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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

CIRCUMSTANCES AND CASES.

"There's plenty of work for this morning," she cried:

"There's baking, and scrubbing, and sweeping beside."

But she went at the baking with laughter and song.

And said, as she finished, "that it didn't take long."

And then to the scrubbing—and how she did scrub!

The boards were like snow when she gave the last rub.

Her hands were so deft and her arms were so strong;

And she said, as she finished, "that didn't take long."

And then to the sweeping—she made the dust fly. She looked at her work with a critical eye.

And yet all the time she kept humming a song. And she tacked to the last verse "that didn't take long."

The dinner was over, the work was all done; "And now for the errand, she said; "I must run." Six o'clock comes so soon when the days are so long.

And off she went, humming a verse of that song.

The road she'd to travel was as straight as a die. She knew every step and she meant just to fly; But she met an acquaintance down there by the stile,

And somehow—the errand—it took a good while.

—The Century.

LEAVING THE FARM.

"We live on a farm which we work on shares. The owner gives us a good chance, and my husband says we are doing well 'considering.' We have a son twenty years old, a girl of sixteen, and three younger children. But we all think we could do better in the city, support the family more easily, and enjoy a great many advantages which we cannot have in the farm! Our lease expires next March, and though we have the privilege of renewing it, think of giving it up and moving to the city, hoping not have to work so hard and to have more advantages. What do you think of the advisability of this plan?"

BEL.

My advice is to "let well enough alone." The present is a mighty good time to stick close to anything that promises a living. When almost every line of industry in the country is reducing its working force, and thousands of discharged men are looking for work and facing the probabilities of a winter of idleness and privation, with slight prospect of relief, it would be the height of folly to give up an assured support and hunt for other work. In this crisis, it is better to be a farmer than a bank president. When business firms all over the country are going down like

reeds before the financial blast, the farmer is about the safest man I know of. He's sure of his job. There's no body to tell him Saturday night that he will not be wanted Monday morning. He's certain of a living—enough to eat and a roof for shelter—and that's more than many a poor fellow in town can hope for this winter.

I wonder when, if ever, the farmer will appreciate his blessings!

If Bel and her family come to the city they will be called upon to meet a thousand new expenses. House rent is one of the items that carry off a large percent of a man's salary. Fuel is another. Every egg, every drop of milk, every pint of berries, the head of lettuce and the onion that flavors the soup—all have a commercial value, a hundred times greater than she ever attached to them on the farm. The wages that seemed such a competence melt like frost in sunshine before the absolutely necessary demands upon them, and at the end of the year the balance left is not as great as on the farm though a hundred new economies have been practiced. Rev. Thos. Dixon very truly says:

"There are poor people in the country, but they are millionaires in all that constitutes a life as compared with the poor of the city."

As for the advantages, they are here, it is true, but let me whisper to you that they all cost money. The city, like Punch's market woman, gives "nuthin' for nuthin' and precious little for tuppence." The free entertainments are few in number and always crowded, while car fare counts up where there are two or three to go. The big churches and eloquent preachers are all on the great avenues, and it cost money to get there; and the clothes that were good as any one's in the country somehow look queerly old-fashioned in those grand temples, and it takes a great deal of christianity to stand that. Belle Isle is two car tickets and a ten cent trip ticket off, and a couple means forty cents. Cheap enough, but an item after all when wages are low and seven months are to be fed, seven bodies clad. And so it goes; the little leaks here and there, the small but constant demands, soon convince one that money is more easily spent than earned in town.

There is the advantage of schools, it is true; it is a great pity that farmers

are so negligent and blind to the advantages of good schools in their own neighborhood. In nine cases out of ten it would cost them less to hire a first class teacher, competent to instruct in the higher branches, than it would to send their children away from home to school. And the teacher, having charge of fewer pupils could give them much more attention and advance them more thoroughly than is possible to the teacher who has from forty to sixty pupils in her room, whom she must put through a prescribed routine so exactly mapped out for her that she has no time for explanations beyond a certain point, but must hurry the children on and silence their questions so they can "pass their examinations," while the dull are hopelessly left behind, and the bright are dwarfed by routine and squared and pruned into a groove we call a "course of study."

