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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"If I were married, and the one
I chose for love loved me,
I'd try to keep my way of life
Much as it is," said she.
"Thus, if I cared to take a walk
With some nice, pleasant man,
Or have a confidential talk
All on platonic plan—
I'd quite expect my husband to
Make way, as husbands should—
In short, allow me what I wished—
Of proper latitude,
To visit theater and balls
With either gentlemen—
Receive nice notes and friendly gifts,
And all such things, and then—"

"Then," said the listener, eagerly.
"You'd let him do the same,
And go about with charming girls,
And have his little game?
You'd like to see him just as gay
As if he were not wed,
With other women?" "Would I though?
I'd have his life," she said.

SORCERY.

I saw the new moon over my right shoulder the first month of the new year and therefore had reason to believe I should have at least thirty days of "good luck." And it was a piece of good luck, pure and simple, that gave me the opportunity to see the famous prestidigitator, Hermann, perform some of his feats of legerdemain. It may be rather unflattering, but it is certainly very apposite that Monsieur Hermann, the magician, should personally so correspond to the popular physical conception of Mephistopheles, for certainly some of his work savors of sorcery and evil imps. He is tall, thin and dark, with a broad forehead narrowing to a pointed chin, the outline of the face resembling a circle compressed into a triangle with curving instead of straight sides. His black moustache and imperial, heavy high arched eyebrows and big black eyes worn very wide open give him a sardonic, sarcastic expression quite in keeping with one's idea of an adept at the black art. And M. Hermann is to be congratulated on living in the nineteenth century, for three hundred years ago the feats which bring him money and applause would have been considered good and sufficient cause for an auto-da-fe.

He took off his white gloves, folded and rolled them together, rubbed them between his palms an instant, and presto,

they were out of sight. Any pious deacon, seeing the playing cards follow his hands as if magnetically attracted, then go sailing through the air up into the flies, over the audience, clear up among the gallery gods, and apparently disappear as they skimmed along, would have had good reason for his faith that the devil lurks in the spotted pasteboards. But that was the merest bagatelle to what followed. He borrowed a handkerchief from a lady, and a boy from the audience. He bade the lad hold the folded kerchief between his palms, and when he opened them, Hermann took out a dozen dainty mouchoirs one after another; he burned the handkerchief to a cinder, laid a bit of paper on the cinder and drew out the original unharmed. He took egg after egg from the mouth of his ebony assistant, "Mr. Boonski," and broke them in our presence to convince us they were eggs. He placed an orange, a lemon, an egg and a walnut on separate tables. All except the orange disappeared without hands and when with a knife he cut the orange he took from the inside of it the lemon, from the lemon the egg, from the egg the walnut. He unfolded a large silk handkerchief, shaking it and turning both sides to the audience that it might be seen it was merely an innocent piece of silk. Then he threw back the lapels of his coat and turned around several times to show us there was nothing concealed about his person; he threw the handkerchief over his shoulder a moment and almost instantly drew from under it a glass dish filled with water in which goldfish were swimming. He borrowed three rings from ladies in the audience, and proposed to make an omelet with them and some eggs in a brass pan. He broke the eggs into the pan in which he had put the rings, covered it a moment, and when he lifted the cover those eggs had hatched into three pretty pigeons to whose feet the rings were hung with ribbons.

He borrowed a silk hat from a man in the audience, and took a whole handful of silver money from it, to the surprise of its owner. It was truly the magic hat, for after he had taken cards enough to stock a gambling room out of it, the moment he pulled at a tiny tear in the sweat band, yards upon yards of paper came spinning out in a narrow ribbon, which after he had let fall in a

great pile upon the floor, he thrust a cane into and began to whirl about till out of the white wheel came, with a melancholy, protesting quack, a most astonished duck, which when released from its paper fetters waddled off under a chair, turned about and surveyed the audience across the footlights as if pleasantly excited by its size.

But what seemed a most remarkable feat to me was this: He took a sheet of white paper, a little larger than the HOUSEHOLD (after having "wiz ze ladies' permission," pushed up his coat sleeves and unbuttoned and turned back his cuffs to convince us he resorted to no gamblers' expedients), pinned it into the shape of a cornucopia, showed us it was empty, held it upright a second and lowered it full of flowers; these he piled upon a wire stand, and again showing us the paper was empty, filled it again in the same mysterious fashion. I was watching him through my opera glass, narrowly, but confess I couldn't "catch on" to the trick, or discover where those blossoms came from.

