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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SHADOWS.

BY MAY EVA MANN.

We love to sit in the twilight,
The hour when the shadows come,
And gaze from the western window
Upon the setting sun.

The tints of gold and silver,
Of purple and primrose hue,
Are there in glorious splendor,
As painted by angels, too.

We watch the delicate tracery
And see the shadows come,
They fall o'er dale and hillside
And say the day is done.

But there are other shadows,
Shadows of want and care,
Shadows of disappointment,
Shadows we cannot bear.

Shadows brighten the sunshine,
As the rain and dew the flowers;
The beautiful silver lining
Is worth the cloud of an hour.

Shadows delight the children,
As they play upon the wall,
Shadows of rabbits and faces,
Shadows of great and small.

The picture without the shadows
Would not be half so fair,
And a life that is all sunshine
Can never be half so rare.

The wind and ocean billow
Make sailors brave and true;
So may earth's deepest shadows
Purify and strengthen you.

There is One above who tells us,
That shadows shall flee away,
And all may be glad and joyful
On the Resurrection Day.

He alone can help us
And lead us safely home
To the land where there are no shadows
And where we ne'er shall roam.

CONCORD.

IN BEHALF OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

When the God of Israel provided His chosen people the Jews with a scapegoat on which should be laid the burden of their transgressions, He officially recognized a strong trait in human nature—the tendency to excuse individual sins and shortcomings by making some one else more or less responsible. Adam began it by his famous reference to Eve in the first law-suit on record, and ever since mankind has sought to condone its faults by charging them upon "the other fellow." One of Nast's happiest hits illustrates this foible. The cartoon represents the members of the infamous "Tweed ring" standing in a circle, each man's thumb pointing over his shoulder

at his neighbor, in answer to the inquiry, "Who stole the people's money?" It was "the other fellow," of course!

I am afraid Sister Gracious wants to make our grandmothers scapegoats for their degenerate daughters. At least she hints their hard labor and proneness to the "vice of neatness" was not commendable, the results a legacy of weakness and disease to their children. I know that opinion is a popular one; and that we think of the ever-flying shuttle of the loom that was as much a part of the house furniture as the piano is at present, and of their spotless floors and burnished pewter as evidences of their unflagging industry. Lacking modern conveniences, and much that makes existence pleasant to us, we are apt to think they must have lived dreadfully hard, barren, monotonous lives; yet I believe that, each in her respective station, they led as useful, happy, and with all the rest, much more easy and tranquil lives than do the women of the present period.

True, our grandmothers spun and wove for their households, but they didn't think they must have

"Dresses to sit in, to stand in, to talk in;
Dresses to dance in, to ride in, to walk in."

A silk gown was a life's achievement; an ostrich feather an heirloom. Their housekeeping was a marvel of simplicity beside that of the present day. Compare, for instance, the dinner table of 1893 and its equipment of food to be cooked and dishes to be washed, with the 1793 table at which the diner ate fish, flesh or fowl with vegetables and everything else from one plate, and had his pie placed upon the space his appetite had cleared. Who in these times would be satisfied with the plain New England supper of mush and milk night after night? I believe I would as soon scrub a floor as sweep a moquette carpet and look out that moths and carpet beetles don't wax fat upon it; and I am sure I'd rather do it than beat a broomstick tattoo on half a dozen rugs.

I am a firm believer in the influence of heredity. But I believe the fact that women of the present era are nervous, anxious of face and weary of eye and tone, is due less to their grandmothers than to the lives they are leading, now. They are hurried and worried by the incessant demands of the time upon them, and their ambition to be and do and

know everything that any one else is and does and knows. The very abundance that it is possible to possess and enjoy makes them ridden to death by the hobgoblin Care.

How often you hear the remark, "I'd go there or do that 'if I had any one to take care of things!'" That's it! "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," said Emerson. There are a myriad matters the modern woman conceives to be imperative claims upon her time and nervous energy of which our foremothers were blissfully ignorant; and not content even yet we go on piling up our pitiful baggage of cares—and blame our grandmothers because human endurance isn't equal to the load. But we must keep "in the swim!"

