

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD--Supplement.

SUB ROSA.

Told "under the rose" may mean under the thorn,  
For both are by nature united,  
Don't part with your secret, 'tis sure to go wrong,  
A counsel quite frequently slighted.

Safe locked in thy bosom, 'tis wholly thine own,  
The prize of a single possessor;  
While whispered, it travels like thistle-down blown  
Paying tax to Scandal's assessor.

Till growing apace, like the avalanche fleet,  
Or the tide of some turbulent flood,  
Your rose finds a thorn in some populous street,  
As the freshet finds drift-wood and mud.

Then pause ere you part with what now is your  
own,  
Lest your trust prove a lasting regret;  
A secret revealed, like an evil weed sown,  
Bears a harvest one day to be met.

The only two people to whom I confess  
And feel safe—are the blind and the dumb;  
What the sightless sees he is welcome to guess,  
And the speechless I know will keep mum.

There are those to whom I confidently tell  
What I wish should most widely take wing;  
For their tireless tongues are the crier's own bell,  
With a touch of the scorpion's sting.

Old maids, we are told, have a talent that way,  
And the tea-party guests get their share;  
But compared with the men I venture to say,  
Such refinement of malice is rare.

'Tis when the long winter grows heavy and chill,  
And the he-gossips sit round the fire,  
That Scandal herself might be sated, and thrill  
With a laudable zeal to retire.

When, with faces long-drawn, they most know-  
ingly shake  
Their wise heads o'er their neighbor's affairs,  
As they wonder how Smith that contract could  
take,  
Or Brown buy the clothes that he wears.

A close corporation of libel and lies,  
See them sit round the box stove, and spin  
Like some cunning old spider with curious eyes,  
The foul web where they tangle and sting.

So I'll e'en take my chance at party or drum,  
Let each woman's tongue wag as it will;  
But the Lord help the man whose record should  
come  
To the jury of counter and till.

I might 'scape from the quilting, the busiest bee  
Where the church circle lovingly meet;  
But may fortune avert the scandal from me,  
That is talked by the men on the street.

—Col. G. Douglas Brewerton.

### INVITATIONS.

Did you ever think how much of the ease with which an invitation is accepted or declined, comes from the manner in which it is given? How easily the lips syllable "No; thank you!" in response to a hesitating, reluctant invitation, which comes as if extorted by necessity, or because it is expected; how promptly assent

is given to a cordial, hearty bidding which seems to come from the heart, and is couched in the language of insistence! An invitation which implies your assent, to which you have hardly to say yes, since it is taken for granted that answer will be given, has something very compelling about it. One is carried along, as it were, by the impulse and confidence of the other. "Come" carries assent with it; "will you," implies the possibility of a negative. "Come" is almost irresistible when seconded by example. More than once I have heard the invitation given at the door of the saloon, "Come and take something,"—noted the heartiness; not "will you," "happy to have you," but "Come," in confident expectation—and wished that invitations to other places, where young men might receive blessing instead of bane, were given with half the zest and cordiality.

"He who asks timidly, invites denial," and this is true of other things than invitations. Here is a hint for the young men. Do not ask too confidently, as if it were impossible for your invitation to be refused, but with words and in a tone which render assent easier than denial. Not a little depends upon the phrasing of an invitation. "Don't you want to go to Blank's lecture?" asked a young man of his "best girl." "I should like to go very much," was the answer. But when the youth, who had considered the above an invitation and an acceptance, called for the young lady on the evening of the lecture, he found she had gone with another. When, weeks afterward, his ire had abated somewhat from a white heat, and he asked an explanation, he learned something about giving invitations, which presumably he never forgot. To take too much for granted stirs a girl's pride; she does not like her acceptance to be taken as a matter of course. On the other hand, if the invitation is given carelessly, as if it made no particular difference whether she said yes or no, she is apt to be piqued into saying no, not to be outdone in indifference. Make your invitations clear and definite; a young lady likes to know what is expected of her, and just when and where she is going.

