

# MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, MARCH 16, 1886.

## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### TROUBLE BORROWERS.

There's many a trouble  
Would break like a bubble  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow  
Would vanish to-morrow  
Were we but willing to furnish the wings,  
So sadly intruding,  
And quietly brooding,  
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

Resolve to be merry,  
All worry to ferry  
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,  
And no longer fearful,  
But happy and cheerful,  
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

### DIFFERENT METHODS.

There are three of our contributors who have mentioned in the HOUSEHOLD their plans and hopes for their little ones.

One is working and saving to give her child an education and a "start in life;" another has opened a bank account for her baby girl; while a third is spending whatever comes into her hands in present helps for her children, to aid them in mental and physical development. Mother love in each heart is working with the same thought, the happiness and future good of the beloved ones. Love's sweet self-denial and sacrifice guard each child with anxious thought for the unfolding life. Yet the thought comes almost instinctively, who is building most wisely? whose care and forethought are likely to bear most abundant fruit? The purpose is grand and noble in each.

It seems to me the best legacy a mother can give her children is an education which prepares them for life; which provides for a full and complete development of heart and mind and body. Too many make education a mere matter of book-learning, a college course, a graduate's diploma. These are *means* of education, not education itself. The best education for girls is a training in character and purpose which shall help them to do true women's work in the world, and make their usefulness and happiness something more than matters of chance. Supplement this by some special education which shall make the girl self-supporting, and you have laid the foundation for a noble woman. There is no greater gift from mother to daughter than such education, which teaches courage, self-reliance; gives moral strength and culture. It is better than money.

The sons and daughters of rich men are not those who do the best work in the world. Bred in luxury, there is nothing to develop character; adversity is the test; it brings out the true metal. The two young men, sons of Detroit merchants, who spend respectively \$5,000 and \$6,000 annually at an Eastern college, may distinguish themselves by rapid dispersal of the "dollars of their daddies," but the amusement seriously interferes with the purpose for which they attend college; and some classmate, whose frugal living and steady work earn him the title of grub among these butterflies, will be the man whose achievements shall stir the world. Don't, then, save money for the children for money's sake, but as a means to develop, an aid to put them in the way of earning for themselves; the discipline of honest endeavor is a potent educational factor.

BEATRIX.

### HINTS ON NURSING THE SICK.

I imagine I might write more of what I do not know about nursing than of what I do know, but will venture anyhow to give some hints gleaned from experience in the care of the sick. We are told that the first requisite in nursing is sympathy. Not the sort that stands at the foot of one's bed sobbing, but the "put yourself in her place" feeling, which keeps a cool head and remembers what made her comfortable that time she had a "spell."

There is nothing more refreshing to a patient, efficacious in treatment, than water judiciously used. Never ask a sick person "Would you like your face bathed." Just bring a bowl of fresh water, soap and towels, have the water of same temperature as the room. Be sure everything is ready before beginning, then proceed quietly and gently. Tuck a towel about the neck to protect the clothing, use a soft cloth not dripping wet. Stroke the face and back of the neck upward. Never make any down strokes about the head. Use a little soap on the hands and under the arms. If possible place the hands into the water or where it can be dashed over them. Rub off the feet, especially between the toes to remove lint which becomes annoying. In fevers this should be repeated several times a day.

If I am going to give a general ablution I take off the clothing from the upper part of the body entirely and wash under a blanket, then wash the rest of the body under the soiled clothes, and pushing them down, rub with a dry clean towel

and put on the fresh clothing all at once, which can be done with very little disturbance to the patient. A soiled sheet can be removed at the same time the clean one is put on, by two persons drawing both from the top. Upper sheet and other covers may be changed by slipping the fresh ones under and then lifting the others off without in the least exposing the person. Always use a brush for the hair, dressing a small part of it at a time. Holding the hands a few minutes under the back next the body is restful, and if repeated frequently will prevent bed sores. Rubbing one way under the knee will sometimes soothe the nerves. Pinching the heels rests the feet. Have a small pillow, of cotton or hair, at hand to place between the knees or under them or under the shoulder or elbow. It rests one to sometimes draw the limbs up and support them with a large pillow or comforter, or place something for the feet to push against. Keep the nails of both feet and hands trimmed and cleaned. This belongs to the nurse as much as anything else. All these little attentions are grateful if administered with tact and tenderness. Never offer anything to eat without first cleansing the mouth. Use a soft napkin to rub off the gums and tongue with fresh cool water. Bring a very small quantity of food at one time, and then always put a clean napkin on your waiter if you only bring a spoonful of custard. I have found that a plate heated in the oven is an excellent method for retaining warmth, and wrapped in a moist cloth is equal to a poultice where only heat is required. I once went to a house where a young child had been crying for hours and been doctored nearly to death for colic. I heated a saucer and covered its ear, and in a few minutes it was sleeping.

