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THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't very pretty,
(So say her lady friends);
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run;
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing,
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces,
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style;

To me she seems a creature
So unusually sweet,
I would not change one feature
One curve from crown to feet.

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be for ever
The beggar at the gate.

—Henry Austin.

THE SUM OF IT.

Had I obeyed impulse when I finished reading Beatrix's "Womanly Accomplishments," Jan. 19, I should have shouted "Amen" with a heartiness that might have served to infuse new life into a "revival meeting." But the time was about 10 A. M.—the scene—a Michigan blizzard blizzing the best it knew how outside—while indoors—Hi, on my right had so disposed himself in a big easy chair, as to insure the glow of the fire from tip to tip of his mighty longitudinality—while he read aloud all the choice paragraphs in the FARMER'S Shorthorn talk; and on my left, Bob, with darning needle threaded with twine, sat meditatively mending his old mitten—no doubt revolving in his mind the blissful hours that the man must enjoy who has a wife to sew on, sew up, etc.

Therefore, knowing that if I thus spoke my joyful assent aloud, Hi would think I was a fanny-tick on the Shorthorn, and Bob would think I was a luna-tick on masculine darned work, I repressed my sentiments then and there, only to be

compelled to give them vent here and now.

In that article Beatrix gives us the two extremes in the feminine problem—the woman who is composed solely of "fashionable accomplishments," and the woman who is composed solely of domestic graces, virtues and abilities. These two she has handled in so neat a manner, and has shown up the profit and loss in such a clear light as makes further talk unnecessary—but of the "means" (you see, my friends, I'm taking this problem right into mathematics, and propose to work it out by the "Rule of Three,") the woman who is absolutely a do-nothing—who has neither fashionable accomplishments, nor domestic nor social worth; and of the woman who by some subtle alchemy developed in the happy environment of a capable mind, an affectionate heart and a nicely balanced tact, vitality and will, combines in her fully developed womanhood, a due and happy proportion of all that goes to make up the "worth" of the two extremes, with just enough of the other mean to insure her life against wasteful wear and overtaxation—she says nothing. Ah me! This type of perfect womanhood! Does it exist in the abstract alone? I do not know. But I do know that there are many who approximate it so closely that there is no cause for despairing. The world wants more Peter Coopers. Looking at the pictured face of the late W. H. Vanderbilt last evening, a friend said "Do you suppose that man could comprehend his wealth?" "No, indeed," I answered, "Had he comprehended it he would have thrown wide open such flood gates of education and self-helps as would have made his name a synonym for the beatitudes throughout the civilized world."

Stands there within the limits of the plane of life's meridian, a woman with "soul so dead as never to herself have said" "Oh for a broader, deeper culture?" If so, then she belongs to either one or the other of the first two terms of our proportion—the ultra fashionables, or the ultra failures in everything but utter uselessness; since it is a foregone impossibility for her to exist among those who go to make up the sum of the last two terms—the solely useful, and those who approximate perfect development.

It is a blindly instinctive sense of lack in developed ability to appreciate and

administer to the beautiful in nature and art, that makes the farmer's wife steal her own money, by clandestinely converting the only articles of commerce that she is permitted to handle—the butter and eggs—into cash to pay for music and painting lessons for her son and daughter; the possibly close-fisted and debt-burdened husband and father supposing until the day that the merchant thrusts the big "store bills" in his face, demanding payment, that these two commodities have been used either to cancel or to greatly reduce these same housekeeping expenses. Now were not this woman's instinctive cry and reaching out after culture blind and misshapen, she would have recognized the sublime truth in moral ethics that makes her example of embezzlement and treachery a thousand fold more damaging to her children than all the music and painting that they can acquire but a superficial knowledge of at best, can possibly benefit them; thus in her barbarous method defeating the very object that she is most desirous of obtaining, namely, the development of a grace and beauty in the mind of her child, that will serve to win and retain a larger share of popular admiration and respect, while it greatly augments the child's chances for a larger enjoyment of life.

The power to make an external display by means of any accomplishment, either ornamental or useful, can never compensate for the hatefulness of that subtle, dangerous thing—a dishonest, treacherous soul. And all "culture"—no matter how laboriously attained—that is not based upon this safe old rock, "Provide things honest in the sight of all men," and especially in the sight of those with whom we are associated in business or social relations—must sooner or later be beaten by and perhaps swept into the black waves of distrust or dishonor.

