

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, JULY 25, 1887.

THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE OLD-FASHIONED DOCTOR.

O, don't you remember the old-fashioned doctor
Who, when we were children would enter the
room,
And, looking as wise as an owl or a proctor,
Would frighten and fill us with thoughts of
the tomb?

He'd stalk to our crib-side and order us gruffly
To stick out our tongue, which we'd do with
such dread.

And give, while he handled our pulses so roughly
An ominous shake of his solemn old head.

And then, while he listened to mother's descrip-
tion

Of things we had eaten and what we had done,
He grimly would write his old Latin prescription
For nastiest medicines under the sun.

Those horrible doses! How mother would scold
us;

And beg us, and buy us to take 'em in vain;
And, O, how we'd struggle when father would
hold us

And squeeze shut our noses regardless of pain
And, when forced to open our mouths, quickly
mother

Would shove in a spoonful that strangled us till
We spluttered it out—just in time for another,
It's vile, deathly taste's in our memory still.

Thank goodness that old fashioned dosing is
ended,

With sweet candy pellets and powders in lieu,
The sick little toddlers do take 'em so splendid
That even the well ones all cry for 'em, too.

A QUESTION OF FINANCE.

A question suggested for discussion in the HOUSEHOLD of June 13th, whether a wife should allow her personal fortune to be absorbed by the husband's business, has been approached by but one of our contributors, Mrs. R. D. P., who in last week's paper, acknowledges it is a "hard nut to crack," and says much must depend upon circumstances. The question was not, as she supposes, a merely supposititious one, but based upon a bit of real life which came under my personal observation. A gentleman, bookkeeper for many years for a large mercantile establishment, became discontented with his position and desired to embark in business on his own account. He had no capital, but his wife owned in her own right a handsome residence valued at \$5,000. This she consented to sell, and with \$3,500 of the proceeds he went into business as Harry Gow fought, "for his own hand." It only took about three years to sink his capital, and after a failure in which creditors got about forty cents on the dollar, he was glad to take a situation as bookkeeper again. Instead of living in their own nice house, as before, they were compelled to board, the \$1,500 which the wife retained from the sale of her house,

being all they had aside from his salary. Not content with his former disastrous experiment, the husband's fingers itch to get hold of that \$1,500; he wants to try again; and the persistent refusal of his wife to let him have it for another venture is alienating affection and making unhappiness and discord between them. The wife defends her refusal by asserting that he has had over two-thirds of her property to experiment with; that if illness or misfortune overtakes either, or if he should lose his situation, the little remaining would be perhaps the only bulwark between them and want or charity; and clinches her argument by saying that whereas her husband is excellent in his place as employe, he has not the business sagacity and foresight which are necessary to success in the keen competition of business. It grieves her deeply that he resents so harshly what she feels is right and justice, out because it is right and just, she persists in her refusal.

I do not think that under these circumstances, any one would blame the wife for her refusal to part with the little remnant of her property, on the bare chance of success in an untried enterprise. It is gross injustice on the part of the husband to ask it, and it is worse than injustice to wound her by unkindness and neglect because she will not give up everything to him, after he has once demonstrated his business incapacity. Not all cases are like this, of course; for I knew of an instance in this city where a wife sold her home and let her husband have every cent of the money to buy out an obnoxious partner, and lived in rented rooms till he was out of debt and was able to buy a home again; a home which, by the way, he put in his wife's name, as a mere matter of justice and security against the uncertainties of trade.

A great many women think love would be betrayed were they not to surrender everything to their husbands and without question permit them to spend or save it. Many men would bitterly resent the action of a wife in holding her own when they want to buy "Jones's medder," or somebody's wood-lot. Many others calmly assume control of their wives' property and use it as if it were their own, without reserve. I do not believe in letting money, the love of which is "the root of all evil," make differences and dissensions between two whose interests are identical, and there need not be differences over property if both will but take a business, common sense view of such matters, tempered by mutual love.