Our grand-daughters may have occasion to make charges against us. We make our children practice on the piano three or four hours a day and pity the little Dorotheas whose day's stint was twenty times round a stocking-top. We think of homespun linen and coverlids, and ruin our eyes over drawn work and art embroidery. We say we haven't any digestions because of the boiled dinners of our ancestors, and eat salads for supper that would give an ostrich the colic. Lady Washington's parties were over and her ladyship in short-gown and night cap by eleven; now-a-days we begin to dress at nine.

What we know of our grandmothers usually inspires us with respect for their courage, their integrity, their Christian virtues and true womanliness. They had good sound common sense and plenty of executive ability. If they were narrow of mind and rigid in creed, they only "lived up to their lights." They gave us some grand men and noble women; and their pictures show them to have been placid and serene of face, as if at peace with themselves and the world. Not the type of the "ox-eyed Juno," but marked with character and firmness. Who hasn't longed to inject a little of their moral backbone into some of their descendants! But possibly they had so many children the moral perpendicularity wasn't sufficient to go round.

I too have some bits of old linen marked with a thread of dark hair in old fashioned cross-stitch, and antedating the century; relics of a trousseau homespun among Scotch heather. The spinner bore her husband six stalwart

sons, every one six feet in stature, and two daughters, and all but one little daughter—the bud born in the new world—grew to man and womanhood, honest, honorable, hard-working and God-fearing. Her life's real heroism lay in her wifely duty and devotion to the hot-tempered, proud and inflexible old Scotchman she called husband, whose quick temper and stubborn will are characteristics of his grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren to this day. Men of to-day may be degenerate, but I fancy they are a good deal more comfortable to live with than the martinets of a past century.

It is told of this old Scotch gentleman that his oldest son after marriage brought his wife and little son to the old homestead for a visit. The child became a great favorite, and one day when the mother was punishing him for some delinquency the old gentleman, thoroughly incensed, grasped his stick and shaking it threateningly, exclaimed: "How dare you, madam, strike my son's child?" England was equal to the emergency and made proud answer to Scotland: "Sir, I'd have you understand he's *my* son, too!" And the tale of the youngster's stripes was not diminished through the grandparent's interference.

No, we certainly would not change places with our grandmothers. Our lives are too rich in privileges and blessings. But we will not blame them for shortcomings that should lie nearer our own doors—at least not until we take note of the burdens we crowd upon our own shoulders, our bondage to a thousand non-essentials we have not the courage to discard. It is not what our grandmothers did or didn't do but what we ourselves are doing that most concerns us.

BEATRIX.

AN ARGUMENT WITH ERNESTINE.

In a recent HOUSEHOLD Ernestine puts in her plea for pure alcohol. I hope some abler pen than mine may be lifted to answer, yet the spirit bids me speak and I cannot keep silent. She tells us that the "prevailing idea among temperance advocates is, that alcohol is a poison," while she maintains that it is not, but rather a strong stimulant. The fact is, that "one hundred years ago alcohol was always spoken of as a strong stimulant, but modern experiment and investigation has challenged that definition and it is now classified as a narcotic poison." Now this, is not alone the declaration of "radical prohibitionists," but educated men, standing as high as Dr. Crosby whom she quotes (wonder if he is the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby who advocated wine drinking) tell us this.

The Legislators of Michigan and of nearly every State and territory have passed a law that this truth shall be taught the children in all our common schools, and any teacher who fails to do this is amenable to law. I would

like to refer Ernestine and all others who, like her, think there is no harm in pure alcohol to Steel's Physiology, of the Pathfinder Series No. 3., a book endorsed by Prof. Estabrook, who was long Superintendent of Public Instruction for Michigan. I would like to have her read carefully and candidly, what that book tells us about alcohol, but for fear that she and others may not, please let me quote a little:

"Careful experiments show that two ounces of alcohol, an amount contained in the daily potations of a very moderate whisky drinker, increase the heart-beats six thousand in 24 hours, a degree of work represented by that of lifting up a weight of seven tons to a height of one foot; or in other words the heart is driven to do extra work equivalent to lifting seven ounces, one foot high, one thousand four hundred and thirty-three times each hour. No wonder a reaction comes after the earliest effects of indulgence have passed away. During this time of excitement, the machinery of life has really been running down. It is hard work, says Dr. Richardson, to fight against alcohol; harder than rowing, walking, wrestling, coal heaving, or the tread mill itself.

