

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, APRIL 27, 1886.

THE HOUSEHOLD—Supplement.

TWO MOTHERS.

A woman walking the street adown,
Saw at a casement glint the gown
Of a mother, meek, whose little son
Had died with his child joys just begun,
And it smote to her heart, for well she knew
What mother-love with a life may do;
And she said, "Poor soul! how sad that she
Should lose the child in his grace and glee!"
For she thought of her boy that lived to-day,
Though man-grown now and far away.

But the woman there in the window-seat
Looked with a smile, not sad, but sweet,
And touched with pity, to the place
Where she had marked the other's face;
And she said, "Poor soul! her child is lost,
For now he is only a man sin-tossed!
But the boy I watched in his bright young day,
He bides in my heart a child for aye."

—Richard E. Burton.

SOME GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

Seldom do I read our HOUSEHOLD that some idea is not presented to my mind that I would like to say something about. Because I fail to do so on the spur of the moment, the particular point often fades from my mind, or I lose the enthusiasm which attends the reading, and so lose the pleasure of saying what I intended.

To one who inquired if any of us had read "Ramona," I would reply I have, and like it very much; but my verdict would be that "Ramona" is not as powerfully written as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I think my opinion may not be as unbiased as a young person's would be who would read both books now, for the following reason: I entered heart and soul into the great anti-slavery contest, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared when the country was greatly agitated upon the subject. I am sure my conscience has not been educated to as lively a sense of the wrongs of the Indians (of which "Ramona" treats) as it was to the wrongs of the negroes, portrayed in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I would like to know how many of our readers are interested in the Chautauqua course of readings. It seems if there was nothing more helpful to banish discontent, ennui and loneliness. It fills our mind so full of suggestive thoughts that querulousness and dissatisfaction are likely to be crowded out. It costs but a few dollars a year, and farmers' wives can ill afford to be without it. To the one who is laying by a few shillings at a time for future use for her children, I would advise that she should take the Chautauqua course, let the bank account go, and buy books for herself, and take papers; that

would help her to train the children physically, morally and mentally. It will return them seventy per cent in better physiques, and more harmonious characters, and pay her an hundred fold. Who can show a better bank account?

To the lady who asks whether it is proper for a mother who lives in a small town to take her daughters and attend entertainments without the escort of her husband, I would say yes, emphatically; not only proper, but a duty, to help herself and daughters to whatever is elevating, comforting, or entertaining, that comes within their pecuniary limits. For the same reason a country woman is correct in accompanying neighbors to such entertainments. Nor does it seem necessarily selfish because the husband fails to go. There are so many things that a large class of men are not interested in that add greatly to the happiness of the women, (for instance, the HOUSEHOLD,) so that if the husband gives no valid reason why the wife should not go, it seems eminently fit that she should sometimes gratify her own feelings by going. I can well understand why men who have been in the open air all day, love the fireside at evening; and also why women who have been in the house all day, love to get out occasionally evenings. Mutual concession would no doubt make both happy.

It is a matter for rejoicing that a few men are enough interested in our paper to occasionally contribute, and it is a growing sign of the times that men and women are finding out that their interests are identical. In the woman's column in some of our papers there are sometimes articles that if men read them, I should think they would be so disgusted that they would eschew the whole thing. In a Chicago paper I lately read this sentiment: "If a woman be at all what people are pleased to call strong-minded, she had better remain single all the days of her life. For it is only by meekness and submission that we can ever expect or hope to have harmony in the house, or make an ideal home." I say out, away with such talk. Who knows of a man who wants an ideal home? Does he not want just such a home as a woman wants? And cannot a woman who thinks and acts for herself make a better home than one who hardly cares to breathe only as her husband dictates? When men are punished by women's violation of natural and civil law, it will be time to talk of woman's being subject to the man.

I wished to speak of the education of our girls, but my letter is already too long.

LAPEER.

GRANDMOTHER.

DOES IT PAY TO EDUCATE THE GIRLS?

I have seen only one answer to that question, and one which I do not entirely agree with. I say most emphatically "yes." She certainly is not fitted to do her best work in the world unless her mind, no less than her hands has been trained to the work in life which she will be called upon to do.