I was speaking of this subject to an ac-

quaintance not long ago, and put the question to him, plainly, what, if he were about to marry a woman who had property of her own, would be his wishes in regard to its status after marriage. I wanted to get an opinion from a masculine standpoint. He said:

"If I could support my wife—and I certainly should never marry if I could not—it would be my wish that she should retain in her own name whatever she might possess when we married. But if misfortune overtook me, such as sickness or business losses, I should wish her help, if necessary. If any little comforts or luxuries were needed in our home which I could not supply, I should like her to provide them. I should not wish her to risk her money in my business unless I was sure the venture would be successful; and she was fully informed of every possible risk, and perfectly willing to encounter it. Whatever pleasures she might provide, which I could not afford, I should be happy to share with her. But I wouldn't want her to be always talking about 'her money,' or reminding me of benefits conferred."

I think the above a very sensible and just view of the question. It puts beyond the chance of business risks something to fall back upon in dark days; something in reserve for the education of children; and tends to a feeling of independence and courage to face troubles. Not the smallest share of a man's anxiety over failure in business comes from the knowledge that those he loves best on earth may suffer most by his misfortune; if he knows a home, enough to keep want from the door till he can adjust his life to altered conditions is secured to wife and family, it helps him wonderfully to bear up against disaster. For this reason I believe it wise that the wife should hold in reserve her own estate, using its income as her judgment decrees; and if she have no means of her own, her husband ought, when he is able, to settle such sum upon her as may make her feel she is not to be a pensioner upon the bounty of the children in case of his death.

In certain foreign countries, it is a prevalent custom for the bridegroom elect to make provision for his bride, by transferring certain monies or estates, so that the income therefrom is hers and her children's. Or, the daughter's dowry is settled upon her and her children, so that the income is at her disposal, but the principal cannot be sold out without many legal delays which tend to check action, as they involve publicity.

If it were more generally the custom for

the girl to hold her property in her own custody there would be, I believe, fewer mercenary marriages. An idle, incompetent man, if he chances to be of good address and able to "assume a virtue though he have it not," often captivates the fancy of some young girl whose father is wealthy, or who has money in her own right, and acknowledges to his chums that he loves her for her substantial charms, bidding them wait till they see him "make the ducats fly." He can mask his real purpose so well that the confiding girl trusts implicitly to his management, often in spite of the warnings of friends, and only finds him out when but a remnant is left. Not so very long ago a young woman of my own acquaintance who had a few thousand dollars of her own was sought in marriage by a young man, a stranger, but such a charming stranger that all the girls were quite captivated by him. He married the heiress, persuaded her to allow him to reinvest her fortune at a better rate of interest, and when he had once secured possession, bade her good bye ostensibly for a day's journey, but really forever, for she never saw husband or money again. Had he known that money was where he could not convert it to his own use, she would have been safe from his advances. I would most earnestly advise any woman who has property of her own, not to permit it to pass out of her control until she is thoroughly persuaded "what manner of man" she has married. The honeymoon is not a good time for a transfer.

"Heiress-hunting" is a "society pursuit" but a man whose love honors a woman cares for her, not her wealth. If he is honest and honorable, he *prefers* she shall retain her own. It is his pleasure and happiness to labor for her. I heard a young man say once that he would not marry a woman who was rich. "And why not, pray?" was asked. "Because," said he, "the man who truly loves his wife desires to confer blessings and benefits upon her; he wants to provide for her. This is an instinctive feeling, at the very bottom of the marriage relationship. And when the case is reversed, it seems to me that the status of the pair is altered."

This, of course, is rather aside from the question, but after all *en evidence*.

A capable woman, married to a man with no business aptitude, often sees their property melting away through poor management. If she attempts to interfere with his ill-considered bargains, there are always enough to say, sneeringly, that "the gray mare is the better horse." Such things hurt a woman in her pride in her husband, so she often trusts fate for the outcome. It is a good deal to her to feel that she has something of her own to fall back upon when everything else has gone. In partnerships, each takes the supervision of the branch for which by education or natural ability he is best adapted. Marriage is a partnership;—it is much more than that, but it is certainly nothing less—and I do not see why the business interest should be entrusted to the incapable one, for no better reason than that he is a man. I am not writing this to induce husbands to turn the management of their business over to

their wives, by any means, but simply to quiet the consciences of those too self-sacrificing women who think it their duty to have all property in the man's possession, and hesitate to retain an independent five dollar bill.

