DAY.

A hurry to the kitchen, a strife with pot and pan,
A tempting little breakfast set for a hungry man;
A row of fresh-washed dishes put back into their place,
A row of children sent to school, each with a shining face.
A whirl of sheets and pillows, of dustpans and of brooms,
A set of smooth and snowy beds and neatly-ordered rooms,
A rather rapid toilette, within the glass a peep,
A tiny housewife setting forth with market basket deep.
A little rest and reading, a noonday lunch to get,
A rush of school-free children—a hungry hugging set;
A trim and tasteful street dress, a little hat of brown,
A solemn "Shakespeare Circle," and a little jaunt down town.
A most delicious dinner, served up with love and fun;
A chat—a yawn—a pillow—and then her day is done.
—Margaret Gilman George in *Good Housekeeping*.

CHICAGO'S PARKS AND BOULEVARDS.

Chicago's parks and boulevards are widely famed for their beauty and extent, and merit all that is said in praise of them. Both are controlled and managed by the city, and a pretty penny they cost the tax-payers too, but there is not much "kicking" over the bills. The city plants trees along the streets made boulevards by the thousands every year, setting good large ones (they haven't time to wait for them to grow), and replanting when they die; and the city also cares for the lawn between sidewalk and street, keeping the grass cut and watered. Traffic wagons, peddlers and rag men are warned off the boulevards, and residents are spared the tin horn tooter and melancholy cry of "k'ling ud" and "a—puls," which, translated, means kindling wood and apples.

Now that Jackson Park is given over to the Columbian Exposition, Lincoln Park is the largest of the series which encircle the great prairie city. It is on the north side, and contains about 300 acres beautifully situated along the lake front. Its long, rolling, tree-crowned slopes are threaded with shady walks and drives. Here is the Zoological Garden, which we did not inspect save that we saw the elk and buffalo in pass-

ing. At the entrance to the park is a colossal bronze statue of Lincoln, behind him a chair, as if he had just risen and was about to address an audience. The likeness is admirable; no one needs to be told in whose memory it was erected. A magnificent equestrian statue of Gen. Grant occupies a commanding position on the lake front and it is said can be seen from vessels many miles out upon the lake; it seems to be so placed that it forms a part of every picturesque view, appearing among the tree-tops as you reach some gentle summit or sharply silhouetted against shining sky and water. The General sits on his horse as if reviewing an army; he wears the characteristic slouch hat, and the conception of both rider and horse is spirited and strong. At the intersection of the drives are placed other statues, one of De La Motte, another of Linne, the great Swedish naturalist, and one of a group of Indians, commemorative of the Ottawa Nation, who originally owned the lands around Lake Michigan and ceded them to the United States in 1833. Here is also an artificial lake, winding canals, ponds filled with aquatic plants, great greenhouses from which are drawn the supplies for the numberless beds of flowers, and the picturesque monument erected of the ruins of safes exhumed after the great fire of 1871, used as a fountain. There are several very pretty drinking fountains in the park, built of rockwork, and quite in harmony with their sylvan surroundings, and which are decidedly more ornamental than the ice-water tanks which grace (!) Belle Isle. Between the park and the water's edge, along the lake front, is the Lake Shore Drive, a broad road with a wide stone promenade next the water, guarded by a massive granite sea-wall; this drive it is proposed to extend many miles along the shore. The Sheridan Drive is a fine roadway leading to Fort Sheridan, 18 miles away, and opened, except for a few blocks, all the way. (Nothing in Chicago—save the height of her down town buildings—so surprised me as her miles and miles of asphalt paving and the magnificent concrete roads which lead out in every direction to her suburbs.) The promenade, as well as the shady nooks of the park, in pleasant weather are black with people and the drives thronged with handsome

equipages. On the shore is a pavilion, built where the sweet lake breeze sweeps it—the Lincoln Park Sanitarium for Sick Babies. It is supported by some of Chicago's wealthy and philanthropic ladies, and can accommodate six hundred little ones.