My advice then to Bel is to think less of possible advantages and more of present, actual blessings, and postpone the fitting to the city indefinitely—or at least until the business interests of the country resume their normal and healthy tone. The problem of life, to a vast army of men and women this winter will be how to get enough to eat.

BEATRIX.

AT BAY PARK.

"Change is blithsome," I tell myself as I go out in the early morning with a chip hat tied under my chin and pail in hand, to get water for breakfast—not to the well tried old pump; but through the white sand, past logs and bogs; out over the water; treading one plank after another until I get dizzy, then stooping to dip it from Lake Huron. Once more on the sand, I turn to see the beauty of lake and sky. It is always there, and always different. Sometimes we see the smoke of far off steamers; sometimes a sail boat standing out against the sky. There is the gray blending of earth and air which no artist brush can put upon canvas; then again "The sea of glass mingled with fire," the white caps and wild angry waves which come at the call of the wind, or the spread of molten silver beneath the touch of the moon, each and all are wonderously beautiful to a lover of nature.

Our cottage stands but a few yards

distant and we come down to the beach a dozen times a day, yet there is always something new to be seen.

The water is so shallow for a mile out that a child could hardly drown if it tried, and groups of them play in it all day. The cluster of thirteen cottages with unkept grounds about them seems at first glance a "no account" sort of a place, but it is a paradise for a tired mother of limited means. The cottages, furnished with all necessaries except bedding, rent for five dollars per week, and in many cases they accommodate two families for a few weeks while at one next ours a dozen gay young people of both sexes seem to make life a holiday under the supervision of one matron who acts as both chaperone and cook. A tent serves them as dining room, their hammocks are everywhere, and gay peals of laughter through the day subside into beautiful songs at evening.

Half a dozen different towns contribute to the circle, where every bit of formality is banished; a somebody, or a whole load of somebodys, are always either going out or coming in, and everybody seems good natured and friendly. Looking out to the east, over the sedgy low level, stretching as far as the eye can reach, one often sees a carriage or wagon full of new comers winding around toward the Bay. No postoffice, no store, one wonders sometimes if the great world left behind is still there. Rambling up the beach, we find lots of fishing huts. Some on rough sleds all ready to run out upon the ice when their harvest time comes; and some full of nets. Great piles of flat stones with a niche on each side to hold the strong wire about them are used, I suppose, as sinkers. Climbing to the top of the low dune bordering the bay, we see a little cabin nestling beneath the shadow of a clump of scraggy trees, and looking but a trifle taller than the sedges which wave between us. They say the girl who sells milk at the park lives there, and later, when she passes us, bridle in hand, and going far up the beach, catches a horse feeding there, and comes riding back through the shallow water; the figure and landscape suggest "Madeline Brabeau," in "Little Venice," that most pathetic and passionate of stories.

Beneath the series of planks, resting on tottering stakes, which I introduced first, and which we call "the waterway," because there is somebody always treading its uncertain line with pail in hand, half a dozen boats lie lazily in the sun, or toss about, fretting at the tie which binds. Fishing parties row out in these to a line of fishing stakes, just visible from shore, and return with merry song, laughter or jest, and report of a good time, and a good string of medium sized fish, but I have seen no large ones.

The one permanent resident, a bachelor who furnishes us with ice

wood and sundry other articles, seems to have a good time with his gun, slipping out a few yards to the back of his house, and bringing down snipe at any hour of the day. He tells me the ladies and children disappear from this place the latter part of August, but gentlemen come out until late for hunting and fishing. Children under ten all go bare footed, and very few toilettes more elaborate than a mother hubbard wrapper and chip hat are seen. About four P. M. on nice days, bathers in all sorts of costumes may be seen running toward the beach, where they go in for a general good time. A few neat bathing suits are seen, but most of them speak of a hasty descent from an attic.

A boom broke loose at Saginaw last year and three million feet of logs were jammed and piled up in this bay. The shallow water made it difficult to get them out; and sixty teams and one hundred men were employed for some time. Many of the logs are still scattered about and sometimes at evening the men and boys pile debris about them and build a big bon fire.

