

MICHIGAN FARMER

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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

The former article on this subject made me say *modesty*, when I meant to have said *industry*. While the former was once one of the characteristics, and is now becoming exceedingly rare, yet I desire to call attention to the latter topic. The second prominent characteristic of the New England home is industry. I know this is an old fashioned word, hardly suited to the demands of Young America, but like its mate, economy, only fit to be seen in the dictionary, or used by stingy deacons to suppress the rising star of advancement; but there is an old saying, credited I think to Isaac Watts, which if in the Bible would be no more true, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Masterly inactivity!! how majestic it sounds. How grand in theory, but how ignoble in practice! The curse of the present time is this eternally sitting round waiting, Micawber like, for something to "turn up." The desire is for some occupation which does not require any previous preparation, and which presents the greatest amount of compensation for the least amount of labor. A young man once advertised for board in a family where his christian example would be deemed sufficient compensation. A young man so delicately organized should be shielded from all the roughness of real life, and be floated on a lily leaf down the river of time to the haven of—not rest, for how can he rest who was never tired, say the haven of inactivity, *Laziness*. A busy man is comparatively free from temptations, for when the devil goes about looking for recruits to do his work, he looks among those who are standing idle in the market place.

The cultivation of industry soon arouses a spirit of manly and womanly independence. Thus early in life the members of the New England family became self supporting, and contributed something to the general good. It may be objected to this early assumption of the work and care of mature years, that it curtails the joys of childhood and youth. There will be time enough to meet the demands of active life, when these demands are present. But the trouble is that the knowledge of these is postponed so long that distaste comes on, and mature life is reached without the knowledge of the simplest practical duties. A hired girl must do the work which the old mother

had always performed with an independent pride. The mother makes the bread and the bed, while the girl has to be informed which cow gives the buttermilk. Idleness is a breeder of mischief, and cannot be indulged without injury to the person so indulging.

Activity will not cover but prevent a multitude of sins. J. E. DAY.
ARMADA.

BLUNDERS AND SURPRISES.

I am eager to see the "Woman in Politics" and the woman that knows "political economy" from a bag of beans uttering words of wisdom in these columns—no danger of her getting a monopoly of them, though, good sisters, she's too scarce a commodity; but as for me, I've been out in the warm sunshine of this warm April day. The sky looks "alive." Things gay and green are starting from the cold, gray earth. The air is echoing the songs of happy birds, the gurgle and splash of flowing water, and the "talk" of the tall trees as the wind, in tenderer mood than he has known for many months, bends and banters their yielding boughs and tender buds.

It was ten A. M. when I went out to see how many crocuses were "out" this morning. It was eleven o'clock when I came in, and it seemed if I had been out not over ten minutes. "What was I doing?" Clearing the litter from my bed of hardy bulbs, for I found my tulips well "started a growing." The "litter" was simply dead verberna vines, and the autumn leaves that they caught and held in their meshes last fall. These I find have afforded ample protection for the bulbs, and this brings me to surprise No. 1. Years ago, when I was in and of the "world," I saw fragrant verbenas. The peculiar charm of their odor I never forgot. And verbenas were among my favorites for the little floral venture of which I have told you. But judge of my disgust when I grew only scentless ones. I addressed a florist on this special point, telling them that I wanted some seed that would grow fragrant flowers. The reply was, "We do not know of any such. Never saw a fragrant verberna." Well, I knew that I had; and I hoped I might again. Two years ago I got some verberna seed of Mrs. Fuller, and I of course expected it would produce the regulation scentless blooms. Great therefore was my surprise and delight to find that I was the owner of a bed of rank growing, profusely

