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## THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

### THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

In the morning early,  
When the dewdrops shine,  
See the pretty milkmaid  
Out among the kins;  
Cheeks like rosy pippins  
Gathered in the fall—  
Oh! we love the busy one,  
Dimpled chin and all!

That's the farmer's daughter  
Everybody knows,  
And she carries sunshine  
Where e'er she goes;  
Soon, the milking over,  
From the garden fair  
She will pluck the tender peas  
And the berries rare.

Hark! her sweet song echoes  
Up among the hills;  
Hear the last low ditty  
As her pail she fills!  
Prettier than a picture,  
Homeward now she goes,  
With her lips and glowing cheeks  
Like the sweet June rose.

Now she'll make us happy  
At the morning meal;  
For she hath a heart to share  
Others' woe and weal;  
Little helpful fingers,  
Little busy hands,  
In a careful, tender way,  
Meeting our demands.

She's her father's comfort;  
She's her mother's pride;  
Not a treasure half so dear  
In the world so wide.  
Cheeks like rosy pippins  
Gathered in the fall;  
Oh! we love the busy one,  
Dimpled chin and all.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

What dweller in the country misses the pleasure of a woodland visit when the leaves are turning gold, and the forest aisles are strewn with autumn beauty? One walks with reverent feet through these avenues where gold and crimson trail their falling splendor everywhere. Nature, so rich and beautiful in her teachings, holds sacred lessons among the dying leaves. Shall we not grow strong in thought and purpose through rambles in her pleasant paths, and through "wise passiveness?" Not all life's lessons are learned in action, nor by study. Our hungerings and thirsts are multitudinous, and through myriad avenues flows life's fullness.

The character of one's thoughts on a woodland trip partakes largely of his prevailing mood; my two companions

and myself seemed somewhat in the mood of these, "the melancholy days" of the year. Somehow, we were not surprised when on our homeward way, reaching the edge of the wood and the descending slope of the long hill we had traversed, we found a peculiarly arrayed woman sitting on the ground watching our approach. Her attire was rather mirth-provoking; she presented a "mixed" appearance. As we were about passing her, one of our number paused from curiosity to question her, and announced to us the woman desired to give us "descriptions," or "readings," as she called them.

"Fortune telling, probably," said I, "most miserable of all speculations. Let us prove our good sense by giving her brief audience, in that case."

As we approached nearer, fixing serious, wise eyes upon me as perhaps the most sceptical of our trio, she said: "To you, life presents many aspects and hues as various as the scenes along that woodland path," pointing to a faintly defined path leading near us through autumn's variegated beauty, then down a gentle, mossy slope, delicate with tracery of fern and trailing vines, beyond traversing a bare, low, desolate spot, without beauty or apparent usefulness.

Human life traced in Nature's pictures, thought not without suggestiveness, I mused.

It always seemed to me as though there were lives like the sunny hill-sides, glad and joy-bearing; others like the marsh over there, so desolate and bereft of beauty. Lives there are like that sheet of water lying below us, so still that even through the trees it looks like glass. Then others are like streams I've seen whose waters are broken by rock and steep, into foam and fall, spray and torrent.

Here she interrupted my wandering thoughts by saying: "I will give you another picture of your life-course. It is not unlike a ship at sea whose port seems undetermined, for she enters various harbors, and even partially unloads her cargo sometimes, but finds it necessary to reload and pursue her course still further."

"Grim picture that," I remarked. "There's no life without its anchor. You have given me a sufficiency of life's photographs, pass on and show Marion something brighter."

"Young lady," said she, addressing Marion, "You are like one viewing sublime

scenery at a distance. It seems like a real possession of the senses, and the perceiver does not note the rocks and briar-paths, the depths and impossible heights which lie between him and the point of view most delightful. You do not calculate distances."

"But," said Marion, "it is better to keep the eyes fixed on something grand, even though we do not calculate all the briar-paths and rocky heights lying before our climbing."

"Young lady," continued the old woman, "intense anticipation of great things is a poor working hypothesis. Enthusiasm is the sunlight of life, and to 'keep the eyes fixed on something grand' is right, but remember, *in action* one must begin on a level with his every-day thought and experience and climb up. You are impractical in striving for the attainment of your goal. Your experiences are too narrow. As a woman, you require a sphere of action where woman's energies may find useful channels, woman's plans prove her hopes; where your theories may be demonstrated and become practical, teaching experience. Go out into the world of working humanity, and dream less."