Many invitations are mere formal expressions of courtesy, and mean nothing except good will and kindly feeling. "Come and see me some time" needs but the reply "Thanks, awfully," if you wish to be "real English," or a simple

"Thank you," if you are content to be plain American, for the giver of such an invitation, though friendly in feeling, voices no particular desire for a visit. The Irishman who said to his friend: "An' Pat, if ye iver come widin foive miles o' my house, I hope ye'll stop and stay there," was more sincere in his asking, though unfortunate in his phraseology. Comical contretemps sometimes occur through the careless, offhand manner of giving invitations in which the thoughtless indulge, which is really the outcome of saying what you do not mean for politeness's sake, and with the idea of pleasing. When an invitation given in this fashion is accepted in good faith, to the discomfiture of the giver, the latter is entitled to no sympathy. People off on a tour make casual acquaintances, pleasant for the nonce, and help each other pass the time without the conventionality which obtains under other circumstances; but "in society" these casual friendships, born of the surroundings, do not hold when the participants return to their home circle; that is, such acquaintance does not imply recognition—other than the customary courtesy of greeting—thereafter, unless both have been so mutually pleased that by common consent the acquaintance is continued. And this is socially wise, though at first thought it may seem snobbish; for every social circle creates itself by a subtle recognition of affinities of character, and the only real friendship lies in appreciation of kindred qualities.

More and more "our best society" is dispensing with the giving of promiscuous invitations, and asking only those who are congenial and whom they desire to know better. In some circles verbal invitations are never given. Calls are made according to established etiquette, and closer acquaintance comes only through formal, written invitations to dinner, to lunch, to tea. Women meet in the various channels which unite them with a common interest, as do men in their business relations, with the utmost good will and friendliness toward each other, but without giving or expecting invitations to more intimate relations. Once, to part without repeated invitations to "Do come and see me soon; come to spend the day," etc., etc., was to give mortal offense; now the best of friends part with a simple "Good bye" and no thought given the omission. "Visiting," in the old meaning of the word, is going out of fashion



very rapidly. There are too many demands upon the time and strength of the majority of women to warrant them in wasting precious moments in profitless gossip; and generally, unless we meet for some specific purpose, it is gossip which engrosses us. Perhaps this cessation of a certain promiscuous hospitality which went under the name of sociability and friendship, indicates a growing self-concentration indicative of what is termed "exclusiveness" but it is quite as safe to suppose that people are learning to make better use of their time, and when they have leisure or desire for social companionship, are seeking it in channels most congenial and sympathetic. I am inclined to take it as a favorable symptom of the advancement of women that the call and the formal invitation are replacing the old take your knitting work and spend the afternoon visit. The call, emblematic of good will and recognition of an existent tie; the formal invitation, showing the principle of "the survival of the fittest"—the selection of the most harmonious and sympathetic—extending into our social relationships.

BEATRIX.

## RECONSTRUCTION.

I am afraid if I do not write at once that I shall be in danger of being forgotten as one of the members of the HOUSEHOLD band; so here I am, but I bring nothing new. "Grandmother" stated my case exactly a few weeks ago, for I often think of subjects I would like to have discussed, but the neglect to make a note of them at the time leaves me with a mind which seems a total blank when I sit down, pencil in hand, to improve a few chance minutes.

I felt rather saddened by E. L. Nye's last letter from her "Home-in-the-Hills," but was cheered again upon seeing her letter last week. May she live long and write much for the HOUSEHOLD.

I can sympathize with S. M. G., for my poetry, too, "was born without speech," but invariably with the return of spring comes the poetic feeling so strong within me, that my common sense all but fails to resist the strain. It is no wonder to me that there are so many spring poets, and as they are perfectly harmless, why should they be so ruthlessly persecuted?