It is unnecessary to consult the sick when you know a thing is best to be done. Treat them just as we do babies. Don't act as if you expected them to make any remarks, and if you are skillful they will seldom object. Above all things be scrupulously clean. Cleanliness is a foe to disease always and everywhere. Do not look upon pure fresh air as a death current. Let it in along with plenty of sunlight.

In the country neighbors are very kind to each other but they sometimes thoughtlessly afflict their sick friends by too much visiting. I have known more good to be done a poor sick woman through the message that some one had

taken home the week's mending, or cleaned up her kitchen or canned her ready fruit, than a whole day's visiting and exhausting her vitality with neighborhood gossip could do. I am sure that if the foolish fashion of admitting everybody to see the baby were abolished until it is two months old, there would be a world of torture saved both mother and child. The poor little thing has just got here and its nerves are so tender that I only wonder so many survive being waked up to show the color of their eyes; and the poor mother, proud and happy, has not courage enough to tell them she is worn threadbare. I wish the husbands would always be tyrannical enough to forbid interviews the first six weeks. We are unfortunately many times cruel in our kindness to each other. What does some one else think about it?

DAFFODILLY.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

### LOS ANGELES.

The following description of Los Angeles, written by a lady who removed there from Michigan last June, is so concise and spirited that I offer the HOUSEHOLD participation in the interesting narrative:

"The winter is one grand and beautiful season. The foot hills have all been robed in green, and the ever-changing east that the sun rays give them make new and beautiful scenes, while the mountains above them inspire one with their grandeur; although seventeen miles away they seem very near us, and still they are ever new, for they change in appearance and color almost every moment in the day, never looking twice the same, but always grand and lovely both in storm and sunshine. Sierra Santa Monica is on the north and west, seventeen miles distant, and above them are seen the Sierra Madre mountains, fifty miles away, giving us all the cintillating prisms of the diamond when their snow-capped peaks receive the rays of the rising sun. Nature has indeed made all the surroundings of this beautiful city wonderful, grand, ever-changing, yet ever new.

"Los Angeles has a population of thirty thousand, twelve years ago it was only twelve thousand. It now has six railroads, cable and horse cars, electric lights, twenty-two churches, (six are Methodist,) normal school, university, seminary, medical college, a large number of union schools, with many select schools, all of which are well attended. Teachers' wages are generally \$100 per month; only the best are employed. Society is of the best; people of that class from all parts of the East have centered here, and Los Angeles has the name of having the most refined and best educated class of people on the coast. It has a great deal of wealth, which is being spent liberally to beautify the city, and in a few short years Los Angeles will have a population of 100,000, and will be the capital of Southern California.

"Last year 4,500 people settled here, and this year every hotel and boarding-house

is filled; 1,900 came in one week. Many coming to spend the winter conclude to remain, and build elegant homes here. Real estate is extremely high, yet there is much property changing hands. Lots 40x120 range from \$200 to \$12,000; farming land from \$200 to \$1,000 per acre. Vegetables are reasonable in price, and good at all times of the year. Fruit is most luscious, and is raised in great abundance. Oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, figs, plums, pears, persimmons, guavas, bananas, everything one can think of is in market all the year. We have green peas, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, now. There are always good things to tempt the appetite, but one is seldom troubled with its loss or with sleeplessness, the sea breezes giving zest and rest.

"We are twelve miles from the coast. The first sight of the ocean is grand, but not so impressive as the mountains. Bathing in the ocean is as pleasant in January as in July. We sometimes can hear the breakers here. Mornings and evenings are cool, and a fire is necessary; few days pass that we do not open the doors in midday. The air is pure and invigorating; we have no thunder storms or wind storms. Very few days of the year are entirely cloudy. On the 16th of October we had two showers, each of an hour's duration: four weeks after that we had a heavy rain, water falling to the depth of seven inches in one week; in December another nice rain came, and now, Jan. 18th, we are enjoying another, and can almost see vegetation grow. Flowers of the choicest varieties known in Eastern green-houses grow to perfection in our yards all winter; tea-roses, smilax, carnations, pinks, are in bloom, and we almost feel as if we had found the Garden of Eden.

