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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ALWAYS A RIVER TO CROSS.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.

The rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
But ne'er from our impulse swerve;

For the glory we hope to win,
Our labors we count no loss;
Never pause and marmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

The faults impressed on thee too deep in childhood's day,
Will live to plague thee still, when long since put away.
Lo, in thy children there they mirrored rise to view,
And there thy training hand must fight them down anew.

—Wisdom of the Brahmin.

A DAY ON THE WATER.

There has been a long continued drought in the region about "Ingleside," of late, and longing for a damper atmosphere, my better-half and myself went on board one of the floating palaces of our beautiful river, bound for Port Huron. It proved a perfect day, calm, and just warm enough to make the water coolness enjoyable.

Curiously enough, among all the mass of humanity on board, we did not meet a personal acquaintance, and took no pains to get any knowledge; so like true lovers we were all-in-all to each other. It was pleasantly remindful of the times of the honeymoon.

The up-river trip has been too often enjoyed and described to bear repetition, so I will speak only of some personal happenings. It had been sometime since I had taken the trip, and the many salt-blocks that had sprung into life from Marine City to St. Clair, gave the river bank a slight resemblance to the Saginaw. We understand there is a movement on foot looking to a system of sewerage for Marine City, but its low site makes the matter difficult, as there is but little fall to secure drainage. At the Flats the new club house, christened "Rushmere," called for admiration, and we noticed that the number of private houses in that vicinity has greatly increased. The Keweenaw is anchored near the Star Island House, and is being converted into a hotel, and promenades are being constructed for the pleasure of the guests. This, we understood, is in the interest

of the Cole Grummond line of boats, as the Star Line control the other hotel.

The call to dinner was welcome, as we had discarded the traditional "lunch basket," and with appetite sharpened by life on the wave, we were prepared to do full justice to the toothsome dainties set before us. Fish, cooked and eaten in the air of its native element, seems to have a flavor never known elsewhere.

We stayed but half an hour at Port Huron, but as the "day on the water" was the attraction, the short stay was no drawback to us. There was a large and good-natured crowd on board, among them a party, apparently relatives, numbering three generations, from the fair, white-haired grandma, to the sweet, dimpled grandchild, including aunts and uncles, as well as mamma. I was reminded of the story of "The Child King," as the young miss, drawing a rocking chair into a passage way, proceeded to make herself comfortable, entirely oblivious of grandma's protests or mamma's gentle chiding. There were several parties of two or three; one or two lone individuals who seemed "entirely sufficient unto themselves;" one lady worked assiduously at knitting, not speaking to any one, apparently wholly engrossed with work; another was as sociable with a book, yet I heard her acknowledge she had "read it three times through," and I felt a little curious as to the title and authorship.

An anecdote—well told—reached my ears among scraps of conversation. It related to ante-bellum days, and was located at Atlanta. A good old church lady, possessed of two slaves, died, and by her will bequeathed "My man John and my maid, Mary, to the Methodist Episcopal Church of this place." The slaves were sold at auction, and the purchase price, a good round sum, offered the church, but as it was "blood money" it could not be accepted, but a compromise was made by placing it in the mission fund, to be used for the conversion of the heathen. At Marine City, on the return trip, some parties essayed to put on board two bovines, taken from a shed near the landing. The first out was a muley, and as stubborn as a mule. A rope was tied about its neck, and on this two or three men pulled; a slat was passed across behind, and two men pulled or pushed on this, while another put the animal's tail through queer contortions; yet progress was slow and interrupted; sometimes the animal was on its knees, with its nose

plowing the ground, sometimes on its side, at other times it turned with a mad bawl on its tormentors, while a lady on deck kept loudly exclaiming: "See them pull that cow's tail; see that man twist that poor cow's tail! they should be arrested," and as it happened to not be that kind of bovine, the sensation on the dock had a small reproduction on deck. The steer finally broke loose from its persecutors, and fled up the street, followed by a regular rabble, but was finally captured, and, entirely overpowered, led in unwilling captivity on board, where the other, whose propensity to headlong plunges had been utilized to secure his quick delivery on board, was already placed. Their discontented lowings all the way down, voiced their useless protests against man's inhumanity.

It was a most pleasant trip; no accident marred enjoyment, and we reached Detroit, and later Ingleside, with a host of pleasant memories, with mind and body invigorated by rest and change, and in a spirit of thankfulness, I respond to our Editor's summons and relate these adventures to the HOUSEHOLD members "right away quick."