"During the first flush after taking alcohol a sense of warmth is felt, due to the tides of warm blood sent to the surface of the body, owing to the vascular enlargement and to the rapid pumping of the heart, but no fresh heat is developed; on the contrary, the bringing the blood to the surface, causes it to cool faster, reaction sets in, a chilliness is experienced as one becomes sober, and a delicate thermometer, placed under the tongue of an inebriate, may show a fall of even two degrees below the standard temperature of the body."

Ernestine says alcohol is the life or force principle of the grain. The London Lancet says: Alcohol has been well termed the Genius of Degeneration. If we pour a small quantity of it on a growing plant in our garden, we shall soon see it shrivel and die. If we apply it to insects or reptiles, the same potent poison will secure for them a speedy death. It creates a progressive appetite for itself, a craving demand arises for an increased amount to produce the original effect. The common experience of mankind teaches us the imminent peril that attends the formation of this appetite." A single glass taken as a tonic, may lead to a drunkard's grave.

Ernestine thinks our W. C. T. U. workers ought to labor against adulteration and work for *pure* alcohol; as well might the Christian pray for a *pure devil*, it would be just as consistent.

The law of heredity is, in this connection, well worth considering. Frances Galton says the world is beginning to perceive that the life of each individual is, in some real sense, a continuation of the lives of his ancestors! "The distressing aspect of the heredity of alcohol," says Dr. Norman Kerr, "is the transmitted drink crave. Men and women upon whom this dread inheritance has been forced are everywhere around us, bravely struggling to lead a better life," and shall we have no pity, no sympathy for such?

I say yes. Then there may be those

who were so unfortunate as to have parents who claim there is no harm in pure alcohol, in dainty wine sauce, brandied peaches, or innocent home-made cider, ignorant that in whatever form it may appear it is the same dangerous enemy. Shall we pity such children if they fall? Yes, by all means, but what can we say of the parents?

May God in His infinite wisdom awaken every member of our HOUSEHOLD to see that there is danger in alcohol, no matter where it may be found.

"For until we crush it, this monster sin
Of intemperance will bring to us woe and alarm
Though by devious paths its way will win,
There is no one secure from its deadly harm,"

"MAPLEWOOD."

ALICE.

BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.

Having no disposition to become a champion for or against woman's suffrage, with the permission of the HOUSEHOLD I would like nevertheless to give your readers some thoughts suggested by "M. E. H.'s Views," along lines which seem to me to have been overlooked, or accorded too little weight in the discussion of this important question.

The *right*, the cold hard factor of justice in the question of woman's voting because of her equality with man, as also her *right* to do anything, pursue any occupation within her capabilities without limitation on the ground of her being a woman, and with equal remuneration for equally efficient work, I at once concede without any reservation whatever.

The intellectual equality of woman-kind has been too often demonstrated in all ages to admit of any question in that particular. In the higher, more refined elements of the mind and heart, in those qualities which tend towards, and form the basis of the highest civilization, in the faculty of inspiration, in lofty ideals, in the earnest reaching out for better development which stimulates progress, there is no equality—woman-kind *per se* is infinitely superior.

In the divine order of nature, man's make up adapting him to almost any physical requirement and leaving him free at all times to perform the labor incidental to his maintenance, it very naturally and properly follows that in the duty of perpetuation and supporting the race the coarser and heavier requirements should fall to his lot. The efficient fulfilling of these requirements, the struggle for the wherewithal to feed and clothe those dependent upon him, tends to selfishness and all its concomitant evils; which tendency if not counteracted would carry the race to the "demnition bow-wows."

On the other hand the lot of woman, her share in the perpetuation of the race, is in the very nature of its requirement a renunciation of self. It fosters and creates opportunity for the growth of the higher element, the spiritual, in our being; and supplies the foundation for that chivalrous regard for woman

that is right, that is her due and (in the highest and best interests of mankind) is man's greatest privilege to enjoy and cultivate.

