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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

THE KNOT IN THE END OF THE THREAD.

Of all the vexations and worries—
The small ones, I mean, that life brings
To a woman—just half of them coming
From impish, inanimate things,
Such as, presto! away flies a button,
Or off goes an only pin's head,
I think that the worst is the finding
No knot in the end of the thread.

You have carefully taken some stitches,
Your work tightly held in its place,
When your needle released on a sudden
From its bonds, leaves a scratch on your face.
Then again you must make a beginning,
Which you do with words best left unsaid,
But an angel could scarce keep her temper
With no knot in the end of her thread.

Still, there's a way to get rid of this bother,
A way that is pleasant and light,
And 'twill serve as a rule for your life-work—
Be sure when you start to start right,
And then as you go on you'll find that
Bright smiles will await you instead
Of the frownings and frettings that come with
No knot in the end of the thread.

—Harper's Basar.

SAVING WORK.

One item in which those who desire to gain time for self improvement can save labor, is in the matter of washing. It is so easy, when an article is mused a little; to toss it into the clothes' basket, and if every member of the family does so, there is quite likely a "blue Monday" in that house. In using small articles like napkins, towels, handkerchiefs, etc., we are apt to be careless; because the articles are small we forget the sum total, and that ironing day follows. I am not a believer in the one towel-enough-for-two housekeeping, but a little thought in saving washing, which is generally considered the hardest work of the week, pays. The cook should have her private towel, kept in good order for use before she puts her hands into the dough, and which no one else is permitted to use. Many make a practice of using any old cloth, part of an old shirt, etc., to wipe dishes on, but it is far better to have regular towels; and a wooden rack or a line behind the stove to dry them on after using, is a great help in keeping them clean and sweet; neater than to hang them up in a wad on a nail. The Turkish towels are excellent for hand towels, and need not be ironed, only "snapped out" and folded. A great many housekeepers think they are "shirking" and "getting slack" unless they iron every garment, towel, sheet,

rag—everything which was washed, and point with pride to their clothes-bars filled with smoothly ironed garments, as evidence of better housekeeping than that of their neighbor, who perhaps folds her coarse sheets, shirts, and towels from the line, puts a heavy weight on them, and lets them pass into use again without even a "rub and a promise" from the flatiron. It is a matter of choice, not good housekeeping. One chooses to spend an hour on her feet, smoothing wrinkles in garments which will lose all evidence of her toil in a half-day's wear; the other prefers her easy chair and a book; one may be "smart," the other "lazy," it depends on how you look at it; in my eyes I confess the latter is the "smartest."

In the matter of table linen I am convinced it is not wise to be saving at the expense of neatness. I have seen in some of our exchanges, letters advising the use of oilcloth for tablecloths for farmers' tables. It is well enough to protect the top of the table, especially if it is a nice one, with an oilcloth cover, though one of a canton flannel is better, but the idea of eating off it is "horrid." Half the flavor of a meal depends on how it is served. Food appeals to the palate through the eye as well as the taste. If you wish your children to have good manners at the table, you must make the table itself neat and attractive, and serve the food in the same fashion. I believe there is no truer test of good breeding and refinement than one's table manners. A child who eats a meal away from home is the best possible exponent of the family manners at home. Don't think think you can bring up a child on oilcloth and pewter spoons, and not have him awkward and uncouth among the superior refinements of a well served table. And abroad, among people, at hotel or restaurant, or visiting, it is not only very tranquilizing to know what to do one's self, but to feel sure that the young scion won't "disgrace the family." So I would use white table cloths, clean though coarse, and napkins at every meal, as educators to refinement in the family, and economize elsewhere to make up for it if necessary.

Children can be taught to be careful of their clothes, and the trouble of instilling habits of thoughtfulness is repaid not only in saving work at present, but by good results in after years. Fate may put them where they will have to

pay seventy-five cents per dozen for washing, and a pocket handkerchief cost as much as a sheet. Teach them to hang up their dresses at night, instead of leaving them in a ring on the floor. Such habits are soon learned. A three year old "Hazel" of my acquaintance will not eat till she has her bib on, and cries if she cannot find it and have it put on. I do not think I would make drawers of dark gingham or denim for the little girls as some mothers do, because always other children ridicule the wearers, and to be made fun of by their playmates is a terrible trial to sensitive children.