The first object in the education of a girl, as well as a boy, should be to render her self-supporting. One rather hates to put the bread-and-butter question first, but it must come first if a girl is left without support, as are ever so many girls brought up in luxury. To be sure, if a girl is a competent housekeeper she can get employment at any time, but it is just as absurd to think that every girl who must earn her own living—and their name is legion, should "work out" as that every boy should be a farmer whether he likes it or not. For the sake of her health, moral, mental and physical, her education should prepare her to earn her living in the way most congenial to her, if possible. If once she can be independent, a thousand opportunities for culture will be open to her. If she has been well educated in one direction she will be so much the better prepared for whatever work in life may fall to her lot. Her mental training, in whatever direction it may have been, will have developed and matured her mind so that she can soon accommodate herself to household duties, and she is quite likely to prove a more efficient housekeeper as well as home-keeper, for her better trained faculties. But even granting that a knowledge of household affairs is of primary importance, cannot a girl in the intervals of study have leisure to learn, little by little, household duties?

If circumstances do not allow a good education in school, give her all the opportunities for culture possible at home. Much as is being said of music nowadays and the folly of it, if it adds comfort to yourself, your family and friends, I don't see how the money and time can be called wasted. There is nothing pleasanter in the family, or that will keep a family more united than music. Whatever a girl may have a taste for, music, reading, drawing, painting, she will be a happier, better and more useful woman for having that taste gratified.

I suppose hints on the saving of work are always in order. I have a new (to

me) way of making work dresses, which for comfort in wearing and ease in washing and ironing is ahead of anything I ever wore. It is all in one piece, a plain round basque, with a turnover collar, and a skirt sewed on to the bottom of the basque. Skirt finished as you like it, with a shirred heading where it is sewed on the basque, or put on with a seam. I make the skirt of four straight breadths and put a narrow ruffle on the bottom. The dress looks so neat and so suitable, too, for housework, that I never want one made otherwise. M.

LAFEEB.

A LETTER FROM "UP NORTH."

Last summer I canned sixteen cans of sweet corn, being careful to follow directions given in the HOUSEHOLD, but not the recipes in which acid is used. Not a can kept. I never fail in canning fruit to have it keep, and have never succeeded with a can of vegetables. Hereafter dried corn will do for this family, unless some one who knows will tell us just how vegetables are canned in the factories. This summer I shall put up an extra quantity of string beans, dried after cooking. They are very nice. In using cotton to keep fruit do you use the glazed or that which comes in rolls, and do you try to make the jar air-tight, letting the cotton touch the fruit, or do you allow air between the cotton and contents of jar?

If you do your own sewing, it is a good plan to learn to use the chart or model for dressmaking. A system easily learned, and with it you can cut almost any garment you see in fashion plates, and with self-measurement cut and fit your own dresses. There is a difficulty in fitting one's self which I have overcome in this wise: Fasten your corset around a pillow and try your dress waist on over it. You can fit the seams of the waist accurately. To arrange the skirt, stand the pillow, with corset still on, up on a high chair, fasten the skirt around the waist and you can tell just how it will look. This is a better plan than to try the skirt on your husband, because the average man will grow fractious if you take the amount of time necessary to properly adjust the back drapery.

Some time ago I bought an oil painting. Quite likely it was in artistic phrase a "pot boiler," but in my untutored eyes it was a lovely landscape. The picture wrinkled up and drew together till it tore away from the frame in places. Wetting the canvas back will make it come out straight again, but as soon as it is dry it wrinkles. Can anything be done to it to make it remain smooth?

In spite of Beatrix's hint that further discussion of books was no a HOUSEHOLD necessity, I want to express some literary preferences of my own. I think "A Tale of Two Cities" the very best of Dickens', though it is a strange story, very different from all the others. Once "Les Miserables" was my only book, and was read and re-read. But I shall never read the story of "Fantine and Cosette" again, it is too dreadful. I find it is one of the

things I worry about when I lie awake o' nights. Very much do I like Charles Reade. "Never too Late to Mend" is of especial interest, though he makes the usual masculine mistake of imagining he understands feminine human nature—much to the amusement of his lady readers, though occasionally to their indignation. It is one of my afflictions that I cannot buy all the books I want, and live too far from public libraries to avail myself of them. Much as I admire George Eliot, I have read only "Middlemarch" and "Mill on the Floss," and a stray leaf from "Amos Barton." But that leaf contained this sentence:

"Oh, the anguish of the thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred, human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know."

HULDAH PERKINS.

PIONEER.

