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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave!
But oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge or stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen—goes down!

O ye with banners and battle shot
And soldiers to shout and praise!
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

—Joaquin Miller.

GLIMPSES OF THE WHITE CITY.

Our First Day—Bird's Eye View—State Buildings.

So much has been written about the White City and the contributions from all lands which have been gathered there, that I quite despair of being able to say anything new or interesting. I thought I had at least one new application of an old phrase stored up for use. Washington has long been known as the "City of Magnificent Distances;" after two or three days of tramping on the Exposition grounds I felt the term could very appropriately be transferred to the White City, when lo! I found myself forestalled by Gustave Kobbe in the *September Century*. The third week in August I should have been most comfortable at home with a glass of ice-cream soda and a fan close by; the next week I thought affectionately of my furs and flannels and envied the polar bears in the fur exhibit their overcoats. Lake Michigan has a way of sending ungentle zephyrs round angles and between buildings; and I hereby warn late visitors to the great fair to go warmly clad or with plenty of mustard leaves for pneumonia.

Our first day at the Exposition was

memorable. We were eager and impatient. We were incensed at the dalliance of the waiter with our breakfast, and when it came, disposed of it with more alacrity than relish. Then we set forth to find our way to this wonderful city of palaces of which we have heard so much. As train after train (in Chicago street cars are run in trains of two or three cars each) went by loaded to the steps and with people sitting in the windows, we began to get desperate. Three very determined women faced the next motor-man; he saw we meant business and let us scramble on, and by dint of standing on our neighbors' toes and a little judicious aggressiveness of elbow, we kept from falling off as the cars went round the curves.

Those who have been at the Exposition will know there are thirteen great buildings and any number of smaller ones. As the grounds contain nearly 700 acres, the intramural railroad and the electric launches are welcome means of transportation. Then there are the "gospel chariots" or rolling chairs, which one may charter at fifty cents an hour and be pushed about by muscular students not averse to conversation—if their passenger be young and pretty. The Peristyle fronts the lake and forms one end of the Grand Court; it has 48 columns representing the States, and the central archway is crowned with a group of statuary emblematic of the discovery of the continent. Through these colossal columns one looks out upon the beautiful blue lake, and in upon the basin, at one end of which stands French's gigantic gilded Statue of the Republic, one hand upbearing the globe, the other grasping the staff upon which is Liberty's cap, emblem of freedom. At the other end of the basin is the MacMonnies fountain with its plunging sea-horses surrounding the triumphal barge illustrating the Progress of Columbia, with Time at the helm, Arts and Sciences wielding the mighty oars. The idea of motion, resistless, over-whelming, is well conveyed; remove the enchanter's spell and you feel the whole mass would rush through space with the sweep of the oars. The fountain would be more imposing were the water supply more abundant. On either side are the electric fountains, shapeless masses of stone by day, beautiful be-

yond description by night. Around this court are grouped the large buildings; the State and foreign buildings are massed at the north end, and the wooded island, 14 acres in extent (but I think that's stretched a little), lies nearly in the centre, lagoons all about it, and bridges connecting it with the main land.

Without a settled plan as to where we should go, we drifted to the State buildings, perhaps because they came first in our way. And it was unintentional wisdom on our part, too, for we enjoyed them as we should not later. California's was the first: a large, imposing building modeled after one of her old missions, with roof garden and cafe, and set in a lawn planted with palms and magnolia, orange, shaddock and pepper trees. Here was a great date palm, and a giant agave which had blossomed earlier in the season; and golden eschscholtzia, the State flower, bordered the walks. A species of palm, *Washingtonia filifera*, with long, thread-like fibres like fringe on its leaves, was curious. Within was an immense display of the products of the State. A great globe of oranges drew all eyes, and everywhere were specimens of bottled fruits of all kinds, raisins, almonds, wines, dried fruits, olives, figs, dates. I saw the curious inflorescence of the date for the first time—an immense number of tiny white single flowers in a long panicle of racemes, like the bloom of corn, and in another jar the young fruit just formed. There was a fine bronze statue of James Marshall, who discovered gold in California—a stalwart figure in frontier attire, with strong, resolute face, and finger pointing downward as if he had just found a "pocket." A great discovery truly, for since that date the El Dorado of the west has produced \$1,310,000,000 worth of the precious metal. In a case at the base of the statue were specimens of gold-bearing quartz and fac-similes of nugget gold, some of the originals being worth \$3,500. A horse and rider made of prunes attracted more attention than did the collection of literature and work of the authors and artists of the State. A statue of "California," backed by a giant date palm and set in a bower of verdure, balanced Marshall's statue at the other end of the building.