In the balancing of influences that mould the race it is in the divine order of things that the tendency to sordid and mercenary motions engendered by and in a measure incidental to man's struggle for existence should be counteracted by the holier, higher influences of woman's abnegation of self in the requirements of wifehood and motherhood; and in its reflex forces his attention away from self, induces thought and regard for others, which in its greatest breadth includes all mankind.

While the obligation is mutual and the hereditary influence of the father and mother are equal, it would seem that because of pre-natal influences which may be exerted, and the constant care of and attention to their offspring required of the mother during the more plastic years of its life places a larger responsibility upon her; and if for any reason the higher qualities of her being, the finer susceptibilities of her nature are weakened, by just so much is the equipoise of transmitted influences disturbed and the race suffers because of the ascendancy of the grosser, the selfish, element.

The great men whose influence has been potential for good, from the earliest times to the present, demonstrate how well women have met this responsibility and show how far away and above man, woman is in those qualities of mind and heart which tend towards the elevation of mankind. Could there be a higher destiny for a woman than to bear a Luther, a Washington, a Lincoln, and a Gladstone? Would any development of body, any culture of mind and heart be too dearly purchased, any sacrifice of time and thought, or self, be too great to become a worthy mother of such influences for the betterment of the world?

If opening all the avenues and opportunities for employment to women tends to produce such mothers (we cannot have great men without great mothers; whether the world herald the mother's name or not she is there just the same), if the privilege of voting and the exercise of that privilege will foster the womanly character necessary to modify and ameliorate the influences of man's grossness and selfishness, by all means have them vote, encourage them to do anything, to have anything on earth that will help its accomplishment.

It seems to me that being equally interested there should be no conflict; no arraying of one sex against the other. It should be the aim of both to promote on divine lines mankind's highest and best development. Neither can stand alone; and thanks to an all-wise Providence the greater influence, the higher responsibility rests with womankind. And it should be the proud purpose of every woman, recognizing in its broad-

est, highest sense and fully realizing her God-given responsibility—to so fit herself mind and body that if in the divine order she is called to do so the world may be the better for her having brought into it and transmitted a hereditary influence. Having this aim constantly before her, with a divine consciousness of and pride in her influence and responsibility, it will not matter where her lines may be cast, whether they lead to the ballot-box, whether she is to elbow and jostle her weary way alone among the toilers and struggles for daily bread, or as a wife and mother live a life of ennobling self sacrifice; her influence will always be for good and all with whom she is brought in contact will bless God for a noble woman.

To illustrate my point and at the same time notice the comparison M. E. H. makes between the young men of her acquaintance, those who marry and those who do not, I would like to know if in any way, and if so how far, the feeling that it is better for a woman to "choose a business that will make her independent of any one"—how far the agitation of woman's suffrage and her right to seek employment in any line of business,—how far the looking beyond the sphere of her greatest and sublimest influence to find a career for herself—how far the desire to escape them, and the growing sentiment that the sacrifices incident to wifehood and motherhood are too great to be borne—how far are these things responsible? To what extent may the woman's counter-influence to man's selfishness have been weakened (say, in those men who prefer a "good cigar," a "glass of beer," the "opera" and "clothes"), and contributed to form characters of sordid selfishness that won't admit of the sacrifices necessary to rear a home, and refuses to find in the love of wives and children their own greatest happiness and highest good? GEORGE.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR FARMERESS.

I was pleased to read the account given of Sally Waters, and think she is a jewel of the first water, in fact one of those earthly angels whom men rave over, but perhaps a little too practical to suit those manly souls who delight to see women more in the line of dependence than otherwise. I am afraid we will ultimately lose sight of our light hearted farmeress, for some farsighted masculine will realize what a happy home such a stirring little body would make and she will be gone from among us only to appear in the sole of consoler and general adviser. She will be like Margaret in Wolcott Balestier's novel in the *Century*, when her husband remarked: "I occasionally used to think that you actually feared a future in which you wouldn't be allowed to take care of yourself."

And she replies: "Yes, I know. It

was so. And now I like to be taken care of."

