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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE GRUMBLER.

He sat at the dinner-table  
With a discontented frown,  
"The potatoes and steak were underdone,  
And the bread was baked too brown,  
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,  
And the roast was much too fat;  
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,  
Sure 'twas hardly fit for the cat."  
"I wish you could eat the bread and pies  
I've seen my mother make;  
They are something like, and 't would do you good  
Just to look at a loaf of her cake."  
Said the smiling wife, "I'll improve with age,  
Just now I'm but a beginner,  
But your mother has come to visit us,  
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

Good Housekeeping.

### FAUST.

One of the chief of my holiday pleasures was hearing Gounod's opera of Faust, produced here Christmas week by the National Opera Company, the famous troupe organized by Mrs. Thurber, of New York, and a pet "fad" of hers on which she has expended many thousands of dollars. The company has Theodore Thomas' unrivaled orchestra, and includes such singers as Emma Juch, Mathilde Philips, Jessie Bartlett Davis and Madame Fursch-Madi. They sing in English, so that it is possible to understand here and there a phrase, or even on occasions a short sentence, whereas usually such operas are given in Italian, and the libretto and the dramatic action must be relied upon to give an understanding of the plot.

The papers named the engagement of the company as "the musical event of the season;" tickets were placed at \$3, \$2.50 and \$2, and one of the city "nabobs" bought \$112 worth for his family for the four operas which the company sang. Notwithstanding the prices, there was a big rush when the box office was opened, and people waited hours for the chance to secure seats. The curtain rose upon a house packed from parquette to the upper gallery, which is sometimes profanely called "nigger heaven." Everybody had on his or her "best bib and tucker," gentlemen in decollete vests and "claw-hammer" coats, white ties and kid gloves; ladies in elegant silk, velvet and lace costumes, many of them bonnetless, with coiffures arranged in the highest style of the hairdresser's art, and decked with ostrich tips and diamonds, and wearing elegant opera wraps of white and other light colors. Oh, it was "real swell," I assure you.

I shall not attempt to criticise the singers, or ape our local critics, who think criticism means finding all the fault possible by way

of showing their ability as critics. To any music-loving soul who reads these lines, whose opportunities are limited to an occasional concert or recital, such an entertainment would have been the musical event of a life-time, a bewildering whirl of sweet sounds, stage effects, beauty and brilliancy. I shall try only to give a brief outline of the plot of the opera, one of the most beautiful and famous ones ever put upon the boards.

The updrawn curtain reveals the study of a student and philosopher, lined with books and vials, a skeleton in a niche, and grinning skulls among the books and parchments littering the table, on which are candles burning dimly. Faust, in the cap and gown of a student, with venerable beard, and white hair straggling from under his close skull-cap, sits at the table. He experiences one of those moments which probably all, even the wisest and most learned, must know, when what he has attained by the study of a lifetime seems as nothing or less than nothing, before the infinity of what is to be learned. He has conquered philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence, theology, and says:

"And here I stand, with all my lore,  
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

Disappointed in his search for knowledge, he complains that his life had known no pleasure, no happiness such as comes to other men, and that instead of nature's living sphere, he had striven to satisfy heart and soul with "musty volumes thick with dust, and many a useless instrument." In his despair he resorts to magic, and to his call comes Mephistopheles, the evil spirit. The stage entrance is very imposing; with a blaze of red fire, and a puff of sulphurous smoke, Mephistopheles, robed from head to foot in lurid red, appears to Faust, and, according to Goethe's "Faust," from which the opera is adapted, promises him all the pleasures of life and the world, if he will abandon himself to them. Mephistopheles, in short, personifies the baser propensities of human nature. Faust hesitates until the spirit shows him the vision of Marguerite, in all her young loveliness, when he hesitates no longer, and, accepting Mephistopheles' offer to renew his youth, stands before the audience a young, active man, the grey hair and venerable beard replaced by dark hair, the student's robe by the dress of a gay cavalier. To show this vision of Marguerite, the seemingly solid wall of the room parts and is withdrawn to disclose her asleep in her chair, and as Faust clasps his hands in rapture at her beauty, the book-lined study seems to "fade back," if I may

be allowed the expression, a bit of excellently managed stage mechanism.

