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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

TO WIN LOVE.

Love is not free to take, like sun and air;
Nor given away for naught to any one,
It is no common right for men to share—
Like all things precious it is sought and won.

So if another is more loved than you
Say not, "It is unjust," but say, "If she
Has earned more love than I it is her due,
When I deserve more it will come to me."

But if your longing be for love indeed
I'll teach you how to win it—a sure way,
Love and be *Lovely*, that is all you need,
And what you wish for will be yours some day.
—Susan Coolidge.

What silence we keep, year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear;
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace or common speech.
—Nora Perry.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A case for veils is easy to make and a gift which the dainty, orderly girl will appreciate for these filmy, floating scraps of gossamer tissue are apt to be "matter out of place" when wanted. Take two squares of cardboard, cover one side of each with silk, satin or any material you prefer—China silk is daintiest—first laying a thickness of wadding between the silk and the cardboard. Cover the other side with thin lining silk, and tie the two parts together in book shape.

A pillow scarf, which fashionably replaces the old style pillow shams, will require two yards of muslin or linen. Cut to fit the width of the pillows, after allowing for a two inch hem all round. Hemstitch, and it is nice without other ornamentation.

A dainty bureau spread is of fine white nainsook, the hems feather-stitched with filo-floss. Then draw at irregular intervals upon it the outline of any flower you prefer—wild roses to be worked in rose pink or yellow; pansies in purple; nasturtiums in orange and yellow, or ivy leaves in green—and outline with the filo floss. By taking each stitch half or three-quarters back on the length of the stitch just taken, an outline, Kensington or stem stitch, as it is variedly called, may be made quite heavy and to resemble satin stitch, thus enabling the embroiderer to shade her work. When finished, edge with lace, and line with white drilling or ordinary bleached sheeting. Or you may tack a piece of sheet wadding cut to fit

to it. Such a cover is also pretty and more serviceable if made of butcher's linen, omitting the lace and hem-stitching the edges.

A lucky pillow for some fortunate recipient will be a down cushion covered with pale green silk. On this applique a four-leaved clover cut from darker green velvet, couching the edges under a silver cord. The pillow may be finished with a heavy silver cord having three loops at each corner or with a doubled ruffle of the pale green silk.

Celluloid photograph frames may be made in a great variety of ways. One way is to cut the celluloid to the desired size, and in the center cut out an oval for the picture. Notch the edges irregularly and outline with gold paint or some preferred color in oils. Paint a spray of flowers on the lower left hand corner, or they are very pretty unornamented. Another way: Cut the celluloid a little larger than a pasteboard back the size of the picture. Find the center of the celluloid parallelogram, and from it cut diagonal lines to where you want the inner corners of the frame. Fold the angles thus made back on the frame, securing them under tiny bows of No. 1 ribbon. On the outer edge of the frame fold over enough of the celluloid to make the edges. These can be made up in watercolor paper, which is cheaper.

A convenience for one who travels much is a thread and needle case. Make it about three inches long, of grey linen, and like a shawl strap case in miniature. Bind the edges with silk braid, sew in the circular end pieces over and over and cover with feather stitching, also follow the bound edges with feather stitching. This will hold a spool of thread, a thimble, a pair of tiny scissors and a few buttons.

An "emergency case" is of grey linen and somewhat smaller than a brush and comb case. It contains, fitted in holdings of broad silk elastic stitched down at intervals, half ounce bottles of camphor, witch hazel, cologne, ammonia, ginger and glycerine, the labels showing between the elastic straps. A pad of sheet wadding lies over the bottles, and the ends of the case fold over and tie in a roll.