Washington's building is based upon

a foundation of logs from that State which are marvels of forest growth; some of them 125 feet long and three and half feet in diameter. Before it is a flag staff 207 feet high with not a splice; and within it the skeleton of the largest mastodon ever found outside of Siberia. In the centre is a representation of a Washington farm; crops are being cut, toy reapers, wagons, rakes, horses and men illustrating the processes; cows are in the pasture and chickens in the yard; there are even birds hovering over the farm. There is a vase almost or quite six feet high and three feet across turned out of a single piece of red cedar; and near it is a bit of a cedar log so long prostrate that a tree estimated to be a century old had grown upon the decayed portion, a wonderful example of the durability of the wood. There was a fine show of the hops for which the State is celebrated, and native fish and animals, paper from wood, a display of natural woods; and some curious Indian dolls, wooden, shapeless things, but beloved by the little pap-pooes.

South Dakota made a magnificent display of petrified wood, polished like the most beautiful marble, of wonderfully rich hues. The petrified forest from which these came must be indeed a marvel. Then there were marbles, jasper, sandstone, illustrative of her wealth in quarries; some lime—I suppose—formations as fine and delicate as frost work from Wind Cave; immense agates so clear it seemed as if water had been turned to stone and prisoned dainty tracery of ferns within. Dakota's women showed some exquisitely decorated china and enamel work, and in their exhibit were some curious relics—a comb set with brilliants, 200 years old; a mat of rabbits' tails and ears; a portrait of Lincoln done in silk and hair by a colored woman, in which the poor man looked more sad and downcast than ever; and to show how the work of the sexes is getting mixed and interchanged, there was a patchwork quilt of 7,809 pieces made by a man whose patience exceeded woman's, as evinced by his having sewed together sexagonal scraps of broad cloth only six-eighths of an inch in diameter. He was a sailor on H. M. S. Cressy in the piping times of peace, and stabbed Time with a needle.

In the Pennsylvania building, with tower and portico modeled after the old State House at Philadelphia, I was most interested in the relics of Colonial times. Here was the original charter granted by Charles II. to William Penn, when the tract thus ceded was "Penn's woods," with the old seals yet attached; the State constitution; old portraits of historical personages, Penn and his wife, a sweet-faced woman in Quaker gown; and the old Liberty bell, whose brazen throat cracked with joy and pride at ringing in our independence; and which is guarded by armed

soldiers day and night. There was an old watch that ticked in its owner's fob when he signed the Declaration of Independence; laces that decked the person of Abigail Adams, who succeeded Lady Washington at the White House; "mad Anthony" Wayne's sword; Washington's will, and his death mask; and what I found most pathetic of all, a rusted fork and spoon from Valley Forge. What a vision of the dark days when the hope of American independence hung upon the fate of that handful of starving soldiers, braving cold and hunger as stoutly as they had met British bullets, those bits of battered, blackened metal brought!

Florida's building is a model of old Fort Marion and thus is built about a court filled with southern trees and plants. The interior is like a grotto, being hung with the long grey moss indigenous to many species of her trees. It is packed with Floridian curiosities and everything is for sale; it's more like a bazar than an exhibit of products. But the State Legislature made no appropriation, and I presume those who put up the building want to get back part at least of what they expended. So there were little alligators and chameleons, corals, shells, sea beans, star fish, spar jewelry, cocoanuts, and all sorts of "truck;" and the most really interesting thing was a white pine tree, with outfit showing how turpentine and resin were made.

Massachusetts has a model of the old John Hancock house set in the midst of a gay New England garden of sunflowers and sweet peas and scarlet runners. New York's building was handsome and imposing, but not much to see within, being intended, like Michigan's, more for headquarters for New York people than an exemplar of State products. Maryland's building is a reproduction of a southern planter's home.