Union Park reminded me of our own Cass Park, being about the same size and similarly situated in the residence part of the city. Here were fountains and flowers, seats, and idle people enjoying the hazy October weather. Garfield Park and Douglas Park are separated by a narrow strip of boulevard, and both resemble Lincoln in methods of landscape gardening. The approach to Garfield is marked by a mound against whose smoothly shorn lawn lies a great American eagle done in alternantheras; above it, in letters perhaps three feet high, is the name of the park in floral lettering. In Douglas Park is a very large and well-filled greenhouse which contains many tropical plants and trees.

Drexel Boulevard is the prettiest of all, though Grand Boulevard, out Michigan avenue, is finest in its broad stretches of leaf-strewn lawns and smooth asphalt over which carriages roll as if upon a floor. The space between the drives in Drexel Boulevard is laid off in walks, which wind among the shrubbery and flower beds, with here and there a seat inviting the stroller to pause a moment. Though the frost had ripened the foliage so that the ground was strewn with drifts of leaves save where men had raked them up and carried them away, the flowers seemed to have suffered less, and what they had lost was atoned for by the brilliancy of the autumnal foliage.

Washington Park is most to be noticed for the elaboration and extent of its floral adornment. Grand Boulevard leads to it, and its drives wind past grassy slopes thick set with splendid willows, elms and other forest trees. In one portion is an oval mound of several acres extent, and here are some remarkable features in carpet bedding and floral designing. The height is crowned with large and showy plants, cannas, ricinas, dahlias and the like, while the sloping sides are laid out in floral patterns. A broad ribbon of various hues of geraniums winds about in graceful curves, enclosing the designs. At the approach to this section of the park,

the stump of a tree on which an owl is perched is done in echiveria, which was known to us in childhood as "old hen and chickens." Something quite novel and amusing are the two boatmen, each occupying a floral boat and rowing upon a floral canal; the figures are rather Esquimaux-ish in contour, but one doesn't need a diagram to seize the conception. On a pedestal stands a great globe representing the earth; the oceans are echiveria, the land the dark hued alternanthera. "The Gates Ajar" are wrought in echiveria and reached by an admirable bit of bedding representing a broad stairway down which a strip of carpet has been laid; the curving sides of the stairway are worked out in echiveria whose bluish-gray makes a not bad imitation of stone. Sol's Dial is a great needle of echiveria whose shadow points to figures on a quadrant and tells the time of day with sufficient accuracy provided one is not too hungry for his dinner. On a sunny slope lies the calendar; it marked October 1st, 1892, the day we were there; the date is changed daily. Then there are countless small designs, flags, shields, crosses, stars, anchors, crescents, butterflies, bow knots, intersecting circles and triangles, so that the eye roves from one to the other, vainly trying to decide their respective merits. Prettiest and most artistic of all were two graceful vases, four or five feet high, made of alternantheras, with their decoration in bands of echiveria, which ornamented the entrance to the greenhouse. The shape was perfect, even the handles being exactly modeled, and a gentle touch of frost had shaded them a faint rose. The building containing the electric light plant was completely hung with Virginia creeper which the frost had turned to flame.

In a little artificial lake near the greenhouses were a quantity of aquatic plants. The tall, showy leaves and rosy white bloom of the nelumbium formed a pretty background for the dark, glossy green and lavender of the water hyacinth; pink pond lilies neighbored the blue Nile lilies, and I also saw what I took to be the *Victoria regia* of South America from the appearance of its large circular leaves, lying flat upon the water like a lily pad, and having erect rims several inches high. It was not a very poetical thought, I fear, but it occurred to me what jolly old jelly cake tins they'd make for Brobdignagians. In the full flush of summer, all this wealth of beauty and perfume, of cool green glades and splashing fountains must seem like a glimpse of the Elysian Fields to those who are prisoned in close hot streets and blinded by the glare from hotter pavements; and I can well believe that the population of the city turns out, en masse, rich and poor, by carriage or on foot, for a few hours of such delight as these lovely parks afford.

BEATRIX.

REMINISCENCES

When in an uncertain mood and no available book or fresh periodical suits me I have a resource that never fails, and that is the back numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD*. It is just like a visit with old friends, for I had a newspaperial knowledge of some of the members even before the little paper had an existence. I have the copies since 1885, and those of each month are sewed together, making a convenient pamphlet of eight or ten leaves. I object to any papers that are bound in yearly volumes, as being too heavy for convenient handling. Now and then, in my journeyings, I meet with some contributor and then I like to go back through all these numbers, reading what she has written with renewed interest because of the brief acquaintance.

