

**DRYING AND COOKING GREEN CORN.**—Putting up corn in salt, and then soaking it to get the salt out, in my opinion draws all the sweetness from it. My way is to take the corn when in the right stage, neither too young nor too old, have on the fire a large pot of boiling water, clean the corn of silk, drop it in the pot and parboil till half done; take up, let it drain and cool, then cut, not too close to the cob, but scrape the cob after it is cut, spread on a sheet and dry in the sun. Dry as quick as possible to prevent souring. Let it get thoroughly dry before putting away; put in a thin cotton sack and hang in a cool, dry place. Sun occasionally to keep it from getting musty. To cook it take as much as you require, winnow it to get the chaff out, wash through one water, and put in soak in just enough water to cover it, you may put it in soak as early after breakfast as you like; about two hours before dinner, put it on in warm (not hot) water, and boil gently, but steadily, for an hour and a-half, or until the corn is tender, and the water nearly all boiled away. Then add a cup of rich milk, a good lump of butter, and salt and pepper to taste, and let it stew in this another half hour so as to have just a good gravy to it when done. When you put it on to boil, turn in the water in which it has soaked. I allow a quart of water to a cup of corn, and let it boil away till nearly dry; but if boiled too fast it will boil away before the corn is done. Stir once in a while and mind it does not burn after the milk is put in. I hope some of your readers will try my way, for every one tells me I cook it better than any they ever tasted. Be sure and not have the liquor too *thin*, and have it rightly seasoned. If there is too much water remaining after it is tender pour some off before you add the milk, but it is better to reduce it by boiling so as to retain the flavor of the corn as much as possible.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

**TO STEAM A TURKEY.**—Rub pepper and salt inside the turkey, after it has been well dressed and washed; then fill the body with oysters; sew it up carefully; lay the turkey in a large dish, and set it into a steamer, placed over boiling water; cover closely, and steam from two hour to two hours and a half—or till by running a fork into the breast you find it is well done. Then take it up; strain the gravy which will be found in the dish; have an oyster sauce ready, prepared like stewed oysters, and pour this gravy, thickened with a little butter and flour, into the oyster-sauce; let it just boil up, and whiten with a little boiled cream; pour this sauce over the steamed turkey, and send to the table hot. Of course, while the turkey is steaming, you will have the oysters all ready for the gravy from the dish, and the cream also boiled, that there may be as little delay as possible after the turkey is cooked.

**CURING ONIONS.**—After the tops of onions are dried down, and are ripe, then the sooner they are gathered and marketed the better. As they do not all ripen at once, it is well to pull, clean, and cure them by piece-meal, rushing them into market as fast as ready, as some will rot, and if left in the ground after fall rains, are apt to take on a second growth. If onions are pulled by men a potato hook is about as good as anything to loosen them from the ground but the better way is to hire boys to loosen them by hand; then they are in no danger of being bruised or punctured by the instrument.

**QUEEN PUDDING.**—Pour over a pint of biscuit or light bread crumbs, enough milk to make a good batter not too stiff; let it soak a while, then mash smooth and add one cup of sugar, one half pound butter and the yoke of four eggs well beaten; flour with anything you like, and bake. Froth the whites with a cup of white sugar, when the pudding is done spread them over and return to the stove and brown lightly. Eat with or without sauce. Very nice.

**GREEN TOMATOES FOR PIES.**—Slice green tomatoes and stew with half their weight in sugar, and whole spice or cloves enough to flavor well; no water is required as they yield juice enough of their own. Line the pie pan with puff paste, fill with the tomatoes as you would apples; add a few small bits of butter to each pie; cover with a top crust and bake. They are delicious. They may be put up in this way for winter use. They keep well when done.—V. A. T.

## Poetry.

### AN ENGLISH HOME.

A tranquil English home, grown old and grey;  
Embowered and shadowed by ancestral trees,  
Where leafy summer branches stir and sway  
With every scented breeze.

Dark cedars piled with foliage thick as moss,  
Keep a green twilight through the sultry hours;  
And showers of white rose petals drift across  
Bright beds of scarlet flowers.

And clear bird music tremulously sweet,  
Rings through the bosky shades from early dawn  
Till eventide; while busy childish feet  
Traverse the level lawn.

And faithfully, the church bells' blessed chime  
Repeats the ancient message soft and blest,  
Saying, "Look upward to a fairer clime,  
For this is not your rest."

Yet here awhile may human hearts forget  
The world's wild tumult and low sordid gain,  
Here may the chaffing spirit cease to fret  
Against its fleshly chain.

The face may wear the old, old smile of youth,  
The eye call back their child light, dewy clear;  
Aye—the grave lips may dare to speak in truth  
The soul's own language here!

The polished words that hide the inward thought—  
The smooth world-platitudes—are cast away;  
Here the free spirit, talks as Nature taught,  
With simple "yea" and "nay."

But still "look upward" chime the solemn bells;  
Look upward, even from these cloistered bowers,  
So beautiful with morning's witching spells,  
And evening's dew-soaked flowers.

Above the windy tree-tops, far above  
The fair clouds, white as ocean's drifting foam;  
Above the tremulous star-gems that ye love—  
There is the soul's true home.

Here are the Eden bowers that He hath blest,  
The earthly paradise of joys and fears;  
Here is the city of eternal rest,  
A land unstained by tears.