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

HAPPY LIVES.

In Anti-Over's letter a few weeks ago he speaks of an error which is characteristic of two-thirds of the human race, namely, untidiness, or the propensity some people have of leaving things undone. We are all aware it is easier to preach than to practice. Yet I think we are too apt to criticize the man who toes in, when in fact we run our own boots over at the heel.

Anti-Over writes again on "Pleasantness; to please." We should all try to please so far as lies in our power. A certain degree of pleasantness is all right; but we should have the satisfaction of feeling a pleasure in trying to please. But some carry this too far. I am reminded of the story of the boy and the donkey; the boy, in trying to please everybody, pleased neither himself nor anybody else, and killed his donkey. But all my argument, I fear, will hardly change the view of the generality of mankind, and what would be gained if it did? Man's capacity for enjoyment is great, but he never reaches the limit, because of the disposition on his part to cherish the thought that the future has still greater joys in store for him; he is never satisfied with his present condition, but believes

to-morrow will find him happier than to-day. Shakespeare says: "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together." I think we may correct our faults and become better and wiser, but to attain the acme of perfection in this world is one of the impossibilities. We should use the talents with which we are endowed, trying to make our lives useful ones. The aimless existence of our profligate neighbor should be a lesson to us, teaching us that unhappiness lies in wrong-doing, and that the secret of happiness is a contented mind, and a desire to make others happy, with no selfish aim in view, but an appreciation of the blessings which have fallen to our lot, and a firm faith and trust in the Creator of all things. Could we each take this to ourselves, and realize that it is better to practice than to preach, there would be fewer souls go into eternity unprepared for the great end of man. We should never coax up future trials to be borne at the present time, but live our trials as we exert our faith, a day at a time; remembering that each day makes us stronger and better acquainted with the world. It takes a lifetime of disappointed hopes and trials to make us feebly understand that it is wisest and best to accept life as it is; for life is filled with trouble, and we must bear our share with the best possible grace we can.

OLD HUNDRED.

A CONCERT.

A much desired pleasure came within my reach on the evening of June 21st. It was the opportunity to listen to the Fisk Jubilee Singers in one of their famous concerts. In the event all my pleased anticipations were more than realized, inasmuch as the melody of these sable singers, in its subtle sympathies possessed for me a revelatory power.

The opening piece was "Steal Away to Jesus," closing with the Lord's Prayer. I have heard singing of all sorts, good, bad and indifferent, except this sort. This was something the like of which I had never heard, and yet, as they sung and sung, it grew familiar; I had heard something like it, but where? Suddenly, as they sang with indescribable truth and tenderness, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See but Jesus," I heard the running water, the whispering leaves and the tender voices in the air in my "Home-in-the-Hills" singing these same words, just as they used to sing them to me, when I knew not the words they said, but only the peace and rest they breathed into my tired heart and troubled brain. And again when they sang "We Shall Walk Through the Valley and the Shadow of Death," I was back in my "Home-in-the-Hills," from which so many of my loved ones have gone forth from mortal sight, far into the shadows of the "valley," and I realized as never before how far my faith carried me with them, and how "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort" those who survive and sorrow, as well as those who pass on with the great forever. The simple words "I've been redeemed, been washed in the blood of the

Lamb," were combined into a wonderfully thrilling fugue chorus which was sung as an accompaniment to the old familiar hymn "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." Then there was the closing, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." I cannot describe it, but I was more than charmed by it. There is a rich naturalness, an eloquence of sympathetic imagination, a tender fullness and liquidation of tone and volume of voice that "white folks," if they possess, spoil with artistic foolery and attempts to "show off." But these sang as—given a human soul and the power of speech—the birds, the waters and the woods would sing; and henceforth I am the friend and champion of the downtrodden race. I can't help smiling within myself as I note with what different feelings I now look upon the sable faces as they pass and re-pass in the streets of the city. They always before seemed to me as a something entirely or that ought to be entirely distinct and separate from ourselves. But the chords of the great kinship of humanity are struck at last by the wonderful charm of their singing, and I know that in the brotherhood of man, God counts a black man or woman for just as much as He counts a white one.