During all these years it would seem that every subject of importance to woman had been thoroughly discussed, yet the weekly interest never wanes. Contributors have come and gone, some writing but two or three letters and others for years, some dropping out for a time and then returning to their first love, few having remained faithful during all this time.

The articles by Beatrix have been the warp continuing through the whole web, so this is the connecting link—the master mind—holding all together and making a beautiful and symmetric design.

There has been much of sorrow, much of joy, some live discussions and a little jangling that was carefully nipped in the bud, so no harm came of the slight dissensions, while as a whole the intercourse has been most delightful; and in these regions round about some one very often mentions the little paper and always with words of commendation. It has made friends of strangers, for if one is interested or, better still, a contributor, they have a common interest in its columns. Right here is a thought that I often prove to my own satisfaction, at least, that those who claim to enjoy our little paper get but a portion of the sweetness of the meat if they only read it, for the real, double-distilled pleasure comes from joining the sisterhood; for, to indulge in the slang of the day, to be "in it" is to get the greatest good. Try it, readers, and prove my statement for yourselves.

Two weeks ago we received a card invitation to a correspondents' picnic as one of the number (about fifty) who write for one of the county papers. It was the eighth annual gathering of these contributors, and from a company of strangers they have grown to be warm personal friends. When the auspicious morn arrived it was all that could be desired, so Jim was attached to the phaeton and with our portion of the picnic dinner we started for the

drive of thirteen miles across the country. It was a delightful trip; every bunch of our favorite wild flower, the golden rod, was noticed and admired; asters of different shades gemmed the roadsides, while the maples, the background of all our landscapes, were just taking on their first faint tints of autumn colors.

The road led past the homes of many old friends, with the reminders of the life of other years, so there was much of reminiscence in our beholdings. On our arrival at the newspaper's office we found a goodly company under a large canopy spread for our enjoyment, the long tables laden with as toothsome edibles as ever satisfied the appetites of hungry scribblers. There was music and speeches, roll-call and social greetings, so the time sped rapidly, for our local editor is a most gracious lady who makes her guests feel cordially welcome.

There were more than a hundred present and we voted it a delightful day; but sitting there on the long verandah of their home, I thought of our "ownest own" paper—the *HOUSEHOLD*—with its corps of correspondents of talents superior to the average of papers; and I wished, with a great longing, that we might meet for a grand re-union sometime, with our Editor as hostess; what glad greetings there would be? I know we are so widely scattered that such a gathering would be impracticable and perhaps we would be disappointed, finding that "distance lends enchantment;" and some whose writings we have admired were not "what they seem." Some of our most lady-like contributors may be masculines or *vice versa* and the revelation might destroy our interest, so perhaps it is better to continue to "blush unseen."

If we could meet and have a repetition of our last evening at Bay View, it would be something to remember for a lifetime. Provided with well filled baskets a congenial party went down to the beach before the sun set and selected a desirable site for a beach supper, of the kind annually indulged in by those who planned the feast. By the influence of the surroundings we were children again, throwing shingle boats out among the white caps and watching their tossings with eager interest, skipping stones across the water, chasing the receding waves only to rush back with little screams of delight when a wave broke higher than we anticipated, and our sprightliest movements failed to save us from a slight wetting by the spray, throwing ourselves at length on the dry sand which we piled in heaps, even over our clothes, only to spring up and with a shake find ourselves as clean as before, for there is no hint of dirt about this well washed sand.

The gentlemen gathered drift-wood and made a small fire that soon burned

to glowing coals; the ladies spread the tablecloth over some old, old planks that may have been the wreck of a large boat and buffeted about by winds and waves until they were well worn and gleaming white as the sands could scour them, then tossed high and dry by the tide, so these were the table on which our good variety was spread. Each guest was provided with a long, slender, green stick and then the sport commenced. Ears of green corn were impaled on the slender saplings and, at the risk of our eyesight and complexions, we roasted them. True, some kernels were still raw and others scorched, but all pronounced them good, because of the novelty of the cooking. Then bananas took their turn on the improvised spit, with marsh-mallows for toasted sweetmeats, and with these there were all manner of victuals and drinks applicable to the occasion. Then with much labor and painstaking we built, over these embers, a stack of driftwood and refuse, old boxes and sections of discarded sidewalk "as big as a barn" and awaited results; but we had not long to wait before the crackling flames leaped high and higher and the heat drove us back from our immense bonfire, where we could admire the grand spectacle. The whole bay was lighted, and ere long answering fires were seen shooting up from Broad Beach and from Wequetonsing; the pier of Bay View was well filled with on-lookers, while on the terraces above us people were moving about among the trees attracted by the unusual light. It was a supper that no one of the participants will ever forget.

