

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### WHEN LOVE GOES BY.

When love goes by what can a woman do?  
Is there no prayer to pray, no suit to sue?  
Though he be fled beyond the wintry sea,  
Will not his errant steps come back to me?  
Will he not answer to my heart's low cry,  
Though he goes by?

Nay, sweet, upon thy yearning lips command  
The seal of silence. Reach no asking hand  
To love once flown. Go on thy lonely ways;  
Tarn thee a face of smiles to the world's gaze  
Or else sink down upon life's thorns and die  
When love goes by.

Friend, if thou dost bethink thee now  
To lip some earnest pledge or vow,  
Search well thy heart, nor idly let  
The burden of thy soul be set.  
Lead not thy faith until it strain  
And break, and all be worse than vain;  
Measure thy power, and for the rest  
Beseech thy God to bless the rest.

—Clinton Scollard.

### THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

When Professor Moulton analyzed Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery" before the University Extension Class, showing its artistic design, the clearly defined purpose running through its plot, how carefully its characters were aligned and contrasted, and how seemingly inconsequent details were really accessory to a harmonious whole, I had to confess to myself that though I had read my Scott many, many times, much of the subtle meaning, the fine harmony, the charming contrasts, had been lost on me; I had been a "skimmer."

"The Monastery" is not among the most popular of the many tales conceived in the fertile imagination of the Wizard of the North. It met with severe criticism. Its incidents were declared to be forced and artificial, and two of its characters, the "White Lady" and Sir Percie Shafton, the Euphuist, denounced as the one unnatural, the other absurd. (And yet, I don't know that the fictitious Sir Percie, who was the type of a courtier of the Elizabethan era, with his stilted phrases and his gorgeous apparel, was more ridiculous to the simple household of Dame Elspeth than a nineteenth century dude with his cane, his eyeglass and his tooth-pick shoes would be to the family of some honest, simple farmer.) There is a series of contrasts running through the story, which is laid in Scotland during the time of the Reformation. Two college friends become widely separated

by religion—and religious differences made a wide gap in those days—Father Eustace, the Sub-Prior, Henry Warden, the Protestant preacher. The Bible, the mysterious "black book with silver clasps" which was the occasion of a wetting for Father Philip and an outdoor nap for the Sub-Prior, develops two Protestants, Lady Avenel of the old generation; Mary Avenel of the new. There is the contrast between the settled, quiet life of the Catholic domains and the wild life of the lay barons at Avenel Castle; two beautiful maidens, one the high-born Mary of Avenel, the other the humble Mysie of the Mill; and, chief centre of interest, out of the same family and developed by the same influence—love for Mary Avenel—we have Halbert, the elder brother and Protestant warrior, and Edward, the younger brother and Catholic priest, in those days the two extremes of life. Over and through all is the conception of the White Lady, having in special charge the interests and welfare of the Avenel family, her birth on All-Hallow Eve making Mary Avenel the particular charge of this fairy—a Protestant fairy, by the way, associated with the before-mentioned "black book with silver clasps" and the fortunes of those who use it.

The idea of spirits which guide or control for good or evil the destinies of human beings is familiar to all. There is Biblical authority for the idea, in the ministering and the tempting spirits mentioned therein. Fairies and witches and ghosts were actual existences to even the more intelligent people of medieval times; and it is a foul blot upon the record of our Puritan forefathers that they burned women at the stake in a superstitious terror of their dealings with evil spirits. But it is not with these that Scott deals; he makes the White Lady one of those creatures of the elements which surpass human beings in knowledge and power, but are inferior to them in being annihilated at death. These spirits, Scott tells us in his preface to "The Monastery," are of four kinds, according to the elements from which they take their origin—sylphs and fairies, or spirits of air; gnomes, of earth; goblins, of fire; and nymphs or naiads, of water. The White Lady appears to combine several of these elements, always appearing

as a white, ethereal, filmy mist, a union of air and water. Of her origin, she gives this poetical account:

"The star that rose upon the House of Avenel  
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,  
That star, when culminating in its orbit  
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,  
And this bright font received it—and a spirit  
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life  
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel  
And with the star that rules it."

The White Lady, when we trace her as a separate interest in the story, we find a very interesting creation. The rhymes in which she always couches her communications to mortals—and which I dare say two-thirds of those who read think merely pretty jingles, as if the fairy were afflicted with a rhyming mania—are invested with new meaning, after listening to their interpretation by Professor Moulton.

