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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

BABYLAND.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stay
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And O! so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding, and past all finding
By all, save the storks, who understand
The gates and the highways, and intricate by-
ways
That lead to Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland,
Only the kingly white storks know,
If they fly over mountains or wade through
fountains,
No man sees them come and go;
But an angel maybe who guards some baby,
Or a fairy perhaps with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gate-
way
That leads to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in soft green moss,
And under the ferns fair, and under the leaves
there,
Lie little heads like spools of floss.
With a soothing murmur the river of Slumber
Flows o'er a bed of silver sand;
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babes of Babyland.

And there in the Valley of Babyland,
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
Like an unfledged starling they find the darling
For whom the heart of a mother yearns,
And they lift him lightly and tuck him tightly
In feathers soft as a lady's hand,
And off with a rock-a-way step they walk away
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland
Forth into the world of great unrest,
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping,
Before he reaches his mother's breast.
Ah! how she blesses him, how she caresses him!
Bonniest bird in the bright home band,
That o'er land and water, the kind stork brought
her
From far-off Babyland.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE DIGNITY OF HOUSEWORK

Our new contributor from Fenton seems to think the special hardships of a hired girl's lot lie in the fact that she must get up in the morning and build fires and bake cakes while her employer's family eat them. I wonder how many wives in Michigan perform these very duties, and many more onerous, without the satisfaction of being paid, either in money or affection, for so doing! But *somebody* must bake cakes and build fires, else humanity must go cold and hungry. The trouble is nowadays everybody wishes to live by their wits; few are willing to perform so-called "menial" labor. Yet if you take away the results achieved by the hand workers, what becomes of the brain workers? The two are interdependent; one

cannot exist absolutely without the other. Brains must be nourished by food, and food without mental power makes man a mere animal. Is it not as noble to prepare the food without which life cannot be sustained, or health maintained, as to paint the semblance of a rose to delight the eye, or evoke harmony to please the ear? Is it not a more honorable office to cook a dinner than to merely eat it? "The cook, before every meal, has a half dozen articles of food, no two of which are prepared or cooked in the same manner, with the same degree of heat or in the same length of time. Yet every one must be prepared for its baptism of fire at the proper moment and held in mind while cooking; and all these various kinds brought out at the right moment, neither under or overdone, but ready to be served at just the right time." Pray, is not this a labor of intelligence, an achievement of generalship, a triumph to be proud of?

Which would "Cultivated John" prefer in a wife, the ability to supply in fitting form and season these needs common to humanity, or the disdain of "menial tasks" which leaves him to skirmish round for warm meals while she makes dresses or "clerks" in a store? If he says he would have both the cultivated mind and the house-keeping talent, as any sensible man will, he has robbed his own argument of its point.

It is true that most farmers' daughters, as well as other girls, will do anything rather than go out as hired girls. But this is simply due to an unworthy pride of social caste, a servile submission to "they say." Nor does it alter the fact, before alluded to, that some might do much better work for mankind by baking pancakes than trying to mould character.

The Mayor of New York city, in an interview reported for publication, puts the whole matter in a nutshell when he says that the great reasons why women will not engage in domestic service, lie in the necessity of receiving commands from a mistress and the sense of inferiority which accompanies it. But I have yet to learn of any work in which wage-earners can engage in which they are not under orders from those entrusted with the completed work. Nor can I see that the question of equality need enter. Here is a commercial transaction, so much work for so much money; why should the maid in the kitchen, engaged to perform certain specified tasks for a certain consideration, grumble and feel abused because she is not desired to aid her employer to entertain guests in the parlor? Does she, herself, desire her mistress's presence when

she receives her own friends? Seems to me this is merely a sensible view of the matter, and we are often bidden to take "business views" of women's work and place.

The assertion was recently made in my hearing, by a lady whose experience with help qualifies her to speak from the depths of personal knowledge, that the servant girls in the kitchens of Detroit waste, absolute waste, one-half of the living expenses of their employers' families. In lavish use of materials, in waste of what is left over, in poor cooking, half the expense of the table is wasted. Is not, then, "the girl" a factor in the nation's prosperity?