blooming, deliciously fragrant, all-that-could-be-asked-for verbenas! Thus, you see, I have it! The breath of a flower that I breathed—let me see—sixteen years ago! Mrs. Fuller said once in these columns: "Those who are waiting for bulbs for fall planting, please be patient, as the bulbs are under a mass of verbenas that I do not like to disturb just yet," &c. This gave me a clew to at least one happy hit in the succession of plants in a flower garden. It works like a charm. I gathered bouquets of verbenas and chrysanthemums late in November last. And this brings me to surprise No. 2, (and please note that every "surprise" has its attendant "blunder." Three years ago, in my fall supply of plants from Mrs. Fuller, there came a couple of unnamed and unknown slips; one I set "down and out" for an artemesia, the other for a "wait and see." This latter showed for itself the next June that it was a scarlet trumpet vine. Hi made a little trellis for it, which it quickly out-grew. He made another "towering" one. It out-grew that, and reached on up toward the shining sky, and then the boys said they'd make an arch over the walk. But this they have not done, and I have my doubts as to whether so ambitious a plant could be induced to climb downward. But there it grows, and blows, and reaches upward, and from June till the snow is flying and the frost biting cold, it hangs out its gay little squads of trumpeters, and the bees and butterflies, and the dainty, darting little humming birds never weary of what the gay little trumpeters have to tell. But the artemesia: It grew well all the next summer; the next it grew better, and last summer the growth was grand. But, alas, the last of August came, and as in previous years, no signs of bud or bloom. Nobody seemed to be quite sure that it was an artemesia, but if anybody knew anything they "guessed it would be one." Well, I didn't care much for artemesias anyway; I'd got tired watching the thing and seeing it so idle, and I took hold of it, resolved to tear it out root and branch, when I saw a sign of a blossom bud. I relented. The signs multiplied and grew amazingly: At last, about the 10th of October, a bud was fully opened. And such a flower! 'Twas a stranger in a strange land, and a very beautiful stranger, too.

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At St. Joseph we learned the history of a plantation. A man named Wormley, from Pennsylvania, purchased a plantation here some years ago, for \$25,000, and made \$17,000 the first year. The plantation consists of 400 acres, with a handsome house, outbuildings and 65 neat tenant cottages. Plantation houses are mostly one story high, with a cupola, and wide, encircling verandahs.

On the 25th we passed the plantation once the home of Zachary Taylor, afterward the home of Jefferson Davis. The old buildings are in ruins, but a neat church points its spire heavenward in the near vicinity. At a landing further down was a laughable scene: On a small wooden platform an old darkey was sawing away for dear life on a dilapidated fiddle, while three more were dancing a plantation breakdown, and a fourth patting "juba." Some of the girls went on shore, and were invited into a plantation house. The owners were absent, but the colored housekeeper showed them every attention. Everything was very neat, no carpets, but floors as white as snow.

Bayou Sara, a nice little town of 1,500 inhabitants. This bayou empties through Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne into the Gulf.

We arrived at Port Hudson during a heavy thunder storm. High bluffs, broken with ravines, are the features of this place. It was at this point that Admiral Farragut ran the rebel blockade soon after the fall of Vicksburg, losing the gun boat Mississippi. The river has changed its channel since, and boats can no longer go very near the town. The wharf is all awry and must soon fall. We passed Baton Rouge in the evening, and could only see that it was located on bluffs.

At sunrise of the 29th we were at Mt. Thomas. The banks are lined with sugar plantations; large mansions, and extensive sugar refineries attest thrift and prosperity. Here we saw one hundred or more mules in one field. Plantation landings are only a bank; the steamer throws out a swinging stage, which is worked by a pony engine, a line is carried ashore, the stage dropped, freight thrown in a heap on the ground, and off goes the boat again. There are no warehouses even in many towns, freight is piled up and covered with tarpaulins. We saw a four-yoke ox team at one of these landings, the yoke, a piece of plank, strapped to their horns. It looked "right smart."

Donaldsonville, the next point, was named for a stepson of Gen. Jackson. Here is Bayou La Fouché, which runs into Bayou Black. The plantation opposite was owned at one time by Wade Hampton. Next landed at Fureand's. Darkies of every age and sex, a huge crowd, came trooping to the landing. Soon after we passed the convent of the Sacred Heart, and soon after the college which gives the name of College Point to the landing. Both are beautiful structures, embowered in trees. A nice little town is situated on the point.

At "Gold Mine," there are miles of level country, with lofty forests in the back

ground, showing hills in the distance. It is a strange experience to see a noble river walled in with raised levees, while the country back is lower than the water, yet built up so thickly it seems like a town, while fields green with verdure, or dotted with lines of tender green marking the growing cane, extend back as far as one can see. There are cuts in the levee in many places, guarded by gates, with irrigating ditches leading into the fields.