The first appearance of the White Lady is where Lady Avenel, her daughter Mary and the two faithful retainers Tibb and Martin, are on the way to seek refuge at the Tower of Glendearg. When they are floundering in the bog, uncertain which way to turn, the child sees a figure invisible to the others' eyes and exclaims, "Bonny leddy signs us to come yon gate!" By following her direction the little party is extricated from its perilous predicament. The White Lady comes next to rescue the black book which Dame Elspeth purloined and gave Father Philip and which he undertook to carry back to St. Mary's. In guise of a fair but weeping (as if the two could ever go together!) damsel, the gallant monk, despite his cowl not oblivious to the charms of beauty in distress, offers to carry her over the river which the churlish bridge-ward compels him to ford. Midway the stream and while they are in imminent peril, the maiden begins to sing,

"Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in light,"

and all the rest of it, and mischievously ducks the panic-stricken monk as she robs him of the black book which was the real object of her ride, singing in a frenzy of glee:

"Landed, landed! the black book hath won,  
Else had ye seen Berwick with morning sun!  
Sain ye and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,  
For seldom they land that go riding with me!"

Then she returns the book to Mary Avenel; and when Father Eustace sets out in quest of it, secures it and starts to return to the convent with it the



White Lady again interferes, though she treats the Sub-Prior more respectfully than she did the Sacristan, perhaps on account of his superior rank and greater purity of character. When he adjures the voice which he can hear but cannot locate and which orders him "back with the volume black," to say what it is, the reply comes:

"That which is neither ill nor well,  
That which belongs not to Heaven nor hell;  
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
Twist a waking thought and a sleeping dream  
A form that men spy  
With the half-shut eye.  
In the beams of the setting sun am I."

Isn't that a beautiful description of a fairy? She pushes him from the saddle and he lapses into insensibility, but she still watches over him, for when Christie of the Clinthill would rob the insensate priest, it is only the holly bush, insignia of the Avenels, that waved on his crest that let him off with a blow and a tumble.

Halbert's jealous anger and pique caused him to seek the aid and counsel of the White Lady when he feared his brother was supplanting him in the favor of Mary Avenel. When he has had resource to the magic spell and summoned the fairy (who, it will be noticed, changes the rhythm of her verse at each address) and demands in that name which she must honor, "What art thou?" she answers:

"Something between heaven and hell,  
Something that neither stood nor fell,  
Something that through thy wit or will  
May work thee good—may work thee ill,  
Neither substance quite nor shadow."

\* \* \* \* \*  
Wayward, fickle is our mood  
Hovering between bad and good,  
Happier than brief-dated man,  
Living twenty times his span,  
For less happy, for we have  
Help nor hope beyond the grave.  
Man awakes to joy or sorrow,  
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow."

This is a complete epitome of fairy attributes. Fairies are good or bad as they are subject to or governed by man, having some of the characteristic passions of humanity, especially anger, mischievousness, malice and revenge, but above all whimsical and capricious, fond of solitude,

"Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
Dancing by the haunted spring,  
Riding on the whirlwind's wing,"

and above all, having no part or lot in the salvation bought for mortals, as is said again and again by this white fairy.

Few who read the description of Halbert's journey with the White Lady to the mysterious cavern where ethereal fires guard the precious volume he would claim of her, see in it more than a pretty picture to be conjured up by the imagination and add its mystery and picturesqueness to the dealings of the White Lady with the House of Avenel. But it has really a significance, both beautiful and interesting, which Professor Moulton interpreted in this manner: Fathoms deep in the bowels of the earth, so deep that it takes from noon to twilight to make the journey, is this cathedral where the black book is guarded. It is the grotto of the four elements—earth, air, water and fire, the elements worshipping

Truth (the Bible) in the absence of Man, the true worshiper. Its shape is that of the circle—the perfect form. Fire, the perfect element, especially guards and worships the sacred volume. The stalactites and stalagmites which reflect thousands of prismatic rays typify air and water, which are presented in their most beautiful forms in these glittering ornaments, while the fire leaps up in a pyramid of yellow glow, falling back in a rosy fountain, both the most beautiful of forms and colors. And when Man, the true worshiper, comes in the person of Halbert, the worship of the elements is done; the fire leaps and dies, and darkness blots out all the rest.