I pass over the slate writing, table tipping, cabinet tricks, spirit hands and music and luminous spirits, because they are old and we all know how they are done; for the same reason, Mme. Hermann's feat of supporting herself on an upright rod by one elbow and being fanned into a recumbent position, because, though apparently wonderful, I have an idea how might be done. But the new trick which the great practitioner of legerdemain has "composed" beat me. From a stout support across the stage depended two pagodas fifteen or twenty feet apart—large enough to contain an undersized individual in a sitting posture. These hung by stout ropes from the support, and were turned about before us, that we might see they were not only empty but totally unconnected with anything else on the stage. Then he proposed to make a Chinese boy take the journey from one of these pagodas which he called Pekin, to the other, which he named San Francisco. The boy appeared and stepped down into the audience to convince us he was alive and no ghost. Then he got into the Pekin pagoda, giving us a celestially idiotic grin as he curled himself up in Chinese fashion. The magician shut the door, and Ya-ko-yo must have started on his voyage immediately.

for the rope supporting his pagoda began to slacken perceptibly and that of the other to grow taut, and in less than half a minute when Hermann opened the other pagoda there sat Ya-ko-yo, with the same slant-eyed grin he wore in Peking, though he had arrived in San Francisco. Then, to convince us it was really Ya-ko-yo the door of the Peking pagoda was opened and it was found empty. How do you suppose he did it?

A feat in which housekeepers should be interested was this: An assistant brought on two wooden boxes, in one of which was a quantity of coffee beans, in the other ordinary white navy beans. He took two cylinders of polished brass, showed us they were empty, even measuring outside and inside with a foot rule to convince us. One he filled with the coffee, the other with beans, placing them on tables fifteen feet apart. A third vase-like cylinder he filled with bran and put on a stand between the tables. A few of his "magic passes," and he proposed to offer the audience a cup of coffee. Sure enough, when he took the top off the cylinder he had filled with the coffee beans it was full of smoking hot coffee; the white beans had been magically metamorphosed into cubes of white sugar, while from the bran-filled receptacle he poured a generous quart of milk. "Mr. Boonski" filled a tray of tiny cups with the coffee, added the cream and sugar and passed down the main aisle, distributing them among the audience. I did not taste it, so cannot tell you whether the magician's brew tasted of brimstone or not.

Of course it is all deception, "slight of hand," but his deftness and quickness of motion out-travel the eye, and "the closer you watch the more you don't see."

BEATRIX.

SOME "DON'TS" FOR WIVES.

Now that the holidays are over, most of us can again don our "thinking cap,"—and what furnishes us with more ideas than our welcome little HOUSEHOLD! Just as we think, but we don't all think alike, that wouldn't be "uman natur" as the old man expressed it. We must be careful that our prejudices dig no graves in which to bury other people's rights. I have known parents so strict in their ideas of amusements they have driven their children to undesirable resorts. Home should be earth's heaven—as a place of peace and enjoyment, not an abode of contention and fighting for the principle of the thing. "It is evil to him who evil thinks." If I enjoy a game of cards, with a clear conscience, and my associates in said game are pleasant, nice people, and the home evenings are made enjoyable for husband and sons, I have nothing to fear. I have known mothers so genial in their natures, so broad in their views of life and its proprieties, that their influence over the maturing young men and women was unbounded. The home

evenings were made attractive with reading, games and cards.

In a small town west, where I was stopping a few days, I by chance made the acquaintance of Mrs. A—, who carried on a small dress making and millinery establishment; she was a woman who much prided herself on her reputation as a devout church Christian. One afternoon, a couple of young people strolled into her shop, and spying a checker-board, seated themselves for a game of checkers. The game had advanced but a few moves, when they were requested to remove themselves and checker-board to the back sitting-room, as the minister might pass the open door. That night, she kept one of her girls sewing on a new black silk dress until three o'clock Sunday morning, that she might wear it to morning service.