We finished up with New Mexico, where we found some ugly samples of ancient pottery, a painting of St. Christopher done on elkskin by the early Spaniards, the rude stone idols of the Pueblo Indians, showing the tribal growth in art in their development from the simplest form to those with some slight resemblance to the human figure. There was a bit of wood carving from the old Pecos church done by natives in 1598, and some of the famous Navajo blankets, oh so gay, every bit the slow, painstaking work of Indian women, and so close and firm they will hold water like earthenware; the mystery is where the women get these wonderfully brilliant, fadeless dyes. We finished our first day with a peep at the art galleries, as an earnest of delights to come.

BEATRIX.

E. A. L., of Ypsilanti, wants to know how to care for her hydrangea through the winter. She kept it growing last winter but complains it did not thrive.

CHESTNUT BURRS.

Did you ever notice how much like chestnut burrs some people are? If not just pick up one of those rough, thorny coverings, and holding it carefully, try and detect some resemblance. The sharp prickles which cover the chestnut burr project in every direction, making it necessary to handle it carefully, lest their sharp points pierce your flesh, producing pain.

There are two kinds of burrs, so are there are two kinds of people, resembling them.

Upon opening some burrs you find within large, sweet nuts, while in dividing others you discover that they contain nothing but dry, shriveled, worthless shells.

The pain of opening these has been worse than in vain, for you have received nothing from them but the wounds of the prickles.

Have you not come in contact with people like these burrs? Some are beset with unpleasant ways and manners; they utter sharp, disagreeable words, never thinking of the manner in which such language may be received, and oftentimes people seem afraid to have any dealings with them. But strange as it may seem, should you get to their inner and better nature, you will find they are really good and noble.

We must not be too hasty to pass sentence on those whom we meet, for within the rough, thorny exterior we may find good fruit of loving wishes. They entertain a pleasant spirit and an intention of doing good, but have a very unfortunate way of showing it.

When we reach the hearts of the others, we find nothing but the empty shells of selfishness, the dry shriveled husks of contemptuousness, the worthless hulls of vanity.

It is very unfortunate to be like the first kind; to have all the good hidden by a prickly covering; but if within you find kindness, which like a peaceful stream reflects every object in its just proportions, patience, humility and other good qualities, you are doubly repaid for the pain of the prickles.

But what have you gained by coming in contact with the other kind? Their cloak of flesh is covered with sharp points, and from the heart project prickles of hatred, covetousness, deceit and fraud. You have been wounded beyond recovery by their evil doings,—for there remains a scar which time will never erase.

As we are all enveloped by a mantle of peculiarities, let us try not to have the burrs so conspicuous or so sharp-pointed as to injure our fellow beings; but by constant thoughtfulness and watchfulness influence those around us; and perhaps that influence will awaken an interest which may be hidden deep down in some of the recesses of the heart, and be the means of sowing good seed, and grow into an abundant harvest.

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

FROM DISH-CLOTH TO TROUSERS.

Evangeline's sermon on dish cloths reminds me of an experience I had several years ago with an estimable woman for whom I worked. She had a mania for dish cloths. She didn't tie bows of ribbon on them and hang them in the parlor—oh dear no! but the girl was worried to a shadow to make sure each one was hung on its proper nail. There was one for the milk-pail and strainer; another for the tea and coffee pots; one for the knives and forks; one each for the best dishes; one for the common dishes, one for the crocks, one for kettles and pans. If they had been made of different materials it would have been easy enough to keep them where they belonged, but they were all made of the same kind of cloth and all had to be washed till spotlessly white; and as they all hung in a row I was quite apt to get them mixed.

Her peculiarities didn't stop there. She had an idea that boiling clothes wore them out; and had all her washing scalded in gallon crocks. The regiment of crocks that was drawn up in line on wash day would have led a stranger to think they had a large dairy instead of but one cow; and as the washing usually hung around six days in the week it was rather trying to the nerves. There was one consolation—she only got around to wash every two to three weeks. I don't believe the ironing and mending were ever done in that house, for she was always putting something away to be washed over again, and then forgetting all about where she had put it. The meals were never ready on time. She wouldn't allow any one but herself to prepare them; and she was so busy pattering with her crocks and rags she wouldn't think of meals till she got hungry. My temper used to get frayed until naught but the ravelings were left. Then she was very economical; she was always saving something—in her mind! To save washing she put on first a clean dress and apron, so as to be presentable if there were callers; then over that she put a soiled dress and apron, and over that still another, until she was a bundle of clothes. We used to wonder how in the world she ever drew a full breath, we speculated on her probable weight when she unswathed from her gowns.