But the "sum" of it all is, that the woman who is composed of fashionable accomplishments only, bears the same relation to the woman who is composed of nothing-at-all-iveness—as the woman whom a well balanced training and a wise culture has duly developed in all directions, bears to her whose development is purely and simply domestic.

E. L. NYE.

HOME-IN-THE-HILLS.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed will whiten them wonderfully.

DIFFERENT METHODS IN AGRICULTURE.

Paper read by Mrs. E. S. Cushman at the Institute of the Webster Farmers' Club, Jan. 20.

About sixty years ago people began to start out from their homes in New England to take up lands in the wilds of Michigan. The State was described in Malta Braun's geography as a vast swamp, its edges lined with lily pads, on which lived numbers of blow-snakes, whose breath was supposed to be deadly poison. After Ohio was considerably settled the authorities sent word to the government that Michigan would not be worth the surveying. But notwithstanding all the discouragements, inducements were offered, and the love of adventure prompted many to start with their families on a trip so full of hardships. It is always interesting to listen to the pioneer as he relates the incidents of the journey; the building of the log hut, the sufferings of the first winter, when food was scarce and prices high; the unwelcome visits from the Indians, the encounters with wolves, bears, wildcats and other wild beasts, and, most remarkable of all, the great and rapid changes that he has been spared to see and enjoy. Force and energy marked his every step. His heart was full of bright hopes and future visions which we, his children, have lived to see fulfilled.

I look at the farmer of to-day, with his beautiful farm, handsome buildings, fine stock and labor-saving machines, advantages of church, school and society, and wonder if it would be possible for him to appreciate his advantages over his father half a century ago.

How is it with New England, the home of our fathers? Has it kept pace with Michigan? No; rather it has gone backwards; many of its farms have gone to waste. General farming is not a success for many reasons. Dairying and market gardening are alone profitable in the extreme east, but some of the States make a specialty of raising fine stock.

Not many years ago the far west was called the Great American Desert. My grandfather would never believe that anything could ever be made to grow there. Only a few ever ventured so far away; but when the railroad opened the way a crowd followed, some to find success, many to return. The emigration steadily increased; towns grew up almost in a day; and now there are ranches stocked with cattle and sheep, and in parts immense grain farms, where may be seen many wonderful machines. One quite novel affair cuts the grain, threshes it and leaves it in bags all ready for the market.

It has been said there are two "golden belts" in the United States, one of these, in Southern Michigan, being a strip of land fifty miles wide, extending from Lake Erie nearly to Lake Michigan, the other from Chicago to Omaha.

But the people who go west are oftentimes very much disappointed. I know of one woman who has lived many years on a ranche with her husband where

there is not another woman within sixty-five miles. I wonder how many of us would enjoy such a life, way out on the wide prairie, without a tree to be seen, no fences, nothing to relieve the monotony except a trip once or twice a year to town.

A great deal of land is now taken up merely for speculation, and it is yet to be seen what developments the next fifty years will show.

Those who visited the New Orleans Exposition could not help noticing the fine exhibits from this western country, and the attractive manner in which they were arranged. The monument of corn and the beautiful fruit from Kansas will be long remembered. The houses made of rice and cotton, the quantities of sugarcane, tobacco and semi-tropical fruits, marked the peculiar agriculture of the Southern States.

The immigration to the United States annually from Great Britain alone is 200,000, while Germany sends as many more. There has been a decrease of two millions in the population of Ireland in the last twenty years, and England has sent us five million in the last fifty-eight years. There certainly must be some reason why these people should wish to leave their own countries. I will give some facts concerning the agriculture and habits of different countries, and you can see for yourselves how they compare with our own.

In the first place, England is smaller than this State and has twenty-eight million inhabitants, while Michigan has less than two million. Then there are several million acres of land that cannot be cultivated, and a great amount devoted to hunting grounds. The rich lords own all the land and rent to the tenant farmer, who considers himself well off and seldom leaves his country.