Taking another view, the servant girl builds fires for her employer and bakes cakes while they eat. The saleswoman in the store is compelled to be at the store often before her employer is up, and she is fined if she is not there. His wife would no sooner think of sitting at table with one of the employes of her husband's store than with her own hired girl; if either, the domestic would be preferred, as more of the family. Here is a hardship which militates against the saleswoman, whose "proper pride" should lead her to demand social recognition of her employer.

But I believe that I, too, am entitled to a grievance. I am obliged to work in an extremely dingy office—at this moment—whether I am in the humor or not, stormy days or sunny ones, thermometer 10 degrees below zero or up to 95, to get up this HOUSEHOLD, which those who subscribe for the FARMER can read at their leisure, in their easy chairs, while I am industriously engaged in preparing copy and reading proof for another one. The readers have all the pleasure, and I have all the work. True, I am paid for doing it, and our readers pay for the paper, nevertheless the fact remains that I have a good deal of hard work to do to prepare something disposed of as easily as hot cakes at a farmer's table. Am I justified, therefore, in considering the work degrading and in mounting the exchange table, and with hands grimed by the soil of printers' ink, a "revise" twisted in my bangs, and with blue pencil in one hand and copy-hook in the other, inveighing bitterly against the providence which made me, not a Bancroft, a Holland or a Howells, but only

BEATRIX?

MAX, of Plymouth, wishes some experienced housekeeper would tell her what makes her cucumber pickles turn black when put into the vinegar, and give a remedy.

VOICES.

"Sometimes when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the night;
There floats with the scent of the flowers
On moonbeams weird and white,
The thrill of a well known voice,
That I thought to be silent for aye,
With the cadence I loved to hear
In the years that have rolled away."

All fancy, do you say? all pure imagination, the dead can never return to us! Then many, many are laboring under an illusion. Some say we live after death, others that this life is all: there is no future life. There is a second life in Nature; the bare brown branches, the lifeless flower stalks, the fallen leaves, show that there is death in Nature. But with the returning sun in spring, the warm showers and dew, the leaf buds and flower buds burst into new life. Then why may we not reasonably think and hope that there is a life beyond the tomb? We very often hear the dying speak of attendant angels hovering about them. I do not doubt but that they are seen; as earth recedes from view, the eye sees more clearly the things that are spiritual. They may attend us all through life, but our eyes are dim and we cannot see them. Haven't you sometimes started from your slumbers, and thought mother had been with you, had held communication with you, and you catch the word mother on your lips, awake and find yourself alone. Sometimes clasp the darling that left your arms long, long ago, clasp it close and hear the cooling voice, kiss the dimpled cheek, feel the thrill of happiness as you did in life; sometimes feel the strong arm that was your stay and support, but left you to battle with life alone, waken and find it all fancy? Oh! I do not know.

If we are a family here, and will be a family there in the great Beyond, there can be no separation. I have been told of an instance where a young girl dying raised her hands and murmured "Mother," seeming to clasp the hands of a mother who had left her some years before. Could it be fancy, or do our loved ones meet us as we leave this life. God never created a soul to destroy it. Our life is not a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float for a moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Every heart has its hopes and aspirations. It would be a dull nature indeed that had not. We look upon the rainbow, the gloriously tinted clouds, only for a moment, they fade away and leave us musing on their fleeting beauties. The myriad stars revolving round a "midnight throne" far above our grasp, as daylight comes on, grow dim to our sight. Forms of the fairest and brightest beauty are given to us and then taken away, leaving us with empty hearthstones and aching hearts. Man has a higher destiny. "There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands on the bosom of the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will remain with us forever."