Are not "tired mothers," as Mrs. W. J. G. once suggested, generally prime factors in their own "tiredness?" I do not believe children were born into the world to be waited upon from infancy to young ladyhood. Because it is some trouble to teach the novice, mothers say: "Oh go off, I'll do it myself!" and finally the girls "go off" without the formality of offering their help. I never yet saw a girl who was not at some period of her life anxious to help her mother; when the domesticity begins to develop, then is the mother's opportunity. I would never refuse a child's offered help, if I had to lie awake nights to invent something for it to do; assign some little task, and give a genial "thank you" or a word of commendation when it is done. There is no virtue, either, in a woman's putting on martyr airs because husband or children never offer to aid her. Let her ask for the help she needs, not overtask her strength because assistance is not vouchsafed; if her family do not see she needs help let her gently open their eyes. I would not do it with a scolding, or complaint of neglect, but by a fair square request for help. It is not often that such a request, pleasantly made, is refused or ignored. If everybody hated hints as I do there would be much more plain speaking in the world. I never had patience with those people who will go "round Robin Hood's barn" to bring about a result they might accomplish directly by a simple request. Some will take infinite pains to get another to offer to do something for them, when the service would be much more gracefully and willingly rendered in response to a direct acknowledgment of its desirableness. It is a good rule to ask few favors of any one, but if such obligation must be incurred, the grantor feels much more amiably disposed if we come out frankly and make our request, than if we endeavor to entrap him into an

offer of service by hints and innuendoes.

We need also to learn the value of time. Absolute idleness is not necessary to bodily recuperation. Change of occupation is rest. And it is a great thing not to be always remembering how tired we are, and how much we have to discourage us. Thus saith the wise Brahmin of the East:

"When once you think no more how far you're on your way,
The journey is half over; the rest is merely play."

When we sit down for the bodily rest we must have, we may snatch a moment's time for a bit of work for the brain. Keep the book you are "dying" to read near to your rocking-chair; cover it with thick paper to prevent injury. If you can get only ten minutes at a time for a peep at its contents, you get something new to think about, which wonderfully lightens the day's labor. It is not how *much* you read, but what you remember and make your own which helps you. One may be an omnivorous reader and yet be very like a sieve, into which much is poured and nothing retained. And if we talk of what we have read, or are fortunate enough to have a friend with literary tastes akin to our own, it adds a new interest, a piquant relish to the spare moments stolen from the crowding cares of the day. Let me whisper too that to talk of what we have read is a great aid to development of the conversational powers. BEATRIX.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATES.

A bevy of light-hearted girls were discussing the question of the influence of associates on each other, and the question was raised: How can one determine for herself whether the influence of any person is beneficial or pernicious to her, since many pleasant and interesting persons might not be beneficial. A person might be a very agreeable companion, bright and versatile, full of life, wit and anecdote, but it all might amount to no more than the froth of small talk, and the time spent in her society be worse than wasted; as no improvement would result to either, while one would become so much more grounded in a habit very objectionable, and the other would be acquiring a taste for the same. On the other hand, a person might be so quiet and reserved as to be almost tiresome, and yet her known rectitude of conduct, her unswerving adherence to truth, and sweet disposition, might leave a lasting impression for good upon her associates. But it was further urged that these specifications reached only cases where the personal character was well known, and some rule was wanted by which to judge of the influence of casual acquaintances, persons we meet in social ways, and who must be judged without any previous knowledge of their modes of life, natural proclivities, habits of thought or action.

One young lady mentioned having recently met a gentleman who seemed to be highly cultured; and fond of tracing all questions to their source and drawing conclusions, often very different from

the established and accepted rulings; that while listening to him his logic seemed perfect, and his deductions unquestioned, but a calm review of his arguments, when away from the magnetic inspiration of his face and voice, showed many fallacies and plausible sophistries, that, unseen at the time, made his specious conclusions appear in an altogether different light, and the false premises become apparent. It was difficult to avoid a person who would show such manifest appreciation of one's company, paying the compliment at once the most flattering and most deceptive, of deferring to her judgment and taste, as to one of high natural and mental acquirements. Yet after a long conversation she would find that while seeming to have agreed with all her statements of faith, he had, in reality, subverted her arguments, troubled her faith and unsettled her convictions.