"And you," said she turning to Alice, "are like a young girl holding a letter, unopened, glad in its possession, yet reluctant to admit that she is glad. Anticipating pleasure from its contents, she holds it, fearful lest on opening it prove disappointing. You hesitate to enjoy, because anticipating sorrow. Know the good, the wisdom of the hour is fixed and certain. Fear not to enjoy or to suffer. Remember this, the ruling line of life is good. Believe it, pursue it, ignoring fear."

Curious to know something of our wood-visitor, we questioned her half suspiciously, but all questions as to personality or history were evaded. And soon she picked up her bundle and passed on out of sight. We gathered our autumn beauties from the ground and went home through the fields, wondering at the correctness of the stranger's "readings." Not long afterward who should we find our character reader to be but one of our number who had declined the invitation to go with us! She had disguised herself most admirably, and no wonder she could read us! For who can speak so plainly to our lives as those who best understand us?

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

COMPANY, CREAMERY AND CON-  
UNDRUMS.

The long busy summer has passed. It brought with it, not only the pressing work of a farmer's home, but many a guest to our house to be entertained and enjoyed. Friends from the east, west and south have surrounded our board, cheered our spirits, and gilded many an hour. Not only have they seemed to brighten our household but to take possession of it for a time, and insist on my leaving it for a week's rest and visit with my mother. As I returned and they departed, I began to realize how much good they had done me. I feel much younger than one year ago, when suffering so keenly the sting of the arrow sent to our house by the Angel of Death. I am very grateful for the love and sympathy, yes, and the presence of friends.

This afternoon I found time to look over the HOUSEHOLDS of the last month, (knowing that several had been laid aside partially read) and noticed for the first time Aunt Nell's article of Sept. 15th. I do not know why she did not succeed in getting the cream sooner from the milk. I would like to give her my experience in using the Fairlamb cans. They hold five gallons each; are constructed with a tube extending from the bottom nearly to the top, closed at the top, so that the can may be used to the full extent, the object of the tube being to admit the cold water into the center of the milk, thereby cooling it more rapidly, and sending the cream to the surface in less time. Each can as soon as filled with milk, is placed in a tank near the well and surrounded with cold water. The cover of the can is always suspended two inches above the top of the can, so that it may keep the top of the milk warmer than the bottom, and yet allow an opening for the escape of odors and impurities of the milk caused by bad water, weeds, overheating of the cows, etc. After standing open from half to three-fourths of an hour the can is closed, the water drawn off, the tank refilled with cold water. The milk is skimmed with a skimmer each day about two o'clock; one can having stood less than twenty-four hours. The yield from the can set in the morning is equal to the one set the evening previous, showing that the cream rises inside of eight hours. Now as to results: We have kept an account of the sales of our cream tickets, and are sure that we have realized more from our milk than we should, had we made butter. One word of advice to readers of the HOUSEHOLD. Should any company of enterprising gentlemen in your vicinity wish to start a Fairlamb creamery, do not withhold your patronage; you have no idea of the relief it affords the housewife, and the numberless journeys down cellar saved. My husband, or son, cares for the milk at the time of milking, I visit the tank only when I choose. My whole care in the matter consists in washing the pails and cans.

I do not feel like being very explicit on the first conundrum, for 'tis hard to tell what another should do, when you are

unacquainted with the material she has to do with. My theory is, that both should understand at the beginning of married life that there a joint company and both are expected to use the best of their judgment for themselves and for each other. I happen to be among the number who do not believe men in general are so incurably selfish. That they are, many times, thoughtless I know, but few are so heartless that they may not be shown the true character of their position, and become willing to make amends. Just what this poor woman in question should do I cannot say, for it "depends wholly upon the man." This I know, I would certainly find some way out.

In No. 2 I think I can state more explicitly what ought to be done. The father should have punished the three year old for the indignity offered him by throwing the apple into his face. For refusing to accept the piece given I should have made him understand he could have no apple that day. I should always ask an elder child to share with a younger, but never compel them to give up anything. What the father did do, I will not venture to guess, for that also "depends wholly upon the man." F. E. W.