A book-cover, to slip over the cover of a magazine or a paper-bound novel, is

best made of heavy brown or ecru linen, though other materials, silk, velvet, or chamois, are sometimes used. To make one, cut first an exact pattern of the cover of your book. With this cut the linen one, folding and pressing but not sewing a half inch hem. Two four inch pockets are turned up at the ends and overcast with heavy embroidery silk at top and bottom where the edges meet. On the cover embroider or paint any pleasing design, the name of the magazine the cover is meant to guard, etc. A scroll may be formed of narrow blue or green ribbon, its edges couched with fine gold cord, the name lettered in white. A spray of partridge vine, or of holly, worked in natural colors, may further ornament the cover. Or if you think the scroll too much labor, a piece of ribbon long enough to extend across the cover at the top may be used, and the name embroidered upon it. If you can paint, the glazed linen surface offers a tempting surface. If embroidery is employed it must be pressed smoothly before the two white cardboard covers used for stiffening are slipped inside. Covers for a paper bound book so good you wish to preserve it may be made in the same way. The twenty volumes of the paper bound Cyclopædia Britannica which the FARMER advertises could be covered somewhat after this fashion, and thus made more durable and sightly. Paste the pasteboard interlining to the paper cover of the volume, adjusting so as not to interfere with opening the book. Press under a weight till dry. Over this slip the linen cover, cutting a place to show the lettering on the back of each volume, or leaving it entire and lettering it yourself; secure the cover in place with stitches from one edge to the other edge.

A useful and pretty gift is a table cover or lamp mat of chamois. For the little stand or table get a chamois large enough to cover it, except for a margin of an inch or two. You may decorate this variously. If you can paint it is easy. Around the border arrange a row of pansies, daisies (the yellow petal-ed ones known as Black-eyed Susans are prettiest), chrysanthemums, or ivy, or maple leaves, allowing them to touch each other; cut out the edges, and paint in proper colors, using gold paint to outline the forms. Ivy leaves in two

shades of green with the gold, or maple leaves in autumnal colors combined with the liberal use of the gold paint, make handsome borders. If you cannot paint, you may buttonhole the scalloped edge of the cover, and powder it with small Dresden designs in embroidery. The lamp mat will be made on the same plan.

Remember that the beauty and the acceptability of a gift you make yourself depends as much upon the neatness and taste with which it is made as upon its design. Make your own presents when possible, but do not offer botched or slovenly work.

JUDGE NOT.

Beatrix is again asking for more letters and more contributors; and for us readers who are deriving so much benefit and also pleasure from the *HOUSEHOLD* not to respond to her call would, I think, be a downright shame.

Since I last contributed my little mite I, too, have passed through the same ordeal as Little Nan, and when in our *HOUSEHOLD* we find members judging others an event which occurred during that time is recalled to my mind, which should be an example to us who are so apt to take upon ourselves the duty of the One who commanded us to "judge not."

One day during my brother's sickness a young man who, when we were all children at home, had made his home with us and whom we had not seen for several months, came in. He spoke to all of us except the sick one. He stayed only a few moments, then went to the barn where father was. I, of course, being one of the many who jump at conclusions, was very indignant at his actions, but was so in hopes that my brother had not noticed it. But who are more on the alert than the sick to watch every movement, note every action of those around them. No sooner had the door closed behind the young man when brother said: "I wonder what I have done that he did not speak to me?" and I could see that it worried him for he spoke of it several times, so said I, "I should not think any more of it for he is not worth worrying over." Even if he had any ill will toward him when he was well I thought one a poor excuse for a man who should retain that feeling when he was so sick. Mother had not noticed it so went to the barn at once to see if we had not been mistaken. He said: "Do you know when I opened the door and saw him lying there so changed from what I had last seen him I was so surprised that I could not speak; if I had I should have burst out crying." The idea that this great stalwart fellow could not speak without crying had never entered my mind. I had judged too hastily, and so I think that when we are judging our husbands, mothers-in-law and others, if we just knew the whole truth of the

matter in nine cases out of ten we would find they were just as well prepared to don the wings as we who have no faults.

I with L sympathize with the mothers-in-law. I was married in January and could not go to housekeeping till April so I thought surely we could get along for that short time, but soon found that no house is large enough for two families, so before any real trouble began I made my retreat back to my own home. Not that she was entirely to blame. O, no! But her ways were so different. And being in her house I should have made my ways like hers, at least so long as I shared her hospitality. It is seldom that the mother and the son's wife agree, and when we do see them living together, as we often do, for months and perhaps years we think it marvellous. But do not blame the mothers-in-law for they have much to contend with.

CARITA.

IN REVIEW.

Now that election has been accomplished by the aid of the political press and "stumpers;" and those other momentous questions as to who shall wear the trowsers, who shall carry the purse, or shall there be two purses in each family having been determined and adjusted by the aid of the *HOUSEHOLD*'S able and alert correspondents, we have an opportunity to take breath, look over the situation, sum up the arguments, and see "where we are at."