"He is a dangerous man," said a lady present, "and I would advise you to avoid him entirely. Let me give you a rule, girls, that long experience has proved very good. If you find anything in the feeling left after meeting a new acquaintance that is in the nature of doubt, or distrust of their sincerity, or that shocks your moral sense, that tends to weaken your reverence for good, a desire to excuse or palliate wrong of any kind, only take that person into intimacy after long and searching scrutiny and proof that your first impressions were incorrect. If, on the other hand, you find your good resolutions strengthened, your desire for improvement intensified, and your higher and nobler impulses meet recognition in a kindred mind you may justly conclude, you have met a desirable acquaintance, and if time sanctions your faith, you will have a helpful friend. But remember always that "friendship should be a plant of slow growth." While we should cultivate good will and courtesy to all, only the tried and proved should be admitted to the mystic circle of heart friendship.

Remember that old proverbs contain much proved wisdom, and would be forgotten except for that fact. So remember that "touching pitch will smear the fingers;" that "you will be judged by the company you keep;" that "folly is a near relative to crime;" and that "innocent Tray was punished when found in bad company."

Remember also, that a blot on a girl's fair fame (whether deserved or not) is of all things the hardest to erase; and study well your steps that no designing knave or sophistical reasoner beguile you from the tried paths of truth and right, to the realms of Doubting Castle and the grasp of Giant Despair. A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

Mrs. J. G., of Ingersoll, says there is some controversy among readers of the FARMER in her neighborhood as to whether Beatrix is the HOUSEHOLD editor or not; and Lucille, of Pinckney, speaks of the HOUSEHOLD Editor as "he." The HOUSEHOLD is edited by Mrs. R. F. Johnstone, known to the readers of the FARMER as "Beatrix."

OUR A. B. C.'S.

There is a time in life when we fancy there is but a single alphabet to learn. The child playing with the little a. b. c blocks builds houses and churches with tall steeples, then laughing with glee to tumble them all down at last, will point out for you each letter, proud in the possession of so much knowledge. He has yet to learn that these characters are arbitrary, mere symbols which in their various combinations form words.

By-and-by we take up the alphabet of words, as larger symbols. We build playfully and yet more seriously with these, for we find that they hide a power which stings and smites, as well as amuses us. We toss them about in disorder, we gather them, we arrange them, building fair structures and lofty temples of story and song, but in discontent they are all overturned. We find the symbolism too dreamy, vague, and unsatisfying, and crave more adequate knowledge. Now we grasp the idea of a more esoteric significance in words, their meaning as linked with experience dawns upon us. Through gradual growths and larger life must we win these mighty meanings. The a. b. c. in more difficult type is today's lesson. We learn that words are sight, feeling, touch, sound; they are passion, longing, rest, love. We take them from the mental gallery of symbols, and go out to learn their intuitive signification.

Here is one we pronounced as a pleasant sound, what does it mean? Gracious experience gives it a fair place in life. It is like the dew on summer flowers, like the wind among the leaves when the evening light falls softly on their waving green. Another word of which we thought little, spoke half-lightly; but now we know it, and it is like a threatening cloud, it sweeps like a tempest, burns like a flame. Here is a little dependent word, trifling symbol of almost nothingness, why should we suppose this could ever come laden with weariness, deep and dense? Perhaps you uttered it when you felt a thrust from the hand you loved, and for you its weariness will never die. And this was pleasant to use, it had a musical sound like the rhythm of flowing waters, but it is a grave now. Another symbol, for this we always felt an attraction, now its broader meaning touches us like tender hands and loving lips. Linked with beautiful memories, it is sacred. One day we pick up a word in a chance way, pleasing as to a child is the promise of a new toy; a nipping, but not unkind experience, brings out its reality clear and fine as a brilliant-hued leaf.

Every day we prove that there are words like blows, words like poison tipped needles hid in cushions of velvet, words like rest, and words like true hearts, responsive, satisfying.

In the great diversity of the world's symbols used for expressing ideas, in the infinite variety of human experiences where each individual links with certain developments, certain symbols as representative and descriptive of those phases

of life's teaching, upon what shall we rest as a basis for sympathy and universal harmony?

I have seen people of good sense and culture, yet of great diversity of belief, converse amicably, calmly. Words floated as gentle as summer air; there was a large degree of sympathy and understanding; but an unlucky symbol in the form of an innocent-appearing word slipped in, which proved reminiscent of obnoxious experiences to the other, and like a spark amidst powder blew the whole structure of good feeling into fragments. "What folly!" Yes, I thought so, too. But then another day, did not you and I find ourselves seeking an understanding with a friend for whom we cherished warm affection? We talked long, earnestly and kindly. Words seemed like good-natured, playful kittens, like flowers, like freedom, but alas! Certain unfortunate selections in representative symbols divided us like a tiny stream. At first it rippled pleasantly and lightly, but it grew continually wider until we lost the sound of each others' voices in the dash and flow of the dividing river.