Have you ever wondered what the thoughts of the dying were; with what rapidity the mind must live over again the whole life, what has been done, what "might have been," standing where earth ends and Heaven begins? I read awhile

ago of a great man who consulted a physician regarding his health, and was told that he had but a certain number of months to live. "Why," he said, "how much I shall have to do! I never realized how much I have to do in life until it is almost finished." One writer tells us "We should live as if this were the last day we would have." But we hurry and worry, and fret and stew and lay up for a rainy day, and when we are all ready for it, we don't want any money, nor fine clothes nor books. It will matter little whether we were surrounded with wealth or struggled with poverty, for in death all are equal. There is the same entrance into the harbor, the same peaceful rest within; and it seems to me that the ear deaf to our cries must be attuned to heavenly sounds; the eye blind to earth must look with rapture upon heavenly glories, else why is it that faces seamed with care and sorrow in life, old and grey with trouble, after death lose all this, and grow youthful; the lines seem smoothed away, and such a peaceful expression replaces the one that told of suffering. It must be that they hear the voices of loved ones; it is such a narrow line that divides us, it may be in songs of rapture and praise, it may be in words of welcome.

"There's not a song that stirs the gloom,
With its enchanting strain;
Nor yet a flower of sweet perfume,
But dies to live again;
The song of love, the blossom rare,
Will burst upon the fragrant air,
And youth and beauty ever more,
Will live upon that golden shore."

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGALINE.

A LONG LOOK AHEAD.

How many of us who read this little sheet entertain a daily thought of our old age! This or that luxury is passed, tasks performed, economies practiced with the hope of securing competence and ease for our declining years. To provide an income is an excellent thing; but when we make no other provision we make a great mistake. Old age needs more than dollars and cents to render it happy. If we bring to it none of that softness of character which is the fruit of self-discipline; none of the sympathy born of deep trials and sorrows; none of the cheeriness won from the habit of looking on the best side of life and human nature; then, whatever our outward surroundings, we must always dwell in internal poverty.

We each have some leading fault, which, as Miss Mulock says, "Like a scar on the bark of a tree, grows larger and uglier every year," and we should open our eyes to it and seek to master it in the prime of life, lest in the decline of our strength it masters us. The leopard cannot change his spots, and we may not be able to change ours—it is no easy task to uproot traits or tricks which are the result of birth or breeding—but we can learn to subdue and keep them partly out of sight for the benefit of our friends as well as ourselves. This fault of ours may be aggressiveness, melancholy, fault-finding, quickness of temper or personal slovenliness. Nothing renders an aged person more repulsive than this last. The dirt of play lying ever so thick over the apron, face and hands of a fair, fresh child causes different feelings from the grimy

darkness which fills up wrinkles and settles on bald heads; while if soft, rich tints and fabrics ever fill their noblest mission it is when their beauty softens and refines the angles and furrows of our "three score and ten." "I will not wear a faded dress; I am faded enough myself," said a sensible, cheery grand-dame, one of the sweetest old ladies I ever knew. Her memory is an encouragement to all who knew her. She "had hungered, struggled, kissed the cheek of death, and ranged the scale of passion till her soul was deep, and wide, and soft with sympathy;"—and, like Kathrina, had also found, "Peace like a river on whose waveless tide she floated."

It is a trying time when a woman accustomed all her life to household work and care is forced through age and weakness to give it up. Time is apt to hang heavily upon the hands once so busy, her energies stagnate, and her mind becomes depressed. With this trial in view we should gradually drop the burden of the house to other shoulders, and try to develop every mental resource; never thinking ourselves too old to learn this or that; but feeling that we shall need them all. If we do not enjoy reading we must turn to quilts, rugs, fancy work or perhaps Kensington painting. These failing us, we may find the needed stimulant in correspondence—in writing and receiving letters from distant friends. I know an old gentleman who, in this way, wins an interest for each day and keeps his mind active and cheerful. Another, a lady of eighty, was devoted to a huge pile of manuscript known as her "novel." It was of doubtful merit and never appeared in print, but it served a good purpose in giving her something to think of beside her aches and the changes of the thermometer. It must require courage (more than we who are young can imagine) for a woman to stand alone at seventy; to carry graves in her heart, the weakness of age in her limbs, the prospect of death before her, and still assume an interest in the bustling life about her; to school her lips to pleasant words and shed her tears in solitude—yet this is often done.