[The directions for canning corn to which our correspondent alludes, have been tried with success by some of the lady readers of the HOUSEHOLD. But the process seems unsatisfactory, in that it is not quite certain to give good results. We believe the failures generally are due to insufficient cooking. When corn is packed tightly in a can, and cooked by heat which must penetrate the mass and expel all the air, it takes a long time to thoroughly accomplish the work. The method of canning is similar to that in use at the canning factories, except that glass cans are used instead of tin. The machinery at the factories is of course much more perfect than our home methods and the results more certain. One lady who put up corn last year scalded it—after it was cut from the cob—over a kettle of hot water, and when thoroughly heated packed in the cans, adding a very little boiling water if it seemed too dry, and proceeded as per HOUSEHOLD instructions. Every can kept. We would be glad if any of our readers who have mastered this problem of canning corn and other vegetables, would give us the benefit of their experiments.—HOUSEHOLD ED.]

NEATNESS.

When a young boy my mother taught me to keep my clothes and other belongings neat and clean, and always in their proper places; and the habit grew as I grew, till now when I am old it grieves me to see things scattered anywhere and anyhow, or left undone. Yet sometimes when I have attempted to straighten things up a little my efforts have not seemed to please. There are some people who appear to despise neatness, and take no pains to keep their tools, wood, etc., in proper places; and men will run by and pass over an article fifty times a year, and not seem to see it or put it in its place.

If a small, poor farm and house is neat and snug, it shows there is comfort there, but in passing on the roads this spring I have been surprised at the slovenly surroundings of some of our best farm

homesteads. Old tin pans, pails, rubber boots and like rubbish are thrown out into the public road, an unpleasant sight to every passer-by. A hole in some back lot would have been a far better place. I noticed some orchards, too, with more neglect and rubbish than a grub lot.

It is always easier to preach than to practice, but to keep things neat and in their proper places only needs the "will and the way," a little bending of the back. Some may ask "Who wants to be a drudge all his days?" It is very annoying to have one gathering and three or four scattering on the premises; but where the family and the hired help think alike, it is the least trouble in the world to keep things in order; in fact, it saves a "heap of trouble." ANTI-OVER.

PLAINWELL.

BROKEN.

Everything that is in any sense, either direct or remote, of the earth earthy must break. Everything in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom, and everything that the ingenuity of man can devise and manufacture from the materials they afford, sooner or later is "broken" by some of the myriad means that are constantly producing Time's wear and tear, and eventually our bodies themselves must break into minute particles of dry and lifeless dust, since in this form of "dust" only, does Earth consent to take her children home.

And what is thus true of our external life and its tangible belongings is equally true of our spiritual life and its intangible belongings. Though in what form the spirit is re-absorbed into the Being of its Creator, none thus re-absorbed ever come back to teach or tell. But our hopes, ambitions, affections, must "break?" Snapped suddenly asunder by some fierce storm, some rash or cruel hand; or in sorrow's winepress slowly crushed by the painful process of cankering adverse friction, or as it sometimes happens, having fully served the purpose for which they were designed, their guardian angel removes them from the soul's garden.

Then in weakness and blindness we cry bitterly, "My house is left unto me desolate," and the face of our familiar friend becomes as the face of a stranger. Again we cry "Have pity on me, oh ye my friends!" and the spirit of the Good Samaritan, ever alive in the world, comes ere long with the oil and wine of strength and courage to cherish and cultivate with equally prudent care, the new possession that the angel, in her own good time, is sure to set in the desolate place that she has left in our soul's fair garden ground.

In many of these possessions the elements of our natural and of our spiritual life are so intimately interwoven, that 'tis difficult to define the dividing line. Take, for instance, one into which we have merged the very best of our moral and mental nature, backing these at all times by the very best of our physical endeavor. Only those who through much sorrow, toil and self-sacrifice, have either singly or in concert with

others brought such hopes, ambitions and affections to the threshold of fruition, can conceive anything like an adequate idea of what it costs to summarily surrender all possibility of participation in the pleasures and privileges which its completed condition vouchsafes.

Thus it is that my work here, having evidently fulfilled the intent of its design, is become a thing of the past. As I survey its "brokenness" and feel my limbs all free from the chains of duty, a flood-like feeling of kinship with "The Prisoner of Chillon" enters my blood.

For "I, even I" regain with a sigh the freedom that, at my mother's death, 16 years ago, I surrendered.

This, therefore, dear friends of the HOUSEHOLD, is my last letter to you from my Home-in-the-Hills of Metamora, Mich.
E. L. NYE.