A couple of Sundays ago Gentle and I went into the colored Sabbath School. There were forty or fifty little girls and boys, a few young women, the pastor and his wife, and the superintendent, but not a teacher. The young men were out of doors, lounging around on the fences and the grass, and the parents, where were they? And I thought if here in this ambitious, lively Northern city, these people cannot more thoroughly rouse to do for themselves, what must it be to raise them to the level of self dependence in the South, where the very air they breathe is filled with germs of the idea of negro irresponsibility?

FLINT.

E. L. NYE.

WASHING MADE EASY.

I have recently tried a method of washing which I find greatly lightens the labor and robs "blue Monday" of half its terrors. It is as follows: Put the clothes to soak in cold water the night before wash-day. In the morning attach the wringer to the tub and wring them out. Cut up one bar of soap and dissolve it in hot water; when dissolved stir in one heaping tablespoonful of pulverized borax and three tablespoonfuls of kerosene; then add three pails of cold water. Put this into the boiler, and put in as many of the soaked clothes as the boiler will hold. Let them boil twenty minutes, stirring occasionally. Take them out in to a tub of water, and if there are "streaks" on hands, etc., rub them a little on the wash-board, wring and put through the bluing water. The clothes will come out beautifully white and clean.

I have tried this till I am convinced it is the way to wash. It entirely does away with the hard work at the wash-board, as only the very worst stains will need a rub after the twenty minutes' boiling. If

you have more than one boilerful of clothes, put the rest in after the first have been taken out, without adding more water—though if you like you can keep out a half-pailful of the preparation for the second boilerful—and boil twenty minutes. The first rinsing water is just the thing to use for washing flannels and calico. There is nothing in the ingredients that can possibly injure the clothes, and the kerosene odor is entirely dissipated during the drying.

I should like to have the readers of the HOUSEHOLD try this method and see if they do not find it a great saving of labor, while giving just as clean and whiter clothes than by the old "elbow-grease" process at the wash-board.

E. S. McL.

DETROIT.

EASTER IN BAVARIA.

I have promised myself the pleasure of writing another letter for the HOUSEHOLD these many days, but other things have crowded upon me, and I have postponed writing from time to time. There has been so much to see during the Easter holidays, that I have haunted the churches, and have scarcely had time to record my impressions, even, of all the strange ceremonies which I have witnessed.

On Palm Sunday it chanced that I was out very early, and at half past seven women were sitting at the doors of the churches with baskets of catkins to sell; these palms, as they are called here, were in bunches bound together with bright colored ribbons, or made into crosses with gay colors intermingled. Bare-headed young girls were already on their way to church to take communion for the first time, carrying these feathery bouquets; they were dressed in fresh new black gowns, and wore only light, white shawls about their shoulders, although the morning air was quite sharp and cool.

Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter are celebrated with almost as much pomp and show by the Protestants of these Catholic countries as by the Catholics. Good Friday is the greatest church day of the year among the former; they are at the services all day. Indeed, it is hard to tell sometimes where the boundary line between these denominations, so widely separated at home, is to be drawn, for they seem to dovetail wonderfully here. One sees in the Protestant churches crosses; pictures of the Savior and the Virgin Mary with lights burning about them are part of the altar decorations as much as in the cathedrals. In some cantons of Switzerland the two religious bodies even worship in the same church. Marriage is very common between persons holding different sentiments of religion, and among all people great tolerance is manifested in religious matters.

On Good Friday I went to the Hofcapelle to hear the music, which is always very fine, some of the singers being from the Court theatre, and from there into a little chapel in another part of the