BEATRIX.

OLD BACHELORS.

Don't we all know them? Some we declare with one voice would make just the loveliest of husbands, others are as rough and unapproachable as chestnut burrs. We find a germ of vanity in human nature, more or less expanded, under all circumstances. We see a large class of so called "society men," who are really indispensable to an evening's enjoyment, upon whom the ladies all look with favor, pleasant and affable in their manner, but mention matrimony to them, "oh! they're not marrying men." I have heard a bachelor likened to moss on a tree; very pretty and ornamental, when lighted up by sunshine, but no inherent part of it, no essential to its growth." We meet often real genial old bachelors whose goodness of heart diffuses itself all over them. When they are where little ones are they will pull them down on their lap, give them their watch or charm or big seal ring to play with, see their gold-headed cane used to play horse with—by these thousand and one things showing their love for children. They are often a kind of appendage; beloved and agreeable, perhaps—but still "something on the outside." If a bachelor have lots of money, he can indulge a great many fastidious tastes that will keep time from lagging on his hands; he can dress in the height of style, so that he will be a perfect fop in the eyes of the ladies; if he likes horses, and can handle the reins well, his turnout will be the admiration of feminine eyes, and an object of envy to most of the masculine element of society; if he have a taste for books he can make his library a most inviting place; if art be his hobby, an investment in pictures will prove a source of much enjoyment for him; or he can be a philanthropist, found some home for the friendless—a hospital, school or public library. They can be genuine benefactors to mankind, good, genial souls. Where bachelors have all the traits of character that make good, useful lives, I think they deserve a great deal of credit, more perhaps than married men do, who have similar characters, "for genial virtues are fostered by kindly domestic influences, as fruit is matured and sweetened by the sunshine."

There are men whom it is hard to please in the selection of a wife; there are very few women who combine all the cardinal virtues, but if they possess good qualities sufficient to overbalance the bad ones, there certainly must be something lovable about them. "There are two distinct kinds of love," says George Eliot, "one in which the eye instructs the heart, and the other in which the heart informs and guides the eye. There have been men, who, seeing an unknown, beautiful face, have felt sure it implied the most beautiful soul in the world, pursued it, wooed and won it, found the fancy true, and loved the woman forever. Other men there are who would

simply say 'I do not know if such an one is handsome or not, I only know she is her self, and mine.' Both loves are good; nay, it would be difficult to say which is best." I remember once when a young girl, having a call from a very pleasant widow; when she went away I walked down to the gate with her, and was picking a bouquet for her from the flowers that lined the walk on either side. "Oh!" she said suddenly, "I must have a spray of my favorite, 'old maid's delight.'" I said I had none of it, in fact had never heard of it. She pointed to it, and I said I always called that "bachelor's button." "Well," she said, "my dear, isn't a bachelor's button an old maid's delight?" I never had thought much about it then, but as I grew older I made up my mind she was about right. A bachelor seldom marries a woman of his own age, "and there is a certain naturalness in the fact that he so often chooses a young girl, in preference to those of his own generation; for she brings to him that which he has not; she reminds him of that which he used to have, she is to him like the freshness of spring, the warmth of summer, in his cheerless autumn days." We have an illustration of this in our President's selection of a wife. There is a proverb that says, "There never was so silly a Jack but there was as silly a Gill." There's many a bachelor who carries deep in his heart a love that has never dimmed, a loyalty that will prove true to his dying day, a memory of a sweet face that haunts his dreams; he may never have declared his love, she might have been ignorant of it and married another; she may have deceived him and made him distrustful of woman—for when a man loses faith in a woman, the fountains of the heart close forever. I knew two bachelor brothers who were the mainstay of a widowed mother; I never saw a more united and harmonious family. Every wish of the mother seemed to be anticipated by them; they seemed like the "Cheeryble Brothers," that Dickens writes so charmingly about, "whose goodness was so constantly diffusing of itself over everything." There are bachelors who have a kind, cheery look; their expression would never suggest that their condition was one to be pitied; if they have no little ones of their own they can adopt other little humans into their heart. A single life has its opportunities for usefulness as well as a married life, we cannot always know the circumstances that caused celibacy, for we cannot look upon the heart.