I could not help wondering whether Scott himself, prolific, tireless writer that he was, was conscious of all this beautiful symbolism when he wrote those rhymes which fall so trippingly from the tongue, and painted these charming word pictures.

I suppose the large family of Gradgrinds, who believe in "Facts, sir, facts!" will ask what is the use of studying the attributes of a purely imaginary, utterly impossible creation like the White Lady. Well, what is the use of a bird's song, or a flower's perfume, or the brook's music? Imagination is one of the grandest of our mental faculties. Let me remind you that imagination is the source of all our great discoveries and inventions. Columbus, and Fulton, Watts, Gutenberg and Edison, all imagined. Imagination is the genesis of fact.

BEATRIX.

#### ENGLISH BALLADS.

Recollections of our youth and childhood and native land are fondly cherished by most all people. The article in a recent *HOUSEHOLD* on "Scottish Songs" stirred up my youthful memory, for "Bonnie Doon," "My Highland Laddie" or the "Blue Bells of Scotland" were the first songs my father taught me to sing. There are others not mentioned, as "Coming Thro' the Rye" and "My Highland Home" which in words and sweetness of tune, is next to "Home, Sweet Home." But then I am English bred, and there are some noble English songs, both national and sentimental, as the "Battle and the Breeze."

"If all unite as once we did,  
To keep her flag unfurled,  
Old England will forever stand  
Proud mistress of the world."

"The Bay of Biscay O," "The Old Arm Chair," "You'll Remember me," the "Rose of Allendale" and hosts of others are sung often at the glee clubs and county taverns where three or four rustics gather on summer evenings to drink a "pint o' beer." And I have heard some as good singing among household hired help as from Madame Vestris on the stage.

There are some parting songs such as "To the West, to the West," "Cheer,

Boys, Cheer," but to those who have realized the parting there is nothing so touching as the "Girl I Left Behind Me." I have seen regiments of English, Irish and Scotch soldiers embarking for the East Indies at the London & North-western station, their wives and sweet-hearts destined, perhaps, never to see them any more, yet with the promise in the song I will return again to "the girl I left behind me." The most touching song to me is Byron's "Isle of Beauty."

"Isle of Beauty fare thee well,  
Shades of evening close not o'er us,  
Leave our lonely bark awhile;  
Morn' alas will not restore us  
Yonder dim and distant isle.  
Still my fancy can discover,  
Sunny spots where friends do dwell;  
Darker shadows round us hover,  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well."

"Tis the hour when happy faces  
Smile around the taper's light;  
Who will fill our vacant places  
Who will sing our songs to-night!  
Through the mist that floats above us  
Faintly sounds the vesper bell  
Like a voice from those who love us,  
Breathing fondly, fare thee well!"

"When the waves are round me breaking  
As I pace the deck alone,  
And my eyes in vain are seeking  
Some green leaf to rest upon,  
What would I not give to wander  
Where my old companions dwell  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well."

PLAINWELL. ANTI-OVER.

#### A SCOTTISH POET.

Oh Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!

The editorial, "Scottish Songs," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of January 7th, let loose a perfect flood of memories upon me. I was a child again, one of a family of six; and how we used to sing those songs even in our childhood and we brought them here with us where they have often given pleasure to ourselves and to others. As a family we are now widely scattered, but when we have a reunion these old songs are never omitted from the programme but seem to come without formal invitation.

I could mention many Scottish songs that have no tinge of sadness; and I can imagine that many in that audience wished themselves young once more that they might sing them with the old time feeling even if the rendering were not so artistic.

I am an American in heart and soul, proud of our Republic; but

"Land of my sires! What mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

What a pleasure it is to know that Whittier, "our dear dead Whittier," was an admirer of Robert Burns! Whittier, our very ideal of purity and goodness, was not only an admirer but the champion and acknowledged debtor to Burns. In a letter to the Burns Club of Washington declining an invitation to attend their birthday festival he says, "The world has never known a truer singer." We admire others, we love him. As the day of his birth comes round, I take down the well-worn volume in grateful commemoration, and feel that I am communing with one whom living I could have loved as much for his true manhood and native nobility of soul as



for those wonderful songs of his which shall be sung forever. "They know little of Burns who regard him as an aimless versifier—the idle singer of an empty day." Pharisees in the church and oppressors in the state knew better than this; they felt those immortal sarcasms which did not die with the utterer but lived on to work out the divine commission of Providence."