palace, where underneath the flower-decked altar was a tomb, and in it a figure representing Christ. The whole end of the chapel was filled with ferns, palms and beautiful flowers, while at each end of the tomb two soldiers, handsomely uniformed, stood on guard. As we came out a procession of priests filed under the arches of the palace, they were dressed in long gowns of sackcloth and bore platforms on which were rude modern figures, the first the Virgin Mary, dressed in a black, circular cloak of cheap velvet trimmed in narrow white lace and carrying, I observed, an embroidered pocket handkerchief. The next figures were Christ on the cross, Christ with the crown of thorns on his head and Peter denying his Lord and Master, at his feet a real cock, stuffed, one must suppose. Following the figures came more priests with banners, and then a rabble of common people chanting. When some of them reached the end of their doleful refrain, others took it up, and the rough voices of men joined with the quavering ones of bent and toothless old crones and the piping sounds from the throats of children. Just as all came under the archway, into the gloomy and narrow passages, a drizzling rain began to fall, which gave the last touch of dreariness to the weird scene which had lacked every element of solemnity, for the participants and surroundings were so rude and commonplace, I was glad to turn away from it and go to the beautiful church, the Basilica, which King Ludwig I. left as a monument to his devotion to the Catholic faith, and which has been characterized by some one as a good set off against the illiberal side of his nature. The people of his capital can well forgive him for any intolerance he may have exhibited, since the sincerity of his belief has been embodied in this beautiful building. I walked close up in front of the altar to see the arrangement of the flowers. A oval bed of azaleas rimmed round with green, was in front of the tomb, before it the kneeling figure of a little girl in black, and on either side two priests. White, pink and red azaleas filled the space at each end of the altar, which was decorated with hyacinths, tulips and many other flowers, set off by the lighted candles. There seemed to be some unusual attraction in one corner of the church, so I pressed through the crowd to this quarter to see what it might be, and satisfied my curiosity by the sight of women bending over a small wooden figure of Christ on a cross; this lay on a black-covered cushion, and they were kissing each in turn the breast and the rudely painted, blood-marked hands and feet. Most of them were of the poorest class, but some very well dressed and intelligent faces. One woman lifted up two little children to go through the same performance. One must believe in the sincerity and devoutness of the masses from their reverential air and absorption in all the services, however superstitious many of them may be and however insincere the priests who foster this system. By and by the music be-

gan; the Basilica is a grand edifice, built in the Byzantine style of architecture, and the music is impressive as it rises and falls, spreading through the vast arched space, coming at first apparently from far away, then nearing, swelling with the burden of lament, and dying away again in a wail of sorrow for the entombed Christ.

The climax of religious feeling is reached on Saturday evening and it is even said that in some of the churches the buried Christ is raised in memory of the real resurrection which occurred so many hundreds of years ago. I saw nothing of this, but went to the *Frankenkirche*, one of the oldest churches of the city, to witness the procession and hear the music. We waited a long time; nearly all the people remained standing, telling their beads and pattering prayers as fast as possible; they seemed rapt in admiration before the decorations of the altar, about which a large space was enclosed with black cloth trimmed in gold; this heightened the brilliant effect of a round disc like a sun with rays streaming out from it, which with flowers and lights made a beautiful and shining center above the tomb. At last the chanting of the priests began in behind the scenes somewhere, at the farther end of the church, where was the principal altar. What voices they have! Round and resonant, the one who led the chant could fill the entire place. Then the procession formed, priests and church servants in white carrying candles, higher church dignitaries, cardinals in scarlet robes and a bishop in his rich gold-embroidered dress and bishop's cap; these last were underneath a sort of canopy borne by four priests; they took something very precious from off the high altar, the host or consecrated mass, bearing it beneath the canopy, swinging the censer about it, and ringing a bell at intervals, at which all the people, Protestants as well as Catholics, crossed themselves most devoutly, and many bowed quite to the floor.

During some parts of the service a fine military band played, and at the close, when the priests returned to the main altar, still chanting, the rich tones of the organ rolled through the old church, and the choir sang a jubilant song, a pean of rejoicing that Christ the Lord should so soon triumph over death and burst the bars of the tomb. We came out of *Frankenkirche* just after seven, and the soft, warm glow of sunset still lighted up the little platz in front, and touched with a tender grace the gray and crumbling stones which are all about the outside of the building, marking the last resting places of devoted worshippers who have hundreds of years since turned to dust in the vaults beneath.

During the month of May there are services every night in the Catholic churches at seven o'clock, beginning with a procession on the first evening, and closing in the same manner on the last day of the month. The mellow pealing of the bells—and I have never heard anything like their soft melody in

America—calls all to join and at the hour named the streets are filled with a throng of the faithful. This devotion to religious duty does not interfere with the every day amusements of life, the visits to the beer gardens, participation in the horse-races and so on, for no pleasures are tabooed to the German by his religion, and if he indulges too freely in those to which the "flesh and devil" tempt us all more or less, there is always, for the Catholic at least, immunity at the confessional. Many of the amusements, so called, which people in the States who still retain some of the Puritan notions of our fathers, only indulge in with a certain shame-facedness and upon which our ministers and most cultivated people frown uncompromisingly, are national sports here.

There is no ostracism from polite society for gratification of a taste for drinking, card-playing which is invariably gambling, and horse-racing; the latter is immediately under the patronage of the reigning princes, who lend the *eclat* of their presence, and add to the prizes by donating to the fund of the racing association. I do not know that all of these things obtain a greater following in consequence than among our own people, but they are certainly practised much more openly.