An hour's voyage, and we came upon the Red Church, the oldest church in the south. It is 25 miles above New Orleans, and its front and modest spire rise from a group of evergreens. It puts on no airs because of antiquity. Saw the first orange grove to-day; also groves of magnificent live oak trees, which are planted around the dwellings and grounds in profusion.

Arrived at Crescent City docks about seven o'clock in the evening. Most of the people went on shore to church. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, of the First Presbyterian Church, is the attraction. I preferred to remain on board, taking in the sights and sounds of the great city. Two United States war vessels were anchored in mid-stream, huge, high bulwarked, iron plated craft, with masts and smoke stacks, mark ocean vessels, a baby steam launch flitting from boats to shore, forests of shipping are seen as far as eye can reach, the rumble and roar of business fills the ear, and over all a full moon looks down, flooding all things with its silvery radiance. And this is New Orleans.

A. L. L.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

I plainly foresee there is to be a revolution in housekeeping. It is always a favorable sign for the incoming of a new kingdom when many are inquiring the way. It is encouraging to see so many desiring to burst from the old thralldom, and by some means fit themselves to take higher ground, and at last hold up their heads in freedom, and learn how much of worth and beauty this world holds for those who will pause a moment and open their minds to take it in. We have scrupulously and persistently "cleaned the outside of the platter." But what is within? Have we not so thoroughly given our minds over to preserving cleanliness on our children's faces and our husband's clothes; to the distracting whiteness of our kitchen floors and brightness of our dishpans; in fact to the being extremely "careful about many things" that the children have been forced from home for recreation and instruction, and the husband for companionship? May the day hasten when the good wife shall be more afraid of dust upon her intellect than on her pantry shelves, and have a greater horror of cobwebs in her brain than on her parlor walls. Our husbands and fathers have been counselling for many years to "let things go and not scrub our lives away." They claim to have a yearning desire for a little less order and a little more comfort. Now let us take them at their word.

Let us bury all fear of the voice of Mrs.

Grundy, for when our voices shall rise in unison with the chant of the long suffering men, hers will most surely be silenced in the mighty din.

SISTER SLACK.

PAW PAW.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

The best paper-holder I have ever used is like a section of pigeon-holes in a post-office; five in width and three in height is a nice size, each pigeon hole to be 6x6 inches, made of half inch stuff, and suspended by coarse picture cord. The end pieces are inch stuff, and should project far enough above the upper shelf, or top, to allow of half inch holes being bored, one near the front and one near the back of each end for the cord. It should be about a foot deep, so that papers folded as they ordinarily are will not project far from the front edge. It should be painted the same color as the woodwork of the room in which it is to hang, or, if made of black walnut, oiled and varnished. Let the names of the periodicals taken be cut out, and each pasted over the box it is to occupy. The mail is brought home and distributed, and when a certain paper is wanted, the few minutes one has for reading need not be spent in looking for the desired paper. Six inches square is about the right size for the pigeon holes, and if a place is desired for a large journal or magazine, leave out the two central divisions on the lower shelf. A handsome drapery could be hung in front, thus making it ornamental as well as useful. Ingenious boy, make one for your mother, and see how pleased she will be.

I find a clothes pin apron much more convenient than bag or basket. Take two pieces of shirting or gingham, both sides alike, twenty inches long; place them together, round off the lower corners, and slant off the upper corners, as for an apron, then from one of the pieces, cut out two pieces, shaped like a slim capital U, bind these openings with bias strips of the same goods, seam the two parts together around the lower edges, and turn, bringing the seam on the inner side, baste them together smoothly at the top, gather a little, and put on a band long enough to reach around the waist of the largest individual who is expected to wear it, for the smaller ones, place buttons at different intervals on the belt, letting one button hole answer for all.

A handy ironing board is thus made: Take a pine board or any light wood twenty-two inches in width, and three feet four inches in length; nail a strip on each end to prevent warping or splitting, then tack the ironing cloth smoothly and firmly over the edges, leaving a six inch space at one end of the board bare; on this space, with a nail in each corner, fasten an oyster can, with the opening from you, so if it should sag from the weight of the irons, they will not slip off on your toes. This flat rest never gets lost, never falls off, and is cheap withal.