It's all right to be particular about one's dish-cloths, but a dish-rag crank is the worst crank I've ever had to handle, and if I ever go out to service again I'll just inquire, "How many dish cloths do you keep, ma'am?" I won't quarrel over three or four but if it's six, I'll look a little farther. "I've done had a 'sperence" with six.

There is another kind of woman I wouldn't live with and that's the one who on wash day puts on the worst old garments she can find, her husband's old shoes, and with her hair uncombed, beds unmade, dishes just as they were

left at breakfast, proceeds to get her washing out before her neighbor. She is very apt to be cross at dinner, which is made up of all the leavings of the day before, and all the family wash-day came but once a month. I have never found washing such dreadfully dirty work that I must needs make a scarecrow of myself that would rival the one we hang in the corn field. I don't find it necessary to slop the floor with suds, soak my clothing, draggle my skirts or disarrange my hair, or generally make a domestic fright of myself. I put on a clean dress, apron and collar; put my clothes to soak before or after breakfast, just which is convenient, then go about my other duties. After they are finished I do the washing, and I think I keep my temper just as unruffled as if I slopped, banged, and let every thing go till I got my washing out. It doesn't worry me in the least if my neighbor does get her clothes on the line an hour or two before me; if I get done before noon I'm satisfied.

Did you ever know it to fail that when circumstances prevented your being clean and tidy, some one was sure to come who might not make allowances for your appearance? I've had several such painful experiences till I vowed I'd plant a ten foot hedge all round the farm and keep the gate padlocked. That's the one unpleasant feature of farming, to me; for clay when wet sticketh closer than a brother and one's personal appearance is apt to suffer from a too close intimacy with it, especially one wearing skirts. That reminds me I want to tell Sister Gracious I've experienced a charge of heart in regard to doffing my present style of habiliments.

I had an idea that trousers were the most convenient garment under the sun, but after giving them a trial, I returned to petticoats without a murmur. Why I couldn't coax the dog to look me in the face when attired a la Beau Brummel!

Well, I think I've got off my subject. I started with a dish-cloth and end with a pair of trousers. I'll stop before Beatrix gets another editorial wrinkle on her brow.

SALLY WATERS.

FROM LARAMIE PLAINS.

In reply to the inquiries of many kind friends left in Michigan, I would say that we are well and happy, and getting settled in our new home. Everything here is so different that I feel like a person just commencing housekeeping, and it is sometimes somewhat trying to meet with failure in cooking where one has been accustomed to success. For instance, if I use more than half a cup of granulated sugar for a layer cake, I find myself unable to get it out when done without having it fall to pieces; and many other things are the same way. This is said to be due to the altitude, 7,000 feet. But these are minor

matters and this is not a land of notions nor of many "boiled shirts." The men don't black their boots—at least not every morning.

We are right in the mountains, with in sight of Laramie peak. The air is simply delightful, and no matter how warm it becomes during the day about four o'clock in the afternoon a cool breeze will come up, and you may retire to bed as early as you please, not to pant for breath for half the night; but with your window wide open, a sheet, a good warm quilt and a white spread drawn over you go right to sleep and never wake until painfully conscious that the sun is gilding the hills with gold and there is no help for it, you must get up. This is a famous country for eating and sleeping; and the busy housewife must provide liberally for her family table.