Coming down to the month of June there is a considerable let-up from the religious zeal of the Easter holidays and the devoutness of the May services, yet there are five holy-days in this month, observed mostly, however by excursions to the environs of the city, and to the beer gardens. It is no wonder that the masses of these people are poor, for they spend half or two-thirds of their time in these places, drinking up the mere pittance they are able to earn. To be sure the women have their children along, and their knitting work; perhaps they could do no more at home, but it always seems as if their industry in the making of stockings is out of all proportion to their energy in any other housewifely accomplishment; but the beer drinking, the clicking of the knitting needles, and the baby-tending keep pace with each other very well. Every afternoon the *café* of the court garden is filled with the better class of people, who sit chatting over coffee, chocolate or ices; this is the only out of door place in Munich that I know of, where one can not get beer. The *café* proper is under the arcades which extend on two sides of the garden or parks in front of the royal residence, the fourth being bounded by a *caserne* or military school. On certain days a military band plays in the park at half past five o'clock, when the elegant and fashionable dames with their fair German daughters, civilians, students, some of the latter with their cheeks hideously scarred in sabre conflicts, and all wearing comical blue and white or green caps quite too small for their faces, and officers in showily decorated uniforms turn out in a sort of dress parade. Many of the last named are handsome men with stately, courtly manners; their glittering swords

and spurs jingle and clatter as they walk the graveled paths, or march slowly up and down under the arcades; they are proud of their fine persons, their gilded trappings, and above all, of their German army and German fatherland.

The rich and well dressed do not monopolize these free afternoon concerts, for the benches scattered through the garden are occupied by common people and their children. Numbers of maids roll clumsy cabs up and down, each one capable of holding two or three young Bavarians. The more aristocratic little Germans of tender age are carried in the arms of bonnes, who wear white aprons and caps decorated with long wide ribbons reaching to the bottom of their gowns; while very tiny babies are bound upon lace-covered pillows and live in the parks in this sort of papoose fashion, from spring until autumn drives this people, so fond of an open air life, indoors.

In writing of the merry, musical and care-free existence in the gardens, one must not forget to mention the dogs which form an important feature; the Germans are exceedingly fond of these pets, and an ugly breed which they seem to fancy especially, a sort of black and tan variety, has a long body and short crooked legs, fastened on to the former after no particular fashion. When I first saw one of these unfortunate looking animals, I thought the poor brute had met with some accident, and this horrid deformity had been the result, but it seems that the longer the body, the shorter the legs and the more crooked, the finer is the breed, and for dog fanciers these are requisite points of beauty. Another sort very much liked is a white dog of the skye type. Its naturally long, silky hair is clipped close to the body; only frills of it are left about the neck, the legs near the feet, and a tuft on the end of the tail which is long. This bit in the rear looks like a wee feather duster, and the little favorite swishes it about in the dust and gravel as he trots after his stout mistress or dandy master.

Munich is altogether charming at this season of the year as a place of residence. In the sun it is hot in the middle of the day, but one can always be comfortable in the shade, and the nights are delightfully cool. The close, green turf of the parks is starred with white daisies, and the flower gardens are gay with brighter and more showy blossoms, while the air is sweet with the scent of the lilac, the rose and white acacia, which we call locust at home. A beautiful variety of this, which I do not remember having seen in America, is lemon-yellow in color, and so profuse a blossomer that the whole tree is one mass of the pale, graceful, drooping clusters.

MUNICH, Bavaria.

DELIA BENTON.

FROM THE EMPIRE STATE.

Currants, cherries, strawberries and raspberries are getting ripe, and I, for one, am glad of it. I would say that we think the best time for picking berries

is early in the morning, while the heaviest of the dew is still on the bushes, and our berries always keep just as well as though they were picked in the hottest and driest part of the day. Whether it is owing to the picking or the putting up, I cannot say.

Will some of the ladies please send directions for knitting the "knife-pleated edging," also other knitted lace patterns?

If Violet, of Okemos, will try those lace patterns again, she will find them correct, as I have compared them with the ones I copied from.

I send directions for knitted wheat-ear edge:

Cast on five stitches and knit across plain.

1st row—Knit two, thread over, knit one, thread over twice, purl two together.