The curtain rises next upon the chorus, composed of peasants drinking at the inn. Faust and Mephistopheles join them, and the latter gets into a difficulty with them by decrying the wine; his demon nature is discovered and the villagers drive him from the stage, cowering, with his mantle before his eyes, by presenting to him the cross upon their sword hilts, before which holy symbol he cannot stand. Miss Laura Moore, who took the role of Marguerite, looked the part of the simple German maiden to perfection in her simple white dress, and hair drawn back and arranged in two long plaits. But she was not a satisfactory Marguerite, in that her voice had not the compass and volume demanded by the role. Her brother, Valentine, is a soldier and must join the army; he laments that he must leave his young and beautiful sister unprotected during his absence; Siebel, her lover in her own rank in life, promises, with Martha, a neighbor, to guard and watch over her. When the soldiers have marched away, Siebel prepares a bouquet as an offering to Marguerite, laying it at the door of her cottage; the song Siebel sings as he prepares the blossoms, and in which he tells his love for her, is one of the well known gems from this opera, and known as the "Flower Song." Faust also desires to offer a gift, and Mephistopheles provides a casket of jewels which he deposits at Marguerite's door, the cynical, sneering demon knowing the feminine nature so clearly that he is aware the glitter of gems will quite outshine Siebel's flower offering. And so it is; Siebel's gift is dismissed with a half-contemptuous, half-pitying "Poor boy," while she decks herself in the strings of pearls she finds in the casket, and admires their whiteness against her throat in the mirror Mephistopheles has considerably provided. Here too, she sings the "Jewel Song," so often essayed by ambitious sopranis.

Faust, when at last he meets Marguerite with Martha, is so overpowered by her beauty and innocence that he dares not at first address her; but Mephistopheles with ready wit engages Martha by pretending news of her absent husband, and Faust is left to woo Marguerite; Mephistopheles in the meantime making love to Martha by way of amusing himself. Continually urged on by the demon-spirit, against his own better self, Faust wins the simple village maiden, without the marriage ring, greatly to the glee of Mephistopheles, whose face, as he watches the pair at Marguerite's

Gift



casement, is a study of fiendish malignity and delight.

Valentine, returning from the war, learns the story of his sister's dishonor, and encountering Faust as he is serenading her before the cottage, they fight, and Valentine is mortally wounded. The betrayer and his familiar spirit fly, and in presence of the villagers who are drawn to the spot by the affray, Valentine denounces and curses Marguerite, spurning her as she tries to kneel at his feet, and praying Heaven may reject her with his last breath.

Poor Marguerite, deserted by her lover and shunned by her neighbors, feeling Heaven shut against her by her brother's curses, lingers outside the choir of the church, while her girl-friends are at worship, not daring to join them. Mephistopheles, beyond the sacred limits, tempts her to fly to her lover, and abandon her beliefs, since she has been cursed by a brother, and is despised by all her former associates. The stage picture is striking. Mephistopheles stands framed in an arch, where a red light illuminates his fiery robes, the shrinking Marguerite cowers alone at the doorway, while the organ peals and the singers chant within. But she will not yield. Next, she is arrested and cast into prison. When Faust hears of her doom, he is deeply penitent, but Mephistopheles sneeringly suggests that she is by no means the first who has incurred such fate, when Faust answers: "Not the first! Woe! Woe! By no human soul is it conceivable that more than one human creature has known such wretchedness; or that the first in her agony, should not have atoned in the sight of Heaven for the guilt of all the rest." The mocking devil is silenced, and Faust flies to rescue Marguerite, bribes the jailer, obtains entrance to her cell, where he finds her asleep upon a straw pallet; and begs her to fly with him since she is to die on the morrow. But she resists all his entreaties and declares she will expiate her sin as decreed by her judges. In presence of such contrition Faust's better nature is stirred and he renounces Mephistopheles, who leaves them as Marguerite dies in her lover's arms.

Thus, briefly outlined, is the story in song and action, varying somewhat from Goethe's great poem, as needs must to suit the exigencies of the stage. No idea of the music, or beauty of the stage settings, what we call the *mise en scene*, can be given in such a description, nor yet of that part told in look and gesture and by-play, all of which go to make the whole. As of many of the beauties of nature and art, we must perforce say "It must be seen to be appreciated."