A struggling young minister was obliged to give up his preaching in a small church, owing to a scandal that caused a great disturbance in the religious atmosphere of his small congregation. Deacon L—, who was the one prop of the small church, made an early call on the new minister and his family, and being anxious to learn whether there was any defiling element in the make up of this man of God, he spent most of the forenoon in their home. The fire needing replenishing, the minister moved his chair to one side; in one moment, great horror shone from the deacon's eyes, his blue lips become tightly drawn together—one end of the box that held the wood was an old dilapidated checker-board; it was one of the few boards taken with the house, and for want of better material, used to piece out a wood-box. Purgatory and all its brimstone fires were made to consume that young minister's reputation, for that gray-headed deacon's religion was all in his mouth.

There are several farmers' wives of my acquaintance, who attend to the milking, and even pitch the cow hay (manure) out, as a neighbor's little son expressed it. I asked if they found it convenient to take that chore upon themselves, in connection with their house labors. They all answered it was a very distasteful duty. Some of them had gotten into the habit, by offering their help during harvest or hurrying time on the farm; the men found it convenient to shirk the milking, and put forth the argument that the "women folk" were better calculated to manipulate the cow's teats than themselves. Two of the women had been farmers' daughters and had been obliged to help at milking time, because their brothers wouldn't,—one fair young girl, just coming into her teens, milked all the cows, her father's hands being crippled, while her brother idled over the fields with his gun,—her big brother was afraid of the cows, she innocently remarked.

A word about kindling the fires. When the nights get biting cold, and

the mornings more biting from the frost that has crept in as the fires died out, if there is a man or boy within calling, and he is willing like a good man to make the fires, just let him and be thankful. Never mind the muss of kindling and ashes, a little patience and a reproof that doesn't sound like a scold, may correct that fault. I think men think more of wives who demand little attentions from them and do not stay ready to take upon themselves the little drudgeries of life. Many women spoil the best of men. Every woman should expect from her husband the little courtesies he is pleased to show other women, and as an equivalent, it should be her desire to be as pleasing to his eyes.

As to which shall carry the pocket-book, much depends on the make up of the family. Some women are the bankers and through their economy the pocket-book does not lose much of its plumpness, while other women handle money as something earned only to be spent. I believe that most husbands who have confidence in their wives' management are willing and had rather they would carry the pocket-book.

Woman should be the gentle, refining element, for she is the home-maker, and her personal magnetism makes or un-makes most men. A newspaper item is going the rounds concerning a man that had been married forty years, and had never kissed his wife! What manner of man can he be! or is he so unfortunate as to be possessed of a wife who does not invite kissing? Whoever is to blame, the wife is to be compassionated for losing so much of the sweets of life. Kisses and a kind word do much to straighten out the little misunderstandings that are a part of the piece-work of a whole life; they are the oil, frequently applied, that makes the domestic machinery run more smoothly. Some men are lovers all their married life, some only during their courtship. Something is owing to the man's training from a boy, but much more to the wife's personal, home influence. A man picks out for a bride a girl with sweet, winning ways, hair becomingly arranged, dress trim and pretty. What is the awakening, after a few months of married life, to learn that the smiling eyes and dimpled cheek can easily straighten into the most sullen countenance; slovenly, ill fitting garments greet his eyes, that were once so charmed with the tasteful, becoming house dress that anticipated his coming.

Treat a man as though he were a great, good natured bear. Remember he has an appetite, pauder to its taste occasionally, and give him all the petting he will allow without growling. Be careful not to step on his toes in an argument; make yourself so pleasing to his sight that he will want to put his great paws around your neck and hug you occasionally, but never take it upon yourself to curry his fur that it may shine like the silky beaver's, nor follow

after expecting to keep clean his mud tracks. Be satisfied that he is a bear, and that he is pleased with your company.

COLDWATER. WIND BLOWN LEAVES.

WOMAN, HER WORK AND ITS WORTH.

[Extract from a paper read before the Essex Farmers Club by J. T. Daniels, of Union Home.]

Sir Walter Scott thus defines a true woman: "Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the center. Her husband will be to her what her father is now—the object of all her care, solici- tude and affection—she will see nothing, and connect herself with nothing, but by or through him. If he be a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathize in his sorrows, divert his fatigues, and share his pleasures. If she become the portion of a churlish or negligent hus- band, she will suit his taste, also, for she will not long survive his unkind- ness."