CHELSEA.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

As there has been quite an interesting discussion in the HOUSEHOLD of late on inventions for housekeepers and how to obtain them, will you allow me to have my little say? Now don't laugh when I tell you I have neither cistern nor well, washing-machine nor clothes-wringer, patent churn or creamery; but I have two good tubs, plenty of clothes-pins, and a good FARMER sewing machine, which I prize very highly. On the other hand, my husband has everything—from a spring-tooth harrow to a binder, and if he keeps up with the times in farming, he cannot do without farm implements. The products of the farm make our income, and if the land is not properly worked, the consequences would be failure in crops. Then supposing some debt is due, which it has been expected the crops would be sufficient to meet. What then would be the consequence? Our work is different. We can, in limited circumstances, economize in tools, but they cannot; too much depends on success.

Sometime I expect to have a new house, together with all the conveniences to work with, and when that time comes, I shall not do as Old School Teacher advises, buy them with the butter and egg money, which she says is "mine," for in our home that money goes into the same purse as wheat money, and the purse is not "yours" or "mine," but *ours*; but we will go together and use our united judgment in both article and prices. In the meantime I will continue to do as I have been doing in the three short, happy years of my married life; trying to economize in every way possible, making our old home homelike, and more than all else, avoiding anything akin to selfishness.

The men folks bring the wood and water, also do the churning for me, and with this help I do the work for four in the family, all of my sewing, and find plenty of time to read, do fancy work, and tend my flower garden.

I expect to be voted an old foggy, but I don't care. BONNIE SCOTLAND.  
MASON.

## FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—By residence and choice I am now a Tennessean. Solomon allowed that a good wife might plant a vineyard with the fruit of her hands, by which he no doubt meant any good woman.

Setting a visionary vineyard over against the picture of Malaria, Pauperism, Yellow Fever and Sudden Death, presented by the kindest of friends, I consolidated my effects as only a woman can, promised indiscriminately to correspond with everybody, and took passage in the Buckeye State, leaving Cincinnati for Memphis the 29th of August, to accept the position of stenographer with a mercantile firm in the latter city.

As nearly every one has at some time or other broken up housekeeping I need not tell about those last days of selling and packing, visiting and being visited, preying on the neighbors, hurrying and worrying, &c., &c.

It was Saturday evening when we went aboard the boat. I fully intended to shed a few tears as I should watch "my native land fade o'er the waters blue," but at nine o'clock we were still at the wharf. Drowsiness so overcame patriotism that I just put up my bangs and went to bed. The next morning we were well on the way. The boat was heavily loaded and made long stops at landings. The weather was clear and warm. This was my first trip on water. I enjoyed the complete freedom from work and care, the first time in many years. Several hours of each day were passed lying in my berth with open door dreamily watching the changing pictures disclosed at every turn of the river. The quiet of the summer day filled me with ineffable peace. The soft breeze bore upon its wings no sound of human strife; no echo of the wail sent up by a life going out in despair. Thus the tranquil days knitted themselves together into a whole week before we reached Memphis.

I have been accustomed to think of the South only in connection with that historic epoch when the sunlight fell on glaring steel and floating banner, and of Memphis in those later years of sadness when good people questioned whether it were worth while to struggle on in the very shadow of death; even considered the expediency of burning the city to the ground to prevent a recurrence of the terrible scourge. I was therefore delighted to recognize on every hand evidence of a progressive spirit and the prosperity which rewards energy and toil. I have found the people courteous and friendly. Labor has lost its opprobrium.

The best of all is that Memphis is a clean city. We have plenty of good and

pure water. Fuel is comparatively higher, but groceries and other goods about the same as in Cincinnati.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.

DAFFODILLY.

### BULBS FOR FORCING.

I notice in some of the catalogues of bulbs for forcing into winter bloom certain new varieties offered, but I doubt if anything will ever supercede the hyacinth for that purpose. I can imagine no more agreeable odor than is exhaled from their dainty cups, nor more enduring beauty. We have kept a spike of flowers fresh over a month by keeping the most of the time after the buds opened, in a cool, partially darkened room. Jonquils and Roman hyacinths, tulips and narcissus make fine winter flowers and the expense is trifling. I cannot understand why so many deny themselves the real enjoyment those flowers might afford them. The bulbs will bloom in the garden for years after, although not considered suitable for winter blooming again; and what delight to every member of the family, and to the neighbors as well, is a bed of flowering bulbs! When I consider the enjoyment that is gained for the mother and children in this way, I think it an important duty to raise flowers.