EL. SEE.

A VISIT TO MISS LIBERTY.

Out in New York harbor, standing on a small island, and bearing in one up-lifted hand the torch which is commonly supposed to enlighten the world, is the famous Statue of Liberty. Day and night she stands in her solitary grandeur, seemingly the last to bid adieu to outgoing vessels, and the first to welcome incoming ones.

I had seen her from the Sound steamers, from Brooklyn Bridge and from Greenwood; but when the edict went forth that I should leave New York and come west again, I decided that I must first have a personal interview with Miss Liberty. I had been told that the view from the head of the statue would fully repay the trouble of obtaining it. Consequently I persuaded a friend to accompany me, and one warm afternoon early in August, we sallied forth.

We took the Sixth Avenue L. down to the Battery, from which point a little steamer makes hourly trips to the Statue. We didn't fully realize how warm the day was, until we stood upon the floating pier waiting for this steamer to land.

Near this pier, on Battery Point, is Castle Garden, which was used for so many years as a place of landing for immigrants. For some time now they have been landed on Ellis Island, and I understand that Castle Garden is to be converted into a huge aquarium.

Once aboard the steamer and fairly started, we had the benefit of a little breeze, and were quite comfortable. On our left, we saw the yawning mouths of cannon pointing at us from the port holes of a fort; but having clear consciences we were not dismayed by them.

When we reached Bedloe's Island, which is the home of Miss Liberty, we found that it too, was protected by big guns, and that sentinels were pacing back and forth.

We had been shut up in the city so long and had become so accustomed to bricks and mortar that the beautiful green of the grass and the refreshing shade of the trees were a delightful revelation. One needs to miss country sights occasionally, in order to fully appreciate them.

Up the board walk, past the tent of a tin-type artist who stopped us that he might show specimens of his handiwork, and past a fruit stand, we entered the pedestal and began the ascent. While we remained in the pedestal it was not so bad, there being occasional openings through which we could pass out upon a balcony and rest.

But when we reached Miss Liberty's skirts, then came the tug of war! Here we found two spiral staircases, one for ascent, the other for descent. Only a certain number of people were allowed to go up at one time, a man standing on guard at the foot of the stairway.

It seemed that the full quota had gone up, and we must wait for some to come down. Soon they began to come, and such a warm-looking crowd! A good, motherly-looking woman, wiping the streaming perspiration from her face, said: "You may go up if you like, but you'll be sorry!"

Nothing daunted by the warning, we pushed on, and on, and on. There seemed no end to the stairs, and in places it was pitchy dark, although the interior of the statue is supposed to be illuminated by incandescent lights placed a short distance apart. The staircase was just wide enough for one person, and wound round and round like the red stripes on a stick of candy.

All things have an end, and consequently we finally found ourselves where Miss Liberty's cranium would be if she had one. It is well for her that she doesn't possess such a thing, for it would certainly be turned by the amount of attention she receives.

Then we all hurried to the windows which extend around the head; looked at the bustling, mighty city on the one side, and the calm, placid ocean on the other; filled our lungs with ozone; and then wondered how we'd ever get down.

We found it easier than coming up, however, and were thankful indeed when we were once more on *terra firma*.

As every one is supposed to know, this statue was the gift of the Republic of France to the Republic of the United States, and was designed and executed by the French artist Bartholdi. It is made of copper plates, so tempered and arranged as to be the least affected by climatic and atmospheric changes. The imposing pedestal is of granite.

Visitors to the statue were formerly admitted to the torch, which is at a greater altitude than the head. I am told that a few months ago a New York couple of romantic tendencies was married inside the arm of the statue. As the arm at the elbow is twelve feet in diameter, there was certainly room enough to perform the marriage ceremony. The taste of the contracting parties might be questioned.