I stepped down from the clouds rather suddenly though a few weeks since into pandemonium itself. It was found upon examination that the family purse was equal to the expense of some much needed improvements in the interior of the house, so for nearly two weeks I have been an interested looker-on while doors and windows changed places as if by magic, and my kitchen took a leap to the other side of the house, though it still has an east window; I looked out for that. Many are the "oh's" and many the laughs as some heedless one attempts to go down cellar where we now go up-stairs, or opens the pantry door only to find himself in the kitchen, and all those steps taken for nothing. Not a room in the house remains untouched, and confusion reigns supreme; but the present discom-

fort is willingly endured, knowing the comfort that is to be in the future. I have not read the HOUSEHOLD all these years for nothing, and I have it to thank for many ideas which are now put into use. I have all the conveniences mentioned by Jannette, and have acted upon more than one of I. F. N.'s suggestions. A cistern pump in my kitchen is no new convenience, but to go down cellar or into the pantry without traveling all the way across two rooms is decidedly new. I have a wood-box like El See's, which I shall enjoy as long as I stay in-doors, but as the wood-house is not to be built until next spring, it will for the present give the house the appearance of having a wen.

I find the clothes-pin apron and the box for scouring knives great conveniences, for both of which I have to thank the HOUSEHOLD members. Oh, yes! and there are E. S. B.'s bread, and E. L. Nye's coffee, so I enthusiastically exclaim: Long live the HOUSEHOLD and its members!

ARMADA.

## "MASHING."

Of all the silly notions that from time to time find lodgment in the brain of the "girl of the period," the prevailing one that she is "making a mash" on every trowsered specimen with whom she comes in contact, is one of the most baneful. It is degrading in sound and sense, making a girl's thoughts run in a channel that lowers her womanhood, and gives her tongue a familiarity with coarse, if not vulgar expressions.

The "masher" and "mashee" are to be found in either sex, and are at all times a nuisance to meet. The male masher is too often not only an addlepate, but worse, a wicked or designing fellow, laying plans not only to make a fool of a girl, but to lure her to ruin and disgrace. The female masher is generally a vain, empty-headed girl, who, with an exaggerated idea of her own accomplishments or personal attractions, is sure every man she meets must be "struck" and "dead in love" with her. With the belief constantly in her mind, she is on the watch for such developments, and her airs and graces are wonderful to behold.

This constant thought and study warp her judgment, make her unmindful and careless of the proprieties, reckless of the consequences, and, too often, fit her to fall a ready victim to designing persons. She is ready to meet the advances of comparative strangers; always in fancy reveling in the triumph of conquest, she sets the most ordinary civilities down as acts of devotion, and makes herself supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the world; and too often subjects herself to the private sneers or open scoffing of the man she believes her admiring lover.

The present seems to offer too great freedom of intercourse between young people. The girl who respects herself is the one who will be respected. The girl who allows every slight acquaintance to accost her with the insulting "ah-there" with-

out rebuke, will be the one who will be invited to meet him for a walk at late hours, or to accompany him to questionable places; she will find herself treated in an off-hand, free-and-easy manner, the reverse of respectful, and will discover her influence is waning in the company of another who is more reserved and dignified. "Mashing" may be innocent, but it is certainly very silly.

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

## RUGS.

I am inclined to believe that a home-made rug is a snare and a delusion in the majority of cases. I have seen a few which justified by results the labor and time expended on their construction. A rug which is so "slimsy" that it will not keep its proper place on the floor, but is forever being kicked up under one's feet, is a nuisance; like the tidy which clings to your shoulders when you leave your chair, it is "matter out of place." Yet I know some women whose genius seems to run to rugs, and whose carpets are besprinkled with patches which are constantly needing to be smoothed out and patted down. A rug which will not of its own weight hold its proper position, is seldom worth the trouble of making; its only excuse for existence is its usefulness; if it crumples under your feet like a rag, where is the good of it?