A minister with his family and a trio of young ladies arrived one day. We hear that one of the young ladies is a recent college graduate and goes from here to the World's Fair, then on to take a chair in a western college. Another is cashier in a bank; and yet because the load was heavy these girls took turns in walking from the railroad station, six miles distant, something on the old "ride and tie plan," and tell us they had lots of fun over it; but I have a mental list of country girls who would think themselves eternally disgraced by such a walk. For some time the cottagers here delighted in a flowing well of deliciously pure water; but the mines at the neighboring towns tapped the vein and in its place you now receive from a pump the nauseous mixture of salt, iron and water. The water used is dipped from the bay, and either filtered or boiled. Nobody gets sick from it, so I suppose it is all right.

Ophelia and I take turns at getting meals and the girls wash the dishes. Our bill of fare is simple: Something warm for breakfast, bread and milk for dinner, and bread and something else for supper. There is so much chatting and playing to do that our fancy work, reading and letter-writing are alike untouched. We can do them when we are beyond the presence of so many new and pleasant friends.

The days go by like "white sails upon a summer sea," and all too soon will come to the one set for us to say good bye to all in, and go back with our tanned faces, and shells and pebbles and memories, to our world of work.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

THE *Rural New Yorker* says green tomatoes and pie plant make excellent pies. Use equal quantities of each, and make like pie plant; flavor with lemon.

DISH-CLOTHS.

I cannot explain the reason why that dish-cloth so haunts my dreams at night—and my mind through the day. There was much that was lingering about it certainly. It was Phyllada's dish-cloth—she is the maid of all work, boss balancer in the kitchen realm—and pure chance that I stumbled on it.

It was wash day; not a blue Monday by any means, but a gloriously beautiful day. The sun was shining brightly, there was the least breeze—and such an intensely blue sky, just an ideal day for one to string out a line of clothes. To expedite matters I volunteered to take out a boilerful of clothes and put in the last of the washing, namely brown towels and so forth. I glanced at the nails back of the stove and there hung what appeared to be a huge cloth. I took it down cautiously and opened it. It was the cloth that three times per diem washed the dishes, pots, pans, kettles and floor—for all I knew. Talk about the germs of typhical fever lingering in dish-clothes! If the regular old Asiatic cholera wasn't pretty well domiciled in that filthy rag, than may I never hope to visit the World's Fair this fall! It would weigh three pounds—at the least calculating. It was originally a bag that held salt, a twenty-five pound sack; it had never been opened but was in its sewed up state and all the accumulations of weeks of steady usage had been allowed to remain, a sort of stratic formation; and the smell! Well,

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will.
But the scent of the roses will linger there still."

I grasped a big butcher knife that lay conveniently near and proceeded to up at apart. By pulling and cutting and tearing succeeded in getting it into two pieces. I rinsed it up and down in half a dozen waters and dumped it into the boiler, and made a hasty exit as Phyllada came in form the clothes line with her empty basket. When I finally appeared at meal time with my hands full of nice little dish cloths, and explained the various uses for each, I found that old rag, neatly sewed together, had once more assumed its natural proportions, and was fulfilling its mission of rag-of-all-work. Tears actually filled sweet Phyllada's eyes as I opened the top of the store and sent it hissing into the blaze. I cremated it on the spot.

I fell to wondering, why it is that people take such genuine solid satisfaction in crochety ways sluttish habits and have to be compelled to give them up—and that only at the point of the bayonet? It is said that straws show which way the wind blows, and a woman's hand-writing is a sure index to her character. Be this as it may there is no better criterion of a woman's housekeeping ability than her dish-cloth. The neat, tidy housewife has a number of dish-cloths; thin, soft ones

not too large, rinsed out free from pot black, streaks, sweet and clean and hung out separately to dry; while the disorderly woman or girl has one, and one only never rinsed, squeezed half dry and thrown up in a wad over the dishpan handle, reeking and dripping with filth and debris.

I wish that every woman would arouse to a realizing sense of the importance of tidy dish-cloths and the intense satisfaction they produce and of the great influence they exert over the members of the family and occasional visitors.

BATTLE CREEK. EVANGELINE.

THE OLD TIMES.

I am always sorry for those elderly people whose backward glance sees in "the good old times" so much more that was desirable and enjoyable than they can find in the present. I am sorry, I say, because I comprehend that they have come to the sunset of sixty years confessing life has been disappointment and a failure, if they feel the truth of what they say. Any sane man who, looking back over a life time of sixty or seventy years, honestly believes the 30's were better than the 90's, admits tacitly that he has not lived up to his opportunities. Progress has swept by him, and left him "a back number."