There was much in common between Burns and the gentle-hearted Quaker poet; both were lovers of humanity, advocates of a common brotherhood, intolerant of oppression either by Church, State or individual:

"To-day be every fault forgiven  
Of him in whom we joy!  
We take, with thanks, the gold of Heaven  
And leave the earth's alloy.

"And, if the tender ear be jarred  
That haply hears by turns  
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,  
The pastoral pipe of Burns,  
No discord mars His perfect plan  
Who gave them both a tongue;  
For he who sings the Love of Man  
The Love of God hath sung!

"Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings;  
Sweet soul of song!—I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings!"

—J. G. Whittier.  
MRS. W. J. G.

HOWELL.

#### A PIONEER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It was Christmas Eve. I sat by the open fire in a handsome parlor, now and then glancing at the tree that was still covered with its gorgeous trimmings, but the presents had been distributed, the boys had gone out for a grand final skate before bed time, so it was very still. A beautiful old lady sat on the other side of the fire, and now and then drew her hand across an elegant fur robe that lay over her lap, it must have cost a small fortune. A pretty young girl sat on a cricket by her side, occasionally turning a ring on her finger towards the light, so that the diamond would flash and sparkle like a tiny sun. She seemed to be very well satisfied with her Christmas present, but turning to the old lady, gently patted her cheek and said:

"Grandma! What was the very pleasantest Christmas you ever passed in your life? This one?"

"No, dearie; the first Christmas after I was married stands out in my mind as the most wonderful, and beautiful."

"Please tell me about it."

"Well, it was fifty years ago that your grandfather brought me to the little home he had made, mostly with his own hands. It stood where the centre of our city is now, but then there were unbroken woods all around. How scared I used to be to hear the noises at night, often the howl of a wolf, and sometimes the fall of a giant tree! We came about a month before Christmas, and the log house, consisting of one room and a lean-to, was done all but the door. A thick quilt hung in front of the opening, but I never was easy thinking of that terrible forest and the wild beasts that could not be securely shut and locked out. Time and again we sent

to the saw mill for that door, and the man was always promising to bring it. Christmas morning dawned clear, and quite warm. Your grandfather had to go to mill to get some flour, but promised to come home before dark. I was unusually lonesome and tearful that day. Then I heard a shout, and going to the opening there was a man dragging the new door towards the house. It fitted nicely, and had a strong bolt inside. When it was all done, and the mangone, I sat down and had a joyful cry. I remember we had fried pork and pancakes for tea, to celebrate the day and the arrival of the door. Soon after people kept coming, houses were built, and a big city grew around the little log house. Grandfather made money, and finally we moved into the outskirts, my children, and you, dearie, are very kind. See what a present your father made me, and look at all the other beautiful things! If in those early days of toil, trial and privation some one had told me of this Christmas, it would have been like a fairy tale. But somehow, (and the old lady's voice trembled) those early days seem more beautiful and real than these."

The young girl pressed a kiss on the withered cheek and said: "Grandma! I wish it were possible to live the heroic life you have. Perhaps I can though, in some way. I mean to try."

SISTER GRACIOUS.

#### VISITING THE SCHOOLS.

Since I have been a reader of your excellent little paper, there have appeared, at different times, articles which I have had a strong impulse to answer, but nothing has really aroused me to action until I read the letter in last week's issue in regard to parents visiting the school. I have been a pupil, a teacher, and am now a parent, and I cannot agree with the writer of said article upon the subject. I am inclined to think she has missed her calling, for she evidently does not understand her position. When she talks of visiting a woman in her own home and inspecting her modes of house-keeping, she makes a very strange comparison. A woman's home is her own, and her house-work is her own private business, and outsiders have no right to inspect or criticise it. A school-house is public property, a teacher a public servant, hired and paid by the public, and it is certainly the privilege, if not the duty, of any tax payer or patron of the school to satisfy themselves in regard to the manner in which the teachers are doing their work. The mothers of the State of Michigan are as a rule intelligent women, who can very easily understand the modes now practiced in the schools, and it seems to me that, were I teacher, I should take pleasure in explaining any of my methods to any visitor who was interested enough to inquire about them.

Before my marriage I taught for some time in the public schools of one of our thriving inland cities, and I enjoyed my school and loved my scholars, and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to have the parents visit the school and understand what the children were doing, and note the progress they were making; but oftentimes, some little remark in regard to the disposition of Johnny or Susy was of great benefit to me in knowing how to manage or govern them.