Rugs at the door, under the piano or organ, before the fire, are often needed to save wear of the carpet. How shall we make them? If you ask me to answer this question, I shall say we will not make one so elaborate in pattern and labor that when it is done it is too fine for use, and we want to make another "to save it." We will consult the "fitness of things," too. A rag rug on a nice Brussels carpet is incongruous; it suits the rag carpet and the painted floor much better. A rug whose colors are too glaring has the effect of a patch upon a carpet. A woman's labor must be worth little if she can afford the time necessary for the construction of most of the home-made rugs, for which directions are given in the domestic departments of various papers. The most useful variety of the genus rug, species home-made, which has come under my observation, is the braided or crocheted one, made of heavy woolen rags in subdued colors, of a hit-and-miss pattern. They are substantial enough to keep their place on the floor, and not too fine to be stepped on.

This subject reminds me that I have recently seen an advertisement offering materials and pattern for making a Smyrna rug for \$6. Now don't you be deluded into sending for such an outfit. A Smyrna rug, larger than the advertisement names, quite as substantial, and as handsome as one need ask for, can be bought in this city for \$4; a saving of the entire labor of making and \$2 in cash. One of these Smyrna rugs has been in constant use in my room in a very trying position—right before the looking-glass—for nearly three years, and though somewhat worn is good for a couple of years more. They can be bought at from \$2.50



for the smallest size, up to \$7 and \$8 for one six feet long and four feet wide; and if you need a rug they are just the thing.

Several years ago some ladies of my acquaintance in this city made very pretty table covers of pieces of furniture coverings which they obtained of the upholsterers. The pieces, consisting of bits of raw silk, plush, velvet, rep and other goods used to cover parlor suites and chairs, were sewed together with no attempt at a pattern, but wherever they would fit and harmonize best. The seams were carefully opened and pressed, and the spread bordered with a fancy woolen fringe. The effect was quite rich, and the expense not very great. A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has adapted this idea to the manufacture of a rug for the centre of her painted floor. Scraps of carpet may be bought at the carpet stores, sewed together, lined with heavy sacking, and then bound with carpet binding, making a very durable and neat rug.

Our carpet dealers here sell rugs for the protection of the dining-room carpet, or for the painted floor of such a room. They serve the purpose of a crumb-cloth, are of ingrain carpet, woven in one piece, with a border, large enough for any table, not too heavy to be handled, can be lightly tacked to the floor and taken up and dusted once a week with little trouble, and are equally accommodating in the matter of saving a handsome carpet or hiding the holes in a worn one. They cost \$5.

For the benefit of those who are "joined to their idols," the following directions for making a "chenille rug" are clipped from an exchange:

"Collect all your woolen scraps—no matter how small or how much soiled—old flannels can be dyed with bright dyes and add very much to the beauty of the rug. Cut all the pieces into crosswise strips about half an inch wide; the length is of no consequence. Thread a needle with very strong thread doubled. Gather the pieces through the center with not too fine stitches. As fast as a piece is gathered push it down close to the knot. Push each piece as tight as possible to the next one. Continue in this way until the thread is full, then tie on another thread and proceed as before. Make in skeins about six yards long. It requires about one hundred and fifty yards for a rug. Take it to a carpet-weaver and have it woven three-quarters of a yard wide. If you have enough reds of different shades to make fifty-eight yards for a border at either end, and have the center 'hit or miss,' it makes a beautiful rug. These rugs are very handsome, and being alike on both sides, wear beautifully. The only expense is in weaving, generally fifty cents or one dollar. This work utilizes pieces that would otherwise find their way into the rag-bag."

Possibly the ladies who read the *HOUSEHOLD* may think my ideas not economical, in that I say buy, instead of manufacture. I do not cavil at any work where the results justify the labor, either in beauty, usefulness, or economy. But I would say buy a rug, or go without one, where the busy woman who performs the varied duties of the housekeeper and cares for her children in addition, must devote every spare moment to buttonholing circles of cloth to sew on a foundation or

setting interminable stitches embroidering a cat to wipe her feet on. The little leisure which falls to her share should be spent in mental and physical recreation for husband and children's sake; and though neighbors may cry "extravagant," she had much better spend four dollars for a rug than get cross and fretful and "all tired out" making one.