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On the 25th we passed the plantation once the home of Zachary Taylor, afterward the home of Jefferson Davis. The old buildings are in ruins, but a neat church points its spire heavenward in the near vicinity. At a landing further down was a laughable scene: On a small wooden platform an old darkey was sawing away for dear life on a dilapidated fiddle, while three more were dancing a plantation breakdown, and a fourth patting "juba." Some of the girls went on shore, and were invited into a plantation house. The owners were absent, but the colored housekeeper showed them every attention. Everything was very neat, no carpets, but floors as white as snow.

Bayou Sara, a nice little town of 1,500 inhabitants. This bayou empties through Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne into the Gulf.

We arrived at Port Hudson during a heavy thunder storm. High bluffs, broken with ravines, are the features of this place. It was at this point that Admiral Farragut ran the rebel blockade soon after the fall of Vicksburg, losing the gun boat Mississippi. The river has changed its channel since, and boats can no longer go very near the town. The wharf is all awry and must soon fall. We passed Baton Rouge in the evening, and could only see that it was located on bluffs.

At sunrise of the 29th we were at Mt. Thomas. The banks are lined with sugar plantations; large mansions, and extensive sugar refineries attest thrift and prosperity. Here we saw one hundred or more mules in one field. Plantation landings are only a bank; the steamer throws out a swinging stage, which is worked by a pony engine, a line is carried ashore, the stage dropped, freight thrown in a heap on the ground, and off goes the boat again. There are no warehouses even in many towns, freight is piled up and covered with tarpaulins. We saw a four-yoke ox team at one of these landings, the yoke, a piece of plank, strapped to their horns. It looked "right smart."

Donaldsonville, the next point, was named for a stepson of Gen. Jackson. Here is Bayou La Fouché, which runs into Bayou Black. The plantation opposite was owned at one time by Wade Hampton. Next landed at Fureaud's. Darkies of every age and sex, a huge crowd, came trooping to the landing. Soon after we passed the convent of the Sacred Heart, and soon after the college which gives the name of College Point to the landing. Both are beautiful structures, embowered in trees. A nice little town is situated on the point.

At "Gold Mine," there are miles of level country, with lofty forests in the back

ground, showing hills in the distance. It is a strange experience to see a noble river walled in with raised levees, while the country back is lower than the water, yet built up so thickly it seems like a town, while fields green with verdure, or dotted with lines of tender green marking the growing cane, extend back as far as one can see. There are cuts in the levee in many places, guarded by gates, with irrigating ditches leading into the fields.

An hour's voyage, and we came upon the Red Church, the oldest church in the south. It is 25 miles above New Orleans, and its front and modest spire rise from a group of evergreens. It puts on no airs because of antiquity. Saw the first orange grove to-day; also groves of magnificent live oak trees, which are planted around the dwellings and grounds in profusion.

Arrived at Crescent City docks about seven o'clock in the evening. Most of the people went on shore to church. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, of the First Presbyterian Church, is the attraction. I preferred to remain on board, taking in the sights and sounds of the great city. Two United States war vessels were anchored in mid-stream, huge, high bulwarked, iron plated craft, with masts and smoke stacks, mark ocean vessels, a baby steam launch flitting from boats to shore, forests of shipping are seen as far as eye can reach, the rumble and roar of business fills the ear, and over all a full moon looks down, flooding all things with its silvery radiance. And this is New Orleans.

A. L. L.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

I plainly foresee there is to be a revolution in housekeeping. It is always a favorable sign for the incoming of a new kingdom when many are inquiring the way. It is encouraging to see so many desiring to burst from the old thralldom, and by some means fit themselves to take higher ground, and at last hold up their heads in freedom, and learn how much of worth and beauty this world holds for those who will pause a moment and open their minds to take it in. We have scrupulously and persistently "cleaned the outside of the platter." But what is within? Have we not so thoroughly given our minds over to preserving cleanliness on our children's faces and our husband's clothes; to the distracting whiteness of our kitchen floors and brightness of our dishpans; in fact to the being extremely "careful about many things" that the children have been forced from home for recreation and instruction, and the husband for companionship? May the day hasten when the good wife shall be more afraid of dust upon her intellect than on her pantry shelves, and have a greater horror of cobwebs in her brain than on her parlor walls. Our husbands and fathers have been counselling for many years to "let things go and not scrub our lives away." They claim to have a yearning desire for a little less order and a little more comfort. Now let us take them at their word.