The interpolation of the ballet, in what we may suppose an endeavor to portray something of the story by its means, I confess I consider no addition whatever, but rather a detraction from the effect, the dramatic feeling of such an opera as "Faust," which is tragic in its *denouement*, and through its entire movement portrays Love's passion, its profoundest depths, intense mental agony and repentance. To one whose heart is touched by the grief of Marguerite at the church, whither she has fled

to escape the despair which crushes her, but where the tempter follows to remind her the pure on earth refuse to reach their hands to her, and the glorified turn their faces from her,—to one, I repeat, who feels the pathos of the scene, the sadness of the music, and enters into the feeling of the story, the ballet which follows comes with a sense of incongruity that is closely allied to pain. From Marguerite's woes to the set smiles of the scanty-skirted dancers who compose the ballet, and the gyrations and contortions of the premiere danseuse, is too abrupt a transition. It weakens the force and beauty of the theme. I admire the graceful movements and evolutions of the dance; the "kermis" in the first act reminded me of nothing so much as the whirl of a swarm of butterflies above a garden, now advancing, now retreating, the fluttering, gauzy, spangled skirts simulating brilliant wings; but the posturings, the contortions which show only what flexibility of muscle can be attained by practice, the pirouettes with the big toe as a pivot, I confess are in my eyes ungraceful, immodest, more suited to a circus than grand opera. I am anxious to see what the fifteen Chicago clergymen who witnessed "the dizzy spectacle" by invitation, will say of it, but so far, to my knowledge, they have not put themselves upon record. But the newspaper critics of this city do not hesitate to say it was "a poor ballet."

BEATRIX.

#### THE EASY WAYS OF LIFE.

I did read, and I was a little surprised that one who was "true blue," and would stick to her "colors," would admit that it was the lady housekeepers who were more at fault than the unintelligent hired girls, that house work was so degrading. Where does it spring from, and who are such housekeepers? Why, those who did not learn when they were girls. They do not know how, and cannot teach their hired help; and they are the hard 'ones to please, too. As for intelligence, there is not a boy or a girl in all our broad land but has a chance to understand the common branches of the English language. There are men, women, boys and girls whose education may not be so good as our own, and still in moral worth may be away above us. There are many who are born poor, there are also many who are born lazy, and by some misfortune they never entirely get over it. If we were all school teachers and dressmakers, our bread and butter would soon come in very thin slices. We should not be so selfish as not to remember that others must live as well as ourselves, and that by the "sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread" is a burden laid upon us, and all the ingenuity of man has not helped us out of the trouble. The machines which we have in and out doors to make work easy to some, are the cause of much hard work to others. Look in our coal mines, our iron and steel foundries! See the boys and girl who toil hard to make these things for our use; are they a degraded set because they are poor and have to work? No, they are the salt of the earth and worth a ten acre lot of bonnet-makers. M. Soyer, the great French man cook, whose services were sought after by all the nobility of England, was once a poor boy. The best sight

I ever saw was a jolly old grandmother with her big apron on and sleeves rolled up, fixing for a family gathering, as happy as a daisy.

But here comes our Editor, and says: "Young man, you have spelt about long enough; please take a back seat." But please let me spell corn-cobs and kerosene, and define it as the twin brother of gunpowder. It is true it lights a fire easy, but look at the mothers and children and houses it has destroyed by using it to light fires in a stove. Please fix your shavings over night, and keep the kerosene just as far away from any stove as is convenient; it would be better to use it in burning up unkind husbands—at least it would be quite as safe to try it, ANTI OVER.

PLAINWELL.