I was asked to give explicit directions for potting bulbs in the HOUSEHOLD. The directions given by all florists, whether amateur or professional, are nearly the same, as it is an exceedingly simple operation. The soil for the purpose is an equal mixture of clean sharp sand, rich loam and very old manure from the field or pasture (fresh manure will not do at all for bulbs), mix thoroughly and fill the pots three-fourths full. In this plant any bulbs suitable for forcing, three inches below the surface, except in case of hyacinths where the crown of the bulb should be above the soil. I use six-inch pots for single bulbs. After planting, water thoroughly and set in a cool room or cellar, dark if possible. If the cellar is light, manage to darken a corner for them; set on a shelf or table. Six weeks will give them time to form roots, but they can remain longer if necessary, and can be brought to the window one or more at a time. They require another ablation when introduced to the light, and will very soon develop bloom. One or two doses of weak liquid manure will be beneficial. In planting bulbs in beds, the soil is similarly prepared, only giving a few inches more of covering. This is the whole theory of bulb raising in a nutshell; all after requirements are met by keeping the soil rich and mellow, and providing a light cover of leaves, or light vines planted over them.

Lilies require greater depth of planting, at least twelve inches below the surface, to prevent injury to the bulbs by freezing and thawing, so frequent in this latitude, besides shelter from the heat in our hot, dry summers. A matting of vines or small plants with fine roots is a help in shading the soil above lilies; but I only intended to say of them now that *L. longiflorum*, *L. candidum* and *L. Harisi*

are fine for forcing, treated much as the hyacinth. There are many of our garden perennials good for this purpose. The *Astilbe japonica* will furnish fine white flowers, and the graceful *Dielytra*, or "bleeding heart," is very useful in bouquet making. *Eupatorium* is a winter bloomer and the flowers, for designs and for making up with larger ones, are unsurpassed.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

### THE FASHIONS.

A new and pretty fashion of making the panel box pleat for the side of a dress is to take the necessary width in the goods, fold it double, from the fold mark off half the width of the pleat desired, and then slope the remainder of the width so that when pleated the bottom of top pleat will be straight, and the edge of the other cascaded. Face the bottom of the pleat with bright silk or satin, or whatever is used in combination with the suit; this bright facing shows in the cascade pleats. The front drapery is joined to the front edge of the pleat, and looped very high on the left side under long loops and ends of ribbon, showing the plain skirt below, in which, if preferred, a few pleats can be laid. The back drapery is bunched high and full, falling straight below. A vest of the goods like the facing of the panel is inserted under narrow revers of the dress goods, which almost meet in a point in front. The back of the basque is cut full at the middle form seam at the waist line, and the fullness pleated in, the bottom being sloped and faced to correspond with the bottom of the panel. This model, in camel's hair, armure cloth, cashmere or any soft wool goods, with silk facings of the same shade, or brightly contrasting, is new and stylish, and easily made at home.

House dresses for quite young ladies and misses have plain round waists with surplice fronts, and tucked skirts, with a broad sash of the dress material, simply hemmed, tied in long loops behind.

Misses' dresses are miniature copies of their mothers' tailor suits. A pretty navy blue serge seen here recently, worn by a miss of ten or twelve years, had the front of the skirt laid in box pleats, with a very short full apron. The back width was looped very high and full and formed the back of the dress, coming to the foot of the skirt and being secured at the sides under the front pleats. The short round basque was cut away in front over a dark red velvet waistcoat; hat a blue felt with blue velvet twist and cluster of dark red wings. These cut-away basques are very popular for young girls. Another suit of lead colored cashmere, worn by a ten year old, had the front and sides of the skirt covered with box pleated ruffles about an eighth of a yard wide. Three double box pleats defined the whole length, formed the back of the skirt. Short round basque, with jacket front opening over a blue velvet waistcoat; hat of blue velvet, with orange wings mingled with the velvet loops. Yellow and orange are extremely fashionable in

millinery this fall, with blue, brown or black, and a fashion prevails at the moment of tying a narrow ribbon of the color used on the hat, outside the the linen collar, allowing the loops and ends to show above the collar of the dress at the side or back. Plaids are much worn by children, large broken patterns in dark colors being favorites. The coats made of these do not vary much from those of last season, only in having very large and conspicuous buttons. The goods is laid in pleats from neck to waist, where it is left free but defined, and the side pieces of the skirt are continued under pocket laps, to form a kilt all round. Quaint shapes in bonnets with wide brims, with ruching next the face, are worn by girls from five to seven.