In a recent article on "Landlordism in America," written for the *North American Review*, it is shown that this system of land tenure has already gained a dangerous foothold in America. From the statistics of the last census it appears that while two million farmers own their land, the rest of the seven million persons engaged in farming are either tenants or laborers for wages; and the deduction the writer makes is that land monopoly will ultimately produce the most disastrous results.

The land in England is fertile and well tilled, and the people are industrious. They keep only the finest grades of cattle and only coarse wool sheep. There is such a dense population that there are more to work than can be supplied. The laborer gets about one-quarter as much there as here, and is compelled to live without meat mostly, though all can afford their beer and whiskey. The extremes of society are very noticeable there.

Only a step into Ireland, and you find quite a change. Two-fifths of this island are bog land; the arable land is leased in small patches of from one to seven acres. A gentleman traveling from Belfast to Cork, a distance of 300 miles, in the busiest season of the year, did not see

one person working on the farms. The people seem to lack ambition; I do not know whether it is laziness or despair, as they certainly need to work, for nearly all the people in the South of Ireland live almost entirely on potatoes and salt. As you go north you find more Scotch and English, and everything in a more flourishing condition.

In Germany there is no machinery to speak of, and a great proportion of laboring men, and the wages are extremely low. A man will work a year for \$30, and as money is the prize for which most people are striving, it is not to be wondered at that so many turn toward a free country where wages are higher and every one stands an equal chance to succeed. The law in Germany that compels every young man to serve three years in the army drives a great many away.

An acre of land that would be worth \$100 here would be worth five times that in England, and still more in France. About three-fifths of the population in France are engaged in agriculture. The average size of the farms is four acres. Imagine a farm that size, with a strip a rod wide of wheat, another of barley, another of oats, a beautifully kept garden and a large, thrifty vineyard. Four per cent of all the land is devoted to the cultivation of the grape. The peasant owns his land. Here, as in Germany, Ireland, and England to a great extent, there are no buildings on the farms, but the houses are built together, forming little villages. Every one drinks wine and other weak drinks, but the traveler seldom sees any drunkenness, which is so common in most of the other countries. The people are industrious, mostly atheists, devote much time to amusements and seem to find a great deal of enjoyment in this life, which is all they expect. Sunday especially is a general holiday.

There is one more country that I wish to mention because it is such a contrast in every respect to anything with which we are familiar. This is Iceland, the only civilized country in the world where there is not a road or wagon of any description. Transportation is all done on the backs of ponies. There is no peat, coal or wood on the island, so it is necessary for the inhabitants to keep warm during the long and tedious winters by animal heat alone. The agriculture is naturally very limited. During the short summer the people dig up patches of ground at the foot of the mountains, pile the sods, to give the ground, which is frozen about ten feet deep, a better chance to thaw. The shoveling is repeated at intervals until they have removed about two feet of the surface. The sods are then put back and turnips sown, which never have time to mature, but the people consider the green tops a great delicacy. Besides ponies they keep cows, and a large, coarse sheep, covered with long hair and an inner coat of wool, which is shed annually and at the proper season is pulled; these sheep are white, black and yellow. The stock live in winter on the Alpine moss, which they dig for themselves; the cows are fed

a great many fish heads. There is no cheese or butter made on the island, but each house has a large tub, made for the purpose, which receives all the milk, which is allowed to get extremely sour, more acid than vinegar if possible. This is called *skir*, and is used for food, together with fish heads, and occasionally mutton. The people are very much attached to their country and are generally well educated and very religious.

With this cold and desolate country let us leave this zigzagging about, hoping that we shall feel thankful, content and happy that we live in Michigan, in the very center of "the Golden Belt."

RELIGIOUS LOTTERIES AGAIN

To my views on "Church Lotteries," in the *HOUSEHOLD* of December 29th, your Ohio correspondent, Petresia Peters, replies in the issue of January 26th. She does not believe that any of the church festival games with which she is acquainted ever "helped to cultivate a taste for gambling in places where the breath of infamy blocks the windows, and the presence of true and noble woman is never known."

I am sure I don't know what church festival games she is acquainted with, and therefore cannot say how much difference of opinion there may be. Some of these games I have never claimed were anything very bad in themselves, but only to be avoided for the tendency they might have to create a taste for games of chance in other places. And we should remember that all the gambling for money is not done in the worst places. There are many so-called high toned and otherwise temperate houses in the cities where gambling for money is indulged in; also at some of the clubs. These, perhaps, form an intermediate grade, leading toward the regular gambling hells.