"If any of our friends would come here to spend one winter, they would never want to spend another at the East. My husband's health is much improved, and he wishes we had come here five years ago."

A. L. L.

GREENFIELD.

### HALF HOURS.

There are brief seasons in life teaching whole volumes. I shall always remember a lesson gathered one day, not a new one, simply an illustration shining clear upon the labyrinthine ways of being.

New Orleans is now glorious in soft rays and sunshine. Taking the steam car to the West End we pass the cemeteries with their groves of waving green and curious tombs, through the long stretch of "Louisiana swamp," which is never dry, where the green palmetto waves and the serpents bask in the sunlight, stretching themselves on the logs undisturbed, finally reaching the lake. Walking along the shell road of the land-point extending into the lake, gathering a few of the more perfect shells or those worn into curious shapes by attrition, we see before us a green hedge laid out in paths. Now and then a statue is enclosed in a circular path in the interior, and in the centre is a

arched stone entrance, rustic and cave-like in appearance, all green and beautiful, with heavy, tropical foliage. We enter and walk slowly around, admiring the ivy twined with the evergreen shrubs. After a time we discover we do not "get on" at all, and begin to wonder why. We go one way and then the other, take now this path, wish we had taken that, but always come to a stand-still. Ah, this is not the first time we have followed paths which led anywhere but where we fancied!

Is it strange that poor human lives are wasted in the perplexing paths of life's puzzle? There are plenty to advise. One says take this way; another, turn to the left always as you go around. Well, we enjoyed it, for we knew it would come to an end, and a puzzle is entertaining if you are certain of making it out. We laughed and ran through the paths while several others now and then followed us for a time, hoping thus to extricate themselves. We remembered other paths we had entered as joyously and fearlessly as these in which we have grown so anxious and life-weary, when night fell and the intricate paths seemed to wind before us in gloom and uncertainty.

Two gentleman who had passed through without much difficulty, tried to direct us, but could not. Who can point out the certain path for our guidance? Oh, that inviting green arch! We look back to the entrance, and think the inscription of Dante, "Leave hope behind, ye who enter here," should be placed over that green door-way leading to this labyrinth.

The gentlemen who have passed through so easily ask us: "Why don't you come out. We thought you were out." Sympathy, understanding, thou art rare jewels! A young man who has a compassionate heart jumps over the hedge and tries to guide us. We follow him through many windings, but at last he disappears and we are still imprisoned. Valiant spirit! You have strengthened our faith in humanity. Our own freedom we must achieve. The two gentlemen repress us, giving the consolation that there is an electric bell attached to the labyrinth, so we can order supper from the restaurant near at hand if we fail to find the way out. We meditate on going back, but no, we cannot; we have dropped no thread to guide us in returning, and more, we will not go back—this is not in the nature of human endeavor.

We get warm in the afternoon sun, and remove our light wraps, still pursuing the deceptive paths. Around us like an arm circles Lake Ponchartrain, its rippling waves shading delicately towards the pale horizon, where sky and wave blend indistinguishably in a soft, misty cloud. What strength and beauty blent! Nature seems to have sketched this spot with a pencil of tenderness, and painted it with delicate hues. The moss draped forests, wide-spreading and gray, stretch along the border of the lake, while sail boats glide along the horizon like white-winged birds. All this we enjoy during this little maze of our footsteps, free from the shadows which often wrap us round

in strange path-ways like garments of night.

There is no triumph so blessing-bringing as self-victory. There is an inner strength, independence, "spirit," if you please, which is a propelling power. We passed out at the opposite side of the innocent appearing hedge, triumphant and wiser mortals; humbler, too, I think, after half an hour's continued effort. Human nature is venturesome and penetrative, and under right conditions, always tending to more perfect methods; hence we have resolved to "do it again," and with less blundering.