#### HOUSE PLANTS.

While it is true that what I don't know about plants would make a large and very interesting work, perhaps what I *do* know, since I love them so well, will make a short essay. I do not try to have very many; they do not like to be crowded any better than the crops in the fields, or the stock in the barns, and a sunny window, or bay window full, is about as much as the average housekeeper can spare the room for or take the time to care for; but they will more than repay all the care they need, for there is nothing that fills quite so many little bills. They are company, if one is lonely; sympathy, if you are sad or ill; and they fairly laugh if you are jolly enough to set them out in the sink or on the kitchen floor, and give them a good shower-bath. There is nothing that exerts a more gentle and refining influence over a family of small children than to teach them to love and care for a few of these little pets; and their growth is one of the best introductions to the study of primary botany—a study that is all too much ignored in our common schools. The idea of placing the value of x. y. z. above that of the world of nature that is continually spread before us, and which, so far as our district schools are concerned, is a sealed book to our children! There is yet another thought, that while a good many for financial reasons cannot have beautiful furniture and musical instruments, or gorgeous apparel, we can all have and enjoy our little windowful of nature's treasures "without money and without price," if we choose.

Now there are lots of books and newspaper articles that give very explicit and often elaborate directions for the care of plants, but I have found them almost too much so for my limited accommodations, and perhaps others have thought the same; so I will just tell you how I do. I prefer slips, seedlings or small plants to commence with, as I can then enjoy their growth and development as well as their flowers, when they are old enough to bloom; and if they are slips that have been given me by friends, my plant-stand becomes a sort of "friendship album," and it is pleasant to think of the donors as I care for the plant-wants and note their growth. One of the pleasures of keeping plants is that of sharing with others who love them, too.

An ordinary slip of geranium or fuchsia, or almost any of our common house plants,



will require a pot about as large as a common tumbler, with about an inch of broken pieces of pots or charcoal—I prefer charcoal—in the bottom for drainage. The cheapest unglazed and unpainted pots are the best, I think; and for soil, that taken from a real good spot in the garden, with sand enough mixed with it so it will not be soggy when it is wet, is much better than to go to the lowlands for black dirt, or to the barnyard for very rich earth. Soil from the marshes is apt to be sour, or soon become so in a warm room, and that from the barnyard is too strong. Put a little dirt over the bits of coal in the bottom, set in the plant and carefully fill in with the soil, and press it down firm, but not tightly packed; water abundantly, and keep from wind and strong light for a day or two. They will soon show by their bright look that they are quite contented in their new quarters, then give them plenty of light and water as they need it.

When the dirt looks dry and feels so as you loosen it a little on the top, use water about as warm as the air of the room they are in, and give them enough to wet them clear through, then give no more till they need it again; "a little and often" is not a good way, as it only supplies the roots at the top, while the main feeders are starving below; while if they are kept constantly wet, or with water standing in the little saucers, the soil will soon become sour.

As the plants grow, turn them frequently that they may not be one-sided from growing toward the light, and nip out the tops to make them branch out.

Do not be afraid of cutting back to make them branch nicely; they will be all the prettier and blossom longer, if not quite so quickly, if they are got in good shape.

When it gets settled weather, perhaps the first of June, I think it a good plan to fix a nice place in the yard or garden, and turn them out of the pots, cut back a little, water and shade for a few days till they get started again, and they will be full of bloom all summer, and when they are growing thriftily take off two or three slips of each kind, put in something that can be shaded and watered, and you will have a nice lot to commence the winter again, and the old ones can be taken up or not, just as one chooses.

There are some kinds of house plants, as the Chinese primroses, begonias, coleii and some of the lilies, that do best in pots placed in the porch during the summer. I think a small supply of bulbs, hyacinths, crocuses, oxalis, etc., would be nice for winter bloom, and have just been potting a few to try for this winter.

About fertilizers, don't use any, unless it be a little ammonia, about a teaspoonful to a whole pail of water, when you water them thoroughly. One is so apt to use too much of any such thing, and do more harm than good. Insects are not apt to trouble plants that grow thriftily: at any rate, I have never had much experience with them, and hardly know what I would do in such a case. And now, I do not wish to urge any one to try growing house plants; only those who love to care for them would succeed—and doubtless it is a wise arrangement that we do not all care for the same things; but I find a real pleasure every day in my small

collection, and presume there are a good many others who feel the same.

MRS. E. WOODMAN.

PAW PAW.