Game is plentiful and the boys carry a gun everywhere. Anything for the table must be bought either ready canned, or fresh from Utah or California. This is essentially a stock country, and it is wonderful to see the cattle that were very poor in the spring now fatter than anything corn-fed in Michigan. Being mountainous the country is interspersed with beautiful ravines—or gulches as they are called here—where there are almost always nice clear cool springs where the cattle find both grass and water. Although our boys sometimes have to ride a good many miles after the cows at night, we make the most beautiful butter, yellow as gold; and many of the hottest days this summer I have had to carry it to the kitchen from the spring house because it was so hard I could do nothing with it. From that spring we supply the house by a pipe and pump in the kitchen, and we can put water upon the dinner table in the hottest weather at a temperature of 42 degrees. When I say that nothing is raised here, I only refer to our section of the State. I understand very fine crops are raised in some other parts, and vegetables are grown near here in canons and gulches. A man came along the other day from one of these and asked me if I wished to buy some, as he had a wagon load at the door. I went out and asked him the price, thinking he would say so much per bushel. Instead he said so much per pound; everything here is sold by the pound. Now how many housekeepers in Michigan would have any idea of how much a pound of string beans, potatoes or turnips would be? But it is a very good way when you become accustomed to it; still, as I said at the outset, you have to learn housekeeping over again. We are sixty-five miles from a store of any size, and thirty miles from even a small one. This is not such a trial as I at first thought it would be, as we soon learn to buy by the quantity. The temptation to buy what is not essential to either our happiness or comfort is removed. It is indeed restful to be relieved from

all worry as to the prevailing style in either bonnets or dresses, and gives much leisure for reading and riding in the open air. In fact the women here all ride horseback, and ride so well it is just a pleasure to watch them. I long to do likewise—and I shall if I live.

My friend Mrs. C——, who was accustomed to everything beautiful in Michigan, puts on her sunbonnet and comes thirty-five miles across the plains to visit me. I put on my sunbonnet last week and took the same ride to visit her; each just as happy as though we had first visited the dressmaker or milliner, and much healthier. There is not a house or a sign of human life in the whole thirty-five miles, yet the plains are beautiful. The soil is good but there is no water, so the scant grass and the ever-present sage brush are given up to thousands of cattle and horses, that travel long distances to drink at some spring of which they all know. And the beautiful antelope—most graceful of creatures—bounds across these plains, sometimes only four or five in company, and then perhaps a band of fifty or sixty. As we go along in a buggy they will bound away perhaps eighty rods, then wheel like a company of soldiers and stand looking at you with heads erect; then turn and away they go over the first hill. It is too bad, but they are just as surely being exterminated as the buffalo. There is law enough for their protection, but it is not enforced; and a sportsman will gleefully remark that he has shot thirty. They are delicious eating, and as each doe produces twins in the spring, even with the present rate of increase in population they might be plentiful for one hundred years, but the meat is much of it wasted, and I think that in ten years an antelope on these Laramie plains will be a curiosity.

As I said at the outset, we are well and happy; delighted with the air, the water, and the abundance of sunshine; the children are the color of Indians, but I don't care.

MRS. W. J. GARLOCK.

OWEN, Albany Co., Wyoming.

ABOUT QUINCES.

Most housekeepers, says a lady in the *Country Gentleman*, have an idea that quinces can only be made into preserves, jelly and marmalade, but they are delicious canned, if only they are properly prepared and cooked sufficiently. Never use stunted or knotty fruit, but fine, well ripened and yellow. Rub thoroughly to remove the down, then pare and cut out the blossom ends, but do not allow the latter to drop among the parings. Quarter and core, dropping the fruit immediately into cold water to prevent its changing color. Add enough water (cold) to the parings and cores to cover them and boil slowly until soft, then strain through a cheese-cloth jelly bag.

Weigh the fruit and allow three-

fourths of a pound of sugar to each pound of quinces. Return the juice to the fire and when it boils add a few of the quinces, cover closely and boil until they can be quite easily pierced with a steel fork, but not too long or else they will break in the second boiling. Skim out and drain a few minutes on a platter before putting into the jars. When all has been cooked add the sugar to the juice and stir until it is melted. Then pour the sirup over the fruit in the jars and proceed as for other fruit, except boiling slower and longer. The length of time depends upon how long they were boiled at first, but it should be from forty-five minutes to an hour, or until the fruit is tender and takes on its peculiarly beautiful color.

A HINT.

I saw an extract from *Good Housekeeping* in the *HOUSEHOLD* of August 26th, recommending putting liquid glue into starch. It does not seem to me to be an article that the average woman could use successfully for the purpose intended. But dissolved gum arabic, a teaspoonful in a pint of cooked starch, is a great improvement, and most especially so for thin summer dresses. They do not get limp and stringy the first time they are out in the dew or a slight shower. When mused they can be pressed out and will look very nice.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

CRAB APPLE JELLY AND PRESERVES.