Now we know for all the noise and eagerness of argument, for all its differing *rationale*, as well, there is firm, everlasting, common ground upon which we may plant our feet in harmony amidst the most diverse differences.

Do we not place too great emphasis upon mere intellectuality, which is the smaller half of culture? Reflected through individual characters, experience gathers peculiar casts and takes curious shapes. Applied universally and too narrowly, imperfect interpretations and sickly illustrations result.

What has been called "the truth of feeling" is world-wide. In the human heart dwells a truth which makes universal sympathy possible. This it is which will aid us unerringly to a comprehension of the fact that we are one with all humanity, struggling, suffering erring beings; that outside the individual experience there is a wider experience enclosing each of us; there is about us a greater life enfolding the tiny heart-beat of the one in the mighty throbbing of the universal heart.

Brought more fully into the actual, which touches us at every lesson, we gather the genuine meanings which underlie all forms and symbols. They stand out as realities, clear, rugged, truthful. As such we collect them, plan, and build life's structure by graduated alphabets, constantly approximating diviner beginnings and securing larger interpretations.

S. M. G.

LESLIE.

SUCCESS WITH HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

I have tried Aunt Becky's way of making bread, and find it is splendid, but I think it improves it to take the required amount of preparation and either mix in a large loaf or stir thick as for sponge, then let rise and mix in loaves. It takes but little more time, as it rises very quick-

ly; if set before breakfast it will be ready to mix in loaves immediately after.

I am making a rug after S. A. G.'s directions; am knitting it in stripes; it will be beautiful when finished.

Will some one please send a good recipe for chocolate cake, with filling?

MRS. J. G.

INGERSOLL.

BUYING HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

I have just read Bonnie Scotland's letter in the HOUSEHOLD of November 3rd, and I "am moved to write." I think she did not read my article aright, or she would not say I advise buying household conveniences with the butter and egg money. If I remember rightly, I did not *advise* any one, but merely said what I would do if I did not have a just proportion of tools to work with. We commenced as many others, empty handed, and have always been in debt for land, but I have always had all the household conveniences I have asked for, and a washing machine was once bought when I was ill that I did not ask for, but my husband helped about the washing two or three weeks, and he did not like either pounding or rubbing, and the machine came quickly, the same as his tools when he finds the inconvenience of doing without. Then I distinctly remember how I came by a patent churn. He used to help me churn with the old fashioned dash churn, and often lost patience because it spattered, till one day he said, "I will never churn again with that old churn," and the new one was bought before next churning day. I have always had the butter, egg and poultry money to call mine since we commenced housekeeping, but it has been used for family and household uses, not for my own personal, selfish use. If I could buy any of my conveniences, I have gladly done so; if they have been expensive, like a sewing machine, my husband has bought them. The farmers around here are universally prosperous, and many have large farms, but I think with hardly an exception their wives have their own purses.

Before I was married I earned my own money, and I felt independent and did not have to ask for money, and I have never got over the feeling. I do not like to ask my husband for money yet. I much prefer to think I have something I can call my own, for there are times when I want something that a man, not understanding woman's tastes or wants, would think unnecessary; and then at Christmas I enjoy having secrets from my husband and children.

No, "Bonnie Scotland," you will not be called an old fogey, for you are still young and hopeful, and life has not lost its glitter; and I hope you will have the new house and all conveniences before you have been married a score of years, for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

I think Beatrix struck the key note to a happy home when she said, "If each would study the other's character and individuality, and accommodate themselves to the other's nature, there would be less

marital unhappiness and discontent." There cannot be a complete, happy home without the help of both husband and wife. I hate this everlasting preaching to wives or husbands, but I think the wives have to take the majority of the sermons, as though they were the greatest sinners. Let us have a few sermons applicable to husbands and wives, and let such men (I hope for the sake of humanity there is only one man) as Beatrix tells us of in the HOUSEHOLD of October 27th, pass into oblivion.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TRCUMSEH.

AN EVENING'S RAMBLE.