In walking around the statue, I noticed that one side of her drapery is covered with a greenish stain, looking—to an imaginative mind—as if she'd spilled a cup of some liquid over her dress.

There was a Sunday-school picnic from somewhere in Jersey "doing" the statue that afternoon, and on our return trip we received the benefit of sundry and divers remarks. Said one young fellow to another:

"I wouldn't take that climb again for ten dollars; would you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "I'd make the round trip for fifty cents."

"About how many times do you think you could make it in a day?" asked the first.

"About twenty times, I guess," was the answer.

A young lady, who was afflicted with punsteria, remarked: "She must get so tired standing up there all the time, that I should think she'd want her *bed low*."

For my part, I'm glad that I went, and equally glad that there can be no necessity for my going a second time.

CHICAGO.

MARTHA E. DIMON.

AUNT KATY, of Orlonville, says: "I am a farmer's wife and have to work very hard, but would not mind that if I could only work enough to please my husband, but I know that I can't do that. It seems to me I would give a good deal if my husband was only suited with what I have done or what I do now. I think there are many more such men in this wide world. I suppose all men have their good streaks and bad streaks; sometimes they have more bad streaks than good ones. Mrs. Germain, of Owosso, wanted to know if any of the readers had tried patent ear drums. I have some and they have been a great benefit to me. Before I had them I could not understand the sermon when I went to church, but now I can hear almost every word the minister says. Mine are made by John Garmore."

HALLOWEEN.

On Halloween night, the 31st of October, as we all very well know, the inhabitants of that curious and interesting country known as Fairyland, and who are called Fairies, are particularly amiable and well disposed toward humanity. The work of the fairies, whether pleasant or mischievous, is too well known, especially by the children, to need recounting here. The good fairies, of course, string dewdrops on blades of grass as necklaces for their fairy queen, put jewels into the hearts of the flowers, powder the cheeks of the rosy apples and the plump purple jackets of the grapes swinging under vine-leaf tents. They blow the morning-glory's trumpets in their midnight processions—don't you remember you always find the blossoms wide blown in the early morning?—and if you look with sharp eyes you can find the faint prints of fairy slippers in rings round witch-hazel bushes very soon after sunrise, the only trace left of their revels, unless indeed you chance upon their banquet tables strewn with roseleaves, beneath a bush. The good fairies get into our hearts and make us do nice, kind things for other people; the bad ones tie tangles in the long grass to trip up unheeding feet, shake the apple trees over night so that the pigs devour the ripest and fairest fruit, and tempt children to do lots of naughty and mischievous acts.

But on Halloween night all the fairies are disposed to help people, and especially to aid them to look into futurity and find out what is going to happen "some o' these days." They are especially interested in mating and matching the young folks; and all the charms and spells you try on Halloween night are sure to "come true," because the fairies take a hand in the games. They make the wrong nut jump away and the right one roast peacefully in the glowing coats; they will stealthily guide your hand to the stalk of corn you are to pull, or mischievously whisk away the apple you are "bobbing" for and put the one you didn't want in its place; but whatever they do is all well and rightly done.

And so, if you want fairy aid you must give a Halloween party. Ask in all your young friends, just as in the days of jolly Bobbie Burns,

"Some merry, friendly countra folks
Together did convene
To burn the nuts and pu' the stock
And hand their Halloween.
Full blythe that night."

"The lassie, feat an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal an' warm an' kin';
The lads sae treg, wi' wooer-babs
Weel knotted on their gartan,
Some nunc blate, an' some wi' gabs
Gar lassies' hearts gang startan'
Whiles fast that night."

Provide a good fire, some hickory-nuts or chestnuts—the latter are best—some apples, a tub of water in the kitchen, and a candle; and if you want to try an outdoor incantation, an easy

path to the cornfield. Then you will amuse your guests by trying charms. You will name nuts for John and Jennie, and augur the future from their behavior; if they scorch peacefully side by side they will (possibly) endure the fires of matrimony with equal complacency. But if the nut named Jennie scornfully bounces away, John, if he is faint-hearted, may take it as an indication that he "isn't in it."

"Some kindle, counthie, side by side,
An' burn together trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride
An' jump out-owre the chimlie."