I'm coming more and more to realize that "times aint as they used to was, and we can't do as we used to could" for I remember the time when the "head of the family" was the head, and not regarded as the caudal appendage and "stumpy" at that—yes, I can't help pining for the good old days when the "man of the house" could spend a quiet evening with his mug of cider, his pipe, and a restful snooze, but now it's books, newspapers, conversation, letter-writing, etc., and the cider is turned into vinegar, and a man's enjoyment of an evening is twisted all out of shape.

I can remember when mother spent her winter evenings dipping candles, knitting stockings, darning socks (and there was a darned lot of them, I can tell you) and in putting sundry patches on the family garments, and I remember how comfortable and glad I felt—in my boyhood's days—to sit on one of mother's ample patches; and although those patches have long since departed, yet the memory of them still hovers around me, like the halo of departed glory. But now, how different and changed! The "wimmen folks" make tatting and fancy gew-gaws—attend societies—read the newspapers and even discuss politics, and I'm led to exclaim, What are we coming to? Why if we keep on, I presume we may, in time, be as bad off as England, having free trade and a woman to boss us. And do you wonder

that I sigh for those good days when homespun clothes, contentment, and johnny cake made life for me a joy?

Now that winter's coming on, I want to ask the *HOUSEHOLDERS* to help settle a question that is a cause of great anxiety and some suffering in many families. It is just this: Who, or which, ought to get up and build the fires these cold winter mornings? I'm willing to build them half of the time—I'm willing to build them in the summer, if wife will build them in the winter, or she may build them in the winter, and I'll build them in the summer—you see I want to be *manly* about this matter. And now, dear *HOUSEHOLDERS*, help to settle this question, which is just now agitating so many homes, and you will greatly oblige

THEOPOLUS.

JUST A LETTER.

So our Busy Bee is perfectly contented with her home and her life in it! I wish I could feel as she does.

I once thought I could be happy and contented anywhere with my husband, but am sorry to say that because of some flaw in our natures things seem different now—just a little.

I am, however, thankful that I have so good a home for my little ones, who think "papa" one of the best "papas" in the world; and were my health as good as it used to be perhaps I would feel quite different.

When I think of the poor in our cities, who are objects of charity this Thanksgiving, and of the inmates of our poor-houses, I am exceedingly thankful that "none of mine" are or ever have been, one of them, and how any one can allow an old father or mother to become an inmate of an almshouse is past my comprehension.

I would share my last crust with a relative of mine, and—yes—I believe I would beg for them till I could earn something to provide for them, if they were reduced to such a state of inability that they could not work.

I have in mind a man who owned a large, well stocked farm, with money loaned at a high rate of interest, who let his poor old mother become a county charge; and his neighbors, among whom she had lived and been esteemed, took her out of the almshouse, and by allowing her to mend, knit and help them in other ways as she was able (she going from house to house as she was needed) earned her heart-felt gratitude, and I verily believe the blessing of God, by their kindness and friendly support for some years.

Such cases are only too common, for often we read of some heartless man or woman who by promises they never intend to fulfill, induce an aged parent to sign away his property and having got it into their hands, leave the "old man" to live where he can or go to the "county house." Oh, such heartlessness!

I think there should be a law compell-

ing people to proved for their parents unless it can be proved that they are really unable to maintain them in comfort.

Daffodilly, I'm with you, but will refrain from writing anything to stir up strife between our members again, as we can not all think alike on the pocket book question any more than upon women's grievances on other domestic questions, because of the dissimilarity of cases, minds and situations.

That there are men who allow their wives to use their earnings too liberally I have not a doubt, for I have seen such, but there are few farmers of my acquaintance who do not "pinch a dollar till the eagle screams" before they will hand it over to their wives to spend.

Maybelle, where art thou? Are you disgusted with the "jangling voices" too? I can send you another bundle of Sabbath School papers if you desire them.

HONEY BEE.

MONEY AND READING MATTER.