I am not prepared to say that a "grab-bag" game, where nothing but "bushels of fun," and no prizes of real value are drawn or expected, has a harmful tendency. Possibly my own views of this and some others have been slightly modified since reading so interesting a defence of them. Still I must insist that any game where real prizes are drawn—where the prize sought is the leading object and inducement to buying the chances—has one influence in the direction of gambling, and all the more so if surrounded with the fascinating presence and approbation of "true and noble women."

As to the example and influence of the two families she has sketched, my sympathies are entirely on the side of the younger sister and her methods. Her more liberal ideas, her way of allowing children and young folks to have some enjoyment of life, and the innocent nature and good influence of those enjoyments, I fully believe in; and as clearly see the chilling influence of the "creed clad" bigotry and narrow ideas of the elder sister, and her rigid, straight laced manner of bringing up her family, denying them rational pleasures and making their lives dreary and miserable. Such treatment in general is enough to make a

boy hate the religion of his mother, and drive him to seek more congenial company elsewhere—quite likely to the other extreme; in fact, enough to send him to the bad, without charging the result especially to the one fact of being prohibited from taking part in a church lottery. (By the way, had not the writer asserted that the sketch was from real life of families of her own acquaintance, we might conclude she had invaded the domain of fiction, and given us a chapter of a serial to illustrate her views.)

As I view it, the bad influence and tendency of some of the festival proceedings may be held to account for spoiling the otherwise harmless fun and amusement, and thus excluding some from its enjoyment. Let the young have all the innocent pleasure possible—make the occasion joyous, cheerful, social, but avoid the objectionable features—substitute something better in their place. Do not deny the young folks, or the old ones either, this true want of their nature, but give the mental food in a healthy, moral form, not in one of dubious influence.

However, there is little room for controversy, for our friend admits nearly all that I claim, as will be seen by the following sentence: "I frankly admit that many things have been done at church festivals that I very much disapprove, because they furnish an excuse for some to say, 'It is no worse for me to gamble at the saloons than for Christians to gamble at the church.'"

Yes; not only an excuse for, but an influence in that direction. It may be, as Petresia says, sometimes a very nice point for those having the management of children to decide just how far it will do to indulge them in the various amusements by which they are surrounded.

HOLLY.

PAUL JOHNSTON.

A PUZZLE FOR COOKS.

I have felt for many weeks, in fact ever since Beatrix thought there was "too much Beatrix," not enough of others, I would do a little to relieve her, if I could, for it did seem as though we had all "shirked" a little. But to-day when I took up the *HOUSEHOLD* and thought it was "the best," as I do of nearly every one, I decided to write a line to let the Editor and contributors know that I appreciate it. Of course I was, like everybody else, very busy before and during the holidays, and since then I have been trying to do something beside "fixing up" for Christmas. I am making rugs out of old stair carpet, for one thing, and I often think of what some one said in the *HOUSEHOLD*, "It will require a good deal of carpet and patience," but I think it will make very pretty ones when I have them woven.

I wonder if any other housekeepers have trouble in making cake from granulated sugar. We have used it for years, never found any fault with it, and don't know as I do now, but our cake falls every time, especially when we use baking powder. Some of the ladies with whom I have talked think it may be the sugar. Our Ladies' Aid Society gave a

social recently, and I was requested to make cake, or if preferred, biscuit. Well, my girl makes the biscuit (lovely ones, too,) but I had asked her so many times to do it for a like occasion, I thought I would make the cake. I took every pains and had fresh eggs, and did it all to the best of my ability. Yet it was not light and nice, as I had reason to expect, not really spoiled, so I could not take it, but I did not feel satisfied with it. If any one has had a similar experience, I would like to hear from them.

There are many things I would like to speak of, but I think short calls are better than too long ones.

M.
IONIA.

[Try a new baking powder. We should charge the failure to adulterated powder sooner than to the sugar.—Ed]

THE FARMER BOY.