BATTLE CREEK.

EVANGELINE.

OPEN QUESTIONS.

I wonder if there was ever before a HOUSEHOLD of such ready, original, independent thinkers and writers as ours! Almost every article, from the Editor's to the youngest or latest contributor's, seems to have a separate and entire inspiration.

It is true, when any one appeals directly for aid in a given channel, a few true-hearted souls volunteer help, and Huldah Perkins, (by the way where is she?) "goes for" the Editor, but seems to lose courage; if any grit is displayed no more is heard of her.

I am not sure whether the cause of this

unusual originality is due to the superior intellectuality of our writers alone, or whether there may be such a spirit of courtesy that forbids each to criticize or differ from another. Surely it cannot arise from any fear that motives would be mistaken, and offence be taken.

For myself, I own that I like to have a "shaking up" once in a while. It makes one look closer to their premises before drawing conclusions; and if we are in the wrong, or have mistaken ideas, it helps us to grow wiser if our fallacies are pointed out. However much of chagrin it may cause, or how deep the bubble self-conceit be punctured, the result to right-minded persons will be for good, when convinced by fair argument that they have held or advanced erroneous ideas. It does not follow, as a matter of course, that one is in the wrong because another may differ from her. There are so many ways of looking at one thing that from different standpoints there may be different aspects, and yet all be correct. To agitate a subject is to cause more careful study, closer thought, more light is thrown on it, new interest is evolved, and many other persons, who, perhaps, never would have cared to investigate, are drawn into discussions, or at least into personal sympathy, and often much good results.

If one has interested herself in some particular subject, and with painstaking care studied it in its various bearings and aspects, and then written out the results for the general benefit, I think if some one whose good opinion she values writes a few words of intelligent, sympathetic approval the words will not be wasted. To be appreciated is a natural longing of the human soul, and few are strong enough to do their best without this stimulus. "To do good for its own sake" is a beautiful theory, but many times a very discouraging one to put in practice. To work industriously without seeing good results is only another phase of the same thought. The Yankee who was hired at good wages to pound a log with the head of his ax soon grew discouraged, declaring he "could not and would not chop when he could not see the chips fly."

The interchange of ideas awakens interest, spurs us to higher endeavor, and gives a new personality to those with whom we are brought in contact. The person who challenges our deductions, varies our remarks on a topic, or gives sanction to our ideas, steps out of the line of intangible shadows, into a real personage, around whom will cluster a variety of new sensations.

We gain a friend, develop an ideal, have an object at which to aim our blows, or with whom to exchange courtesies, lectures, or to organize a "mutual admiration society."

It is not necessary to be biting, sarcastic or acrimonious in case of difference of opinion, any more than it is to be fawning, obsequious or servile when we desire to express approbation.

Let us, when we differ, honestly say so, giving our reasons for such difference, and with courteous argument seek to find the highest truth, and not without earnest

warm-hearted approval when inspiration or downright hard work has won merited acknowledgment. Do not interpret this article as a tirade against originality. Our HOUSEHOLD is everywhere quoted as the best of its kind, "entirely free from twaddle;" but I think a little unbending from "I, myself," articles would add a still greater value, and draw to our aid many more, who would by these discussions, be brought to "say their say."

INGLESIDE.

A. L. L.

A WAYSIDE CHRONICLE.