AN OFFER TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Spring seems to have come to stay, but I am doubtful. April is a flattering and "change-fu" month, and it is not best to be in too great haste to trust our treasures for spring planting to the tender mercies of the elements. The first of June is as early as I consider safe for the setting out of tuberose, tigridias and like tender bulbs; but they can be well started in the house. Dahlias and gladiolus should be set deep in a rich bed of compost, when the soil is warm down deep enough for them, ten or twelve inches. Planted this depth they multiply better, and stand more securely, and are not as easily affected by cold as with shallow planting.

As the "15 cent packets for beginners" are in good demand, I will offer to the pupils of any school who wish to plant in school yards and order that collection, six packets of seeds of best hardy perennials, as a gift for the purpose. Our editor recommended those hardy plants for the purpose, and I fully concur in her opinion. The beginner's collection consists mostly of hardy annuals that will bloom this year, the gift seeds will bring blooming plants for the next; and ever after. Now, children, make it lively this spring, and another year I shall have some nice hardy plants to send to well cultivated school gardens. I can send good fresh seed of *Cobea Scandens* for ten cents, and any others desired not named in my list in the HOUSEHOLD, I shall be pretty sure to have, as well as hardy garden plants in good variety.

A good way to start *cobea* and *canna* seed, if one has no hot bed, is to fill a glass nearly full of good mellow soil, and place the seed around inside near the glass, and set on the window sash; cover with wet flannel a part of the time while the heat is greatest, and they will soon start. Plant the *cobea*s edgewise; that is the way to plant all flat seeds; it pays, if they are ever so small, or even large ones for the garden. I have *dahlia* bulbs in dark red, yellow, white, orange red, and pale yellow tinted with red, three for 25 cents; of mixed unnamed colors, four for 25 cents. Choice mixed *gladiolus* bulbs from named varieties, six for 50 cents;

in various shades of red, 50 cents per dozen. I have many plants and seeds not named in my offer, and can supply almost anything desired.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON, Genesee Co.

WE CHILDREN.

The other day, an only child asked me why I spent time caring for plants through the winter.

She said, "Summer is the time and out-doors the place for green things growing." And I asked her why we should banish the plants. They are a reminder of the glad summer days, and often the sight of them takes the chill from our hearts. But said she, "You do not get the good of them. You keep the prettiest side toward the window, and once in a while you give them a holiday, then only do we see their beauty of nothing but leaves."

Those words hurt my plant-loving heart. But I told her I was content to work and wait. For I knew just a few warm touches of sunshine would coax out the bright blooms among "nothing but leaves." The flowers did come and continue to come, cheering the dull spring days, while we are waiting for the awakening of out-door plants.

She enjoyed the fragrant breath of the heliotrope and Chinese primroses; she admired the blushing geraniums and the delicate petals of the fuchsias. As I gave her a bouquet of these, she said, "A darling flower bunch among the leaves. And now I know why you love the plants; for the comforting floral gifts they furnish." I did not answer, for I could not tell her of tender recollections lingering among the glossy leaves. How could she love, as I, do the crooked fuchsia, climbing up against the window panes? "Fond memory sheds the light of other days around it." A dead sister's hands pressed the earth around the tiny shoot. When winter came we thought we would not keep it, but she wished it, and so it was spared. Soon after she went away from us. The shadow gates opened, she passed through and beyond them, into eternity's light. But our sunshine grew strangely dark, and the clouds hung thick around us. But on the darkest clouds the rainbow colors gleam, when through the sparkling drops of hope, the thrilling sunshine of Our Father comes. Oh, what power has His sunlight of love, to consume the cloudy vapors rising from the earthy soil of the heart! And then our faith looks out, and we say, "It is well." She is not so far away but that love and faith can span the distance. We have not lost our sister, but something we have gained.

To find sympathy in these feelings, we are drawn toward those who are most truly our brothers or sisters, let their lot be cast where it may.

But too often the only child seems like these one-sided winter-grown plants. To be sure, there is one-sided development found, to some extent, in any family of children. But this deformity is not as likely to exist in a garden of finely set

young plants, as on the lawn, where beneath the juniper and service tree grows one white lily.

Brother and sister plants, growing in the garden, you attract a wealth of sunlight which cannot reach the stately lily's cup. Covet not her lone growth under the juniper's protecting boughs. Behold, here stands your mighty oak. Its branches are not as low bending, but you know its sterling merits. Neither envy the lily her winter covering of leaves fallen from the service tree.