If it be true that "history repeats itself," then look for the future great men among the farmer boys of the present day. All the possibilities of life, of success, of goodness, of greatness, are possessed alike by the boy in the mansion, and the boy in the log cabin. The surroundings of one may be more favorable than the other, and in this respect none can be more favored than the farmer's boy. Everything tends to make him observing, thoughtful, earnest, and energetic. The forests, the brooks, the hills, the vales, have their influence upon his life. In the varying changes of nature, from life in the spring time to the entering into rest of winter, he learns many lessons.

"Nature answers all he asks,
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks."

Year after year he witnesses the fulfilling of the promise of seed time and harvest; he sees "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," and learns the lesson of patient watching and waiting, and that time is necessary for the perfecting of all great work. He learns that promptness is one of the essential elements of success in business; that the delay of a few days in seed time may bring disastrous results in harvest. He learns that diligence is another factor entering into success in life, that he who "will not plow by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest and have nothing."

What are the farmer boy's opportunities of learning from books? The district school does not teach the higher branches, but no doubt the common English branches are more thoroughly taught than in many other schools, and if the boy only learns to read well, he will have in his possession the key that will unlock the vast storehouse of knowledge within books. By reading well I do not mean that he shall be able to read fluently, that he shall be an elocutionist able to read to the edification of others, but that he shall read understandingly, that he shall not allow himself to pass by any word, name of place or person, without a complete and perfect knowledge of the meaning of the

word, or of the history of the person or place. If he hungers after knowledge, then knowledge will be his whatever his opportunities.

What lessons are learned by the farmer boy in the evening? Not such as are taught in the streets of cities; not those an attendant upon saloons will learn, but such as are taught in the quiet, restful home, from father, mother and sister. With such preparation for the duties of life he is able to go forth into the world, strong and upright, with sufficient self-reliance and courage to do that which is right.

The question which seems to be continually arising in farmers' institutes and discussed in farm journals is, "How shall we keep the boys on the farm? One advises giving a calf, or piece of land, and the care of the same. Well, that is a good idea, inasmuch as ownership brings responsibility, and then he will learn how to care for stock, how to till the soil, and thereby acquire habits of industry and knowledge of business transactions; but do not think the calf will chain him to the farm. Another says the best way to keep the boys on the farm would be for the farmers to assert their rights in the political field, and teach the boys that they can go to Congress from the farm just as well as from the city. It is well to teach that farmers, as well as others, are citizens of the United States, having the same privileges and duties, amenable to the same laws, but to hold up office as a prize to keep the boys on the farm, is as absurd as the proposition to give a sheep. What would we think, if at every convention held by lawyers they should occupy the time discussing "How shall we keep our boys in the office? How make them choose law as a profession? They are determined to become doctors; they will go on the farm. Let us give them a law book, and tell them that if they study law they may become Congressmen." This would be no more absurd than the ado farmers make concerning their boys entering other business or professions than farming. When your boy is old enough to choose his vocation in life, if he announces his intention to leave the farm, listen to his reasons, talk with him as with an equal; advise, but do not coax or seek to compel him to remain. If he concludes to go there is this consolation, he goes forth the better equipped for having lived on the farm. It may prove to be a wise choice, for while some who would have excelled as farmers have made poor merchants, there are others who would have made good merchants who have made very poor farmers.

But if all should leave the farm, making a change from tillage to pasture, it would be a sad day for this people, for from that day the nation would decline. Everything would need be imported, (then would be the time to desire free trade). Our treasury would soon be empty, even though we continued coining the silver dollar. If then the agricultural interest is of such importance to the welfare of the nation, it ought to

command more attention. Let us hope the boys will remain on the farm, and that some day one of them will be the eighth member of the President's cabinet.
JANNETTE.

FROM A LITTLE INVALID.

I told you in my last letter I was an invalid, and have been confined to the house for over a year. My complaint is hip-joint disease, and as it seems to be a very common disease now, as I know of four cases within as many square miles, and has to be taken at an early stage to effect a cure, I am going to describe its symptoms for the benefit of those who may need it: It commenced with a pain in the knee, which turned the knee cap in and caused the knee to be weak and kind of powerless to lift or step over anything; on going up-stairs, I could not put it first, but had to drag it after the other; it remained so about six weeks or more, then the pain seemed to go to the hip joint, and became quite severe, with shiverings and fever. After the pain lasted for about three days, a physician was called in; he pronounced it hip-joint disease, and put a steel splint on my knee to stretch the joint; it is taken off at night and a fourteen pound weight hung to my limb. If I had gone to bed sooner and had the weight hung to my limb it might have prevented it or helped it very much; but as it is I don't know where it is going to end. It seems to have come without any cause that I know of, for out of six children I was the spryest on foot and had the limberest joints.