While woman is the creator of the best in the home—and when invested with the sacred relations of wife and mother is seen at her best—yet in what- ever walk of life she may choose to enter and pursue is her influence felt, and and that on the side of purity and right; and I am constrained to believe that, to- day, there is no nation on the face of the earth that accords to woman a high- er position or renders to her more real deference and sincere regard, than does our own nation.

In an article of this nature some ref- erence may properly be made to the subject of the enfranchisement of woman which has been under discussion since 1851. The question resolves itself into this: "Has woman an inherent right to the franchise? and if this is a right belonging to her, has man either a moral or a legal right to deprive her of it?" Many strong and forceful argu- ments have been brought forward, both pro and con, and I think I see in the political horizon the dawn which is soon to usher in the day of universal suffrage. But, and if that day shall come, will it prove a benefit and a bless- ing to woman? If she secure the fran- chise, will she not, with its acceptance, need to renounce—to some extent, at least,—her claim to protection and def- erence, on the ground of her physical weakness and moral superiority which she had heretofore claimed from man?

The world is moving forward. One principal evidence of this is seen in the new avenues opened to woman, and in the manner in which she is entering and occupying the same—in art, in science, in literature, in theology and in medicine is woman found, and found occupying with credit to herself and with benefit to all. In 1830 there were in the United States women engaged in the following callings: Preachers 165, jour- nalists 238, authors 320, physicians 2,432, artists 2,061, teachers 154,375, and these

numbers have doubtless been largely increased; to-day a large proportion of the industrial and higher walks of life are creditably occupied by woman.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" doubtless exerted a great- er influence, and was more potent, in moulding public sentiment in opposition to American slavery, than was the logic and eloquence of those gifted men, Wil- liam Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phil- lips; her book having been translated into more languages, and read by more people than any other book extant—the Bible alone excepted. The works of Mrs. Lewes—familiar to you all over her nom-de-plume of "George Eliot"—rank high as literary productions, and stamp their author as a close and keen observer of human nature as seen in the walks of daily life. I need not here mention Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, the Cary Sisters, and many others whose literary productions place them in the front rank, and among the fore- most minds of the age, and who works and their worth, in elevating and in bettering humanity, Time cannot tell—Eternity only can determine.

In art, the name of Rosa Bonheur has a world-wide reputation, as a correct delineator of the domestic animals and of domestic scenes; her famous "Horse Fair" being a principal attraction of the Paris exhibition of 1853; and during the Siege of Paris in 1870-1, her studio and residence at Fontainebleau were spared and respected by the special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

"Music hath power to tame the savage mind;" it also brings rest to the weary and comfort to the sorrowing. Jenny Lind, Madam Patti, Clara Louisa Kel- logg and many others who might be named have, by their musical powers, brightened the pathway and brought joy and comfort to the hearts and into the lives of thousands. The names of Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton stand forth as bright exponents of the many who have gone forth on missions of mercy, and though all have not found their work in the hospital or on the battle-field, amid the wounded and the dying, yet they have been found where want and woe cried aloud for relief, and cried not in vain.

One of the most beautiful buildings, of the many beautiful ones which will be seen at the Columbian Exposition, was designed and supervised entirely by women.

But, it is in the home that woman is at her best, where she exemplifies all those quiet virtues which enshrine her in the hearts of her family, and give to the inmates of that home a foretaste of the Christian's home in Heaven. And man may not hesitate to give a high and holy place to woman when he re- members that it was into woman's keep- ing that God gave the earthly care of the early years of the Savior of man- kind.

"Last at the cross and first at the

sephulcher, was woman." Let not man, then, fail to place a high and intrinsic value on the work and worth of woman

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

It is a beautiful place, and the crowd of faces about me express only joy and mirth, while here and there, music and all the wiles of art serve to completely banish all thought of care and toil. I am so glad, and seem for a time to rest and forget, and then—the small, warm hand clasped in mine is gone! where? where? The crowd is just as happy, the beauty and music are still here, but not for me. I look only for one face; listen for one voice; and wander about in a wild search for a path to some other place where I hope to find them. I often reach an impenetrable wall, and at last am told that at a point beyond is the only passage through. I seek it anxiously, but shrink from its perils. Slender lines are swaying over a dark abyss, and all who cross must grasp those lines and sway upon them to the farther shore.