Let us bury all fear of the voice of Mrs.

Grundy, for when our voices shall rise in union with the chant of the long suffering men, hers will most surely be silenced in the mighty din.

SISTER SLACK.

PAW PAW.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

The best paper-holder I have ever used is like a section of pigeon-holes in a post-office; five in width and three in height is a nice size, each pigeon hole to be 6x6 inches, made of half inch stuff, and suspended by coarse picture cord. The end pieces are inch stuff, and should project far enough above the upper shelf, or top, to allow of half inch holes being bored, one near the front and one near the back of each end for the cord. It should be about a foot deep, so that papers folded as they ordinarily are will not project far from the front edge. It should be painted the same color as the woodwork of the room in which it is to hang, or, if made of black walnut, oiled and varnished. Let the names of the periodicals taken be cut out, and each pasted over the box it is to occupy. The mail is brought home and distributed, and when a certain paper is wanted, the few minutes one has for reading need not be spent in looking for the desired paper. Six inches square is about the right size for the pigeon holes, and if a place is desired for a large journal or magazine, leave out the two central divisions on the lower shelf. A handsome drapery could be hung in front, thus making it ornamental as well as useful. Ingenious boy, make one for your mother, and see how pleased she will be.

I find a clothes pin apron much more convenient than bag or basket. Take two pieces of shirting or gingham, both sides alike, twenty inches long; place them together, round off the lower corners, and slant off the upper corners, as for an apron, then from one of the pieces, cut out two pieces, shaped like a slim capital U, bind these openings with bias strips of the same goods, seam the two parts together around the lower edges, and turn, bringing the seam on the inner side, baste them together smoothly at the top, gather a little, and put on a band long enough to reach around the waist of the largest individual who is expected to wear it, for the smaller ones, place buttons at different intervals on the belt, letting one button hole answer for all.

A handy ironing board is thus made: Take a pine board or any light wood twenty-two inches in width, and three feet four inches in length; nail a strip on each end to prevent warping or splitting, then tack the ironing cloth smoothly and firmly over the edges, leaving a six inch space at one end of the board bare; on this space, with a nail in each corner, fasten an oyster can, with the opening from you, so if it should sag from the weight of the irons, they will not slip off on your toes. This flat rest never gets lost, never falls off, and is cheap withal.

Last season's black straw hats that are

faded and rusty, can be made to look bright and new by the application of Button's Raven Gloss, with the sponge that accompanies the bottle. This gloss applied to trunks and satchels that have grown gray in the service, improves their appearance very much.

I think it a nice plan to give each daughter a silver spoon on each recurring birthday. In a few years they are thus supplied with these very useful articles, without feeling the pressure very heavily. I have a cousin, the mother of two girls, who adopted this plan a few years ago, and she, as well as the girls, likes it very much. The boys, too, are putting in a plea for the same treatment. The spoons are unlike, purposely so selected, each has a history of its own, and is engraved with name, or date, or both. It is convenient for the mother too, at times, if her own supply is limited.

If you want a vine for a porch or pantry window, try Bitter-sweet. It is a cleanly vine, and a rapid grower. In the fall it can be loosened at the top, rolled up and put down on the ground out of the way. In the spring, unroll, trim and fasten up, and as soon as the leaves start your shade is there without having to wait for the whole vine to come from the seed.

I'd like to ask "Aunt Nell" if it is for convenience, economy, or style that she recommends carpeting bedrooms in patches.

I would like to learn the most approved method of taking care of a copper tea-kettle.

L. H. N.

HUDSON.

ROSE CULTURE.