The greatest need of old age is love; and this we must secure pretty much as we do our property; by working to win it and guarding it carefully when it is won. If we are blest with children, we naturally look to them as a source of endless love and care. If we have no children the more necessary it is that we seek to form other ties, knit other hearts and lives to our own. In securing these, and with our own family as well, we must bear in mind that, while conscientious persons will give esteem, gratitude or duty when due, *love is purchased only by love*; that a home, food and clothing without sympathy and affection will do but little. An old age, mellow with all past sunshine and tears; rich in all the lessons of joy and sorrow; drifting placidly along below the rocks and rapids of life! What can be fairer, what can be rarer? We wish it for one and all of our readers.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

We will be most happy to receive the picture C. B. R. proposes to send.

FARMERS AND THEIR INSTITUTES

[Paper read by Mrs. L. R. Queal at the Webster Farmers' Institute, Jan. 18-19.]

All arts and organizations have their sessions and are known by different names according to their importance and the work to be accomplished; from the club few in number to the convention of magnificent proportions. As the farmers are providers for the world, it is pre-eminently fitting they should have their institutes, where they may discuss the best manner of doing their work; where all branches are represented, from the specialist to the representative of the most extensive mixed farming; where they meet with those who, having advanced ideas, have stepped aside from the beaten path, studied, experimented and tested, and are ready to give a reason for the faith within them.

We should provide the best bread, mutton and beef for our legislators and all who dispense justice, then may we hope for better laws and better men to enforce them. "Evolution," some may say. Granted; if we feed a man on green, watery potatoes, black and heavy bread, tough, stringy beef, there will be evolved a complaining, cranky dyspeptic who looks through a blue medium and cannot discern clearly the right thing to be done.

As farmers we ought to understand the best methods as well as the most remunerative. The opinions of representative farmers should not be withheld from those who are ready to enter upon their life work, but are still undecided what course to pursue. Whether the farmer receives much or little depends upon what he decides for himself. There is a fortune in a small piece of land, yet not all use the key that unlocks it; fire cannot devour nor cyclones destroy.

The motto of the Connecticut *Household* is, "On man at the plow and woman in the house depend the prosperity of the nation." Washington, the farmer, warrior, statesman, president, and revered citizen, affirmed that "Agriculture is the most noble, the most healthful and the most independent of all pursuits," and the truth has fairly dawned upon the coming men. Boys who once thought a peanut stand or a cake-and-candy shop would lead to distinction, now eagerly look forward to the time when they may possess a few acres of land. "Straws denote the course of the wind." We see the boy looking with pride and affection upon his few pet lambs, or nursing with care an unfortunate colt, and soon the father must dispose of his to make room for the son's. He gathers the fairest balls from the potato plant, sows the seeds, watches with care and saves the results, till by and by a new variety is ready for shipment. So with the cereals; he experiments, and with fancy culture brings to perfection a more desirable grain.

It has been said that some time in life we reach that for which we have aimed and worked; so let the boys hope and work for a home of their own where they may sow and reap, where they may plant and gather; and if they have the will, energy, perseverance and skill, they may accomplish all they could reasonably ask for. For the man or boy who loves his work there is an inspira-

tion in watching the contented flocks and herds, the growing grass and grain, the waving corn with its rich verdure. From the turning of the first furrow to the last work in autumn there is a lesson for the thoughtful. A noble work! yet the moistened brow, the tired limbs, the almost discouraged heart, all attest that it is not a life of ease. Economy has been a stern adviser; the hungering for the luxuries and refinements of life was, for a while, all to be set aside; costly books and adornments must not be indulged in,—but hoping and working and waiting, the last debt is lifted and there is a promise of all that has been so much desired.