Away to the westward towards the setting sun, there lieth a country fair and young, embracing many commonwealths, each having laws, manners and customs peculiar to itself. Living in one of these commonwealths, I have observed the workings of a very curious law regarding their highways. Although wicked men abound whose muscles are eminently fitted for the breaking of stone, and the stone everywhere awaits the exercise of that muscle, yet doth not this state government set them about it, and thus secure to her citizens a permanent road which shall like old wine become better as its years increase. The difficulty may lie in the fact that the offices would not go round, and some man might fail of becoming "Colossus of Rhodes" for a year; for in this country of which I write they hold a spring election and some man becomes master of paths for a season, not because of any special fitness in him, but because it is his turn to have an office. And when he getteth his corn planted and other work well under way—the roads in the meantime having become settled so that one may drive with pleasure—then goeth he round to his neighbors and saith, "Let us arise in the morning and plow up the road," and they, like good law-abiding citizens, do congregate and fall to work with about the same result that would attend the building of an edifice whose architect should be changed every few days.

Then cometh the agricultural editor from the city, on his way to Brother Xenophon's that he may eulogize the latest acquisition in Shorthorns; this he does in a manner highly gratifying to the owner, but very discouraging to the heifer if she be of an ambitious turn of mind and anxious to rise up to the encomiums passed upon her. Then returneth he to the city, and having brushed the hayseed from his coat-collar and the dust from his boots, he setteth him down in the sanctum and writeth an account of his trip, but chiefly he chideth the farmers and bewaileth their lack of taste in allowing their roadsides to become a mass of brush and weeds, and he trieth to impress upon their minds that it would pay as a matter of dollars and cents to clean up and beautify their homes by keeping the roadsides clean.

Now as the constant dropping of water will wear the hardest stone, so it came to pass that the heart of a certain man was moved by these appeals, and he said unto his hired man, "Go to; let us arise and beautify, and see whether all men will exclaim 'behold a public benefactor.'" So they rose up early in the morning, and taking a good horse with which to pull the

brush, root and branch, and axes wherewith to trim a row of trees and hew down others, they labored many days; for be it known that the trees and brush did so obstruct this highway that the hazel-nuts nodded and bowed and shook hands with each other across it, and for a distance of half a mile a lady driving alone would look twice before entering the thicket, lest it might be necessary for her to turn out for a passing team. When it had been all cleared and much burning of brush done, then this man proceeded to plow it, and the neighbors exclaimed "What in the name of common sense is he plowing the road for?" Having two sons of tender years he compelled them to rise early in the morning, while other boys slumbered and slept, and pick the stones therefrom, that having it seeded he might mow it with the machine and thus keep the weeds down.

Now what are the results? Pleasure to himself and family. Do the community appreciate his labors? "Judge ye." They find it handy to turn stock on in the spring while it is yet too early to use their own pastures, and the master of paths when he needs a few extra furrows, goes to that side to get them, because to take them from the other side would involve an amount of labor altogether incompatible with road taxes. And the other day a man came along riding with his worthy spouse, while this roadside was receiving its annual cleaning up. The wife exclaimed: "Well I do declare, what hogs some men make of themselves! that man can't raise enough inside the fence, so he mows the road!"

Truly there are yet many to whom a yellow primrose is but a yellow primrose, and nothing more.

MRS. W. J. G.

Howell.

A BLOW AT THE NUT.

What has been the matter with the nut given us to crack? I expected to see it cracked and the meat all picked out long ago. I thought some woman might lay it down on the side and smash it, woman-like (when she is afraid of hitting her fingers harder than the nut). Of course in that way the meat could not be gotten out in any shape; then some other woman would try her hand and not being so afraid of her fingers would crack it on the side in a shape to pick out nearly all the meat at least. Then along would come a man and say, "What a fuss you women make cracking nuts; let me show you how to do it." He takes a nut firmly between the thumb and finger, uplifts the hammer and, in his contempt for the bungling efforts of women, strikes it with the intention of opening it at the first blow. He does, with a triumphant, "There, that is the way to do it,"—but what is the matter? In his over zealousness he has hit his thumb, and throws down the hammer and stone and says, "Crack your nuts yourselves; I have something else to do."