There are many people, in fact a majority, who consider the rose the most perfect, the very queen of flowers, but very few who possess them, study their needs or give them the care usually bestowed upon a hill of beans. After ordering some fine varieties they set them in some uncultivated corner, let them starve, and then complain because the ever-blooming roses are nearer to never blooming. And strange as it would seem, farmers, who realize more than any others can, the importance of culture and fertilization to vegetation, and have the material at hand, are the most neglectful in the line of flowers or ornamental shrubbery. I need not stop there, but I will this time. Roses will grow and bloom in good rich garden soil, but the best for them is rich fibrous earth, decomposed sods, and barnyard manure. If it is necessary to plant them where the soil is heavy and wet, the surface should be removed to a depth of two feet or more and a drainage of broken brick, pebbles etc., made, and then filled with suitable soil in which to plant the roots. Sods and manure, composted, prepared six months or a year before using, is the best of applications for roses and for many uses about the garden. Fresh manure for bulbs or roses is worse than none at all. As with other flowering plants, the beauty and fragrance of the flowers depend solely upon their growth and vitality.

Shade as far as possible should be avoided, especially that of trees and large shrubs. Sunlight and air are essential, as is the close pruning away all of dead limbs and unhealthy growth; and after blooming is well over it is better to cut away much of the old wood. Soot from the chimney is a good fertilizer, and good also to prevent the attacks of insects. When roses are planted in shade or moist situations they are liable to mildew, which is a deadly poison to plant life. Stirring the soil and stimulating with ammonia and soot, washing and dusting with flowers of sulphur are, I think, the best known remedies.

Potted roses may be treated on the same general plan as those for the garden; as their main requirements are much the same. A rule for pruning them in repotting is to trim away all unhealthy parts of roots or branches, and after blooming cut down below the flower stem to within half an inch of the next bud. Here will start the next flower stem. In planting shrubbery or herbaceous plants the roots should never be allowed to become dry while the place for them is being prepared, but in some way, by wet moss, or soil, be kept from the air and liberally watered while covering. Shading should never be neglected until well established, in the case of house or garden plants of any description. This article is in answer to one who at the same time wished to know if I had Lily-of-the-Valley. I have an abundance and will send at 25c per root separately, but with orders for other roots or plants for less. They do best in a shady situation, enriched with slops from the wash and litter from the barn, and should be divided and re-set once in two or three years.

As I have said before there is no hurry about dahlias, unless seeds are used; those may be sown in May and transplanted later. Such variable weather is not to be trusted too far. If sown earlier they must be transplanted into other boxes. Dahlias if not forced in some way do not sprout very early in spring. There was such an early and urgent demand last season I sent and got some from a greenhouse, nicely started, and they were planted the latter part of May, and in a week, on Decoration day, the general complaint was that the dahlias were frozen down. It would be pleasant to have summer begin in April and frosts at an end, but we do not live in that delightful climate, and by watching and keeping a record, I long ago found that tender bulbs cannot be planted out with safety until the 10th of June. Dahlias and gladioli may be planted a little earlier, say the last of May, as they are planted deep and start slowly. The climbing bulb mentioned in my last was madeira, my own mistake doubtless.

I have tuberose in fine condition at 10 cents each, three for 25 cents; madeira bulbs, four for 15 cents. I have roots of the aubrietia (Mr. Henderson sells this) 20 cents each, the seed 10 cents. I have golden lily, perennial phlox, five best colors, dicentra, day lily, scarlet trumpet and Halleana honeysuckle, delphinium,

aquilegias, adlumia vine, anemone japonica, and spirea, achillea, pardanthus or blackberry lily and lily of the valley, three of the above plants for 50 cents and seven for one dollar; twelve nice plants for \$1.50. I can tell about others for later planting in my next letter.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTONVILLE.

ANOTHER INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN—PACKING HAMS.

Meeting an acquaintance in town the other day who gave me a new idea of earning money, I will tell the Household readers, so they may go and do likewise if they wish. Her work was the raising of horseradish. She grates and bottles it (with vinegar of course) and leaves it with a friend in town to sell. She has ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cent bottles. She said the only trouble was to procure the bottles, as it needed wide mouthed bottles. She sold twenty dollars' worth last spring. There is one thing to be gained, there is no trouble with it only once a year, as it will take care of itself the rest of the time.

I have packed hams in crocks uncooked, with good results. I prefer small crocks, so when you open one you can use it up in a few days. Slice the ham as for cooking, and pack in the crock as tightly as possible until within an inch or two of the top, then pour on melted lard or drippings enough to fill up full, tie a paper over the top, and set in a cool place until wanted.

AUNT NELL.

PLAINWELL.

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