And when the autumn of life shall come, as it will to all, when all praise and glory and fame shall be as a beautiful flower which pleased for a day then withered on its stem, then may he turn to a well-earned repose and quietly wait for the garnering.

"NO SMOKING ALLOWED."

Seeing a request in a late number of the *HOUSEHOLD* for "a good way to make a cigar case," I felt impelled to reply. I would, my dear friend, make it to correspond with the use it is to be put to, as repulsive and abhorrent as it is possible to conceive. I think that any one who uses tobacco in any form, in this enlightened day, is sinning against a great deal of light and knowledge, for any good household paper and every temperance lecturer give us in a broad and glaring light the great evils resulting from its use, both directly to the consumer and indirectly to those in proximity to him. In the *HOUSEHOLD* of Dec. 23d, 1884, Maybelle has a good article on this subject, entitled "A Hope for the Future." I wish all who have the *HOUSEHOLD* would hunt it up and read it, for it is worth your while. I will give a few sentences. She says: "No words are strong enough to express the repulsion any lady feels on witnessing a mere boy, or some great strapping fellow with more money than brains and less pride than either, pull out a tobacco box and partake of its contents. Then comes the saturating of the floor or whatever comes in the way, with the filthy contents of the once pure, unstained mouth. Oh, it is too awful, the way the youths of our land are becoming so different from what the mothers would wish them. I think tobacco and whiskey are two evils that walk hand in hand, and whoever partakes of either is sure to receive injury from them." How much more might be said, did time and space allow, against cigars and cigarettes! It is too appalling, the sights that meet us on every street corner and almost every step and turn we take. Youths, striplings, mere boys, with the loathsome things in their mouths, to the great annoyance and inconvenience of friends, strangers, all who come within range of their whiffs. Now let us be faithful to our trust. Mothers, sisters, it is ours to watch, fight, pray until these terrible curses are annihilated. To agitate these subjects, keep them before the mind of the people, it seems to me is the way a reformation is to be brought about.

SALINE.

M. M.

OPEN TO CRITICISM.

Several weeks ago two verses appeared at the head of the *HOUSEHOLD*, on "Finding Fault" and the words would touch the conscience of many a reader, and cause us to think, with Addison, that the best way to live is to be "easy here and happy hereafter." Did all mankind accept this precept, how strange all things would be. Were the readers and the writers of the *HOUSEHOLD* all smooth and oily, how tame, and how little we would learn thereby! Had I never been instructed and found fault with in a measure, I might think I should have known more, but experience tells me I should not; for our best friends are always those who have courage enough to tell us of our faults, if we are wrong. There are some who are always right in their own eyes. If Uncle Bott showed me a point wherein I was wrong, it no doubt did me good; probably he is a better wife manager than I am. I am not too old or conceited to learn. This much I do know, that all that is good and enjoyable, is not wholly on one side of the fence, and that,

"If our duty and our wishes
Walked together lovingly,
Any one could be a Christian
Just as easy—don't you see?
We would count our present blessings
Worth more than we really do,
And secure more true enjoyment
For ourselves and others too."

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

CARE OF THE EUPATORIUM.

It is very easy to give woody stemmed plants like *Eupatorium* as compact a form as desirable. This is done by pinching in all straggling branches as they put forth, and while yet tender, finishing before budding begins, as with the Chrysanthemum. *Eupatoriums* do well in summer set in the open ground, requiring less care than chrysanthemums, though they enjoy favorable conditions as well as any plant. The Riparian variety is the one that blooms in midwinter, when flowers are most prized; it comes as readily from seed as *Ageratum*. E. E. Rexford, a well known writer on floricultural topics, recommends it as a drooping basket plant, but I confess that after giving it a trial I can not agree with him, nor does the plant bloom as freely. I make a stocky shrub of it, and let it grow till it gets too large, which will be in two or three years.

There are a dozen or more varieties of this class of plants which are natives of the United States; one is boneset, another the white snake-root; but *Eupatorium glechonophyllum* is from Chili, as are also the other two greenhouse plants *E. elegans*, blooming in the spring, and *E. Salicifolia*, in autumn.