"John's Wife" talks about three pocket-books in a family. I dwell in the midst of five, keep an overseeing eye on the contents of all, and often grow discouraged at the discrepancy between the supply and demand in one in particular. From the grimy, flappy, flat and big wallet which acts as fountain head down to the small affair of the small boy, each one is the sole property of its owner and nothing more positive than a little advice now and then regarding investments is offered by those in authority. The brief pleasure of taffy compared to that of marbles or skates, the wasted tablet and lost pencil; the relative effect of spending, keeping and earning, are all made to "point a moral," which the rise and fall of personal property is expected to impress upon the youthful mind. When any enterprise comes up at school, or one of those rare calls for charity is made, they need not wait to come home and ask permission, but are as independent as either parent would be; and when the "milk money" has been divided, and the little eight year old says, "I gave five cents, mother, and I would have given ten if the old cow hadn't been going away so soon," We feel that we are on the right road. They are learning to think and spend prudently. I wonder that any woman who has ever felt the humiliation of asking for money, or that of being told how to spend it, should make her child pass under the same shadow.

Let me drop the five purses, and take up the five sets of reading matter which spread themselves over the sitting-room table and give it the appearance of being in a state of chronic convulsion. "You make me think of a family in Kansas," said a not over flattering neighbor one day, "every one of them had a magazine or paper, and they lived on johnny cake half the year to pay for it!" What of it! Hadn't they a right

to say whether mind or body should forego luxury? Where he sneered, I commended. He knew only of physical hunger, my childhood and early girlhood seem now like one long mental starvation, when every scrap of printed matter as large as my hand was picked up on the street or anywhere, when "Dick Turpin," "Sixteen String Jack," yellow covered and dime novels, "The Horse and His Diseases," "Chase's Recipe Book," Patent Office Reports; and every thing I could get—except the "Book of Martyrs"—were eagerly read; not because I liked them, but only to still that awful hunger. I used to picture Heaven as full of books; and who can wonder that my home contains more of books than of anything else, but that the kind I liked best then I like no more.

Babyland was a constant visitor for nine years and dropped with much regret when outgrown. Many mothers make the mistake of waiting for a child to be old enough to read before subscribing for any juvenile magazine. A baby in its third year will enjoy *Babyland's* pictures and musical jingles and soon show such pretty joy over the book which comes from the post-office as its very own, to be opened and cut by the chubby fingers; that more than once through the year, the fond and admiring parent will say, "Well, that is well worth fifty cents!" The best of artists and authors are among its contributors, and really, no common pen or pencil could so completely fit the small mind.

Next in my acquaintance comes *Our Little Ones and the Nursery* at \$1.50, I think; and *Our Little Men and Women* at \$1. per year. Those suit readers from six or seven to ten years of age; then follow the well known *Youth's Companion*, and *Harper's Young People*, very much alike in make-up and price; ranging from \$2 as single subscription to \$1.75 in clubs. The extra heavy paper used and the shape of the first make it liable to be folded across the sheet, when it always breaks. When either of these are taken it is a good plan to bind them about every two months, using a fold of something strong (ticking is good) down each side of the back to fasten the strong double twine into so that it will not cut through the paper. In corresponding magazines, we have *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*, either of which is not only so very good but at the same time so young and so old that once known and beloved it can never be outgrown; child, parents, and grandparent all find delight in its pages. Some mothers think their children need no current reading because they have a supply of story-books, but there is an indescribable charm about the regular visitor. "I am sure of one thing good to-morrow" comes often with my good night kiss, "my paper, you know," and I think that, while there is much difference in the natural bent, there are but few children who, furnished with

reading to fit them and properly encouraged, would not develop a taste for it. When we think of the life-long, never failing pleasure, aside from any profit, gained by such a taste, who could refuse to encourage it—even if we do have to "eat johnny cake" to make up? The first number of any of these publications makes a nice Christmas present—one that lasts a whole year, and more.

When I come to the magazines of larger growth, I am very fond of so many that it is hard to discriminate and if my purse was sufficient unto them all, I should never try. *Scribner's*, *The Century*, and *Harper's* are very much alike, but to me the last wears the look of an old and dear friend. To read and remember the matter in either through the passing years would give a liberal education. *Scribner's* is offered at \$3, the other two at \$4, but can be obtained for nearly a dollar less in clubbing lists. I get our post-master to send for me.