I think it high time some one tried to crack it and as I am not afraid of my fingers I will give it a whack, and if I pound my fingers I will "grin and bear it," and not let you know it hurts much.

If a married woman is possessed of money shall she give it to the control of her husband or keep it herself and use it or the in-

come as she prefers? It depends entirely upon the husband. If a woman is possessed of property when she marries, I would advise her to keep it under her control until she is thoroughly acquainted with her husband. If his "with my worldly goods I thee endow," is carried out to the letter and he considers that his means are hers and she has as good right to use them as he has, and he questions her right to use her share of the profits no more than he would a business partner, then I would say, let him have it freely and unreservedly, feeling sure that there will be no question of "mine or thine."

If, on the other hand, the husband proves selfish and close, and considers his the only right to the purse and deals out the contents as he considers best, and requires his wife to give an account of the last two shillings he gave her when she went to town to buy herself a pair of shoes, she better hold her own. Perhaps the Sunday before she had seen Mary brush away the tears (that dear patient mother might not know) when putting on the old hat that contrasted so painfully with her companions'. The mother knows by experience that if she asked her husband for money to buy Mary a new hat he would say, "What is the matter with that one? It is good enough. I never get a new one until the old one is worn out."

The mother thinks she can make the shoes last a while longer, so she takes the money her husband has counted out to a penny, surreptitiously takes a few dozen eggs to augment the amount, and buys the hat. Her sacrifice is forgotten when she sees the look of delight and hears words of thanks from the grateful girl. After a while the shoes are completely gone and the wife tremblingly asks for more money. With much astonishment her husband asks what she wants of more money. She guiltily confesses what she has done, and he says, "If you will spend all your money for the girls, you ought to go without." Think you if that mother and wife ever had money of her own that she does not curse herself that she ever gave up the control? If a woman has property why should she not have the income to use as she prefers? I have yet to see the mother who is not willing and glad to use her money for the good of the family.

I can not see why a married woman has not as good a right to increase her property and control the investments and income as her husband. Why should she not have the privilege of buying farms, investing in bank stock or mining stock as well as her husband? If she loses, is it any more of a sin for a woman to lose than a man? Many men marry women solely for their money, and such surely ought not to have the sole control; but in nine cases out of ten if they cannot they will live unhappily, or a separation is the result.

This question of property between husband and wife is a vexed one, and puzzles wise heads and will continue to do so until men and women understand each other better, or until men are willing to acknowledge that they do not understand woman's wants, and conclude women are the best judges in regard to matters pertaining to the household and particularly their own wearing apparel, and either give them a liberal allowance (according to their means), or let them have control of their own property without let or hindrance.

OLD SCHOOL TEACHER.

TECUMSEH.

CELERY IN THE FAMILY GARDEN.

In answer to Maybelle's inquiry relative to her bird, will advise her to soak a piece of salt fat pork in warm water for a short time and then put it in the cage for a few days. Keep plenty of fresh water in the cage. It would be well to remove the seed and just give the bird green feed for awhile, such as cabbage, celery, apple, plantain and peppergrass. I have never had any trouble with birds losing their voices, but a friend of mine has and she tried the salt pork remedy with perfect success.

As we grow all our own celery, I will give Maybelle my experience. This is for upland celery. Sow the seed in April, in a hot-bed if you have one; if not, sow in a box and cover thinly with dirt; then put a wet woolen cloth smoothly over it; place it under the stove and let it remain until the plants commence to come up, taking care to keep the dirt well moistened by pouring water on the cloth. (The cloth is to hold moisture and keep from washing the seeds.) When the celery plants (for the first plants will probably be weeds, as the celery seed is slow to germinate) commence to come up remove to a sunny window and take off the cloth. When the plants are in the third leaf transplant into boxes three inches apart each way and then put out doors where they will harden.

When the plants are about four inches high have a furrow made with a wing plow and set the plants six or eight inches apart in the bottom of the furrow; water them at night for a few days, keep them well hoed until the last of July and then commence to blanch by hoeing the earth up around the plants; hold the plants together with one hand while you press the earth around them with the other. Be careful that no dirt gets inside the plants as it will cause them to rust. Hoe the earth up around them until only a little of the outside leaves shows; three or four bankings will be sufficient. We grow our celery on common garden soil and think the flavor superior to the marsh-grown celery.