I have had hyacinths in bloom since Christmas, beginning with the dainty Roman hyacinths, and now for the larger varieties following. These, with Chinese primroses, begonias and cinerarias, have brightened the outlook in a rather sorry looking garden just at this season. I have a plant which has been in blossom since the first of December; it is *Linum trigynum*, a native of India, an easily cultivated plant, very desirable.

I have been much interested in the

bread-making articles. This winter I have done as never before, set away in the cellar a quart of the sponge from each baking to start the next batch, and have had excellent bread. The sponge was forgotten at one time and a small loaf risen, which answered the purpose as well. I have made new but once since November, and never saw more lively rising sponge or bread, or more sweet and tender.

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

AN ABSENT MEMBER COMES AGAIN.

It has been a long time since I last wrote to the *HOUSEHOLD*; but I have been so busy this winter; seemed as if I have had scarcely time to think.

In my first letter to the *HOUSEHOLD*, I said that in order to save expense, and to aid us in getting out of debt, I have done without what a good many would call the necessities of life, among them being a well and cistern; so I did.

Last fall we sold our place and bought another. There are good buildings on our new place; the house I would not alter very much if we were to build new; the kitchen is very handy, with cistern pump and sink close by the stove, and well just outside of the door. Then there are cupboards on two sides, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, one with closing glass doors. I think the kitchen perfection. The dining-room and sitting-room are our main living rooms; the parlor we will not furnish at present (economy again). I like our new home very much, and I think we shall be very happy in it. Now any one who has ever moved—and let me say right here, moving is no fun—will not think I exaggerated when I said I had been very busy.

Now I want to add my mite to strengthen the side of those who favor blacking stoves. I always keep my stoves polished, and by being careful I can make the cook stove look nice by polishing every other day. Mr. Scotland once said to me that there was no article of furniture he admired any more than a nicely blacked stove; if he is in the house, he does not hesitate to lend a helping hand at polishing. Stoves look nicer and I think they last longer.

To Bess I would say I have a potato ball started from yeast cakes after directions given in the *HOUSEHOLD*, and I have used it since last June.

MASON.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.

GASOLINE OR KEROSENE STOVES

I hope our readers are not forgetting that E. M. P. wished some information about gasoline stoves, their relative cheapness, safety, efficiency, etc. compared with those in which kerosene is used. I have never used either, but think for safety's sake I should prefer kerosene; though in careful hands, managed by those who "never forget," gasoline is said to be as harmless as kerosene. Were I to use either in a good-sized family, I should buy the fuel by the barrel. A gasoline stove will consume about a gallon daily, one day with another; the consumption of kerosene is somewhat less, varying in both cases, of course, according to circumstances. The gasoline

stove will do the most cooking, and seems to me to be more convenient in a large family; there is less odor perceptible from gasoline than kerosene. I would be glad if some one who has tried both will give her experiences, as what I know about either is from questioning those who have used them.

BEATRIX.

A PROTEST.

I should like to ask "Cultivated John" if it is in his home that the servant girl is the last one to take her bed, and the first one to leave it in the morning, if so, shame on him for not building the fires himself. If he thinks girls who do housework have their hair covered with flour and paper rags, a mop in one hand and a rolling pin in the other, he is very much mistaken. Farmers' girls do not leave home to get rid of work, but after a thorough knowledge in books, return to graduate from the kitchen. Hired girls are generally the first to bed, and very seldom the first out in the morning. If Cultivated John will take tea with me some afternoon, I will give him more information.

Cozette's recipe for potato yeast bread in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Nov. 16, is splendid, and needs no ball to start with.

IONIA.

AZALIA.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE coarse stalks of celery which are not nice for the table, are excellent to flavor soups. Shred them up, boil with the soup, and remove before serving.

REMEMBER that if there is a prospect you will be without milk to use for the table, you can bridge over the interval by canning a sufficient quantity. Have good cans, with new porcelain lined tops. Heat the new milk boiling hot, and can as fruit.