He will tell you people lived simple, frugal lives then; that there was less of selfishness and more of neighborly good will, that people were truer-hearted and more sincere; he'll even say the seasons are changing—the winters are colder and the springs more backward. Nothing is quite as good as it used to be. Well, the aborigines lived even more simply than the pioneers, but the latter did not care to emulate their methods. People "neighbored" from necessity, not choice; benefits were reciprocal because all were dependent; safety to life and property lay in union. There is just as much unselfishness and true friendship in the world now as then; I am not sure but people are really more sympathetic, for there are so many of us now that attraction, not proximity, can govern our associations. These good old times had their jealousies, their envys, their bickerings, and they were based on far narrower lines and stronger prejudices than ours of today.

The man who avers his willingness to go back to the days when the country was without railroads, daily papers, telegraphs and telephones; when schools and churches were scattered, and every body lived in log houses, when there were no harvesters, nor steam threshers; when letter-postage was twenty-five cents and the bottle of rum was kept in every man's cupboard and set out for everybody's refreshment, from the minister down to the nearest neighbor. When no building was "raised" or harvest garnered without its use—that man, I say, is either a colossal liar or an equally gigantic humbug.

Life was never so rich and blessed as now; never so bountiful with opportunities or so grand with promise. Yet the grumblers fail to remember that it is "not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings." Who would wish art and science and literature to turn back and give us their crudeness and experimentation again?

The eyes of the child are ever fixed upon the future, that holds everything in its hand for him. The tired eyes of age look back over the dusty pathway of the past. Time's mirage softens much that was hard and crude; pains and disappointments are forgotten, only pleasures remembered. The lad was care-free and happy; the old man is disappointed. He has not kept in touch with the little world around him; he has drawn apart from life's interests and youth's ambitions as they are lived around him, as years multiplied, and now he is lonely. The reason that the old is to him so much better than the new lies within; he, not in the times or the seasons. He amuses himself by thinking how much happier he used to be than he is now, and ascribes his lost happiness to "training days" I, and his mother's ginger bread, instead of to his own failing faculties and blunted perceptions.

The old man is more apt to weave a halo around old times than is the elderly woman. She busies herself about the details of daily life and keeps young by her participation in them. She keeps in touch with the young element of the family, and the "times are good enough" for her. And "grandma" is usually far more believed than the "grandpa" who believes there were no days like the old days.

BRUNEFILLE.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

When we consider how important a mission women are honored with in life; how great our influence is both in the domestic circle and in society, too great care cannot be taken in the cultivation and formation of minds and habits, which may have a beneficial effect on those around us.

We cannot overestimate the power of influence, and it is ours to wield that power for the good of others.

A writer speaks of women as being the books, the arts, the academies, that should contain and nourish all the world; and if such be the case surely it behooves us to make our lives examples of purity and unselfish goodness, instead of wasting the precious time which has been given us in useless aspirations after the unattainable.

Many will not engage in any definite work, simply because they are unable to reach the highest standard of excellence, and thereby merge into a state of selfish egotism. Let us, my dear sisters, take a lower place. All are not gifted alike with ability to shine, but we can

each take our rightful position in the home, making that blessed little circle the better and happier for our being in it.

We can do so much that I have often thought it a pity that we do not more fully realize the unlimited scope for usefulness which lies before us, and how frequently opportunities are allowed to slip, which might be productive of good if only taken advantage of; and when we consider that we are more or less our brother's keeper, a proper sense of responsibility will make us willingly active in the performance of any duties required of us. It is by careful attention to small things that great results are attained.

"Little words of kindness, little deeds of love,
Make of earth an Eden, like the Heaven above."

Let us therefore take courage and unite in a grand effort to let our influence ever be felt on the side of right, and if we truly seek to attain this we will have a share in making woman's mission a glorious one, but,

"We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows w'th tears,
It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or flowers."

PLAINWELL.

Z. E. R. O.

PUTTING UP PEACHES.

There are many ways of preserving this splendid fruit for winter use. Probably more peaches are canned than put up any other way. Peaches, peas, apples and quinces should always be pared with a silver knife and dropped into clean water, to avoid discoloration.