#### A CULINARY CONVERSAZIONE.

##### NO IV

It is needless to quote the old saying that "bread is the staff of life;" every housewife knows that the health of the family depends largely on the quality of the home made bread and biscuit. There are two requisites for good bread—flour and yeast. I am completely tied to the patent flour, and find that one-eighth the quantity is used in bread and cake, it is so much superior to the other, so it has economy in its favor. Still good bread has been and can be made from other brands. I find that the dough needs less mixing made from the patent flour; and I always add a lump of lard and some sugar; it is not so liable to become dry. Another thing I have learned is that bread should not be cut the same day it is made. For my own eating I prefer stale bread, and I have never had any stomach trouble. All have not strong digestive powers; those who are delicate in that way should avoid eating warm bread, or that which is sour or doughy. Flour should always be procured in large quantity, although some will differ with me and insist that freshly ground flour is superior. A great many millers will not send out their flour until it is six months old. Flour should be kept carefully from dust or mold, and near nothing from which it will take an odor; it should also be sifted before being used.

In my yeast I never use flour. Put a large handful of hops into two quarts of hot water and let them boil until the water is strong of the hops, say fifteen minutes. In the meantime grate six large potatoes in a pan of water, this keeps the potato white, you will find the water quite red; strain the hops out of the water, put the water back into the kettle and add the potato, stir constantly and it will become like boiled starch; turn into a pan or pail and add one cup of sugar, one of salt, stir and set away to cool. Soak three of Gillett's cream yeast cakes until you can see that little bubbles rise, then stir into the yeast; when it has risen so as to be stirred down several times, put into beer bottles and cork tight, fill one third full, this quantity will bake six loaves of bread. When it is opened it will be nothing but white foam, but it has considerable snap. Either make the bread sponge of water, or whey made by boiling sour milk one hour and adding one-third water, it will be clear and sweet. One great essential in having good bread is to bake it properly; no matter how well anything is made if it is not baked right it will not be good. It ought not to be burned; the oven should be hot enough so that it will commence to brown within eight minutes after putting it in the oven; the crust should be crisp and a little sparkle to it, the texture of the bread a honeycomb—not full of big holes. The time for baking varies; hardly any bread needs to be in the oven an hour. I use square tins and make a double loaf; it then cuts into small slices like the baker's

loaves. The sponge should be mixed the first thing in the morning; it will then be ready for the tins as soon as breakfast is over, and consequently be baked by nine o'clock. Never put the bread in the warming closet to rise, good lively yeast will rise no matter where it is put; it refuses to be put down. In cold weather a quantity of dough can be put in a cold place and keeps nicely for fresh biscuits for tea, work them up after dinner, and they will be light for tea.

Graham bread I make like the white, adding a little molasses, and put it immediately into the tins after mixing. In the morning when it has risen sufficiently, bake. This kind of bread must be well done or it is not good. Gems are easily made, and are splendid made as follows: One coffee cup buttermilk, salt, one teaspoon soda, stir with graham flour into a stiff batter; this proportion makes eleven gems. Sweet milk gems I make with one pint sweet milk, one egg, salt; stir thick with graham flour. For Johnny cake, two coffee cups of buttermilk, one-third cup sour cream, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, two teaspoons soda, salt. Make a thin batter of corn meal, this makes two loaves. English crumpets: One quart warm milk, one-half cup melted butter, one-half cup yeast, salt, flour for a thick batter; when risen pour into muffin rings and bake. Egg rolls: Two cups sweet milk, two eggs, salt, three and one-half cups sifted flour. Bake in gem pans. There are many things one can make in the bread line, that are very tempting to the daintiest appetite. I do not think we have such hearty, healthy appetites as our fathers and grandfathers had; then a meal of pork and beans, Indian bread, and apple pie was eaten with a relish. I have seen some young housekeepers mix dough and cook with dirty aprons and finger nails, and rough hair. Too great cleanliness cannot be shown in mixing. Cambric caps are easily made; and it should be a regular habit to wash the hands and clean the nails. Once acquire those habits and you will not consider it a task to perform them. The bread-pan should be washed and hung away each time, because flour used for bread should not contain any bits of crust or dough, and they will sometimes get in the flour pan or chest.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