BEATRIX.

#### A PLEASANT EVENING.

I wonder if the *HOUSEHOLD* readers would like to hear about our literary "club socials" as we call them. These are very harmless affairs, not nearly as formidable as the name would seem to indicate. Our Farmers' Club has had, so far, special evening meetings between the regular monthly gatherings. These meetings were intended more especially for the young people, but of course, the members of our club all consider themselves young, at least on that evening.

We do not have any particular subject, but each one, or as many as will do so, is expected to contribute something for entertainment. Our last social gathering numbered about sixty, and the time was occupied until eleven o'clock in select readings, music and a number of recitations, which were very creditably rendered. In the midst of it, we were invited to spend a short time in social chat, while the "inner man" (and woman) was being refreshed. The invitation was accepted. The ice-cream and cake were very nice. We passed from these to "The Death-bed of Little Nell," a selection from Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." There are some beautiful and touching passages in Dickens' writings; and it is amusing to see what a diversity of characters he describes; in fact, from a literary standpoint his books seem to be a success, but I think the pure and elevating influence which we get from really good novels is lacking.

As this was to be the last of our evening meetings, for a time, on account of the short evenings, we kept rather late hours, but at last reluctantly adjourned until later in the season. Our July meeting is to be a pic-nic, and we expect to have a good time.

S. J. B.

BURTON.

#### SUNDRY SUBJECTS.

I thought after my house-cleaning was done, and my flower beds put in spring repair, I would give Huldah Perkins my method and experience in canning corn. As Old Maid and Bess have given their process, which is nearly the same as mine, I will only say to Huldah that if she tries it, and follows it to the letter, and has as good success as I did, she will say, "No more dried corn for this family."

Bess' conundrum has been pretty well answered, but I wish to say a few words about the horse problem. There are but few of the farmers nowadays who are not able to keep a nice little driving horse for their wives and daughters to use when they wish to, and I contend that every woman who drives, ought to know how

to harness and unharness her horse, and hitch it to the buggy. She would be somewhat independent, and would not have hear, "Well, if you have got to have that horse, I suppose I can hitch it up," and other expressions not pleasant to her ears. It seems to some men more of a task to get a horse ready for a woman to go than it does one for themselves.

Leone's experience and my own must have been about the same in regard to writing our first articles for print. When the paper with my first letter came it almost frightened me. After copying my first articles from the first writing, I was in so much fear of the waste-basket that I came near burning them. Fear that my thoughts and opinions would not be expressed in a manner to please those better versed in grammar than myself, deterred me from writing. I have often thought if I could write as well as certain others I would write oftener. Every time I have written, I have said to myself, this shall be my last; better stop before an article is rejected.

When in Flint one day last week I cast my eyes up to the windows where E. L. Nye said she had taken up her residence, and wondered if she would enjoy herself, when the hot weather came, as she did in that "cheerful and commodious farm house."

BETTY.

GRAND BLANC.

#### WHAT WAS WRONG?

If the subject of canning corn has not been already tabooed, I would like to relate my experience, and if any one can tell me what the trouble was I will be greatly obliged.

Last summer I tried for the first time to can corn. I used good Mason cans, cut the corn from the cobs and packed tightly in the cans until the milk ran over the tops, then screwed the tops on as tight as I could with my hand. I put some hay in the boiler and packed the cans in, being careful to have the hay come between the cans, then filled the boiler with cold water. I kept it boiling for over three hours, then removed from the fire; when cool enough to handle I took the cans out and fastened the tops with the wrench. While they were boiling the juice ran out of the cans. I had five quart cans; they looked splendid, and I felt rather proud of them, as it was my first experiment. The result was that about two months afterward I passed the shelf where the canned corn stood, and what a smell greeted my olfactory organ! May I never smell the like of it again! On looking around to locate it I found it proceeded from my canned corn. There was no perceptible difference in the looks of it, but the smell was there. I emptied the cans and had to boil them in lye to cleanse them; but nevertheless if there is a sure way to keep the corn I want to know it and will try again this year.