On one of our beautiful September evenings I was walking leisurely down one of our principal residence streets, when a merry peal of laughter caused me to turn my head to see whence it came. And this is what I saw: I looked through the open windows, between parted lace draperies, into a beautiful room, flooded with soft rose-hued light, and hung with pictures. Under the gas-jets, clustered about the center table, sat father, mother, daughter and son of perhaps thirteen and fifteen respectively, while a pretty child of four or five years leaned against the father's shoulder and was clasped in his arm. The daughter was laughing mischievously, it was her voice I had heard; the son was busily explaining something to the mother, whose back was toward me but whose attitude expressed perplexity, and said as plainly as possible: "I suppose it is so, but I don't understand," while the youngest child slipped an arm round her father's neck and his lips were pressed to her cherry cheek. It was a pretty picture of family love and affection; I smiled in sympathy with their evident happiness and enjoyment of each other's company. But I suppose the picture would be spoiled for many when I say the hand that held the baby to her father's breast, held also "those wicked cards," that what the lad was so eagerly explaining to his mother was the disputed point of "who took the last trick," and that the daughter's gleeful laughter was broken by "It was my ace, mamma; oh what a good joke!"

It was not "proper" to stand staring in strange windows, however charming the sight within, so I passed on. On the street corner, near a park whose plashing fountain and comfortable seats invited to its seclusion, three young girls about fifteen or sixteen years of age, well dressed and pretty faced, were standing, chattering to each other, laughing loudly, and glancing often at two young men who were leaning against a decapitated lamp-post, and in turn, watching the girls as I have seen a cat watch the gambols of young birds that in their gay unconcern were offering themselves an easy prey to cruel claws. The girls were quite conscious of the young men's evident desire for further acquaintance, quite well aware a little further encouragement would break the ice, and indeed when I returned half an hour later, I met one of them walking with one of the

young fellows, while the other two were freely exchanging badinage with the young man solus at the lamp-post. Here was a "street acquaintance" begun, in which a giddy girl "gets acquainted" in this fashion with a stranger whom she would probably never meet under proper guardianship, and which so often end in scandal, or pave the way to an intrigue which can end only in dishonor and disgrace. There are unprincipled young men—some older ones, too—whose evening amusement it is to "pick up" acquaintance with foolish girls in this way; and many a staid city official and business man would be very properly shocked and indignant if he knew the company his daughter meets on the street, while he toasts his eminently respectable toes and reads his evening paper.

Where the street on which I was walking joins one of the main avenues, is a brilliantly lighted saloon. As I approach I hear the sound of music and merry voices. As I pass, a group of lads lingering at the door listening to the music, is stirred for a moment, and one says "Come on, boys; —it, I'm going in." The others, after a moment's hesitation, follow; the last, a boy of perhaps the age of the one mentioned as playing cards with his mother, gives a half-fearful, watchful glance around, and then in response to "Come on, Rob!" follows his companions.

I have no comments to make, no moral to draw, only these three scenes from life, which came under my individual observation, to present to you. Yet I have thought, not a little, of the relative wisdom of the parents of these young people.

BEATRIX.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCIES.

As I sat in the bay window this morning, with washbasin filled with tepid water, and a sponge, washing the "babies' faces" (the leaves of my house plants), the thought occurred to me, why not tell the readers of the HOUSEHOLD how we do at our house?

I have 25 pots of plants, and what should I do with them that they might get all the sunlight, and be the least trouble? If I had read at the time of the convenience mentioned in a later issue of the HOUSEHOLD, the table covered with sand, I should have accepted the suggestion as just the thing needful; but the convenience of which I am about to write was ordered and nearly finished. I hired mine made, because our "men folks" did not have tools, or time, to make it. Every farmer ought to have tools and time to do such little odd jobs.

This convenience is a box three feet long, two feet wide and ten inches deep, with legs turned like table legs, and castors, so that I can easily move it to sweep, and place it where it will get the best light. All the places where it is joined together are covered with strips of zinc, so that no water will drain through.

My plants were already potted, or I should have filled this box with rich

soil and set the plants in it. The next best thing to do was to put enough clean sawdust in, so that when the pots were placed thereon, the tops of the pots would be even with the top of the box. If any of you were to step into my sitting room this morning and see the rich, dark green foliage, and the number of buds and blossoms, and luxuriant growth of what were tiny slips only two months ago, I think you would say my experiment is a success. Another comfort about it is that the sawdust absorbs the drainage from the pots and the water which may be spilled when watering the plants, and all dirt and dry leaves are kept within bounds.

I have at last found a crumb cloth which is a comfort to use. I have tried canvas and drilling, but such material needed so much washing—next a breadth of carpet, but that was so heavy to take up every morning and shake out crumbs and dirt from the boots of the men. I now use table oilcloth, at 25 cents per yard. It wears well, and looks fresh and clean wiped off once a day with a cloth wrung out of tepid water, in which there is a little milk. When I tacked it down I used bright strips of calico to bind the edges. In one of our papers I saw the suggestion, that this oilcloth was nice to cover the sides of the wood box instead of papering it. I use this material to cover my kitchen table, and thus save the trouble of so much scouring.