To can peaches, prepare a syrup allowing one cup of sugar to each can and simmer the peaches in this until done. Lift them out carefully into the can, boil the syrup ten or fifteen minutes and fill up the cans.

Good Housekeeping gives some excellent methods of putting up peaches, a few of which are given below:

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Pare and stone the fruit, allow sugar, pound for pound. Break a quarter of the stones, extract the kernels, cut them in pieces and boil in just enough water to cover them till soft, then set aside in a covered earthen jar. Put at the bottom of the preserving kettle a layer of sugar, then one of peaches, and so on till the kettle is filled or the fruit exhausted. Let it warm slowly till the sugar is melted and the fruit heated through. Then strain and add the water from the kernels and boil the whole till the peaches are tender and clear. The fruit is then taken carefully out with long-handled skimmers, placed upon large flat dishes or platters, and set in the sun to become firm. Meanwhile the sirup is boiled and skimmed till it is clear and thick, when the jars are filled three-quarters full of the fruit and the boiling sirup is poured over to fill the jars.

PEACH MARMALADE.—The peaches, having been pared, stoned and weighed, are placed in a porcelain-lined kettle and heated slowly, so as to extract all the juice possible. It is necessary to stir them often from the bottom, and for this use a wooden spoon is best—never use an iron spoon. Increase the heat gradually till the juice comes to a boil, which is allowed to continue for forty-five minutes, stirring frequently during the time. The sugar is then added, allowing twelve ounces for each pound of fruit, and the whole is boiled for five minutes, all of the scum which rises being carefully removed. Then add the juice of a lemon for each three pounds of peaches, and the water in which a quarter part of the kernels have been treated as described for preserved peaches. The whole is then to be stewed for ten minutes more, being stirred meantime till it becomes a smooth paste, when it is taken from the fire and put into jars or tumblers, being covered when cold with brandied paper.

PICKLED PEACHES, PARED.—Select ripe, perfect fruit, weigh after paring, and for each ten pounds of peaches take a quart of vinegar, four and a half pounds of sugar, and as much mace, cloves and cinnamon, or whatever spice is preferred, as will give the desired flavor. Lay the pared peaches upon the sugar for an hour, then drain off the sirup thus formed, and add a cupful of water. Bring this to a boil and skim as long as any scum rises; then put in the peaches, boil for ten minutes, put into the jars; add the vinegar and spices to the sirup, boil fifteen minutes and fill up the jars.

PICKLED PEACHES, UNPARED.—Wipe with a coarse cloth to remove the down, prick each peach with a fork, and heat in just enough water to cover them. Weigh them. When the water has nearly reached a boil, take out the peaches and put in three pounds of sugar to each seven pounds of fruit, boiling the sirup thus formed for fifteen minutes, and skimming it till clear. Then add three pints of vinegar and the spices, which should be placed in a small, thin muslin bag, and consist of one tablespoonful each of mace, allspice and cinnamon stick, with a teaspoonful each of celery seed and cloves. Boil all together for ten minutes, then return the peaches, and continue the boiling till the fruit can be pierced with a straw. Then remove the fruit to be cooled and packed in jars, continue boiling the sirup till it is of satisfactory thickness, and pour it over the peaches while still scalding hot.

IN preparing pineapples one cannot be too careful to remove every particle of the "eyes" after paring. Then instead of slicing the fruit, commence at the top and strip in small pieces from the outside to the centre or core.

GHERKIN PICKLES.

Tiny gherkins, or cucumbers, should be chosen for this purpose. The prettiest size is from one inch and a half to two inches and a half in length, but they may be used when nearly twice as large. The smaller ones require less soaking in brine than those of greater size. Leave stems on the gherkins if possible, and be careful that there are no specked or bruised specimens among them. Christine T. Herrick gives the following as the best method.