The *New York Tribune* gives these directions for using crab apples, which certainly make a delicious and beautifully colored conserve:

To make the jelly, wash or wipe the fruit carefully, cut out the flower end and cut off the stem. Cut each tiny apple in half, and put the pieces of apple in a stone jar. Cover them closely and set the jar in a large pot of cold water, so that the water will reach up as far as the apples. Bring the water gradually to the boiling point, and let it boil steadily around the jar for eight hours. It needs no care, except to have the water renewed as it boils down. By this slow, steady process of cooking the clear juice is drawn out of the crab-apple. Any less time in the cooking is a mistake. When the crab apples are cooked in this way, take the jar out of the water and let the crab apples rest over night. Then, when they are thoroughly cold, strain them, pressing out every particle of juice. Measure the juice, and allow a pound of sugar to every pint of it. Boil the juice down for twenty minutes; then add the sugar, and as soon as the sugar is melted, test it. If it is a firm jelly, pour it into bowls at once. If it is not, cook it a few minutes longer. It is one of the easiest as well as one of the most delicious jellies, and never fails to "come." It is a good plan to strain the jelly as it is poured into the bowls, to insure its being clear. The jelly should be perfectly firm as soon as it cools. Then cover it with brandy paper and seal it up. It is an excellent jelly for cake and to serve with desserts, but it is not as suitable to serve with meats as are red and black currant, damson and barberry jellies.

To make a crab apple preserve, using

the red Siberian crab apples, which may be easily peeled and cored, begin by weighing the fruit, allowing a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Then carefully peel them, cut them in half and remove the stem, flower end and core. Save the peel and core. Drop the peeled halves into water, acidulated by using the juice of a lemon or two tablespoonfuls of pure wine vinegar to every gallon. Put the peelings and cores in a porcelain-lined kettle, with half a cup of water to every pound of the fruit weighed out. Cook the peelings and cores very slowly in this water for about an hour. At the end of this time strain out the juice and use it to make a syrup with the sugar. There should be about a cup of the liquid to every pound of sugar. Let this syrup come to the boiling point, and then cook as many pieces of the crab apple as you can without crowding them. As soon as they are clear and transparent and tender enough to be easily pierced with a broom splint, put them into jars, and continue the cooking until all the pieces are cooked. Boil the syrup down a little, then strain it over the pieces of preserved crab apples. There should be just enough to cover them, and the syrup will almost turn to jelly around the fruit.

Contributed Recipes.

SWEET PICKLED PEACHES, PEARS OR PLUMS.

—To a quart of vinegar allow seven pounds of fruit, four pounds sugar, one ounce of whole cloves and two ounces stick cinnamon. Boil the vinegar and sugar, skum; then cook the fruit ten or fifteen minutes. Skim out into jars, boil the syrup down one half and fill up the cans. Peaches and pears should be pared and the latter halved, if large.

SWEET CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Pare cucumbers of table size, cut them in quarters or sixths, according to size. Pour over them a boiling brine and let stand twenty four hours. Drain, pour on boiling water, and drain again. Prepare a spiced vinegar by allowing one cup sugar, one teaspoonful white mustard seed, one stick of cinnamon and a few cloves to one pint of vinegar. Let boil, skim, and pour over the cucumbers. They are fit for use the next day. This recipe appeared in the *HOUSEHOLD* in August, 1886, but is repeated for the benefit of E. A. L., because it is known to be excellent.

TOMATO CONSERVE.—Pare nice ripe tomatoes and let them lie in vinegar three days. Then cook them in a syrup, allowing five pounds of sugar to seven pounds of fruit and using just liquid enough to wet the sugar so the fruit will not burn. Cook slowly for about two hours. Spices and the juice of a couple of lemons are an addition. B. J.

COCOANUT PIE.—One cup dessicated cocoanut soaked in milk; two powdered crackers or two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; three eggs; one tablespoonful of butter; a pinch of salt; sugar to suit the taste, and the grated rind of one lemon. Bake with one crust.

RHUBARB CUSTARD PIE.—Stew the rhubarb in just as little water as will cook it thoroughly; whip very light, using, if you have it, a Dover egg beater; add to one cup of this one cup of sugar, half tablespoonful of flour, two well beaten eggs; bake in an open crust like a tart pie; cover with a meringue made with the whites of two eggs. It should be eaten cold. Z. E. R. O.