The practice of parents visiting the school is of inestimable value to the pupils; the more visitors a school has the less likely will their entrance prove to be an unpleasant interruption. Scholars soon learn to go on with their work in the presence of visitors, and the daily routine need not be broken into to any appreciable extent. Since my own children have attended school I have made an effort to visit the school where they attend as often as possible, and have always received a gracious and cordial welcome from the teachers in charge; and I congratulate myself and my children that the teachers in our school do not feel as E. C. seems to in regard to this matter. I am sure that it has been an incentive to my children to do as well as they can in their studies, to know that mother is interested enough to occasionally visit the school and hear them recite. In fact, I think parents who never visit the school are sadly remiss in their duty to their children, for such visits not only stimulate the scholars, but in most instances, encourage the teachers. I am almost inclined to believe that the writer of the article in question was simply writing to call forth argument upon the subject, for I do not like to think that any teacher who desires to do what will be for the best interests of her scholars can really feel as she professes to upon the subject. But if it be true that such are her sentiments, I hope, for the welfare of her scholars, that the time may speedily come when she may have a chance to make a contract for life with one of those men who are so near perfection, and be relieved from serving an ignorant and meddling public. BACK NUMBER.

#### MORE LIGHT WANTED

Sister Gracious gives a recipe for making vanilla extract, in the HOUSEHOLD of June 11th, 1892, which she says is excellent. We tried it and followed recipe exactly and have a compound that tastes like alcohol and nothing else. Thinking perhaps it was the fault of the vanilla bean, got another and put it in, but it did no good. It has stood five or six weeks. She said it was as strong as love, but I don't like love that tastes and smells so much like alcohol. If she will tell me what is the matter with it I will be very much obliged.

D. K.

BATTLE CREEK.



## COMMENTS.

Beatrix's article, "Scottish Songs," took me back to my own girlhood. How we used to sing those songs in our young, full, round, rich musical tones, that sounded so much sweeter than the screaming of the fashionable singer of to-day! Of course there are exceptions to the rule, and you, my dear friend, are among the exceptions, and all who wish may laugh at my old foggy ideas; at the same time I know there will be plenty who will agree perfectly with me.

Our concerts usually wound up with "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," or "My Willie's O'er the Dark Blue Sea," "Willie's Return" or some other pathetic song. It's not often I go over those old times, but reading "Scottish Songs" I was sixteen again.

I do not wish to criticise E. C.'s letter, but it did seem a little out of harmony. I can see no reason in an employed person resenting the right of the employer to inspect the work she is performing, whether that person fully understands the methods or not. If E. C. will preserve that letter until she is fifty years old, she will look upon it with very different feelings from her present ones. There are many things that young people do not know, things they have not the least idea of, so of course do not know that they are ignorant; there is no one who knows it all; even the most ignorant can tell us something of value that we did not know; and the best educated people know this. Another thing, youth cannot understand how time, which brings a younger generation on to the stage of action with such greatly improved facilities for knowing many things, often leaves the older ones stranded on some reef; they perhaps are poor in this world's goods, with large growing families, their days filled with hard work, and are not sure of even their nights; they have little opportunity to keep abreast of the times in many lines; but they are growing in heart experiences, and many of them could instruct the 'literati' in their line of work. How necessary it is we should make a great deal of allowance for others, giving the same forbearance we would wish extended to ourselves! No doubt the tiresome old people have just as little of an idea that they are tiresome, as the bright young people of to-day imagine they need the forbearance of those older and wiser than themselves. The above remarks are intended for that class of young people who are so ready to criticise what they know very little about, and their number is not a few, I am sorry to say.

What are our "Householders" reading this winter? I have been reading a little of Herbert Spencer's writings; and of Columbus until I'm tired; and yet we must pretend we are interested until the Exposition is over; then we may take a rest unless we have too many Columbus souvenirs to remind us. I did enjoy

reading the "Romance of Spanish History" by S. C. Abbott; that included Columbus's labors to secure assistance to make his voyage of discovery. The life of Queen Isabella as portrayed is very beautiful, extraordinarily so as compared with the most of the royalty of those times. This is an old book and I presume can be found in any library.