Though the life Sally Waters is leading may seem right, she will enjoy being dependent and will be amply prepared to administer wholesome advice which the man will gladly take from such an experienced person. After she has battled with numerous annoyances what a relief it will be to have "a man around seeing to things." If he rolls the water fixing the pump and drops the spout down the well, she can remark that she never let such trifles triumph over her, especially if he seems to be a little put out about the matter. When the yard needs mowing she can take her easy chair out on the veranda while mending overalls or his streaked shirt, and see him wield the scythe in his manly fashion, and when he remarks that the grass is almost too tough to cut and the scythe won't hold an edge, tell him "not to waste his time and strength warring against the unavoidable." When he says the pesky chickens are scratching into everything, she can tell him she never saw the time yet when he left fried chicken on his plate.

If one of the work horses should sprain its ankle she can magnanimously tender him the use of hers, and I fancy him addressing her in this fashion: "Sally, you are the most self-sacrificing mortal I ever saw! I know you wanted Kit to go to sewing sewing society this afternoon, but as it is business before pleasure I suppose I shall have to take her. The next time you ask me to go to church I shall shave, put on my wedding suit and go. It doesn't look just right to always see the women going alone. If ever a man needs to put his trust in the Almighty, it is during haying and harvest, I tell you. However I'm no great meeting hand myself, and don't fall in with ministers in general. I think they should earn their living by the sweat of their brow just like the rest of us. But, little wife, as long as Christianity makes you the woman you are and you make me the better man, I shall never say another word. Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak; and when churches are rife with contention it is indeed the devil's harvest. I have never had trouble but what you were ready to soothe and administer to me, if you were near me."

When it comes to the incidental anxieties on the farm, Sally says: "Don't worry!" I have passed through similar experiences. It is a dear school, but humanity in general will learn in no other. To most persons it is like the lights of a ship, which only lighten the pathway it has passed.

"Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be."

May you, oh independent little woman! surmount all obstacles. May I think of you in the possession of a happy home in the time which is coming, with one who loves and respects the little woman who dared to be independent.

FAIRHAVEN FARM.

ELMA.

A NEW MEMBER.

If I were to give the members of the HOUSEHOLD a motto to take through life, one that would stand for a warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourselves, I would give it in this one word, "Now."

Don't waste your time, and your strength, and your opportunities, by always meaning to do something. Do it!

Only weakness comes of indecision. Why some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next; their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then do the next thing without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourselves where you have so many things pressing that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest fall into file and follow after like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when brought into line.

You may have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word "Now."

I have chosen for my "pen name"
PLAINWELL. Z. E. R. O.

CHAT.

"BURDOCK," who cannot possibly be half as troublesome in the HOUSEHOLD as her namesake is in the garden, comes for a call, and says:

"I have been thinking some little time that there never was a garden without a weed, so have concluded to spring up in the HOUSEHOLD and enjoy its pleasant surroundings. Who can tell how long my life will be—how negligent our good gardener will prove? If I live as long as the thrifty burdock under the grape vine in our garden has lived, I shall not have written in vain.

"I have been enjoying the contents of our little paper all the year and it has proved quite a help to me. Although I am an old housekeeper, I am yet a new one, for I have recently left the school-room after five years' work in that

sphere. One by one my family ties been sadly broken until only my brother and self remain at the dear old home to assume the cares of life. Few and selfish those cares seem after having had charge of so many, yet my health was breaking under the strain. So the noble thoughts contained in the HOUSEHOLD cheer many an otherwise lonely hour.

"Back to myself again. -I lift up my head and see all nature lovely. The loaded branches of the cherry trees and berry bushes keep nodding a "how do you do" and the birds are warbling as though they found some pleasure in life. The click of the mower is heard in the distance, and I feel glad the machine does not come this way for I am sure there is a better use for me than making hay of your ugly Burdock."

CLARA BELLE, of Marshall, illustrates the virtues of patience and waiting—that kind of warfare which the Zulus call "fighting the fight of sit down," in the following paragraphs:

"The hardest thing in all this world to do is to simply wait. Almost any of us could better bear many ills to-day than the thought of those that may come to-morrow; but if any blessing gleams in the future—how we want to hurry the days along!

"We plant the tiny seeds and expect the fragrant, beautiful flowers to bless and cheer us by and bye; but every day we take a walk around the flower beds to see if they have not pushed their way upward enough that we may see them. One girl of my acquaintance goes so far as to dig up her seeds to see if they have sprouted yet.