If, instead of recreation for the mind, one wishes to dig and delve, there are such magazines as *The Forum*, *The Eclectic*, *North American Review* and *Popular Science Monthly*. The last is a late acquaintance, and well liked. One wishing to keep posted in the world of action and literature with the least possible effort and time, will find effective helps in *Current History* and *Current Literature*—both publications comparatively new. I can not close without an earnest protest against cheap current matter. The best of authors now appear in cheap book form, but that paper or magazine offered at 25 cents with a lot of chromos you never frame—may serve to pass away time, but it must lower the taste, may affect the morals, and certainly can never do any good.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

We have said, again and again, that it is impossible to publish letters written on both sides of the paper. There must be a good deal of wit and originality in a letter to induce a busy editor to take time to copy it. Paper is much less valuable than time in these days. "Little Nuisance" and "Hackmetack" will therefore understand why their letters go into the w. b. instead of the HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD *Housekeeping* for December is a Christmas number, and the opening paper, which will be found one of the most valuable in the issue, is from the pen of Miss Parloa, under the title of "Pretty Things for the Holiday Table." The frontispiece is a scene entitled "Popping Corn," with poetical setting; while the special papers, both those adapted to the season and such as pertain to the general welfare of the home, combine to make a number of marked excellence. This admirable magazine, "in the interests of the higher life of the household in the homes of the world," is published at \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months, and no more acceptable gift than a subscription can given to any housewife. Clark W. Bryan Company, publishers, Springfield, Mass.

PUT THE PRICE DOWN.

Not one of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD passed over, or skimmed thoughtlessly Ella Rockwood's article on the Keeley Institute at Ypsilanti. Perhaps not one reader but laid the paper down with a sigh, for there was some dear Tom, Dick or Harry in her own family, or a near relative, that ought to have this gold cure and that right speedily. It is a "gold cure" sure enough, and goes with the "softest and richest of carpets," rich draperies and "elegant furniture" that adorn this Institute. But, alas! just about one in five hundred who are drunkards, even if helped along by their richer comrades can be "cured," if it is a cure! Mr. Keeley ought to read the statistics on this question. In Detroit alone three are over one thousand saloons; and the workingmen of this country spent \$1,280,000,000 for drink last year. By total abstinence, with this sum these workingmen could own every mill and factory in the country, and in six years buy up every railroad in the United States. But this vast sum, worse than misspent, keeps them continually just above the poverty line, and the six saloons in every block making money right along. We shall all be convinced of Mr. Keeley's sincerity and sympathetic interest in his fallen brothers when he stops charging twenty-five dollars a week just for treatment, and is willing to open an office next door to every saloon and charge three cents, the price of a glass of beer, for every injection of the gold cure. I go further: If the taxpayers of every large city could be convinced that it was a genuine cure for drunkenness, they would save money on their city taxes to have a dozen free hospitals in every large town, and compel the afflicted ones to submit to treatment.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

A PICTURE.

It was a Sunday evening in November: cold, blustering, wind due east and laden with that dampness which chills the very marrow of one's bones. The sound of the bells came in fitful gusts, now soft, now loud; the church windows blazed with light, and crowds of well-dressed, prosperous looking people were ascending the steps. Nonchalantly leaning against an electric wire post, commanding a view of the opening doors, stood a tramp, shabby as to attire, unshaven, probably hungry. Upon the steps, jostled by the unheeding crowd, were two little girls, ragged, dirty, regular little "Micks," but clasping each other as they listened to the great waves of music that rolled out, diapasons that jarred the air like thunder tones, clear pealing symphonies that lifted the soul like white wings, the grand voluntary evoked by the organist's skillful fingers. Still the people thronged in, then they

grew fewer and fewer; the organ was hushed, the sexton came and closed the great outer doors, leaving outside the ragged, shivering children, the homeless wanderer. Had anybody asked them to enter? Indeed not. What, those unkempt waifs, that vagabond of the streets, asked to sit in those cushioned pews, among the city's aristocracy! Let them go to the Gospel Mission, to the saloon, to the devil! but not intrude their uninteresting personality, their undisguised, prosaic poverty, upon the eyes and noses of those whose portion is the roses and lilies of life. It would have been easier for any owner of a section (called a pew) in that house ostensibly known as the dwelling of the Lord Almighty, to have given a thousand dollars to charity than for him or her to have taken one of these outcasts by the hand and led him to a place at his side. "What would people think!" "What would 'they' say?"