MYRA.

PONTIAC.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

MENU.

	Tomato Soup.		
Mashed Potatoes.		Fried Parsnips.	
Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing.			
Cranberry Jelly.		Celery.	
	Ribs of Pork, Roasted.		
Baked Beets.		Canned Corn.	
Squash Pie.		Sponge Pudding.	
	Coffee.		
Bananas.	Apples.	Nuts.	Grapes.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of boiling water, one large can tomatoes, two small onions, one small carrot, a stalk of celery; cut the vegetables fine and boil one hour, adding water as it boils away so the quantity may remain the same. Season with one small tablespoonful of salt and sugar and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cream a tablespoonful of butter with two of flour, thin with hot soup till it will pour readily. Pour into the soup, let boil five minutes, strain through a sieve and serve very hot. When the table is set, lay a slice of bread in the fold of each napkin to eat with the soup.

MASHED POTATOES.—Develop your muscles freely while using the pouder; when mashed to a fine pulp, add a generous lump of butter and beat again, then a teacupful of sweet cream. Beat with a fork till light and foamy, then pile up in a vegetable dish. Never pack mashed potatoes into a dish with a spoon; this makes them solid.

ROAST TURKEY WITH OYSTER DRESSING.—Prepare a dressing of one quart of stale bread crumbs, one cup of butter and hot water enough to moisten. Add two dozen nice large oysters, with salt and pepper to suit the taste. After the turkey is stuffed, lay it on the drip-

ping pan and add a pint of water, a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of salt, replenishing the water as it dries away. Baste very often. The secret of a handsomely browned turkey lies in the frequent basting. An eight-pound turkey requires three hours to cook and a ten or twelve one needs four hours. For the gravy chop the gizzard, liver and heart and boil in a pint of water. Stir a tablespoonful of browned flour into the gravy in the pan and add the water in which the giblets were boiled.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—To three quarts of cranberries take two pounds of white sugar and a quart of water. Cook thoroughly, mashing the berries, then put through a fine sieve. Return the juice to the stove, boil fifteen minutes, pour into glasses and seal when cold.

BAKED BEETS.—Wash the beets, but do not cut or scrape them. Put in a pan with a little water and bake in a moderate oven for three hours. Remove the skins and slice, adding salt, pepper and drawn butter; vinegar, if desired.

FRIED PARSNIPS.—Scrape them and boil until tender, then slice and fry in butter till brown. Or, drop the slices in a batter of eggs and flour, and fry.

RIBS OF PORK.—Crack the sparerib across the bones, fold over and secure with a twine. Stuff the opening thus made with one pint of cracker crumbs, seasoned while dry with one small tablespoonful each of salt and powdered sage and one teaspoonful of pepper, a piece of butter the size of a large egg, and moisten with a cup of hot water.

SQUASH PIE.—Steam the squash for two hours; mash through a colander. To a quart of the strained squash add one quart of new milk, one and a half cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg, grated, ginger if desired, and four eggs, well beaten. Bake forty minutes.

SPONGE PUDDING.—Three eggs; one cup of sugar; one cup flour; six tablespoonfuls cold water; one teaspoonful baking powder. Steam three-quarters of an hour. Sauce: One tablespoonful of butter; two of sugar; one tablespoonful of flour. Mix the flour with cold water, stir smooth; stir butter and sugar together. Turn a coffee cup of boiling water into the flour and water, then turn this on the butter and sugar. Have ready the beaten white of one egg and stir it in last. If too thick, thin with boiling water before the egg is added.

AN omelet is considered a toothsome delicacy by city people. Yet in the country, where fresh eggs are plenty, this delicacy is rarely seen—or rather, eaten. Never try to make an omelet of more than six eggs at once, if you wish it light and tender. Beat the eggs at least ten minutes, and serve just as soon as possible after it is done. An omelet should travel to the table express time the moment it leaves the pan.

Contributed Recipes.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar; six tablespoonfuls thick sweet cream; three eggs; one cup flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; a pinch of salt; flavoring. Bake in a square tin. Reserve the white of one egg, beat to a stiff froth with a little sugar, spread on top, cut in squares, and lay a piece of jelly on each.

MRS. J. G. INGERSOLL.