"Mortals are all naturally impatient; not, I mean, in a degree to make themselves or any one else miserable by their impatience, but they are always looking forward to some golden time coming, and too often letting little blessings of to-day slip unheeded by, when they might find much in them worthy of enjoyment. For nearly every blessing in the world we have to wait, or more truthfully it may be said, perhaps, that we are always desiring most those treasures that we cannot reach, and so are obliged, if we enjoy them at all, to wait for them.

"Youth longs for manhood, manhood for a myriad of goals; there are as many ambitions as there are ambitious men; and old age longs for the eternal rest. All these shall come 'after many days.'

"Our lives are full of incomplete things. Often the treasure that the heart loves most fondly is a treasure incomplete. And it is not all wrong to be always looking ahead; neither is it all right to neglect to notice the little sunshiny gleams of pleasure to-day. In looking ahead we learn to labor and strive, and in waiting we may acquire patience to wait. Some poor souls seem to be always waiting and their prize never comes, not even 'after many days.'

"Sometimes we honestly strive for some goal and then direct all our efforts toward some greater prize, forgetting about the first, but our efforts are never lost. Nearly every one of us has received something in our life which was deserved for some struggle made, though we may not remember the efforts. Bad as well as good comes always back to us, for nothing in the world is ever lost. Every deed and word and thought brings up happiness or misery or some recompense 'after many days.'

CASSANDRA, of St. Johns, entertains a different opinion relative to the nature

of alcohol from that held by Ernestine, which she embodies below:

"I do not wish to dispute Ernestine, but infer she does not believe alcohol to be a poison, as she says 'There are no symptoms like the effects of poisons,' etc. What is a poison? It has been defined to be 'any thing whose natural action is capable of producing a morbid, noxious and dangerous effect upon the organization of anything endowed with life,' and eminent authorities in departments of science—in every country—agree in classing alcohol, chloral, opium and tobacco as narcotic cerebral poisons.

"From good authority we learn that in twenty-four hours, one ounce of pure alcohol will cause the heart to make about four thousand more beats than it naturally should make. Truly then it accelerates the action of the heart and as a result 'increases amount of heat' by forcing volumes of blood through the paralyzed vessels. Tests made with thermometers show that the first flush caused by alcohol raises the temperature about one half degree, but that it soon sinks two or three degrees below 98—the natural warmth. Let us not lead any to believe that alcohol is not a poison. I truly believe it is as much that as is arsenic, though 'slow but sure.'

"We have laws compelling our teachers to teach the effects of alcohol, and that it is a poison, and I wish every child might be led to believe it and 'touch not, taste not, handle not.'

"However, I know the remarks about adulteration to be true and hope the day is not far distant when every inebriate will be punished (if not in accordance with Ernestine's views) in such a manner that intemperance may be lessened."

We have just learned that the E. E. Fuller who was so injured at Forest Hill on July 4 that he died a few hours later, was the youngest son of Mrs. M. A. Fuller, of Fenton, so well known to all HOUSEHOLD readers. Mr. Fuller was brakeman on the T. & A. A. railroad, and fell from his train while handling the brakes. A special train took his wife to Alma in time for a parting word before death separated them. The sympathy of the HOUSEHOLD is extended to the bereaved mother, in whom we all feel a personal interest.

Contributed Recipes.

FEATHER CAKE.—One egg; one teaspoonful of vanilla; one tablespoonful of butter; one cup granulated sugar; half cup sweet milk; one and a half cups sifted flour; one teaspoonful of baking powder, sifted with flour. Bake in a square pie tin.

GRAHAM CAKE.—One cup brown sugar; one cup sour milk; one cup seeded raisins; four tablespoonfuls butter; one teaspoonful soda dissolved in the milk. Nutmeg, cloves, and spice to suit taste. This also makes a fine steamed pudding, served with any kind of pudding sauce. Steam two and one-half hours. Z. E. R. O.

SPICED CURRANTS.—To ten pounds of currants take five pounds of white sugar and one pint of cider vinegar; a tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; cook them fifteen minutes; skim out the fruit; boil the juice a few minutes longer and pour over while hot. We find this excellent with meats. ROSE THORNE.

ADRIAN.