I have described the symptoms of the first twelve months. Being a little girl, thirteen years of age, I hope the readers will excuse any mistakes I may make in composition, and I may come again.
TEMPERANCE.

WOODSIDE.

INFANTS' CROCHETED SHOES.

Perhaps I can tell M. J. H. how to crochet infants' shoes so she can understand, as they are easily done if any one can crochet:

First, make a chain the length of the child's foot; then crochet around that in short crochet stitch, widening occasionally at each end (by making two stitches in one) until it is shaped just like a little boat. Then crochet across the toe, back and forth, until it forms a slipper. Then crochet the top in long crochet stitch to suit your taste and fit the ankle. Tie at the instep with ribbon or cord and tassel. These are pretty made of two kinds of yarn, using dark for the bottom part. I can send directions for knitting shoes with four needles that are pretty and durable.

In answer to conundrum No. 3. I would say that a man badly in debt, with an extravagant wife, is not likely to get out very soon, as it is said, and I think truly, that a woman can throw out with a spoon faster than a man can bring in with a shovel. But what to do with an extravagant wife? Keep her, of course, as he has taken her for better or for worse.
BESS.

HILLSIDE HOME.

"COUNTRY HAYSEED" wishes Temperance, of Woodside, to tell her what tw means in directions for knitting a silk purse given in the HOUSEHOLD of Dec. 29th, 1885, also if three or four needles are used, and what colored silk to use, which is, after all, a mere matter of fancy or taste. Our correspondent values the recipes furnished by our good cooks; and advises her sister housekeepers that to get carpet rags out of the way most expeditiously, they should be sewed on the machine. She folds them as for sewing by hand, then sews across bias, and when she has a quantity sewed, cuts the threads between the rags.

Mrs. L. S., of Mason, says that till she began reading the HOUSEHOLD she did not know that other women were so "beset with work and plagues" as she, but that it encourages her to know that others who have similar trials, work on and live through them. [Ah! L. S., "every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" there is no life without its trials, and it all depends on how we meet them whether we make ourselves and those around us happy or miserable. Thanks for your kind, appreciative words, and please write for the little paper.—ED.]

Cut a fig once or twice in two, put it in a cup, pour boiling water on it, let it stand till cool, not cold; then bathe the eye with the water quite frequently. It is a sure cure for a sty on the eye, says an exchange.

BOM AM's want has been supplied.

Contributed Recipes.

COCOANUT CUSTARD CAKE.—One egg, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch of salt; sift powder and flour together. Bake in a quick oven. Custard: Half cup sugar, scant half cup flour, one egg, one-half pint milk, lump of butter and pinch of salt, one cup cocoanut. Cook over steam, or set in boiling water, and spread between the layers when cool.

DARK STEAMED PUDDING.—One cup molasses; one cup sweet milk; two cups flour; spices of all kinds; one teaspoonful soda; one cup of currants. Put in a basin, set in steamer and steam two hours. To be eaten with sweetened cream.
M. S. P.

OKEMOS.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, four tablespoonfuls sweet cream, one cup flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Lemon to taste.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak one small teacupful of tapioca in a little milk over night; add the beaten yolks of three eggs, and boil in one quart of milk. Add a little salt; when at boiling heat sweeten and flavor; then stir in the beaten whites of the eggs lightly. To be eaten cold.

JUMBLES.—Five eggs, two cups sugar, one cup butter, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder; flavor to taste.

SAVORY BEEF.—Three and a half pounds of beefsteak, chopped fine; three eggs; twenty crackers, rolled fine; four tablespoonfuls sweet cream; a small piece of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Thin with milk until about the consistency of biscuit dough; put in a buttered tin and bake slowly one and a half hours. Let stand until cold, and then slice.
MRS. T. W. SPRAGUE.

BATTLE CREEK.