THE secret of the "laundry polish" on cuffs, shirts and collars, is said to be in dipping a cloth in a weak solution of gum arabic water, and, after the article is ironed dry, washing over the starched surface lightly with it, just dampening it, and then rub with a polishing iron till dry.

A PAN of mincemeat mixed ready for pies, may receive with benefit the spoonful or two of dried or canned fruit left from tea, the extra juice in the bottom of the can, the spiced vinegar from sweet pickles. Chop a part of the raisins you use, that they may impart their flavor to the meat.

ZANTE currants are the dirtiest things ever put into food. Wash them yourself if you do not believe this. Even copious ablutions are hardly sufficient to remove the grit, stems, etc. They should be washed the day before using, dried on an old linen towel in a sieve, and rolled in flour before being put into cake.

A YOUNG lady says she often meets the word *rococo* in print, as applied to certain articles of bric a brac, and would be glad to know its meaning. The term is applied to any article of bric a brac which was valuable, but which had passed out of fashion, to

"come in" again under the appreciative taste of modern collectors.

LILLIE W., of Metamora, wishes to know where "Rose Clark," by Fanny Fern, can be obtained; also the words of the old ballad "Lily Dale." If Lillie W. has any of Fanny Fern's books she can obtain the address of the publishers by reference to the title page, and write them for the particular volume she desires. We will publish the words of "Lily Dale," if any one of our readers can furnish them.

MRS. VOLNEY A. GUNNING, of Plymouth, submits the following statistics of her labor in the culinary line for the year ending Feb. 1, 1887: "Bread, 217 loaves; biscuit, 649; pies, 161; fried cakes, 171; cakes, 102; cookies, 658; besides meat, vegetables, etc.; and pancakes once a day for four months of the time. There were three in the family nine months, and the remainder of the year there were but two."

Contributed Recipes.

MEAT JELLY FOR TURKEY.—Take the water in which chickens have been boiled, let it get cold; then take off all the fat, strain into a kettle; add two ounces of gelatine, three eggs with the shells crushed, also a wine glass of any kind of wine; stir well; when it comes to a boil skim; after carefully straining it, add a little turmeric or curry-powder; then simmer ten or fifteen minutes; turn into a mold.

JELLIED CHICKENS.—Cook six chickens in a small quantity of water until the meat drops from the bones easily; season to taste with salt and pepper. When cold enough to handle remove the bones and place in a pan or mold, just as it comes from the bones, using gizzard, liver and heart, until the mold is nearly full, mixing butter among the meat. To the water left in the kettle add three-fourths of a box of Cox's gelatine and a little lemon juice; boil until it is reduced to a quart; pour over the chicken in the mold; leave to cool; cut with a very sharp knife, and serve. The slices will not break easily, if directions are followed closely.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil one chicken tender; chop moderately fine; also chop the whites of twelve hard-boiled eggs; add the same quantity of chopped celery; mash the yolks fine; add two tablespoonfuls butter, two of sugar, one teaspoonful mustard; pepper and salt to taste; lastly, one teaspoonful of good strong vinegar; turn it over the salad and mix thoroughly. This will keep weeks in a cool place.

HALF-HOUR PUDDING.—Beat four tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, with half a pint of powdered sugar; add the yolks of three eggs, beating thoroughly, then a rounded half-pint of corn meal, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix well and bake. Eat with sauce.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart milk; three tablespoonfuls corn-starch; the yolks of five eggs; six tablespoonfuls sugar; boil three or five minutes; pour into a pudding dish and bake half an hour; beat the whites with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; return to the oven and brown delicately.

FIG PUDDING.—Half pound figs; quarter pound bread crumbs; two and a half ounces powdered sugar; three ounces butter; two eggs; one cup milk. Butter a mold, turn in the batter; boil or steam three hours; serve with lemon sauce.

EVANGALINE.

BATTLE CREEK.