It is horrible to think of; every in- stinct rebels, but I must find my child! I grasp the metallic lives and spring away. A series of physical thrills, re- sembling those received from an electric battery, follow, and I am upon the other shore. I notice a black, shriveled ob- ject in a very familiar blue print wrap- per lying at my feet, and somehow re- alize that it is my cast-off body, and that heaven lies before me. I pass into a most beautiful valley. There are banks of lilies and roses, music and sweet perfume, and lovely faces appear- ing everywhere; but I walk among them with a heavy heart and look into each face with the one eager question. At last he comes! I clasp him to my heart and awake, in the power of that "Hor- rid Old Man of the Sea." My treasures are sleeping peacefully about; I am on earth and glad to don the blue print and proceed to the day's routine. Rider Haggard's wild pen is, no doubt, re- sponsible for some points of my vision; and yet the question lingers; to one possessing mother love in its highest de- gree, can there be any happiness in earth or heaven without her children?

This paper may fall into the hand of some one who, burdened with the care of several little ones, often feels weary and discouraged; and, without serious thought, perhaps wishes for the liberty, leisure and dainty surroundings of a childless wife. If so, I beg of her to imagine herself free from the chubby clinging baby-hands; no longer wearied with the wants and restless questions of her older child, quite sure of never again hearing the call for "Mama;" and see if she does not resume them with joy, or at least the assurance that what- ever life may be with them it would certainly be to her a blank without them.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

The Household.

COLUMBIAN CLUBS.

Several inquiries have been received asking about the work and topics which should be handled by a "Columbian Club," formed by those who propose to attend the great Exposition this summer, and wish to be prepared to intelligently study it. It is thought best to answer these letters through the HOUSEHOLD, with the idea that other clubs may be in progress of organization to whom such hints may be useful.

The papers and magazines have been so full of Columbian literature that material is plenty and information readily accessible. As the theme is so well worn, and the winter so far under way, the study of the life and times of the Great Discoverer may be disposed of at a couple of meetings. The first thing to do is to arrange a scale of topics something after this fashion: "Birth and Early Life of Columbus;" "Youth and Manhood of Columbus;" "The Theories of Columbus;" "Opinions of Geographers and Navigators of the Period;" "The Court of the Spanish King;" or "Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand;" "The Great Discovery;" "Subsequent Voyages;" "The Closing Scenes of Columbus' Life." These topics may be made to cover everything in the history of Columbus, and one should be assigned to each member of the club, to study and prepare either paper or discourse upon. It is well to limit the length, say ten, not over fifteen minutes, to avoid prolixity. You can tell a good deal in ten minutes, and two meetings certainly should discover America.

Next, take up the Exposition; its early inception and beginning. While New York was wondering where she'd put it when she got it (of course she expected to have it!) Chicago raised the guarantee fund, found a site and captured the prize. The buildings have been hastily described in the HOUSEHOLD; a "World's Fair Guide" costing ten cents, gives further details.

It is rather late in the day to make an exhaustive study of the 86 nations and colonies that propose to make exhibits. We would suggest therefore that the time be spent in gaining, as much as possible, an idea of the significance of the statuary and adornments of the buildings, and giving the rest of it to learning what is going to be exhibited. And we know of no better method of doing this than by general reading and study of the papers and magazines, especially those published in Chicago, which of course give a good deal of space to matters pertaining to the Exposition. If a dozen people are engaged in looking up information on a certain subject a vast amount can be obtained, which classified and arranged, will do much toward aiding us to see what we are most particularly interested in seeing. It was often remarked, after the Centennial Exposition at

Philadelphia, how few of those who attended were able to give any account of what they had seen; they had brought away only a confused idea, impressions having crowded out impressions till only a miscellaneous jumble remained in memory. To study the Columbian Exposition in its entirety, the whole six months would need to be given to it; few of us can afford that luxury and the best plan will be to obtain an idea of what there is to see, decide what is most in harmony with our tastes, and spend the greater part of the time in intelligent study of those things, after, of course, obtaining a general outline of the whole. And the whole, like P. T. Barnum's circus, is going to be "the biggest show on earth."