My reading this winter has been for a purpose. As a recreation I have read several novels but none of them do I remember much about, with perhaps the exception of "Roger Hunt." This is the story of a marriage after the George Eliot fashion; and is calculated to teach the necessity of a great deal of care and forethought before taking any important step and especially so in that of marriage. One may lose a fortune or break a leg, and it be made good as new again, but marriage makes or mars for all time. So beware, young people, beware.

M. E. H.

ALBION.

## INFORMATION WANTED.

Will Beatrix or Mrs. Fuller, or any one else, please answer a few questions for me? First, how old must a night blooming cereus (*cactus grandiflora*) be before it will bloom, and how often will it bloom after it once begins? Also, how often does a *hoya carnosa* need repotting? We have one that was repotted a year ago in the fall and is doing nicely. During the last year it has grown continuously, never showing any signs of wanting a rest; grew vines twelve feet long, and was in blossom from the first of February till October. We don't want to do anything that will be detrimental to it, and don't want to leave it too long nor repot it too soon. Any information will be gratefully received by

HUBBARDSTON.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

## HOME-MADE SOAP.

*Good Housekeeping* gives the following recipe for hard soap, which should be good. The resulting product is said to be hard and white, and the process is certainly simple and not troublesome.

"One-pound can of potash, one quart and one-half cupful of cold water. Stir until dissolved, with a wooden spoon or stick—it will be quite hot; let it stand until perfectly cool. Five pounds and one-half cupful of strained grease warm enough to pour, add one tablespoonful of powdered borax, then pour in the cold lye (gradually), stirring all the time. It looks very much like honey, and whitens as it cools, but the longer you stir, the whiter it will be. Line a tin pan or shallow box with paper and pour in the soap. After it begins to harden, mark off into such shaped cakes as desired; it will be ready to take out the next morning, and should then be

spread separately or piled cob-house fashion on the attic floor.

"It is a good plan to keep an old tin for the purpose, and try out each lot of grease in the oven, before putting it away, then it will not get rancid, and, of course, the better the grease, the better the soap."

A recipe for soft soap that is well recommended by a practical housekeeper is this: Use the stone potash, which comes in lumps, allowing a pound to each pound of clear grease. Crack the potash in small pieces and put it into a kettle with two gallons of water. Boil till dissolved. Add the grease, and when melted, pour into a tight barrel, and fill up with boiling water. Stir it every day for a week, ten minutes each day, and it will gradually become like jelly. Twelve pounds each of potash and grease will make a barrel of soft soap. The grease must be tried out and strained before using.

## Contributed Recipes.

If you do not object would like to occasionally send some of the recipes from the back numbers of the *HOUSEHOLD*, some of those used for years that never fail to be good. The following has been one of our favorites every-day cakes since we first tried it, from the *HOUSEHOLD* of June, 1886:

**MOLASSES CAKE.**—Two eggs; one cup sugar; one cup molasses; half cup butter; three cups flour, spice; two teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water added after all the other ingredients are stirred well. Mix in the order named; bake slowly in a deep dish. It never dries up.

**PORK PIE.**—Many farmers have to depend on their pork barrel for their general meat. The following helps make a variety. For a family of six or seven use a tin pan. Peel and slice potatoes enough to fill the pan a generous quarter full, first a layer of potatoes then bits of raw salt pork—(salt lightly, as the pork is hardly sufficient, adding a little pepper) then potatoes and pork again—use about six slices. Add water enough to cook, say one pint. Lay on the top a good biscuit crust, press it to the edge of the pan; make a wide slash in the center. Cook one hour. After the potatoes and pork are ready, let stand on top of the stove while you make the crust. After taking from the oven, if not moist enough add a little more hot water. We had a Canadian girl who first made this; she used for the crust one cup cream and two cups of buttermilk. Always wash the pork before using.

**HOME MADE SARATOGA POTATOES.**—Two dozen good sized long potatoes; pare thin (for the best of the potato is near the outside), slice thin on a vegetable slicer. Put in cold water with two small handfuls of salt and one tablespoonful pulverized alum; let stand one hour, stirring up quickly two or three times. Drain in a colander first. Then take out a few at a time, spitting and drying between cloths. Have the lard hot and fry a few at a time. After skimming out turn on a brown paper that every particle of grease may be absorbed. Salt while tossing about on the paper. This will make a gallon jar heaping full of dainty chips fit for a queen.

HOME.

JOHN.