### THE GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY FAIR.

Thinking it may be of interest to some readers of the HOUSEHOLD to know that there are fairs, and good ones too, held "way up north," I will venture to give a brief description of the Grand Traverse County fair, held at Traverse City, Oct. 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. The fair ground is located in a suburb called Oakwood, about one mile east of Traverse City, and is filled with fine oak trees affording a refreshing shade. The buildings are substantial and convenient for the present, but undoubtedly will need to be enlarged before many years, as the population increases and the people become imbued with a desire to excel in exhibiting the fine products of the country. The exhibition was pronounced by many to be unusually fine, and larger than for several years past. The central part of Floral Hall was devoted to the display of fruit and house plants. There were several fine collections of fruits, including apples, pears, quinces, plums, grapes, etc., all grown and matured in this cold northern climate of ours. The single plate exhibit was very fine, some of the largest and most perfect specimens I ever saw being displayed.

The left of the hall was partially given up to art exhibits, painting, crazy work and embroidery of all descriptions, fine lace, toilet articles, etc. I noticed a pretty foot rest with embroidered cover, the framework of polished black walnut, the legs being a pair of branching deer's horns. The children's department was also on this side and was worthy of mention. Household pets seems to predominate in the children's corner; doves, canary birds, an old cat and kittens, etc. On the right was a fine display of honey, a hive of bees at work, canned fruits, butter, cheese and good things generally, also a moderate display of cut flowers.

A number of the business men of Traverse City made themselves and their wares plainly and appropriately visible. Vegetable Hall was well filled with the choicest of farm and garden products. All the stalls and pens were occupied by fine specimens of cattle, horses, sheep and swine. Some choice poultry was also on exhibition.

Upon the whole the fair was something

worth seeing. The only drawback to the perfect success of this year's fair was the unfavorable weather, which prevented many people from attending.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE.

MAFLETON.

[Mollie is too modest to embody in her letter for publication what she tells the Editor in a private note, so, to give "honor where honor is due," the Editor will just mention that on thirteen entries, Mollie captured twelve premiums, nine of them being firsts. Her entries were in the classes of preserved and canned fruits in which she took first premium for greatest display, fancy work and flowers. And thirteen is popularly supposed to be an unlucky number, too.]

#### A HANGING BASKET.

Has every one who sent to me for garfish scales received them? If any have not, and will drop me a card to that effect, I will again send them, for occasionally mistakes will occur in the mail, and a package will miscarry.

I have been very busy this week caring for plants and bulbs. Let me tell you how I made a hanging basket of bulbs. I used a glass fruit dish; filled it with green moss from the woods, and in this moss I placed hardy bulbs, crocuses and snowdrops. Before Christmas they will be in bloom. Of course it is scarcely necessary to say the moss must be kept damp. Any other dish than glass may be used, but glass shows off the pretty green moss; it makes a neat and novel hanging basket. After the bulbs are done flowering they may be dried, and set in the open ground in the spring. MRS. F. A. WARNER.  
EAST SAGINAW.

#### SPRING FLOWERS.

If you want flowers early next spring and for Decoration day, prepare for them now. If you have not a variety of bulbs already growing, you will get the most flowers at the least expense by buying mixed sorts, but if one has several kinds it is more satisfactory to select them. Late tulips, jonquils, narcissus and spring snowflake are among the flowers sure to be in blossom at the right season to beautify the graves of our brave soldiers. Snowdrops, crocuses and early tulips are too early for that occasion, but nice to have, nevertheless.

These bulbs should be planted very soon, before the ground freezes, though they bloom a few days later than those planted earlier; once planted they may remain in the ground three or four years, increasing annually; then they should be taken up after the leaves turn yellow and put in a new bed, though by enriching the soil they may be replaced in the same bed if there is room for the increased number. Use only manure well rotted unless you manure the ground some time before you plant the bulbs. Be careful to preserve the foliage until it fades, as it is needed to perfect the bulb for next year's flowers, but pick all the flowers you wish. Fowls are a great

detriment in raising bulbs, as they scratch them out sometimes or tear the leaves to pieces.

EULALIE.