S. M. G.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The name of woman has ever been connected with all that was good, noble and pure. What a beautiful picture is our Mother Eve, in the Garden of Eden, given to man as a helpmate. Man was considered incomplete alone, and from that time until the present marriage has been considered essential to happiness. There are natures who prefer living alone; women "who live alone with a cat and a cup of tea," consoling themselves that "there's no one to scold when the dinner is cold, and no small stockings to mend." There is nothing that throws such a halo of glory over everything and revolutionizes the whole being like first love. The wayward beauty whom no one could control will hold out her hands willingly for the fetters that Love binds there. Ah! woman yields a good deal when she truly loves. She gives all the freshness and sweetness of her nature; leaves the dear old home with all its comforts and attachments, the kind indulgent parents who gave her away with many tears and misgivings; and often enters an humble home, happy and contented with the husband of her choice, never a thought entering her gentle bosom that he will be recreant to his vow, but alas that it should be so, she often finds

That the promise of Love is the frailest of all  
The blossoming hopes that fruitlessly fall."

You ask why is it that the faithful loving wife loses the love of her husband. I do not know, unless it is owing to the vacillating nature that mankind possesses. I will venture to say that half the men will turn from the face that has lost its youthfulness, to a pretty doll face that happens to strike their fancy. Too often a man in choosing a wife, looks for a pretty face, fine figure, a good dancer—in fact, a society girl, who can adapt herself to almost everybody and everything. They know comparatively nothing of each other's character, but after the honeymoon is over and they have settled down to actual life the character asserts itself. Here is the reality of married life. "A true marriage is the marriage of spirit and spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time or death, nor eternity can sever." It is said that an Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommenda-

tion, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," he said, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man." As I have said before, money is a very good thing, but it is not really essential to happiness, for a great deal of love and happiness can exist without it. Very often a great deal of trouble arises, from one or the other being converted to new views and duties after marriage, when by mutual forbearance and kindly sympathy they might live as happily as though they thought more nearly alike. I don't want my husband to think just exactly as I do about everything; a little clashing and difference of opinion is just as effective in the domestic air as a good thunder shower is on a sultry hot air.

It is a good idea to wait until a proper age before marrying. "Oh!" you say, "marriage is a lottery, and a bad draw can be got along with better when the mind is young and pliant, so as to be bent to anything than after it has acquired a fixed character." The law regards those who are not of age as incapable of making civil contracts, transacting business, etc., because they lack wisdom. What do they know about choosing a companion for life? They have no insight into characters no knowledge of human nature, nor judgment. I have heard parents say that they might better be married than sitting up nights and going to parties. They would not sit up nights if they were not allowed to, that's certain; and as to parties, go with your girls, instead of sending them off with a beau. Almost any girl will be pleased with the idea of having her father for a gallant.

I dislike to hear little bickerings and sly thrusts between a married couple. I always think that true love will not seek such a level. Small beginnings make large endings; a little ripple often merges into a large wave; where the mighty Mississippi rises an ox can drink it dry in slaking his thirst, but as it pursues its course it is fed by tributaries, it grows broader and deeper, until it rushes, a mighty stream, into the Gulf and on to the ocean. A man need not necessarily cease showing his wife those little attentions that he so prided himself on when he "went courting." Do you suppose when he drove up to the door for her then, he would scream, with his mouth stuffed full of tobacco, "Tumble in, old woman!" No indeed, the tobacco habit was carefully concealed, and she was assisted into the carriage with a good deal of deference. There is no wife but feels a little strange at a husband's neglect; she looks for those little attentions as eagerly after marriage as before, in fact it was a trait of character that she admired in her lover; but time works wonders, and after a while she would be as much puzzled to be treated politely by him as she was at first to be slighted. But if the fates so decree that you cannot live for your husband, live for your children; if you have none, live for yourself, you are just as good as you ever were; don't wear your heart on your

sleeve for jackdaws to peck at. It is seldom that shoulders break under their burden; the kind Father looks with compassion upon us, He knows our infirmities, and pities us. That husbands can be devoted we know; we read of Chester Arthur's devotion to his "dead Ella," how her room is kept bright and cheerful, the favorite plants in the window, the pet canary swings in his cage, the little crocheted slippers are just where she placed them, the ink dried on the pen as she last used it, the needle rusted in her work. It was very touching to me when I read of Dr. Newman in consoling Mrs. Grant after the death of her husband, recounting his career as soldier, president, the honored traveller abroad, etc., and Mrs. Grant sobbed "Through it all he never forgot me."