I dried some corn and it was splendid. I cooked it on the cob until thoroughly done, then cut it off, spread it on plates and dried in the oven; it was a great deal nicer than if dried before being cooked.

I heartily endorse Beatrix's sentiments



in regard to dish-towels. I am not one who thinks anything good enough to wash and wipe dishes with, whether it be the baby's worn-out dress or a piece of the men's overalls. I greatly prefer nice clean crash towels, and plenty of them.

L. A. R.

#### BISCUIT WITHOUT SHORTENING.

A correspondent of an exchange tells how to make a biscuit which she says is excellent for dyspeptics, and also those who are blessed with good digestion:

"First get your stove in good baking order—considerably hotter than for raised bread; bring out bread board, rolling pin, and biscuit cutter (and let it be a small one, for these are to be genteel biscuit); butter your pans, and have a pitcher of sweet milk and your baking powder close by. Put a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut in a saucer and set on the stove to melt. Now take a quart of sifted flour and stir into it a heaping spoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Take the pitcher of milk in the left hand and pour slowly into the flour, stirring the mixture quickly with a three tined fork from the center outward, until the flour is nearly all wet and the dough quite soft. Now flour the hands and turn the mass on the bread board and quickly work it with the hands just enough to roll out and cut into biscuit. Put into the pan, and with a small spoon moisten slightly the top of each biscuit with the melted butter. Put in the oven, and if degree of heat is just right, in ten minutes they will come out such dainty puffs that you will scarcely recognize them. The butter on the top makes them a golden brown, and does not render them indigestible. Most biscuit are made hard by too much flour and kneading. I often put fruit that cooks easily in a deep dish with sufficient sugar, and then place over it a layer of dough similar to the biscuit, only a little softer so that it can be turned on and placed with a spoon. Eaten with rich milk or cream, you will find it better than any pie and much more digestible, without a quarter of the work. It can be steamed if you have plenty of time, and by some this method is preferred to baking, as the crust is a little more delicate."

#### A CUP OF GOOD COFFEE.

A correspondent of the *Christian at Work* gives the following recipe for that necessary adjunct of a good breakfast, a cup of good coffee:

"Put your ground coffee in a bowl, a large tablespoonful for each person (most authorities seem to agree about the quantity); break into it the white of an egg (we use an egg for two mornings, the white for one and the yolk and shell the next), stir this thoroughly—this is an important part of the process—then add cold water very slowly, stirring all the time, until a teaspoonful or more has been mixed in. Having previously scalded your coffee-pot, pour the coffee into it, rinsing out the bowl with a little cold water; fill the coffee-pot more than half full with boiling hot water; then, with a spoon, stir it a moment; set it on the fire, and when it first boils up, stir it down and add half a teaspoonful of cold water; this settles it. Then set it back on the range, where it will keep hot till your breakfast is ready. It should never be set back far enough to grow cold. When needed, let it boil up once more; and then

pour it into your silver coffee-pot, and serve as hot as possible. Block sugar should be used, and condensed milk or cream; boiled milk alone will not give it the proper color or flavor. Any one who desires to get up a reputation for good coffee should not forget this."

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

AUNT ADDIE, in the *Country Gentleman*, recommends kerosene oil as an excellent thing for bunions and corns; and says a little kerosene on a flannel cloth is good to polish an oilcloth or polished floor.

YOUR pies will not "stew out" if you roll a piece of writing paper into a funnel and insert it into the centre of the upper crust. Another way is to take a strip of clean white cloth about three-quarters of an inch wide, wet in thin flour and water and bind it round the edge of the pie.

A LADY recently asked how to keep the lime from forming a coating on the inside of her teakettle. Some housekeepers keep an oyster-shell in the kettle for that purpose. Another recommends washing the inside of the kettle every day; a third advises the kettle should be emptied and dried when not in use.