HOWELL.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

The long summer, with each day filled with busy toil, is over, and the changeable month of October, with its sunny days and cold threatening ones is with us again. The fields are brown and bare, and the woods are fast losing their coats of green. Everything seems to warn us that winter is approaching—cold, cheerless, unwelcome winter. Yet there are many bright spots and many pleasant things to make life enjoyable. First and best of all is the assurance that when the long winter of life is over there is a land of sunshine and eternal summer, where we shall feel no chilling blasts; next we have the beautiful Christmas season, the anniversary of our blessed Savior's birth. What tender memories each Christmas brings us! To some come thoughts fraught with sadness, as they recall the last Christmas, spent with loved ones now resting in the grave. Let us teach our little ones the meaning of the word Christmas, and the importance of respect and love for Him whose birth this day represents. Let us teach them also what this life is for, that though there are many temptations to encounter and they get tired of trying to keep in the right path, strength from above will be given to those who ask it.

"So tired! O, yes! but look up and away,  
The journey is not very long,  
The mourning and tears will all end by and by,  
In a shout of victorious song.  
Then be not discouraged. Go take up your cross,  
And bear it in patience to-day,  
The steep rocky path ends in glory beyond,  
There is joy at the end of the way."

MAYBELLE.

CLINTON.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Burr Oak Farm Lassie" wishes to know how copper and brass coins may be kept bright and untarnished, saying that though she has tried all common methods they soon look dull again. All metal surfaces exposed to the air undergo a chemical change which is called oxidization, what our correspondent calls "tarnishing." This cannot be prevented, since it is the oxygen in the air which causes the change. The only method of keeping a metal surface bright is by constant rubbing. But if, as we surmise, our correspondent is a numismatist, we would remind her that the evidence of age afforded by this oxidization, adds not a little to the value of old coins. The red rust or coating, "patina," it is called, cannot be counterfeited, but the green coat can be imitated by acids upon copper and bronze coins, and thus spurious coins are foisted upon collectors. We cannot tell where a "coin chart manual" can be obtained, but advise writing to some large publishing house, Harper's, for example.

"Elma" asks how to preserve citron so as to make it like the article bought as

dried citron at the groceries. Commercial citron is prepared from a southern fruit, quite unlike the citron melon of northern gardens, hence it would not be possible to make the latter equal the former in all respects. A fairly good substitute may be made by preparing the citron melon as for preserving, and then boiling it down in a sugar sirup until it can be dried on plates in the oven.

MAYBELLE, whom we welcome back this issue after her long absence, thanks the HOUSEHOLD members for the valuable recipes which have been contributed, and says she would go without many things rather than try to get along without the companionship of the little paper. In turn, she wishes to say a good word for ball bluing, which she says gives the clothes a very delicate tint, and does not spot them.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* very truly says that in furnishing a room, the harmony of paint, paper and carpet is one of the first things to be considered. Delicate olives and greys give quiet effects which contrast well with stronger colors, and make good backgrounds. Perpendicular stripes, or long narrow panels make a room seem higher; dados and friezes lower it. A large, high room is much improved by a fine frieze. Nothing goes farther in giving a warm and cheerful air to a room than suitable drapery. A fine rug is very effective.

#### Useful Recipes.

WHAT a blessing that the old fellow who named the months was so kind as to select eight of them having an r, so as to give us plenty of time to relish the toothsome oyster! We have some new and excellent ways of preparing them to offer our readers, and trust some of them will be tried by oyster lovers:

GRILLED OYSTERS.—Put large oysters into a colander; turn water on them to remove all impurities; let stand in a cool place to drain till perfectly cool. Ten hours is not too long, but if you are in a hurry you can softly pat them dry in the folds of a napkin. Grease a soapstone griddle slightly with fresh, sweet butter, lay the oysters on without crowding, but close together; turn with a spoon instead of a fork, so as not to let out the rich juice of the oyster. Serve in a hot dish with a very little melted butter. If you have not a soapstone griddle a frying pan will answer.

PANNED OYSTERS.—Prepare the oysters as above. Melt a large piece of butter in a shallow pan and when very hot turn in the oysters, shaking and stirring them constantly till done. Serve on slices of toast arranged in a hot dish. Enough liquor cooks out to moisten the toast nicely.

OYSTER FRICASSE.—Drain and dry the oysters as above. Strain the liquor in which the oysters were canned, boil and skim it; thicken with butter and flour to form a gravy, which should not be too thick. One large tablespoonful of butter to a scant one of flour, stirred together, and slowly stirred into the liquor, is the general rule. Add a bit of mace and chopped parsley, then the oysters; stir constantly till they are well cooked through.