BEATRIX.

A KITCHEN TALK.

One of the most disagreeable tasks of the year comes at "killing time," when the pork and beef are to be packed, sausage made, and everything seems specially greased for the occasion. But there is this comfort about it; you know, when your warfare is accomplished, that there is no cotton-seed oil in your lard and no dog in your sausage.

I have learned a thing or two which seems to make the work of rendering lard a trifle more easy, and as we ought all to write up our easy ways, if nothing else, for the HOUSEHOLD, I am going to tell about it.

When the leaf lard is brought in, cut it up into pieces not more than half an inch square, removing all the "strings," skin and blood vessels, then if you are lucky enough to have an Enterprise meat chopper, put it through that to grind it down fine. Soak the fat from the intestines over night in cold water to which you have added a handful of salt, and treat it as you have the leaf lard, keeping it separate; be careful to remove every one of the dark "kernels" in the fat, for these make it strong and sometimes give it a bitter taste. The trimmings of the hams and sides which are to be rendered need not be so carefully looked over before going into the chopper. With a mild heat melt the chopped fat, stirring it often; it will melt at a temperature of from 110 to 120 degrees. When it is melted to the consistency of thin gruel, scatter salt over the surface to carry down the scraps, and when they have settled, dip the clear fat into another kettle and heat it to 180 degrees and you will have lard that is white and firm and which will not keep you awake nights wondering whether it will keep or not. By having the fat ground fine the length of time required to cook it is much reduced, shortening an unpleasant work by several hours.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AN exchange says dull and dusty jet can be restored by rubbing with a flannel cloth wet with alcohol slightly diluted with water.

ANGORA furs, such as are worn by children, and also their little hoods of Angora wool, can be cleaned by the use of heated flour. Heat the flour till it is so hot you can hardly bear your hands in it, stirring it so it will not scorch then rub well into the fur or the hoods while still hot. When cool, hang the articles on the line in the wind or whip well with a rattan.

THE white fur rugs—goat skins—may be cleaned with naphtha. Wet a portion with the naphtha, and rub with a cloth until clean. If you prefer to wash, use tepid water, four gallons, and half a pint of household ammonia, soaking the rug in it half an hour. Rinse, and hang out to dry. The skin will be stiff after this treatment and will need considerable rubbing between the hands to soften it. These goatskin rugs, unlined, can be bought from \$2.75 upward.

Contributed Recipes.

A GOOD DINNER FOR A COLD DAY.—Three sliers of pork cut in dice and browned in the bottom of a large kettle. Sixteen good sized potatoes sliced and drained. Pour enough boiling water on the pork to nearly cover the potatoes, let come to a boil, put in the potatoes. Have ready one heaping cup flour into which has been sifted one teaspoonful baking powder, and wet with milk and cream into a rather stiff dough. Divide into ten parts and lay on the potatoes. Cover with a close cover and boil twenty minutes. '89.

FARMERS' MINCEMEAT.—Take the hearts and tongues of two hogs, clean thoroughly, boil until very tender. When done allow them to cool, then chop very fine. Chop enough sour apples to amount to twice the bulk of minced meat. Mix; add two cups molasses, (two cups brown sugar) one quart of cider if to be had—two teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, one spoonful each of allspice, cloves, grated nutmeg, and lemon extract. Put all into a fruit kettle and simmer on the stove twenty minutes. Remove from the stove and add one lb. raisins and one of currants. When making pies add bits of butter and you will have pies fit for a king.

HONEY BEE.

MINCE MEAT.—Four lbs. chopped beef; 3 lbs chopped suet; 3 lbs raisins; 3 lbs currants; 1 lb citron, sliced fine; 4 lbs brown sugar; 1 pint molasses; 2 ounces ground cinnamon; 1 ounce cloves; 1 nutmeg grated; grated rind and juice of 8 lemons. Mix this thoroughly together, then add 1 pint of chopped apple to each quart of mixture; make it moist enough with anything you choose, wine, cider, water. This is not to be cooked—heat the amount you use each time when making pies.

BONE FOR BEEF.—Two gallons of rain water, 3 lbs salt, 1½ lbs of brown sugar; 1 ounce salt petre, scald and skim.

EVANGELINE.