Will some one tell me where there are dressmaking schools, and what are their rules and terms, and oblige

ANOTHER.

KLINGER LAKE.

RECOGNITION.

My thanks to the many ladies who so kindly responded to my "open sesame" on the strawberry canning question. All were too late for this year's fruit, but they will keep, and so I opine will the goodly array of cans of strawberries that grace my cellared store of something to eat, and which are put up, with a few exceptions, entirely without sugar. Ah, but they look "just too lovely for anything" but what they are intended for, i. e., something to eat. I cooked none to exceed five minutes, in a granite iron kettle, cooking and canning as soon as possible after they were gathered from the vines. The berries are whole, the color good and the fruit evenly distributed in the cans.

Hot? Did you say "the weather is fearful hot?" Yes, indeed, and I think of the beautiful breezy, fruitful farms now yield-

ing up their wealth to the goddesses Ceres and Pomona; and, yes, I do indeed sigh for the luscious apples that grow—I know where—and for just one long, lingering look at the glory of the grain before the reaper, the sharp, sturdy, clinching reaper, the bronzed, sweating men and the stamping horses have gathered it into barns and storehouses. But I shall neither taste the apples nor see the grand, golden, silent yet voiceful glory of the grain this year. However there's no great loss without some small gain. If I am becoming a stranger to the excellence I also am to the labor of life on the farm.

E. L. NYE.

FLINT.

Contributed Recipes.

GREEN GRAPE PIE.—Take the grapes before they have seeds; if used after the seeds become hard, cut them open and take out the seeds. Line the plate with crust; sprinkle in flour and plenty of white sugar; fill just level full of the fruit, then add more sugar—it takes considerable as they are sour. Wet the edge of the crust with water; then cover and press down a little; bake slow; sift sugar over when brown. Delicious. Still another way is to stew the grapes with plenty of sugar, until it is like jam; bake like a tart pie with one crust, and when done frost. This is also very nice.

LEMON PUDDING.—One cup sugar; yolks of two eggs; three heaped tablespoonfuls flour; salt; one pint milk; juice and grated rind of one lemon; mix this cold. Line a pudding dish with a very thick puff paste, pour in the custard, and bake in a quick oven until done. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add four tablespoonfuls sugar; frost; return to oven and brown. Serve with cold cream, or if desired richer, add whipped cream. Sufficient for six persons.

HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING.—One pint berries; pint molasses; cup sour milk; teaspoonful soda; one pound two ounces flour; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; one nutmeg; steam two and a half hours. Serve with boiled sauce.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING.—To half teacupful tapioca add three cups cold water; let it stand on the back of the range until cooked clear; sweeten and flavor with wine and nutmeg. Place four or six apples, pared and cored, in the pudding dish, and pour over them the tapioca; bake until the apples are tender. Serve cold with cream.

COLD CREAM SAUCE.—Beat together one cup white sugar and half cup butter; add one cup rich sweet cream; now use the egg beater and whisk until it is a foam; flavor and place where it will become cold before serving.

POTATOES BAKED IN MILK.—Take as many potatoes as you are in the habit of preparing for a dinner for your family, pare and slice as thin as possible—so thin that you can almost see through the slices. Let them stand covered with cold water for a short time. Then put them into a porcelain or tin baking dish, sprinkling with salt and pepper as the dish is filled; also placing little pieces of butter here and there. When the dish is filled, cover with milk heated while preparing the potatoes, or milk and water, if milk is not plentiful. Put into the oven and bake until the potatoes are ready to fall to pieces; a half holding two quarts will cook in one and a half hours in a good oven.

FOAM SAUCE.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a froth; melt one cup sugar, let it just boil; add one glass of wine, then the beaten whites. Serve at once.

EVANGELINE.

BATTLE CREEK.