If you have feathers you wish to dry or wash, put them in a bag before attempting to do anything with them. Many housekeepers will attempt to dry feathers in a pan under the stove or in the oven, and the result is they are well scattered through the house, even with the greatest care. The bag remedies all this.

If you wish to keep your "June butter" sweet and fresh for use in August, make it into convenient rolls, wrap around each a new clean cloth, and place in a keg or barrel provided with sufficient brine to cover it. The brine may be made of clean common salt, for it does not penetrate the butter. The butter will keep as good as new an unlimited length of time. Putting it in rolls allows taking out a small portion at a time and without exposing the rest of it to the air.

A LADY writes us that seeing the advice in the *HOUSEHOLD* to use ammonia for cleaning woodwork, she tried it, with a great saving of "elbow grease." The only objection she has to its use is that it seemed to make her hands tender, and badly discolored her finger-nails. Use rather less of the ammonia in the water, and after finishing up, rub the hands with vinegar or lemon-juice, which neutralizes the effects of the ammonia, and removes the stain from the nails.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ladies' Home Journal* utilized some pieces of faded in-grain carpet which had been thrown aside as worthless, by cutting out the firmest portions, washing them and dyeing them green with Diamond dyes. The pattern "took black," and the lighter groundwork green. They were then firmly fastened to strips of rag carpeting

just the size for lining, the edges being bound together by strips of scarlet flannel, and outside and lining tacked in several places with scarlet yarn. They were found very serviceable as rugs.

HOME-MADE HARD SOAP.—I wish to answer the inquiries for a way to make an excellent hard soap. Get Babbitt's potash of lye, eight one pound cans for \$1; follow the directions on the cans, and you can not fail to get a soap to please you. Each can will make up six pounds of clean grease, without any boiling, by simply pouring the ingredients together and stirring ten minutes. Use earthenware for the whole process—never iron or tin; one and three gallon jars are good, with shallow dishes for it to be set away to harden in, which will take but few hours; and your soap will be fit to use in twenty-four hours. I like a small amount of mutton tallow, as I think it better for the hands, but it is not a harsh soap without it. I have used it three years and like it better than any of the patent soaps in use.

LUCY.

ANN ARBOR.

#### Contributed Recipes.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Two eggs; one cup sugar; one cup molasses; half cup butter; three cups flour; spice; two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in a cup of boiling water; mix in the order named; bake in deep dishes. This is "tip-top."

BETTY.

GRAND BLANC.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Whites of three eggs; one cup white sugar; nearly one cup sweet cream; two teaspoonfuls baking powder; pinch of salt; two cups flour; bake in layers. Filling: Take one cup sugar, add just enough water to keep it from burning, and boil until brittle. Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, stir in the sugar, and grate in one square of German sweet chocolate. Spread between the cakes and on top. To make a striped cake grate a little chocolate and stir in the layer intended for the middle. It is very nice. A little cocoanut mixed with the chocolate filling adds to its flavor.

L. H. R.

LEMON TARTS.—Make the paste for your shells of butter, very cold water, and flour, kneading just as little as possible; it will then be rich and flaky. For the filling, grate the yellow rind of one large lemon, add its juice to one cup sugar, the yolk of one egg and a bit of butter about the size of an acorn. Stir well. Dissolve a dessert-spoonful of corn starch in a cup of water, and add to the ingredients. Cook in a saucepan—being very careful it does not burn—till it is a rich golden jelly; fill the shells, and cover with a meringue made of the white of one egg beaten to a froth with two spoonfuls of powdered sugar; set in the oven a moment till a "light biscuit brown."

COOKING SPINACH.—Wash and trim the spinach, and boil from three to seven minutes, or till tender, in salted water, which must boil when it is put in and all the time thereafter till it is done. Drain; turn cold water over it; chop it fine, then heat hot in a pan containing a tablespoonful of nice sweet butter, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Season with salt and pepper. Spinach is nice fried. Wash the leaves, put them into hot butter in a frying pan, and keep turning until done. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

M. B.

DETROIT.