#### RETROSPECTIVE.

To-day I have been looking over back numbers of the HOUSEHOLD, and in glancing at this and that contribution from many who seem like old friends, and again noting the somewhat timid entrance of the new comer, I fell to thinking what a gem this HOUSEHOLD is, with all its sparkle and variety, words of wisdom, cheer and sympathy, as the case requires. May the new year find it and all concerned well and happy, and blessings on its head. I confess to feeling a little blue when I look out at the poor frozen relics of the garden, and I wonder if a continued summer would suit us better. I read a letter from California recently that speaks of fine warm weather, and their out door work of packing raisins, to be followed very soon by



oranges, all in open air, while we draw near the fire and count up the days until spring, which ought to be delightful, but as we all know, is the most treacherous and "long drawn out" of all the seasons, making a flower lover despair.

This housework question is like the abusive husband, we will not allow him to be underrated, except by ourselves. I have done housework more or less, for—well, several years at least, and cannot say I feel degraded by it. I might if I worked for wages, and it compelled me to solitary meals, and to serve while others were partaking, or to keep my place as a servant while my employer's family were enjoying the company of musical people, artists and authors. It makes a vast difference whether one is the head or not; there is a distinction, for instance, between the merchant and his clerk or errand boy, the lady of the house and the scrub-lady. We are all more or less sensitive as regards position, and I know many more educated people who receive large pay, than I do girls in the kitchen. But it leaves as clear a conscience to do one kind of work as another, and self respect is the jewel of price.

MRS. M. A. FULLER, (DILL).

FENTON.

#### EGG-EATING FOWLS.

For nearly four months we have been using E. S. McL.'s method of "washing made easy," as given in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 6, 1886, and I feel that I owe her a debt of gratitude that I never can repay for publishing to her tired sisters of the wash-tub this boon. By the old way our washing would not be all on the line until tea-time, but by the new, it is all done by the dinner-hour, or noon. I wish I could portray to the readers of this little sheet the consternation of husband, son and hired men, as they came at bell-call to dinner the day we were experimenting with this "new method." The appearance of the kitchen and its inmates was such a surprise to them that they with one accord exclaimed, "What is the matter? I supposed this was washing day!" I sincerely recommend this system of washing to all farmers' wives.

I wish to inquire how to prevent hens from eating their own eggs. We have quite a large flock of well-fed hens, that are constantly supplied with ashes, dry sand, lime, clean nests, and porcelain nest eggs. We give them a change of feed, cooked and raw meat; clean water is always before them, we have filled egg-shells with the most unpleasant liquids we knew of, but still we have very few hens that will not rob us if not watched. I hear some one say "kill the thieves." We have done this, too.

IONIA.

ELIZA ANN.

[The egg-eating habit seems so firmly fixed in these hens that we think our correspondent will do well to feed her family abundantly on chicken pie and fricassee, and raise a new flock in the spring. The habit, which really seems a disease, is said to be induced at first by a want of shell-forming materials in the food, aided by the accidental breaking of eggs by stepping on them, and it is next to impossible to break it up when once firmly established, as it

seems to be in this case. If any of our readers know a remedy, we will be glad to hear from them.—*HOUSEHOLD* ED.]

#### LET THEM DO AS THEY PLEASE.

I think "Mrs. Grundy" has her influence even in our *FARMER HOUSEHOLD*. Many, I fear, are prevented from confessing their pet economies and labor-saving contrivances by the fear that some one more favorably situated, either as regards financial standing, or with more help or less work to do, will sneer at their little managing ways.

Let such take courage from the commendation bestowed upon "Lucy," when she dared to speak against blacking the kitchen stove. This is one of the most disagreeable duties of the housekeeper, and one of the most onerous. It is one, indeed, ever doing, never done. The slightest dripping of the cooking, or the flying of grease, will mar its perfect polish, and perforce the brush must be flying. I won't black my kitchen stove; I will wash it,—that is, the top and hearth. The sides may be kept in fair condition with a polish once a month, and a good rubbing with a soft brush, or even paper, once a week. I have seen stoves kept presentable with washing only. Better a little off-color than for the tired housekeeper to have a broken back. Let good sense govern our modes. If one woman has little to do, and would rather her stove should shine than to work yellow dogs on sky-blue grass, who shall say her nay? And if another wants to fill leisure time by cutting yards of calico into little bits, to be again sewn together for quilts, or tear up her best gown into rags for a rug, let her pursue her ambitious way in "piece."