We have read about the different classes of people; there are also many classes of wives. There is the wife who, when her husband swerves from the path of duty, talks loudly and threatens terrible things if it is not stopped; the patient wife who considers that her husband condescended considerably when he married her, satisfied to keep home machinery in motion while he attends all the fairs and public doings, admiring his fine talk from a remote corner as one would a distant star; then there is the dear little body who when she has committed an error or sees one in her husband, creeps softly to his lap, nestles her rosy cheek to his brown, bearded one, and with an arm around his neck, and a stray tear or two, talks it all over, and they mutually own the fault, and thus keep the love as warm and bright as during the courtship. Still another class includes the wife who finds quite as many agreeable gentlemen as her husband does ladies, and manages to get lots of enjoyment from an evening spent abroad; they compare notes, and ten chances to one she is ahead. Fredrika Bremer expresses herself so beautifully upon married life I cannot refrain from quoting; she says: "If you wish to learn the full value of marriage—if you wish to see what this union may be for two human hearts and for life—then observe not the wedded ones in their honeymoon, nor by the cradle of their first child; not at a time when novelty and hope yet throw a morning glory over the young and new born world of home; but survey them rather in the more remote years of manhood, when they have proved the world and each other, when they have conquered many an error and many a temptation in order to become more united to each other; when labors and cares are theirs; when under the burden of the day, as well as in hours of repose they support one another, and find that they are sufficient for each other. Or survey them still farther in life. See them arrived at that period when the world, with all its changes and agitations rolls far away from them; when every object around becomes more dim to them; when their house is still, when they are solitary; yet they stand there, hand in hand, and each reads in the other's eyes only love;

when they, with the same memories and the same hopes, stand on the boundaries of another life, into which they are prepared to enter, of all desires retaining only the one, that they may die on the same day." EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.

#### ANOTHER OPINION ON RELIGIOUS LOTTERIES.

As the subject of religious lotteries is being ventilated through our columns, perhaps I may be allowed to express my opinion upon so important a matter. Who of us has not seen church members who apparently have been only half converted; their pocket-books have been left out entirely, utterly forgetting that the Good Book says "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver;" also "that all the tithes of the land are the Lord's." They will put forth much hard labor, some money, and lower themselves in the eyes of God and man, arranging fairs, lotteries, in fact almost anything, to inveigh the irreligious into paying their money for the support of the gospel, in return for the *fun* which they have furnished them. Oh, shame These things ought not so to be. Who of us has not read Mrs. M. C. Edwards' poem on "Walking with the World," and felt it was all too true?

"The sons of the world and the sons of the church  
Walked closely hand in hand,  
And only the Master, who knoweth all,  
Could tell the two apart.  
For fairs and shows in her halls were held,  
And the world and its children were there,  
And laughter and music and feasts were heard  
In the place that was meant for prayer."

It seems sometimes as though this American nation is composed entirely of gourmands. If any good thing is to be accomplished, a great supper must be made, people are stuffed to repletion, much food is wasted, and the little which is made above expenses given for the benevolent object for which the affair was gotten up. No matter how long and loud "Deacon Hardshell" prays for the Lord to revive His work even to the uttermost parts of the earth, nor how often "Squire Pursetight" throws in his amens, I don't believe the money they give is acceptable to God, when it takes all the foolish worldly amusements which can possibly be crowded into a church festival to thaw the ice from around it, and squeeze the money out. I think their hearts at such times are warmed far more with love of self and the approval of the world, than with love to God and His cause. When our hearts are wholly given to God, I don't believe we shall need any of these things to help support the Gospel.

I believe the usual manner of raising money for religious purposes is radically wrong. If instead of giving just as small an amount as possible, or more liberally on certain occasions when drawn out by "bushels of fun," or fear of what people will say, all professing Christians would religiously set apart one-tenth of their income, (no matter how large or how small that income may be,) for charity and good works, fairs and festivals would not be needed, and money for such purposes would be far more plenty than it now is.

Methinks some of you are saying. "What an old foggy she is!" But I deny the charge. I believe most heartily in amusements, lively and innocent, for young and old; but I object most heartily, also, to many of the methods taken to obtain money to advance the cause of God. The families of the two sisters set forth by Petresia furnish a striking example of the difference in home government. While we cannot but feel that the elder was too cold, unloving and strict with her children, how many others we can bring to mind, who never crossed their children, but allowed them every indulgence, whose hearts now ache most bitterly. Many prayers, much thought and great care are needed on the subject of guiding the young aright, to enable us to know when to allow liberty, and when to restrain. Great need have we of that wisdom which cometh from above. A. R.