2nd row—O twice, p two together, k four.

3rd row—K three, o, k one, o twice, purl two together.

4th row—O twice, p two together, k five.

5th row—K four, o, k one, o twice, purl two together.

6th row—O twice, p two together, k six.

7th row—K six, o twice, p two together.

8th row—Cast off three, k four.

Repeat from first row.

MOLLIE MOONSHINE'S SISTER.

HAMLIN, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE *Popular Science News* says: Any one who has had the misfortune to injure the coating of a rubber umbrella will be glad to know that it is not without remedy. A preparation of dammar varnish and asphaltum in about equal quantities, with a little turpentine, will make an easily applied coating, which makes the umbrella as good as new again. Spots on gossamer coats and cloaks can be covered with this also.

INK which has been spilled on carpets or woollen goods, should be attended to while wet, if possible. Take clean blotting paper or cotton batting and gently sop up all the ink that has not soaked in. Then pour sweet milk on the spot and sponge it with fresh batting. It will need to be renewed several times, using fresh milk and batting each time. Do not rub the spot, but sop it with care in order not to spread the ink. After the ink has disappeared, wash the spot with clean water and dry with a cloth.

LAST summer a lady made inquiry through the *HOUSEHOLD* relative to the sanitary properties of fruit put up with salicylic acid. An answer discouraging its use was given. Now the municipal government of Paris has officially prohibited its use in any preparations of food, on account of its deleterious properties, after a careful investigation by scientific experts. All the "preservatives" peddled to keep food for a length of time are composed, wholly or in part, of this acid, and should be avoided. It is true that the portion eaten by any one person, at one time, would be quite small,

but it is equally true that the continued use might in time produce unfavorable results. Anyway, when city authorities are sufficiently impressed by the unhealthfulness of any article of food to interdict its use, one cannot err in avoiding it. "Great bodies move slowly;" municipalities do not overcome their inertia till there is due occasion.

MISS CORSON gives us some useful hints on the keeping and care of vegetables after they are brought to the house. She says that after they have been washed and the decayed or bruised parts removed, they will keep best in a cool, dark place, wet enough to preserve their freshness but not immersed in water. Put them in water till they are fresh and crisp, and then sprinkle freely, cover with wet cloth and keep in the cellar or refrigerator. A handful of coarse salt added to a pail or tub of water lowers the temperature decidedly and quickly revives wilted vegetables. With lettuce, parsley and celery decay is hastened by leaving them a long time in water. Root vegetables should not be kept in water after they are freshened; the water becomes very offensive, showing the effect it has.

Useful Recipes.

X. Y. Z., in a late issue, says she looked through the *HOUSEHOLDS* for recipes for disposing of the remnants of cold boiled ham, but found none. We hasten to supply the want, adding that any way given is excellent for disposing of the small bits which will not slice nicely. The "deviled ham" is much relished in sandwiches for lunch or picnics, by those whose tastes are not tutored in "strict simplicity."

DEVILED HAM.—Chop very fine the bits of ham, rejecting all that are hard, and having one-quarter of it fat; chop almost to a paste. For a pint bowlful of this make a dressing of one even tablespoonful of sugar; one even teaspoonful of ground mustard; one saltspoonful of cayenne pepper; one teacupful of good vinegar. Mix the sugar, mustard and pepper, add the vinegar, a little at a time, and stir thoroughly into the ham. Cut bread quite thin, butter lightly and spread with the deviled ham. If you want it for a supper relish, pack in a small mold.

HAM OMELETTE.—Beat the whites and yolks of eight eggs separately till very light; then beat together; add a small saltspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of cream. Heat a pan containing a bit of butter the size of a walnut quite hot, turn in the eggs, shake the pan while the eggs are hardening, and just as you turn one-half over the other, sprinkle with chopped ham. Serve hot.

HAM TOAST.—Chop the ham, put in a pan with a lump of butter and two eggs, well beaten; add pepper to taste. When hot spread on hot buttered toast.

HAM PATS.—Mix two beaten eggs with a half cupful of bread crumbs. Chop an equal quantity of cold ham and mix well. Make in small balls and fry in hot butter.

HAM LUNCH LOAF.—Chop bits of cold ham, salt pork or corned beef, add crushed crackers and two or three eggs, according to the quantity of meat, with pepper and mustard if you like—the two last to be used "with discretion." Pack into a deep basin, bake ten minutes, and eat when cold.