If you are all sons, or if you are all daughters, or brothers and sisters together, growing round the parent trees, look at your mother; she is like the generous orange tree, bestowing her gifts of love to each of you. Did one of you ever wish to be an only child, the favored lily? Did you ever sigh in selfish discontent, and think the home garden would be more attractive if some of the flowers were taken to the Master's garden? No, you could not have wished that the dark cypress leaves should fall among you, and cover even one flower's face. How lonely you would be. Though all are different each blossom has its growth, development, and some mission to perform. Dear human plants, with feeling hearts, would that no tares and seeds of discord lay dormant in the family garden's fruitful soil, waiting for some storm of passion to float them to the surface, where they will make such an ugly growth. But do not allow this seed of the wilderness to germinate. Seek Him who "giveth the increase" to all true and holy growing. And ask that the rootlets of patience be entwined so closely, that sudden risings of temperature shall not harm you. Let the leaves of kind words be to you a protecting armor. And to crown all, see that some true thought buds, and blossoms of noble little deeds adorn this immortal garden. For the like of these flowers shall dress heaven's own bowers.

M. O. SISTER.

LESLIE.

GOSSIP FROM HOWELL.

A happy thought occurred to me to-day which I hasten to communicate to the younger housekeepers; older ones need not read it and remind me there is nothing new under the sun. Having occasion to make over an old rag carpet, cutting it both lengthwise and across, it commenced to ravel in good earnest. I picked it up piece by piece and ran it through the sewing machine, which fastened every warp and made an easy job of it, besides avoiding waste.

I was so much pleased with the article on "Buying Books," by Beatrix. We must choose our reading well, and then "digest" what we read. Otherwise we become but mental dyspeptics, and find if we attempt intelligent conversation, that our minds resemble the old garret. We know that in the jumble of our brain what we wish to use is stowed away in some corner, but we can not make use of it at the right moment. I never weary of the poetic genius of Scott. No matter how often I read the "Lady of the Lake,"

or "Marmion," I find new beauties in every canto. So with Macaulay; you may pick up a volume of his "History of England" and be at once interested in the narrative whether you have read the preceding pages or not. There is something in his style of writing so easy, yet so grand and flowing, that I think it would be impossible to read his works without improving one's own conversational powers; and I think if any contributor to our little paper would read and study the first page of the "History of England" we should cease commencing our contributions with apologies, fears of the waste basket, &c. "Time is too precious."

To return to Scott: I think every boy should read his "Tales of a Grandfather;" he will be entertained, his stock of knowledge increased, and he will appreciate our present liberty of thought and action, and the price at which these liberties have been bought. The boy might then take up the history of the United States with greater profit. Socrates, who lived 390 B. C., said: "Employ your time by improving yourself by other men's writings. So will you come easy by what others have labored hard for."

Evangeline is mistaken when she attributes the beautiful lines

"Oh there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child"

to Charles Dickens. The great novelist admired them, and has been credited with being the author; but they were written by a gentleman in this country, and published with other poems in a small volume under the signature of Charles Dickson or Dickinson. I have this upon the authority of the author himself. I agree with Evangeline in admiration of them, and never look at a little child asleep without calling them to mind.

Is there any reader of the HOUSEHOLD generous enough to give away her copy for October 13th, 1885? I find on looking mine over that I have lost that number. Some recipes by Aunt Rasha, May 18th, 1885, are especially valuable.

HOWELL. MRS. W. J. G.

THE BEAUTY OF FLOWERS.

"Spoke full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history;
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us,
Stands the revelation of His love."

How we long for spring to bring us those same sweet "stars," once more! With what eagerness the true lover of flowers awaits the opening of the first tiny buds! How any nature can be indifferent to their heavenly influence, is a mystery past my solving; and yet there are those who profess to have no admiration for them whatever. I sincerely pity those thus constituted, for I feel that they lose much that would otherwise be a pleasure in life.

I want to thank Mrs. Fuller for her

flower talks. They are always welcome and interesting to me, and to many others I have no doubt. She has told us how to increase our carnations, will she now kindly inform us how to propagate roses. I had a fine lot of ever-blooming roses last season, and when I lifted them in the fall, had a great many cuttings, none of which I succeeded in rooting. My method of rooting slips is to place them in sand, keep moist, set in a warm, light situation. I usually have very good success. I have lost most of my roses and carnations by the aphid; or rather, by the treatment given to rid them of this pest. I have finally decided that the Persian insect powder is superior to any thing else, as it quickly kills the insect, and does no harm to the plant. Will Mrs. Fuller also describe the manner of "pegging down" referred to.