A. L. L.

INGLESIDE.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE labor of scraping saucepans in which oatmeal or mush has been boiled can be saved by a very simple precaution. Instead of taking it boiling from the fire, and pouring it out into the dish, let it stand on the table for five minutes before you pour it from the saucepan. I do not mean that you are to leave it long enough to get cool; the mush and oatmeal porridge hold the heat so long that five minutes away from the fire will make little perceptible difference except to the bottom of the saucepan. If you notice when you pour mush boiling from the saucepan, you will notice the heat of the bottom instantly dries up what is left on. The usual way is to pour water to this and put it back on the stove; now the water will take hours to soak through the hard crust coating the bottom of the saucepan, which, having been set back on the stove, is baking still harder. When the mush is poured from the saucepan, after it has stood on a cool spot for a few minutes, you will find that the bottom is no longer baking hot, and if, for the sake of experiment, you take a spoon immediately, you will find the cake on the bottom will peel away and leave it clean.

AN article has been going the rounds of our exchanges advising the overworked mothers to hire some poorer neighbor to help a day or two each week, and pay her in

buttermilk, fruit, old carpets, etc., in short, anything they don't want themselves. Well, we cannot endorse that. It is not generous, not right, to take advantage of the necessities of the poor. It is the meanest kind of meanness to scrimp the washerwoman or the one who scrubs and scours, doing the hard, heavy work that is so exhaustive, of her hard-earned wages. No; pay her when her work is done in good sound government dollars, and make her a present of the things you can spare or have no use for. You may never know what straits of poverty she is subject to, nor how grateful the work and its ready pay. Drive as shrewd bargains as you choose with your equals in wealth, but forbear to "grind the face of the poor."

#### Contributed Recipes.

**BRIDE CAKE:**—One and three-fourths pounds sugar; one-half pound Orleans sugar; one and one-half pounds butter; twenty eggs; four pounds raisins seeded and cut fine; five pounds currants; two pounds citron sliced fine; two pounds sifted flour; two nutmegs; two tablespoonfuls each of mace, cinnamon and cloves; one-half pint deodorized alcohol; fifteen drops of lemon. This makes four large loaves.

**BOSTON CREAM PUFFS:**—One-half pint boiling water turned upon three-fourths cup of butter; while boiling stir in one and two-thirds cups of dry flour; stir constantly, it will all cleave away from the pan. When done and nearly cool add gradually five well beaten eggs, this makes a stiff batter, which drop in spoonfuls, so they will not touch each other, upon well buttered tins; they require a hot oven, and will when done be hollow in the inside. Set away to cool. The custard for filling is made as follows: One pint of rich sweet milk; yolks of two eggs; one cup of flour; one and one-half cup sugar, flavor with vanilla. With a sharp knife cut out the top carefully, fill with the custard and return the top.

**MINCE AND POACHED EGGS:**—Chop any kind of cold meat, as for hash; remove all fat and gristle; warm in a sauce pan with a little brown gravy or soup stock—if neither is attainable use butter and hot water; salt and pepper. While this is heating, toast some slices of bread a nice brown—heap a generous spoonful of the mince on each; place where it will keep hot while you poach as many eggs as there are persons to be served. Lay one on each mound of mince: Salt, pepper and serve.

**PUFF OMELET:**—Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one teacupful milk; one tablespoonful flour or corn starch; table spoonful butter; salt and pepper. Put a spoonful of butter in a deep tin or basin; when hot turn in the mixture and set in the oven. Bake a delicate brown.

**HOLLANDAISE SAUCE:**—Beat one-half cup of butter to a cream, in a bowl; add the yolks of two eggs, juice of one-half a lemon or the same quantity of vinegar; a dash of cayenne pepper; one-half teaspoonful salt. Set the bowl in a pan of hot water, give it several turns with the egg beater until it thickens, then add one-half cup boiling water; beat it all the time; it should be like soft custard. A nice relish.

**RICE FRITTERS:**—Four eggs, one pint of milk, one cup boiled rice, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one quart flour, fry in lard. Eat with syrup.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.