You may name three nice apples for three nicer girls, throw them into the tub of water, and be convulsed with laughter at Dick's futile attempts to catch the one he wants in his teeth. Or if Dick doesn't indicate a preference, the fairies will preside over his choice and decide which one he is to have. Dick's face will get a wetting, but that's only the fun. Or Dick may learn whether his bride-to-be is short or tall, young or old, rich or poor, by the same oracle, by naming the apples and seeing which he captures. Mary will take the lighted candle to eat an apple before the looking-glass in the ghostly chill and darkness of a room far removed from the gay party. She must go "all by her lonesome," and the face of her "true love that is to be" will peep over her shoulder. She must hold the candle as she eats. And if anybody steals slyly after her and makes the charm come true, why, that's the fairies' work again.

And a merry party, with blindfolded eyes, may seek the cornfield and each must pull the first stalk the hand touches. According as it is long or short, straight or crooked, will be the future partner; and the earth that clings to the roots is typical of the fortune, and the taste of the pith of the temper. And the tassels of the corn are to be placed over the door, and the christian names of those whom chance (or the fairies, I mean of course) brings under them are, according to priority of placing and passing under, the names in question.

A Halloween party, all the young people say, is "lots of fun."

BEATRIX.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The turning of the leaves brings to mind the fact a whole year has elapsed since my last letter to the HOUSEHOLD. Now I come to welcome "Frank's Wife." I too have had many failures since I began housekeeping, all due to a lack of knowledge of the business. But we always profit by our failures, do we not? I have resolved, at a later day, to make a confession for the benefit of young housekeepers, but ah! not now, my valor deserts me.

I think the details of any occupation are unpleasant, and those of housekeeping especially irksome, but the results are what we labor for; though not always

satisfactory in this instance, yet they instill within us a desire to "try, try again." Verily, experience is our best teacher. One will be a surprise to one's self. How true, "We never know what we can do till we try."

By the way, we have a new article of furniture in our house, something similar to Katy Lee's basket. It might be described as

"Long and deep and low,
And swings gently to and fro."

How precious the little form that slumbers therein, no one knows but a mother. A new responsibility! Ah, yes, an added care, but a greater comfort.

"Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand:
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land;
Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms.
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?
Ah! who may read the future for our darling?
We crave all blessings sweet
And pray that He, who feeds the crying ravens,
Will guide the baby's feet."

EAGLE.

ADA.

Contributed Recipes.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Wash nice fair crabs; do not cut them. Put them in a large pan, cover with cold water, cook soft, strain twice through a flannel bag, put an equal quantity of sugar with the juice and let boil. Drop three or four drops of vanilla in each glass and fill with the jelly.

CANNED GRAPES.—Fill the cans with fresh grapes just picked from the bunches, shaking them well together. Make a syrup of equal quantities (or nearly so) of sugar and water, let it boil, then fill up the cans with it, filling them full and screwing on the cover tightly. These are very nice.

AVON, N. Y.

LUCILLE.

COOKIES.—Four eggs; one cup of sugar; two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; half cup of shortening, any seasoning desired, and flour.

FRANK'S WIFE.

GRINDSTONE CITY.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVES.—The tomatoes should be small, but if large ones are used cut them in square pieces, and if small should be pricked with a fork. To ten pounds of tomatoes take eight pounds of sugar. In the bottom of the preserving kettle put a little water, then tomatoes and sugar alternately; cook slowly until the tomatoes are well done, then skim out and boil the juice well for half an hour; put back the tomatoes and boil again for fifteen minutes or longer. They are very rich and very nice with lemon in, and very nice without. If lemon is used it should not be added until cold, for heating lemon in preserves destroys the good flavor it has when not heated.

MAPLE RAPIDS.

ARN'S WIFE.

BREAD.—Pare and boil four or five potatoes and mash them in the water in which they were cooked. With the boiling potato water scald one cup of flour, one half cup sugar and half cup of salt. Put into a milk pan and fill up with cold water; when lukewarm stir in one yeast cake you have previously soaked in a little hot water. Make this at night and it will be light in the morning. This is both yeast and wetting. Stir stiff with flour, let rise, mould into loaves and when risen sufficiently bake it and you will have nice bread.

ORTONVILLE.

AUNT KATY.