NORTH ADAMS.

#### "SHE NEVER BANGED THE DOOR."

All that affects a model household should be studied and practiced. Many have a way of banging doors together, that ought to be avoided. It is evidence of a coarseness of nature and a want of refinement. Persons who have this habit of whacking doors together with a bang, seem to think that they show smartness, or would have others understand they have an unusual faculty for business. But though I am not very old, the laziest man I have ever seen would make his door-shutting sound the most like firing off a revolver in the house, of any one I ever knew. And young as I am, I have known women who would shut the door gently, do more work than any "Miss Door-Banger" I ever met. As a reader of the HOUSEHOLD I vote this pistol-practice in the house a nuisance. I should like to see that quiet, gentle demeanor that characterizes the real lady and gentleman, cultivated among our farmers' families. MIRIAM.

PLYMOUTH.

Several ladies have expressed a wish that "Aunt Lucy," of Mason, would send to the HOUSEHOLD the "bill of fare" which has been so much help to her, a request the Editor seconds.

A LETTER enclosed under cover to the HOUSEHOLD Editor for "Temperance" was forwarded to the address given with her article, but returned to this office endorsed "unclaimed." Temperance may write for it if she desires.

H., of Hudson, wishes a recipe for orange pie. Probably some of our readers can furnish one, but we venture the opinion that a nice, sweet, juicy orange never was and never will be improved in flavor or healthfulness by embalming it in dough, baptizing it with fire and calling it *pie*.

A little girl who calls herself Rosemary wants to know what will take warts off her hands, saying: "Please tell me what

to do; I have been laughed at about my hands till I am willing to do anything no matter how it hurts." Take a little bottle and fill it with a saturated solution of soda. A "saturated solution" is simply water which is so strong of the soda that it will not take up any more. Keep this bottle handy, and wet the warts with the soda water several times a day. It may take a month's time, but is a sure cure.

A LETTER signed "Jael" from a lady who says she is a new subscriber, comes to us with neither name nor postoffice address. It is our invariable rule to require the name and address of every contributor to the HOUSEHOLD, a rule which obtains in all newspaper offices. No attention is paid to anonymous communications. We never publish real names unless by permission. Our new correspondent, who says many kind things of the HOUSEHOLD writers, was probably unaware of our practice. We will file her letter, and ask her to forward name and address, when we will publish her communication.

#### Contributed Recipes.

MONTCALM COUNTY DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, beaten until you are tired; rest, beat them some more; add one cup of sugar, and beat again. One cup sweet milk, one tablespoonful of lard, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, little nutmeg. Mix as soft as you can handle, cut in rings, and fry in lard that is "just right," and you will find them delicious with coffee for breakfast. MRS. G.

STANTON.

A LA MODE BEEF.—Take a piece of beef four or five inches thick, and with a small knife make small holes entirely through it at short distances apart. Put in each hole a strip of fat salt pork that has been rolled in pepper and cloves; lay in a pan, cover closely, put in the steamer and steam for three hours. When done thicken the gravy in the pan with a little flour. It is excellent when eaten as cold meat.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Stew a quart can of tomatoes; add butter, a little chopped onion, and salt and pepper, then grated bread crumbs to make a stiff batter. Pour into a buttered pudding dish; strew the top thickly with crumbs and bake twenty minutes.

PEARL PUDDING.—One and a half cups of white sugar, two cups fine dry bread crumbs, five eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful vanilla, one quart rich milk and half a cup of jelly. Rub the butter into a cup of sugar, beat the yolks very light and stir these together to a cream; add the crumbs soaked in milk, then the flavoring. Bake in a large buttered pudding dish, which should not be over two-thirds full, until the custard is set. Draw to the mouth of the oven and spread the jelly over it; then cover with a meringue made of the whipped whites and half a cup of sugar. Shut the oven and bake till lightly colored. Eat cold with cream.

LADY FINGERS.—Four ounces sugar, yolks of four eggs; mix well; three ounces flour, a little salt. Then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth to the mixture, a little at a time. Butter a strip of paper and drop on this through a little piece of paper rolled up. Dust with sugar, and bake in a not too hot oven. When done stand on ends to cool. PEARL. GREENFIELD.