CHAT.

Mrs. W. C., of Hopkins, asks the HOUSEHOLD what she shall do with her nice new woolen blankets, which, the first time they were sent back from the laundry, came home smelling like old grease and looking as if they had been burned. To hang them out of doors in the frost for several days will remove most of the odor, in time, but we fear the appearance cannot be much improved. They have been improperly washed. It is not safe to send blankets or other fine woollens to an ordinary laundry. There are laundries which make such goods a specialty and by some steam process return them delightfully soft and white, but the expense is greater than for ordinary washing. If any of our readers can help Mrs. W. C., we shall be only too glad to receive and publish their suggestions.

"MUZIK," of Vassar, writes:

I am a farmer's daughter and a constant reader of the HOUSEHOLD. I enjoyed Little Nan's "Music" ever so much. My father has "set his heart" on my being a book-keeper, but I'm afraid he will be disappointed as I am determined to be a music teacher. Am afraid I have that contagious disease "the blues" rather oftener than I ought, as we have no piano. I have finished music on the organ and walk nearly a mile every day to practice on the piano. I really think Shakespeare told the truth when he said:

"The man who hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

I never yet have seen a person at all refined who disliked music. Why don't the girls write more? The young people surely haven't all either disappeared or got the "Grip."

THE HOUSEHOLD feels complimented whenever exchanges copy from its columns, but is decidedly not pleased when the credit which journalistic courtesy demands is omitted—as it not infrequently is. A part of A. H. J.'s article on "Money and Reading Matter," in the HOUSEHOLD of December 10th, 1892, is appropriated by the *Farmers' Voice* of January 28th without proper credit, and as if original in that paper.

RECEIVED.

We have received from Hunt & Eaton, 189 Woodward Ave., the following books:

"Godiva Durleigh," by Sarah Doudney, a story which is more possible in plot and better in execution than "A Child of the Precinct," noticed heretofore in these columns. Godiva is the daughter of a philanthropist whose work, "to right the wrongs of the defenceless and reform abuses," though ideally beautiful and practically efficient leaves her at his death poor and dependent. The manner in which she conquers her cousins' prejudices and regains the lover temporarily distracted by a prettier face will prove interesting to the girls for whom the tale is written. \$1.50.

"Aunt Liefy" is a short story by Annie Trumbull Slosson, relating a singular adventure which happened to "Miss Staples," "a grown-up woman, hard featur'd and harder natur'd" and changed her, by the feeling that she "had folks of her own," into "Aunt Liefy," with a tender heart for others' troubles, kind to birds and cripples and little children, and with a garden full of "growin' things" that humanized her hardness. The little booklet of 50 pages has a half dozen illustrations and is cloth-bound. Price, sixty cents.

"The Wonderful Counselor" contains all Christ's recorded sayings, arranged chronologically for easy memorizing and dedicated to the Y. P. S. C. E. Price, 50 cents; cloth.

"Life and Conduct," by Rev. Cameron Lees, "Handbook of Christian Evidences," by Rev. Alexander Stewart; "The Church of Scotland" (sketch of its history), Rev. Pearson McA. Muir, and "The New Testament and Its Writers," by Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, are four little volumes, written by eminent clergyman of Scotland, and sold for 25 cents each. The history of the Church of Scotland seems especially interesting.

Contributed Recipes.

CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups fresh buttermilk; two cups sugar; half cup batter; teaspoonful soda; half teaspoonful cinnamon; one cup English currants. This is a good cheap cake, when eaten warm or the day it is baked.

PANCAKES.—One pint of bread crumbs, crowd the cup solid full, soaked in three pints sour buttermilk, put through colander; put two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, three level teaspoonfuls of soda and two ditto of salt in a pint cup, fill up with sifted flour, stir into the buttermilk, and add another pint of flour, beat thoroughly, then three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, stir the beaten yolks into the batter and beat again. Just before you are ready to bake them, stir in the beaten whites. If you choose, a tablespoonful of molasses or sugar may be added with the cornmeal. MRS. M. M. F.

DETROIT.