Put the cucumbers in a good-sized cheese-cloth bag, in which has been placed a stone heavy enough to anchor the bag in the bottom of the large earthen-ware crock or small keg which is to hold your pickles during this first stage. Tie up the bag at the top and lay it in the jar, taking care that none of your gherkins are under the stone. Pour in the brine, made strong enough to bear up an egg, using about a quart of salt to three gallons of water. Let the cucumbers lie in the brine for at least ten days, stirring the brine up well three times a week. Fresh cucumbers may be added from day to day, but in that case the length of time the bag and its contents remain in soak must be proportionately increased. It will not injure the cucumbers to remain for a month or six weeks in the brine. Test its strength with an egg from time to time, and add more salt if necessary, or water, if this has evaporated too rapidly.

When the last cucumbers added to the store have served their term in salt-water, take them all out, pick them over carefully, rejecting those that have softened, and lay the others in cold fresh water for forty-eight hours, changing the water once during that time. If the pickles are to be greened it must be done at this stage.

Prepare the vinegar by adding to each quart twelve whole cloves, twelve whole black pepper-corns, six whole allspice, six blades of mace, a quarter of an onion sliced, and one-third of a cup of sugar. Tie the spices and onion up together in one or two small bags, and boil the vinegar containing these and the sugar for five minutes. Pack the gherkins into a stone crock, pour the boiling vinegar over them, and cover the jar tightly. The vinegar must be drained from the pickle three days later, scald again, and poured back on the gherkins, and this operation repeated a week later, and then again on the tenth day. The pickles may then be arranged in small jars or left in a large crock. In either case, they must be covered closely. They will be ready for the table in six or eight weeks.

String-beans, radish pods, and small green tomatoes may be put up by the same method, and also because the direction, if absolutely obeyed, will yield thoroughly satisfactory results. Should these pickles not prove sharp enough to suit all tastes, the fault may be remedied by using less sugar to the same amount of vinegar.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TIN cans that tomatoes and corn come in are good to pack sausage in. Press down for a while after you think there are no chinks left. Pour hot lard on top. When wanted to fry, set in hot water a minute. It will slip out with a "tunk" on the bottom.—R. U. Y.

THE suggestion of an exchange about stemming currants has its value to the housekeeper. If currants are placed in a flat collander and a small stream of water allowed to run over them from the faucet, the stems can be separated by making a circular motion with the fingers through the currants.

A DISH drainer is a household convenience that would save trouble and toil to a good many women, and give them cleaner sweeter dishes to use in the bargain, if they would only be persuaded to invest. A dish rinsed by turning clean hot water over it and dried without wiping, is cleaner than the same dish wiped on the average dish towel, and once handling is saved. A dish drainer described by an exchange is like this: It was of tin, two feet in diameter, with sides that sloped towards the centre. There was a removable bottom like a skimmer, and underneath was a grooved bottom with an escape for the water that is poured over the dishes to make them easily wiped, and thoroughly free from every bit of dish water. This was one of the best labor savers I have seen, and every kitchen would be the better for one.

Z. E. R. O. says the inquiring reader should use two cups of sifted flour in the graham cake, or pudding.

Useful Recipes.

CODFISH BALLS.—Use equal parts of shredded fish (without soaking) and of uncooked potatoes pared and cut into thin slices. The fish and potatoes are put into tepid water to boil together. When cooked dry off and mash as you would for mashed potatoes that you wished to be light and nice. Partly cool the potatoes, then beat in an egg, a few tablespoonfuls of milk or sweet cream (do not make too moist), and if necessary a little salt. Beat and mix until light and then with a spoon roll large lumps of the potatoes into balls that are more oval than round and drop into the fat, which must be very hot, so hot that the blue smoke which indicates a high temperature is seen.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Beat to a cream two large tablespoonfuls of butter and sugar, one teacupful sweet milk, two teacupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt and two well beaten eggs. Mix well, pour in a greased basin or mould and steam an hour. It is improved with fruit but is good without. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or sugar and butter rubbed to a cream; flavor with almond or vanilla.

PIEPLANT JAM.—Seasons when fruit is scarce, pieplant jam may be made to take the place of some of the ordinary domestic supplies. Pare and cut the stalks, to every pound allow a pound of sugar and half the rind of a lemon. Place the fruit in a preserving kettle, strew over the sugar and set it on the stove where it will not heat very fast at first. Stir frequently to prevent its scorching. Slice the lemon rind thin and add it to the rhubarb and cook slowly until it is rich and somewhat stiff, then dip it into jars or tumblers and cover the same as jelly.—O. J. Farmer.