I would like to suggest to our flower lovers to grow plenty of white flowers, as they are indispensable in showing off the colored blossoms in bouquets. Can some one tell the cost of a small conservatory. I enjoy all of the HOUSEHOLD correspondence. Long may its visits continue.

MARSHALL. ROSAMOND.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

Seeing that little girls are admitted in the HOUSEHOLD, I thought I would come and stand by Temperance's side; although I am not as old as she, I will try to do as well. I think that I am getting the same disease she has, for after being on my feet awhile my hip pains me. After reading her letter, I just told the men they would have to clean the cuspidor themselves after this; and isn't it funny, they hardly ever use it now.

Bess can find the poem "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" in Hill's Manual of Social and Business Forms. I hope Beatrix will allow me to come again.

ORANGE GROVE FARM. EVA.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I enjoy the HOUSEHOLD more each week than I can tell you, and thank the ladies for the help received. I was pleased with E. L. Nye's talk on sweeping, for that is just the way I do, take a day for it, and if I am tired the next day, what matter so long as I have a clean house to rest in. Some of my friends say, "Why, do you do so much in one day?" Well there will always more or less dust work from one room to another, and in sweeping all the same day more of the dust can be swept out and dusted out. I manage to have plenty of cooked food in the house on sweeping day, so that if I am surprised by visitors I can get dinner very easily.

Will some lady give a tested recipe for hard soap?

How can I remove the coating of lime from the inside of my teakettle?

If the correspondent who has trouble with her cake falling, will use only half the amount of granulated sugar that she would of common sugar, she will find

that her cake will be plenty sweet enough and not fall on account of the sugar. Perhaps she slams the oven door while baking.

MRS. PEGGIE.
GRAND BLANC.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE stains made upon window sills by flower pots, etc., can be removed by scouring with fine wood ashes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Ohio Farmer says those ladies who can maple sirup, and are troubled by its crystallizing in the bottoms of the cans, can prevent this by placing in each can a bit of alum the size of a pea. It does not change the flavor of the sirup, and completely prevents granulation.

DR. R. C. KEDZIE says granulated sugar that will not lump or cake by keeping, and has a good clean white color, is the purest sugar in market. The presence of more than one per cent of glucose will deprive it of the granular form and cause it to form lumps. When granulated sugar turns dark, or throws up a blue scum when made into sirup, it is due to the presence of coloring matter, usually ultramarine, not poisonous, but "suspicious."

Contributed Recipes.

SEEING the remark made by Beatrix in regard to the mock mince pies, which she considers better in summer than the real ones, I will send my recipe, which has been tried summer and winter for a number of years and gives good satisfaction always; will also send some pudding recipes, which I know to be good:

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Four soda crackers (or twenty common-sized round ones, which do not soften up as quickly as the soda ones); half cup butter; half cup vinegar; four cups boiling water; two cups sugar, one cup molasses; one and a half cup raisins, chopped; one teaspoonful cloves; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; half teaspoonful nutmeg; half teaspoonful allspice; half teaspoonful salt; half teaspoonful pepper; half cup boiled cider. This will make four pies.

INSPIRATION PUDDING.—One cup of finely broken bread crumbs; two and a half cups of milk; yolks of two eggs; cinnamon in plenty; then bake slowly until done, but not till it curdles. While hot put over it a layer of jam, jelly or fresh fruit; beat the whites of the two eggs with one cup sugar, pour over the pudding, and set in the oven to brown. To be eaten cold.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two cups Graham flour unsifted; one cup sweet milk; three quarters cup molasses; half cup raisins; one egg; salt; one teaspoonful soda. Steam two hours. To be eaten with any kind of sauce, or milk and sugar.

NELL'S CAKE.—Half cup butter; one cup sugar; one tablespoonful cold water. Beat to a cream, and add four tablespoonfuls cold water; one and a quarter cups flour; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; whites of four eggs. Bake in loaf or layers.

JELLY CAKE.—One cup sugar; two eggs; two cups sifted flour; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; three dessert spoonfuls melted butter; half cup sweet milk. MRS. PEGGIE.

GRAND BLANC.